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A CHILD'S TOY.

THE afternoon was drawing in towards evening; the air was crisp and cool, and the wind near the earth, steady but gentle; while above all was as calm as sleep, and the pale clouds—just beginning in the west to be softly gilded by the declining sun—hung light and motionless. The city, although not distant, was no longer visible, being hidden by one of the many hills which give such enchantment to the aspect of our city. There was altogether something singularly soothing in the scene—something that disposed not to gravity, but to elevated thought. As we looked upwards, there was some object that appeared to mingle with the clouds, to form a part of their company, to linger, mute and motionless like them, in that breathless blue, as if feeling the influence of the hour. It was not a white-winged bird that had stolen away to muse in the solitudes of air: it was nothing more than a paper kite.

On that paper kite we looked long and intently. It was the moral of the picture; it appeared to gather in to itself the sympathies of the whole beautiful world; and as it hung there, herding with the things of heaven, our spirit seemed to ascend and perch upon its pale bosom like a wearied dove. Presently we knew the nature of the influence it exercised upon our imagination; for a cord, not visible at first to the external organs, though doubtless felt by the inner sense, connected it with the earth of which we were a denizen. We knew not by what hand the cord was held so steadily. Perhaps by some silent boy, lying prone on the sward behind yonder plantation, gazing up along the delicate ladder, and seeing unconsciously angels ascending and descending. When we had looked our fill, we went slowly and thoughtfully home along the deserted road, and nestled as usual, like a moth, among our books. A dictionary was lying near; and with a languid curiosity to know what was said of the object that had interested us so much, we turned to the word, and read the following definition: Kite—a *child's toy*.

What wonderful children there are in this world, to be sure! Look at that American boy, with his kite on his shoulder, walking in a field near Philadelphia. He is going to have a fly; and it is famous weather for the sport, for it is in June—June 1752. The kite is but a rough one, for Ben has made it himself, out of a silk-handkerchief stretched over two cross-sticks. Up it goes, however, bound direct for a thunder-cloud passing overhead; and when it has arrived at the object of its visit, the flier ties a key to the end of his string, and then fastens it with some silk to a post. By and by he sees some loose threads of the hempen-string bristle out and stand up, as if they had been charged with

electricity. He instantly applies his knuckle to the key, and as he draws from it the electrical spark, this strange little boy is struck through the very heart with an agony of joy. His labouring chest relieves itself with a deep sigh, and he feels that he could be contented to die that moment. And indeed he was nearer death than he supposed; for as the string was sprinkled with rain, it became a better conductor, and gave out its electricity more copiously; and if it had been wholly wet, the experimenter might have been killed upon the spot. So much for *this child's toy*. The splendid discovery it made—of the identity of lightning and electricity—was not allowed to rest by Ben Franklin. By means of an insulated iron rod the new Prometheus drew down fire from heaven, and experimented with it at leisure in his own house. He then turned the miracle to a practical account, constructing a pointed metallic rod to protect houses from thunder. One end of this true magic wand is higher than the building, and the other end buried in the ground; and the submissive lightning, instead of destroying life and property in its gambols, darts direct along the conductor into the earth. We may add that Ben was a humorous boy, and played at various things as well as kite-flying. Hear this description of his pranks at an intended pleasure-party on the banks of the Skuyll-kill: 'Spirits at the same time are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than water—an experiment which we have some time since performed to the amazement of many. A turkey is to be killed for dinner by the electrical shock; and roasted by the electrical jack, before a fire kindled by the electric bottle; when the healths of all the famous electricians in England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from the electrical battery.'

We now turn to a group of capital little fellows who did something more than fly their kite. These were English skippers, promoted somehow to the command of vessels before they had arrived at years of discretion; and, chancing to meet at the port of Alexandria in Egypt, they took it into their heads—these naughty boys—that they would drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar. This pillar had often served them for a signal at sea. It was composed of red granite, beautifully polished, and standing 114 feet high, overtopped the town. But how to get up? They sent for a kite, to be sure; and the men, women, and children of Alexandria, wondering what they were going to do with it, followed the toy in crowds. The kite was flown over the Pillar, and with such nicety, that when it fell on the other side the string lodged

upon the beautiful Corinthian capital. By this means they were able to draw over the Pillar a two-inch rope, by which one of the youngsters 'swarmed' to the top. The rope was now in a very little while converted into a sort of rude shroud, and the rest of the party followed, and actually drank their punch on a spot which, seen from the surface of the earth, did not appear to be capable of holding more than one man.

By means of this exploit it was ascertained that a statue had once stood upon the column—and a statue of colossal dimensions it must have been to be properly seen at such a height. But for the rest—if we except the carving of sundry initials on the top—the result was only the knocking down of one of the volutes of the capital, for boys are always doing mischief; and this was carried to England by one of the skippers, in order to execute the commission of a lady, who, with the true iconoclasm of her country, had asked him to be so kind as to bring her a piece of Pompey's Pillar.

Little fellows, especially of the class of bricklayers, are no great readers, otherwise we might suspect that the feat of the skipper-boys had conveyed some inspiration to Steeple Jack. Who is Steeple Jack? asks some innocent reader at the Antipodes. He is a little spare creature who flies his kite over steeples when there is anything to do to them, and lodging a cord on the apex, contrives by its means to reach the top without the trouble of scaffolding. No fragility, no displacement of stones, no leaning from the perpendicular, frightens Steeple Jack. He is as bold as his namesake Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and does as wonderful things. At Dunfermline, not long ago, when the top of the spire was in so crazy a state that the people in the street gave it a wide berth as they passed, he swung himself up without hesitation, and set everything to rights. At the moment we write his cord is seen stretched from the tall, slim, and elegant spire of the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, which is to receive through his agency a lightning-conductor; and Jack only waits the subsidence of a gale of wind to glide up that filmy rope like a spider. He is altogether a strange boy, Steeple Jack. Nobody knows where he roosts upon the earth, if he roosts anywhere at all. The last time there was occasion for his services, this advertisement appeared in the *Scotsman*: 'Steeple Jack is wanted at such a place immediately'—and immediately Steeple Jack became visible.

In 1827 the child's toy was put to a very remarkable use by one Master George Pocock. This clever little fellow observed that his kite sometimes gave him a very strong pull, and it occurred to him that if made large enough it might be able to pull something else. In fact, he at length yoked a pair of large kites to a carriage, and travelled in it from Bristol to London, distancing in grand style every other conveyance on the road. A twelve-foot kite, it appears, in a moderate breeze, has a one-man power of draught, and when the wind is brisker, a force equal to 200 lbs. The force in a rather high wind is as the squares of the lengths; and two kites of fifteen and twelve feet respectively, fastened one above the other, will draw a carriage and four or five passengers at the rate of twenty miles an hour. But George's invention went beyond the simple idea. He had an extra line which enabled him to vary the angle of the surface of his kites with the horizon, so as to make his aerial horses go fast or slow as he chose; and side-lines to vary the direction of the force, till it came

almost to right angles with the direction of the wind. His kites were made of varnished linen, and might be folded up into small compass. The same principle was successfully applied by a nautical lad of the name of Dansey to the purpose of saving vessels in a gale of wind on 'the dread lee-shore.' His kite was of light canvas.

In India, China, and the intermediate countries, the aggregate population of which includes one-half of mankind, kites are the favourite toy of both old and young boys, from three years to threescore and ten. Sometimes they really resemble the conventional dragon, from which, among Scotch children, they derive their name; sometimes they are of a diamond shape, and sometimes they are like a great spider with a narrow waist. Our Old Indian is eloquent on kites, and the glory of their colours, which, in the days of other years, made her girlish heart leap, and her girlish eyes dazzle. The kite-shop is like a tulip-bed, full of all sorts of gay and gorgeous hues. The kites are made of Chinese paper, thin and tough, and the ribs of finely-split bamboo. A wild species of silkworm is pressed into the service, and set to spin *nuck* for the strings—a kind of thread which, although fine, is surprisingly strong. Its strength, however, is wanted for aggression as well as endurance; and a mixture composed of pounded glass and rice gluten is rubbed over it. Having been dried in the sun, the prepared string is now wound upon a handsome reel of split bamboo inserted in a long handle. One of these reels, if of first-rate manufacture, costs a shilling, although coarser ones are very cheap; and of the *nuck*, about four annas, or sixpence worth, suffices for a kite.

In a Hindoo town the kite-flying usually takes place on some common ground in the vicinity, and there may be seen the young and old boys in eager groups, and all as much interested in the sport as if their lives depended upon their success. And sometimes, indeed, their fortunes do. Many a poor little fellow bets sweetmeats upon his kite to the extent of his only anna in the world; and many a rich baboo has more rupees at stake than he can conveniently spare. But the exhilarating sport makes everybody courageous; and the glowing colours of the kites enable each to identify his own when in the air, and give him in it, as it were, a more absolute property. Matches are soon made. Up go the aerial combatants, and with straining eyes and beating hearts their fate is watched from below. But their masters are far from passive, for this is no game of chance, depending upon the wind. Kite-flying is in these countries an art and mystery; and some there be who would not disclose their recipe for the *nuck*-ointment, if their own grandfathers should go upon their knees to ask it.

Sometimes an event occurs on the common. It is the ascent of a pair of kites of a *distingué* air, and whose grand and determined manner shews that the combat is to be à l'oustrance, and that a large stake of money depends upon the result. The fliers are invisible. They are probably on the flat roof of some neighbouring house; but the kites are not the less interesting on account of their origin being unknown. What a host of anxious faces are turned up to the sky! Some take a liking to the red at first sight, while others feel attracted by a mysterious sympathy to the green. Bets are freely offered and accepted either in sweetmeats or money; and the crowd, condensing, move to

and fro in a huge wave, from which their eager voices arise like the continuous roaring of the sea. Higher and higher go the kites. Well done, Red! he has shot above his antagonist, and seems meditating a swoop; but the Green, serenely scornful, continues to soar, and is soon uppermost. And thus they go—now up, now down, relatively to each other, but always ascending higher and higher, till the spectators almost fear that they will vanish out of sight. But at length the Green, taking advantage of a loftier position he has gained, makes a sudden circuit, and by an adroit manœuvre gets his silken string over the silken string of the other. Here a shout of triumph and a yell of terror break simultaneously from the crowd; for this is the crisis of the fight. The victor gives a fierce cut upon his adversary's line. The backers of the latter fancy they hear it grate, and in an instant their forebodings are realised; for the unfortunate Red is seen to waver like a bird struck by a shot, and then, released from the severed string, he descends in forlorn gyrations to the earth.

Now rush in the smaller boys to play their part. Their object is that of the plunderers who traverse the field after a battle, to rob the dying and the slain. Off run the little Hindoos, like a company of imps from the nether regions, tearing and fighting as they fly; and on reaching the fallen kite, the object of their contention is torn to pieces in the scuffle. Presently the victorious Green is seen descending, and the gross excitement of the common pauses to watch his majestic flight. He is of the largest size of Indian kites called *ching*, and of the spider shape. Before being drawn in, he hangs for an instant high up over the crowd. It is not, however, to sing *Io Peans* for his victory, but apparently rather to mourn over the ruin he has made; for a wailing music breathes from his wings as he passes. This is caused by the action of the wind upon some finely-split bamboo twigs arched over the kite without touching the paper, and which thus become a true *Æolian harp*. Sometimes a kite of this kind is sent up at night, bearing a small lighted lantern of talc; and the sleepers awakened, called to their balconies by the unearthly music, gaze after the familiar apparition not without a poetical thrill.

Upon the whole, it must be admitted, we think, that this is a somewhat interesting child's toy. But has the kite a future? Will its powers exhibit new developments, or has it already reached its pride of place? If a twelve-foot kite has the force of a man, would it take many more feet to lift a man into the air? And supposing the man to be in a strong cage of network, with bamboo ribs, and a seat of the same material, would he have greater difficulty in governing his aerial couriers by means of the Pockock cords, than if he were *flashing* along the road from Bristol to London? Mind, we do not say that this is possible: we merely ask for the sake of information; and if any little boy will favour us with his opinion, we shall take it very kind. Come and let us fancy that it is possible. The traveller feels much more comfortable than in the car of a balloon, for he knows he can go pretty nearly in what direction he chooses, and that he can hasten or check the pace of his horses, and bring them to a stand-still at pleasure. See him, therefore, boldly careering through the air at the rate of any number of miles the wind pleases. At a single bound he spans yonder broad river, and then goes bowling over the plantation beyond, just stirring the leaves as he passes; trees, water, houses, men, and animals gliding away beneath his feet like a dream. Now he stoops towards the earth, just to make the people send up their voices that there may be some

sound in the desert air. Now he swings up again; now he leaps over that little green hill; now he—Hold! hold, little boy!—that will do; enough for a time of a Child's Toy.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

'... Whose trained eye was keen,
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path by mountain, lake, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.'

—CAMPBELL: *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

On the 14th of last September, America lost the greatest of her novelists in the person of James Fenimore Cooper. He was born on the 15th of that month, 1789; so that, had he lived but a few hours longer, he would have completed his sixty-second year. At the time of his birth, his father, Judge Cooper, resided at Burlington, New Jersey, where the future *littérateur* commenced his education, and in so doing acquired a decided reputation for talent, which was not tarnished during subsequent years of tutelage at New-haven and Yale College. At sixteen he exchanged the study of ancient literature and the repose of academic life for the bustling career of a 'middy' in the American navy; continuing for some half-dozen years his connection with those ocean scenes which he then learned to love so well and to describe so vividly. His retirement into private life took place in 1811, soon after which he married Miss de Lancey (whose brother is known to many as one of the New York bishops), and settled at Cooper's Town, his patrimonial estate. Ten years elapsed before his *début* as an author. In 1821 he presented the public with a novel bearing the perhaps apposite title of *Precaution*—apposite, if the two *lustra* thus elapsed were passed in preparation for that *début*, and as being after all anonymously published. The subject was one with which Cooper never shewed himself conversant—namely, the household life of England. Like his latest works, *Precaution* was a failure, and gave scanty indications of that genius which was to find its true sphere and full scope in the trackless prairies of his native land, and its path upon the mountain-wave he had ridden in buoyant youth. But the same year produced *The Spy*, still considered by many to be his masterpiece, and from that production his fame was secure; and not only America but British voices, exhorted Sir Walter to look to his laurels. Certainly there was a little more reason in calling Cooper the American Scott than in pronouncing Klopstock the German Milton.

The successful novelist visited Europe a few years after this 'sign and seal' of his literary renown, and spent a considerable period among the principalities and powers of Old-World Christendom. In Paris and London especially he was lionised to the top of his bent. Sir Walter met him in the French metropolis in 1826; and in his diary of November 8, after recording a morning visit to 'Cooper the American novelist,' adds: 'this man, who has shewn so much genius, has a good deal of the manners or want of manners peculiar to his countrymen.' Three days later we find the following entry: 'Cooper came to breakfast, but we were *obsides partout*. Such a number of Frenchmen bounced in successively, and exploded—I mean discharged—their compliments, that I could hardly find an opportunity to speak a word or entertain Mr Cooper at all.* The 'illustrious stranger' appears to have spent about ten years in Europe, for which he was, perhaps, in a literary point of view, none the better; as—to use the words of a periodical of the day—'he did not carry back the same fresh spirit that he brought, something of which must be attributed, no doubt, to the years which intervened;

* Lockhart's Life of Scott.

but something, too, to his abandonment of that mother-ground which to him, as to the fabled Antæus, was the source of strength.' The autumn of his life glided quietly on amid the pleasures and pains of literature; its sombre close being pleasantly illuminated by the rays of spring-promise that radiated around the young brow of his daughter, which the dying veteran might well hope would be matured into 'glorious summer by the sun of' time. *Valeat signum!*

In calling Cooper the greatest of American novelists, we have not incurred much risk of contradiction. Others may rival—some surpass him—in this or that province of the art of fiction; but as a master of the art in its broad aspect, he is *facile princeps*. Brockden Brown treads a circle of mysterious power but mean circumference: Washington Irving is admirable at a sketch, one of the liveliest and most graceful of essayists, and quite equal to the higher demands of imaginative prose—witness his *Rip Van Winkle* and *Sleepy Hollow*—but his forte is in miniature, and the orthodox dimensions of three volumes post-octavo would suit him almost as ill as would the Athenian vesture of Nick Bottom the spruce proportions of royal Oberon: Haliburton is inimitable in his own line of things; his measure of wit and humour—qualities unknown, or nearly so, to Cooper—is 'pressed down, and shaken together, and running over;' but his 'mission' and Cooper's in the tale-telling art are wide as the poles asunder: John Neale had once, particularly by his own appraisal, a high repute as the eccentric author of *Logan* and *Seventy-six*, but the repute, like the *Seventy-six*, is quite in the preterite tense now; and to review him and his works at this time of day would be suspiciously like a *post-mortem* examination, resulting possibly in a verdict of temporary insanity—if not, indeed, of *felo de se*—so wilful and wrongheaded were the vagaries of this 'rough, egotistical Yankee,' as he has been called: Herman Melville is replete with graphic power, and riots in the exuberance of a fresh, racy style; but whether he can sustain the 'burden and heat' of a well-equipped and full-grown novel as deftly as the fragmentary autobiographies he loves to indite, remains to be seen: Longfellow's celebrity in fiction is limited to *Hyperion* and *Kavanagh*—clever, but slight foundations for enduring popularity—as irregular (the former at least) as Jean Paul's nondescript stories, without the great German's tumultuous genius: Hawthorne is probably the most noteworthy of the rising authors of America, and indeed manifests a degree of psychological knowledge and far-sighted, deep-searching observation of which there are few traces or none in Cooper; but the real prowess of the author of *The Scarlet Letter* is, we apprehend, still undeveloped, and the harvest of his honours a thing of the future. All these distinguished persons—not to dwell on the kindred names of Bird, Kennedy, Ware, Paulding, Myers, Willis, Poe, Sedgwick, &c.—must yield the palm to him who has attracted all the peoples and tongues of Europe* to follow out the destiny of a Spy on the neutral ground, of a Pilot on the perilous coasts of a hostile race, of a Last of the Mohicans disappearing before the onward tramp of the white man. As Rob Roy felt the pulses of life quickened when his foot was on his native heath, so Cooper wrote with vigour and aplomb only when his themes were the aboriginal forest and the melancholy main. Pity that, having discovered the fount of his strength—the Samson-lock by which alone he towered above his fellows—he had not restrained himself, and concentrated his efforts within the appointed sphere. He repudiated the oracular counsel which his own consciousness must have approved—*Hoc signo vinces*; and

seemed to assume that whatever province he invaded, the bulletin of the campaign would be another *Veni, vidi, vici*. Few things can be more unsatisfactory and insipid than his attempts in the 'silver-fork school' of novel-writing—his dreary commonplaces of fashionable life—his faded sermonisings on domestic, and political, and social economy. Few things can be more inspiring, more energetic, more impressive, than his pictures of

'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;'

for we see in every stroke that the world of waters is his home, and that to his ear there is music in the wild piping of the wind, and that his eye beams afresh when it descries tempest in the horned moon, and lightning in the cloud. To him the ocean is indeed 'a glorious mirror,' where the form of the Highest 'glasses itself in tempests;' dear to him it is

— 'in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm;
..... Boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible.'

Well might one who had lived six years on her swelling bosom, combine with his love 'of the old sea some reverential fear,' as Wordsworth has it. This compound feeling is highly effective in his marine fictions, so instinct is it with the reality of personal experience. Mr Griewold tells us that Cooper informed him as follows of the origin of *The Pilot*: 'Talking with the late Charles Wilkes of New York, a man of taste and judgment, our author [Cooper] heard extolled the universal knowledge of Scott, and the sea-ports of *The Pirate* cited as a proof. He laughed at the idea, as most seamen would, and the discussion ended by his promising to write a sea-story which could be read by landmen, while seamen should feel its truth. *The Pilot* was the result of that conversation.* Of this tale Scott says, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth: 'I have seen a new work, *The Pilot*, by the author of *The Spy* and *The Pioneers*. The hero is the celebrated Paul Jones, whom I well remember advancing above the island of Inchkeith, with three small vessels, to lay Leith under contribution. The novel is a very clever one, and the sea-scenes and characters in particular are admirably drawn; and I advise you to read it as soon as possible.' Still higher panegyric would not have been misbestowed in this instance, which illustrates Mr Prescott's remark, that Cooper's descriptions of inanimate nature, no less than of savage man, are alive with the breath of poetry—'Witness his infinitely various pictures of the ocean; or, still more, of the beautiful spirit that rides upon its bosom, the gallant ship.' Though it is to *The Pilot*, pre-eminently, and *The Waterwitch*, in nearly an equal degree, that these remarks apply, there is many a passage in Cooper's later novels—for example, *The Two Admirals*, *Homeward Bound*, *Mark's Reef*, *Afloat*, and *The Sea-Lions*—in which we recognise the same 'cunning' right hand which pencilled the *Ariel* and its crew, the moody, mysterious pilot, and stalwart Long Tom Coffin.

Nor was he less at home in the backwoods and prairies of his fatherland, than upon the broad seas which divide it from the Old World. Tastes differ; and there are those—possibly the majority of his readers—who prefer the Indian associations of *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pioneers*, &c. to the salt-water scenery of the other class of works. For our part, we prefer his prairies to his savages, his forests to his

* And, in one instance at least, of Asia also; for *The Spy* was translated into Persian!

* 'The Prose-Writers of America.'

aborigines, his inanimate to his living sketches of Indian story. His wild men of the woods are often too sentimental, too dreamy, too ideal. In this respect Brockden Brown has the advantage of him; for, as Mr Prescott has pointed out, Brown shews the rude and uncouth lineaments of the Indian character, though he is chargeable with withholding intimations of a more generous nature, while Cooper discards all the coarser elements of savage life, and idealises the portrait. The first of this series of tales of

‘Painted chiefs with pointed spears,’

was *The Pioneers*—the materials for which, it seems, were to a considerable extent derived from his father, ‘who had an interest in large tracts of land near the sources of the Susquehanna,’ where the scene is laid, and allied, therefore, to Campbell’s *Gertrude of Wyoming*. It was speedily followed by *The Last of the Mohicans*—not uncommonly pronounced his *chef-d’œuvre*—and *The Prairie*; which, among numerous descriptions of absorbing interest, pervaded throughout by a fine imaginative spirit, contains one of thrilling power—where the squatter discovers and avenges the murder of his son. *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*—a strange story with a strange title, and which forms (chronologically at least) the climax of Cooper’s fame—is justly admired by all who appreciate ‘minute painting,’ and that pensive monotony which begets a certain ‘melancholy charm.’ His skill in martial narrative was favourably attested in *Lionel Lincoln*; in which he describes with remarkable spirit and equal accuracy the battles of Lexington and of Bunker’s Hill. But to go through in detail the *opera omnia* of our prolific author would involve us in difficulties with editor and reader too serious to bear anticipation. Passing over, therefore, such of his earlier writings as are better known—like *The Red Rover*, *The Water-witch*, *The Pathfinder*, and *The Deerslayer*—we proceed to notice briefly a select few from the long series produced during the last ten years.

The Two Admirals is of unequal interest—the twin heroes, Sir Gervaise Oakes and Bluewater, engrossing whatever charm it possesses, and reacting disastrously on the tedious scenes wherein they bear no part; but they certainly do walk and talk like sound-hearted sons of Neptune, and there is no resisting the spell of the battle and the breeze which they encounter together, in the *Plantagenet* and the *Cæsar*. *The Jack o’ Lantern, or the Privateer*, was put forth with an expression of the author’s conviction that his faculty in this class of fictions was inexhaustible; to which, however, the critics demurred. One of them observed that, following out the fantastical supposition which ascribes especial virtues to certain numbers, or even working out the analogy of the seventh wave, which sea-shore gossips tell us is surpler and stronger than its predecessors, the seventh sea-novel of Mr Cooper’s ought to be the most remarkable of the series for force, brilliancy, and movement. But such symbolism was here found defective: the seventh wave broke abruptly on the shore; the Jack o’ Lantern’s existence has been brief and uncertain as that of the *ignis fatuus* on the marsh. The story introduces Caraccioli and the Neapolitan court, Nelson and Lady Hamilton; but without striking points. There are some cleverly-drawn characters, however: Clinch, the drunken but winning British tar; Raoul Yvard, brilliant, handsome, and Parisian all over, philosophism included; and Ithuel Bolt, a new (not improved) edition of Long Tom. The plot is ingenious, though perhaps constrained and far-fetched; and its *dénouement* makes the reader put down the third volume with increased respect for the novelist’s tact. *Wyandotté, or the Hatted Knoll* (1848), is a quiet yet animated narrative, descriptive of a family of British settlers and their fortunes in their wild Susquehanna home.

There is a pleasure, the author observes, in diving into a virgin forest, and commencing the labours of civilisation, that has no exact parallel in any other human occupation; and some refracted share of this pleasure is secured by every intelligent reader while engaged in perusing records so faithful and characteristic as those embodied in this tale. *Ravensnest*, with no lack of scenic embellishments, introduces to us three of the author’s happiest characters—always excepting Leatherstocking and Long Tom—namely, the two Littlepages, ‘Captain Hugh’ and his ‘Uncle Ro,’ and Mistress Opportunity Newcome. The didactic asperities in which he indulged naturally marred the fortune of a book whose readers, whatever they might be, were pretty safely ‘booked’ for a scolding. Otherwise, it gleamed with scintillations, neither faint nor few, of the light of other days. But it was evident that Mr Cooper was overwriting himself. He seemed determined not to be outdone in fecundity by the most prolific of his contemporaries—as though it were a safe speculation or a healthy emulation to run against such light horsemen and horsewomen as Mr James and M. Dumas, and Mesdames Gore and Trollope. Hence he might have appropriately echoed the complaint of the slave in Terence:

‘Parum succedit quod ago, at facio sedulò.’

In 1847, he produced *Mark’s Reef*, a story of the Crusoe genus, but far behind; the desert island being created ‘positively for this occasion only,’ and being swallowed up in the sea again when it has served Mark Woolston and the novelist’s requirements. It is characterised, however, by much glowing description—especially that relating to the crater, with its noble peak, ‘ever the same amid the changes of time, and civilisation, and decay; naked, storm-beaten, and familiar to the eye.’ The following year he was ready with *The Bee-Hunter*, wherein he sought to revive his pristine successes among American solitudes and Red Indians. Again we hear the palaver of the stately and sentimental Chippewas; and again we watch, with sadly-relaxed attention, the dodging extraordinary of Pale Faces and Red Men. Alas!

‘Both of them speak of something that is gone : . .

Whither is fled the visionary gleam!

Where is it now, the glory and the dream!’

The Indians have become comparatively seedy and second-hand individuals; the scenery, with occasional exceptions, looks worn; the machinery creaks and betrays itself, no longer possessing the *ars celare artem*. ‘Tis true, ‘tis pity; pity ‘tis, ‘tis true.’ One novelty, nevertheless, this tale can boast, and that is the very able and interesting sketch of the bee-hunter following his vocation in the ‘oak-openings;’ nor is the portrait of Buzzing Ben himself an ordinary daub. In 1849 appeared *The Sea-Lions*, a clever but often prolix work, which ought to keep up its interest with the public, if only for its elaborate painting of scenes to which the protracted mystery of Sir John Franklin’s expedition has imparted a melancholy charm. The sufferings of sealers and grasping adventurers among ‘thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice’ are recounted with dramatic earnestness. *The Ways of the Hour* was both ‘nominally’ and ‘really’ Cooper’s last novel: he announced it as such; and the announcement was not related to that fallacious category to which belong the ‘more last nights’ of popular tragedians, and the farewell prefaces of the accomplished author of *Rienzi*. It was not the ‘going, going!’ but the ‘gone!’ of the auctioneer. And critics maliciously said: *Tant mieux*. In *The Ways of the Hour* there was one vigorous portrait, Mary Monson, and several ‘moving accidents by flood and field:’ but with these positive qualities the reader had to accept an unlimited stock of negatives.

Besides the works thus referred to, Cooper wrote at short intervals a 'serried phalanx' of others, from the ranks of which suffice it to name *The Heidenmauer*, *The Bravo*, *The Monikins* (a weak and injudicious tale, quite unworthy of his honourable reputation), *The Headsman of Berne*, *Mercedes of Castilla*, *Satanstoe*, *Home as Found*, *Ashore and Afloat*. In miscellaneous literature his writings include a *History of the Navy of the United States*, *Lives of Distinguished Naval Officers*, *Sketches of Switzerland*, *Gleanings in Europe*, and *Notions of the Americans*.

It is by his early tales of wilderness and ocean life that he will survive. There his genius is fresh, vigorous, natural—uncramped by restraints, undeformed by excrescences, uninterrupted by crotchets, such as injured its aftergrowth—the swaddling-clothes of its second childhood. If we have spoken freely—we hope not flippantly—of these feeblenesses, it is because the renown of Cooper is too tenaciously and permanently rooted to be 'radically' affected thereby, however they may diminish the symmetry and dim the verdure of blossom and branch. His magnificent panoramas of prairie solitude, his billowy expanses of the 'many-voiced sea,' his artistically-grouped figures of red-skins and trappers, sealers and squatters, are among the things which Anglo-Saxon literature in either hemisphere will not willingly let die. By these he is, and long will be, known and read of all men. And if ever Mr Macaulay's New Zealander should ponder over the ruins of Broadway, as well as of St Paul's, he will probably carry in his pocket one of those romances which tell how the Last of the Mohicans came to his end, and which illustrate the closing destinies of tribes which shall then have disappeared before the chill advance of the Pale Face.

WHY DOES THE PENDULUM SWING?

THE attention of the visitor to the recent Exhibition in Hyde Park was arrested, as he advanced westwards down the central promenade of the building, by a large clock busily at work marking off the seconds of passing time. That piece of mechanism had a remarkably independent and honest look of its own. The inmost recesses of its breast were freely bared to the inspection of every passer-by. As if aware of the importance of the work intrusted to its care, it went on telling, in the midst of the ever-changing and bustling crowd, with a bold and unhesitating click, the simple fact it knew; and that there might be no mistake, it registered what it told in palpable signs transmitted through the features of its own stolid face. Mr Dent's great clock was by no means the least distinguished object in the collection of the world's notabilities.

But there was one thing which nearly concerned that industrious and trusty monitor that he surely could not have known, or his quiet countenance would have shewn traces of perturbation. He was doing Exhibition work, but he was not keeping Exhibition time. The wonderful building in which he had taken up his temporary residence was, in fact, of too cosmopolitan a nature to have a time of its own. Its entire length measured off very nearly 1-42,000th part of the circle of terrestrial latitude along which it stretched. The meridian of the Liverpool Model was close upon thirty seconds of space farther west than the meridian of the Greek Slave. Imagine the surface of Hyde Park to have been marked off, before Messrs Fox and Henderson's workmen commenced their labours, by lines running north and south at the equal distance of a second of a degree from each other, just as one sees the surface of large maps traced by meridians, nearly thirty of those lines would then have been covered in by the east and west span of the crystal roof. Mr Dent's clock might have been set to the precise time of the Greek Slave, and it would yet have

been nearly two seconds wrong by the time of the Liverpool Model. The pendulum swinging so steadily within its case had a longer and more stately stride than most of its congeners. It took a second and a half of time to complete its step from side to side. But notwithstanding this, if a string had been suddenly stretched across in space above the east end of the building, and left there in free suspension, independent of all connection with the terrestrial surface, it would have taken longer for the huge structure to be trailed beneath it by the earth's rotation—swift as that rotation is—than it did for the sober and leisurely mass of metal to finish its beat from side to side.

Our immediate business, however, at this present time is not with the geographical relations of Mr Paxton's building, but rather with that sober and leisurely-moving mass—the pendulum. Even in the seventeenth century, old Graunt was shocked when some irreverent babbler spoke of one of its honourable race by the rude epithet of 'a swing-swang;' and he penned an indignant protest on the subject to the Royal Society. Since that time the pendulum has done much more to merit the reverence of the world. Plain and simple as its outward bearing is, it really holds a high and dignified position in the annals of science.

Instead, however, of touching upon its pedigree and achievements, we proceed at once to speak of certain interesting peculiarities that enter as an element into all considerations in which it has concern. In the first place, what is that characteristic motion which it so constantly assumes—that restless swinging from side to side? Is it a property inherent in its own nature, or is it a power communicated to it from without? There is a train of wheelwork enclosed with it in the case. Is that the source of its vibratile mobility? Assuredly not. For if we arrest its motion with our hand at the instant that its form hangs perpendicularly suspended, that motion is not renewed although the wheels remain in unaltered relation. Those mechanical contrivances clearly do not comprise the secret of its swinging. We must look elsewhere if we would ascertain the fundamental cause.

Has the reader ever looked at the plain white building, with successive rows of little windows, which so often spans the breadth of our smaller streams? If he has, the thought has at once arisen that within those walls huge wheels and heavy-revolving stones remorselessly tear and crush to powder heaps upon heaps of yellow grain, with a power that is equal to the combined effort of a whole troop of horses concentrated in the task. But we question very much whether he has as clearly seen whence those clattering wheels derive their many horse-power! If we were to ask him to tell us how they acquired their rolling strength, he would most probably answer—from the current of the stream. This reply would amount to nothing in the matter of explanation; the force of the current is as much a borrowed attribute as the force of the wheelwork. The running water is no more an independent and living agent than is the machinery which it turns. Beyond both is the one grand determining influence—the attractive energy inherent in the substance of the vast earth. This it is which makes the water run; this it is which enables the running water to move the wheelwork inserted into its channel. As the magnet draws to itself the fragment of steel, the earth draws to itself all ponderable matter; and whenever ponderable matter is free to move, it rushes as far as it can go towards the centre of the earth's substance, in obedience to the summons. Mobile water runs down from a higher to a lower level because the latter is nearer to the earth's centre than the former, and as it falls it pushes before it such minor obstructions as are unable to resist the influence of its weight. The float-boards of the mill-wheel are of this nature; they are striving to uphold the water

by means of the rubbing and friction of the apparatus that is mechanically connected with the axle. But the resistance of the friction is less than the strength with which the earth tugs at the water, and therefore the wheel goes round and the water rushes down. The force which really grinds the hard corn into flour is terrestrial attraction! Gravitation of material substance towards material substance, acting with an energy proportioned to the relative masses and to the relative distances of the elements concerned.

Let us now suppose that the matter drawn towards the earth is not free to move. Let us fancy, for instance, a drop of the running water all at once stopped in its downward path by the attachment of a string from above. The earth would then tug at that string in its effort to get the drop of water, and would consequently stretch it to a certain extent. The power that was before expended in causing the drop to move, would be now employed in striving to tear asunder the substance of the string. A heavy body hanging by a cord from a fixed point is then in this predicament. It is drawn towards the earth, but is prevented from moving to it. It consequently finds a position of rest in which it is placed as near to the source of attraction as the suspending string allows; that is, it hangs perpendicularly and immovably beneath it, stretching the string by its tendency towards the ground.

If, however, the suspended body be raised up from its position of forced repose by any interference that draws it to one side, the string being still kept on the stretch, it will be observed that it has been made to move in a curved line away from the earth's attracting mass, and that the pull of the attraction is then to a certain extent taken off from the string and transferred to the supporting hand; the force of the attraction consequently becomes then sensible as the weight of the body that is upheld. If in this state of affairs the supporting hand is taken away, the body at once rushes down sideways to the position it before occupied, with a pace accelerating considerably as it goes; for the earth continues to attract it during each instant of its descent. When it has reached the second stage of its journey, it is moving with a velocity that is caused by the addition of the attraction exercised in that stage to the attraction that had been exercised in the first stage; and so of the third, fourth, and other successive stages. It must go quicker and quicker until it comes to the place which was before its position of absolute repose.

But when it has at last arrived at this place, it cannot rest there, for during its increasingly-rapid journey downwards, it has been perseveringly acquiring a new force of its own—an onward impulse that proves to be sufficient to carry it forward and upward in spite of the earth's pressing solicitation to it to stay. Moving bodies can no more stop of their own accord than resting bodies can move of their own accord. Both require that some extraneous force shall be exerted upon them before the condition in which they are can be changed.

Now, in the case of the vibrating pendulum, it is the downward pull of the earth's attraction that first causes the stationary body to move, and as this commencing motion is downwards, in the direction of the pull, it is also an accelerating one. As soon, however, as this motion is changed by the resistance of the string into an upward one, it becomes a retarded one from the same cause. The body is now going upwards, away from the earth, and the earth's attraction therefore drags upon it and keeps it back instead of hastening it. As it travels up in its curved path, more and more of its weight is taken off the string, and thrown, so to speak, upon the moving impulse. In the descending portion of the vibration the weight of the body increases its movement; in the ascending portion it diminishes its movement. At last the upward movement becomes so slow, that the impulse of momentum is lost, and the

earth's attraction is again unopposed. The body then begins to retrograde, acquires progressively increasing velocity as it descends, overshoots the place of its original repose, and once more commences the ascent on the opposite side.

Whenever, then, a heavy body suspended by a flexible string is drawn to one side, and dropped from the hand, a vibrating pendulum is made, because weight and acquired impulse influence it alternately with a sort of see-saw action, the power of the one diminishing as the power of the other augments. Weight pulls down—confers velocity and impulse during the pulling—and then velocity carries up. As velocity carries up, weight diminishes its impulse, and at last arrests it, and then begins to pull down again. In the middle of the vibration velocity is at its greatest, and weight at its least, as regards their influence on the motion. At the extremes of the vibration velocity is at its least, and weight at its greatest. Now here it is the earth's attraction clearly that confers the impulse of the downward movement, just as much as it is the earth's attraction that causes the downward movement of running water. Therefore the power which makes the pendulum swing is the same with the power which grinds the corn in the water-mill—the attraction of the earth's vast mass for the mass of a smaller body placed near to its surface under certain peculiar conditions of position.

But there is a very startling reflection connected with this consideration. How strange it is that the vast 'substantial fabric' of the earth should, after all, present itself as one grand source of motion in terrestrial things! Gravitation, weight, the majestic influence that holds the stable pyramid upon its base through centuries of time, condescending to turn the restless wheels of man's machinery! When the expansive burst of the vapour confined within the cylinder of the condensing steam-engine thrusts upwards the piston-rod with its mighty beams, it is simple weight—the weight of the superincumbent transparent atmosphere—that crushes the metal back with antagonistic force. When particles of water have been sublimated into the air by the heating power of the solar rays, it is simple weight—the weight of their own aqueous substance—that brings them down again, and that causes their falling currents to turn the countless mill-wheels implanted in the direction of their descent. When isolated tracts of the atmosphere have been rendered rare and light under the concentrated warmth of the sun, it is simple weight—the weight of colder and heavier portions of the air—that makes winds rush into the spots where the deficient downward pressure is, and that causes the sails of innumerable windmills to whirl before the impulse of the breeze.

In the steam-engine we see the earth's gravitation and artificial heat combining to effect sundry useful purposes, requiring enormous expenditure of effort. In windmills and watermills we see the earth's gravitation and natural or solar heat working together to perform like service. In the pendulum, the earth's gravitation acting alone as an enumerator of passing moments; for the momentum conferred by motion is after all but a secondary result, an offspring of the earth's attraction. In the steady oscillations of this little instrument no less a power is concerned than that grand elementary force of nature, that is able to uphold the orbital movements of massive worlds. In the one case, the majestic presence is revealed in its Atlantean task of establishing the firm foundations of the universe; in the other, in its Saturnian occupation of marking the lapse of time. In the planetary movements, material attraction bends onward impulse round into a circling curve; in the pendulum oscillations, material attraction alternately causes and destroys onward impulse. In the former it acts by a steady sweep; in the latter by recurring broken starts. The

reason of the difference is simply this: the planetary bodies are free to go as the two powers, attraction and impulse, urge them. The weight of the pendulum is prevented from doing so by the restraining power of the string or rod, that holds it bound by a certain invariable interval to a point of suspension placed farther than the weight from the source of attraction. A pendulum, in all its main features, is a terrestrial satellite in bonds—unable to fall to the surface of the earth, and unable to get away and circle round it, yet influenced by a resistless tendency to do both. Its vibrations are its useless struggles to free itself from the constraint of its double chains.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

THE village of Westbourne was what Americans would call a stylish place, though situated deep in the heart of Derbyshire. Most of its houses had green palings and flowers in front; there was a circulating library, a milliner's shop, and a ladies' boarding-school, within its bounds; and from each extremity of its larger and smaller street—for Westbourne had only two—outlying cottages of various names dotted the surrounding fields. The largest of these, and decidedly the handsomest, belonged, as the door-plate set forth, to Mr Harry Phipps Bunting. It had been called Bunting Cottage, ever since the late possessor—after having made what his neighbours esteemed a fortune, by himself keeping the circulating library, and his spouse the boarding-school—built it by way of consolation for the second year of his widowhood, and retired there from business to hold high gentility in his latter days with his only daughter and heiress, Miss Jenny. At least half of Westbourne believed that in the said arrangements Mr Bunting had his eye on a second and somewhat superior match: in short, those good people averred that the handsome cottage was neither more nor less than a substantial snare for Mrs Phipps, the widow of a captain and second-cousin of a baronet, who, with a small annuity and an only son, lived in the odour of great rank and fashion in a neat brick-house at the other end of the village.

But if Mr Bunting had indeed indulged in speculations on the widow's heart, they were cut short by a sudden summons to take the journey on which his early partner had preceded him; and Miss Jenny was left the undisputed heiress of all his gains and gatherings, now amounting to a comfortable sum in a London bank, besides the newly-built cottage. None of the village remembered the time when Miss Jenny was young—not but that there were older ladies in the community, and few who wore their years so well—but a matronly staidness and industry, a solidity of manner and appearance, had grown so early on the lady, that she had no youth, and scarcely any childhood, in the recollection of her neighbours, and she was now on the shady side of thirty.

Miss Jenny might have had suitors, had her encouragement been more liberal: where is the maiden of fortune who might not? But she had no admirers, though there was not a more popular woman in Westbourne. Time out of mind she was known to have a good advice and a helping-hand for all who required either. The help was always kindly given, and the advice generally judicious: indeed, if Miss Jenny had a weakness, it was the love of direction and counsel-giving; and by that breach the strong citadel of her heart was won. There was no house in Westbourne that gave her abilities half such scope as that of Mrs Captain Phipps—so the lady continued to style herself. Miss Jenny's father had advised there till he departed; after which event, the widow and her son confided in his heiress. Master Harry Phipps was not what would be called a successful young man. He was not either wild or remarkably

stupid, as the world goes; his mother knew him to be a dear domestic fellow, who would play the flute or dominos for weeks of evenings in her back-parlour. He had taken one prize at college and sundry at school; had the reputation of being almost a beau, and, at least in Westbourne society, half a wit; and was a tall, fair-faced, lathy young man, dressing well, and looking rather genteel, in spite of an overgrown boyishness which hung about him and kept the Master fastened to his name, though he had left twenty-five behind him. Master Harry had made attempts on law, physic, and divinity, without completing the studies requisite for any of those learned professions; somehow he had always got disgusted when just half-way, and at the time of our tale, had a serious notion of civil engineering. The fates, nevertheless, chalked out another line for Master Harry Phipps. How it first came about the keenest-eared gossips in Westbourne never knew, but the widow's son was observed to become a frequent visitor at the cottage as the days of Miss Jenny's mourning for her father expired. In these expeditions he was occasionally supported by Mrs Captain Phipps, who at length told her confidential friends, and they informed the village, that her son was about to marry, and take the name of Bunting. Some said that Miss Jenny insisted on the latter step as a badge of her perpetual sovereignty; some that it was a provision in her father's will, the old gentleman having been heard to hope that none but Buntings would ever inhabit the cottage; but while they disputed that point the wedding came off with a liberal distribution of cards, cake, and gloves, a breakfast, at which Mrs Captain Phipps presided, and an excursion of three weeks to the Lakes; after which, Mr and Mrs Phipps Bunting, having got a new door-plate, and an additional crest on the spoons, settled down comfortably at home, where our story found them.

There they were duly visited and made due returns, even to their uttermost acquaintance. Evening parties were got up for their benefit, as Westbourne gentility dictated. A few responses were given at the cottage, and people learned to call them the Buntings. When these occurrences and the talk concerning them were fairly over, it was surprising how little things had altered. Mrs Phipps Bunting superintended everything, from the napery in the drawers to the bee-hives in the garden, with so much of her old and independent activity, that people caught themselves occasionally calling her Miss Jenny. As for her lord, he was Master Harry still. Matrimony made no change in him. On Sundays he dressed himself and went to church with Mrs Phipps Bunting. On week-days, he said he studied, paid little visits, took small excursions, and came home to dinner. Even bachelors agreed that he lived under the mildest form of gynocracy. Mrs Captain Phipps gave him good advices at the one end of the village, Mrs Phipps Bunting kept him all right at the other; and between them an indescribable amount of nobodyism grew and gathered around him.

Mr Phipps Bunting—as the best bred of his neighbours now endeavoured to call him—was doubtless not less contented than most men in the married state. Miss Jenny—that was—made a noble housekeeper, that was natural to her; she was not given to storms nor temper, nor fault-finding, nor what is called gaiety: they had kind country neighbours; and Mrs Phipps Bunting sometimes spoke of her mother's relatives, who were known to be fine people in London.

There was no appearance of change when the second of their wedded years commenced; but one December morning an extraordinary event occurred at the cottage, for Harry received a letter. It came from Charles Lacy, an old college-friend, whose achievements in the fast line had furnished him with many a joke and tale. He had been till lately a briefless barrister, but had just fallen heir to a neat property in an

adjoining county, bequeathed him by a distant relative, his advent to which he intended celebrating with a notable bachelors' party, and Harry's presence was requested, together with that of many a college comrade.

'I think I'll go,' said Harry, in a hesitating tone, as the note was read at the breakfast-table.

'Of course you will, dear,' said Mrs Bunting. 'And now that I think of it, something must be done with that parlour chimney, it smokes so. Just send up the mason on your way to the coach.'

The vehicle thus mentioned was an old stager which passed through Westbourne daily, carrying passengers to sundry of the unrailwayed towns on its track; and within two hours from the receipt of the invitation Mr Phipps Bunting, well wrapped up, and better warned against taking cold, with his best things in a carpet bag, and his lady's commands delivered to the mason, took possession of an inside seat on his way to Charles Lacy's domicile.

How the bachelors' party proceeded in that locality, and how the failings of the parlour chimney were corrected at the cottage, imaginative readers may suppose; but on the third day after Harry's departure there arrived a note, stating that his host had invited him to remain for a fortnight, that they were to have shooting in the fine frosty weather; and he thought he might stay. Mrs Phipps Bunting sent her approbation by return of post. There was a colony of rats to be expatriated, a clearing out of the coal-cellar to be achieved, and a bottling of cider to get forward, under which considerations she concluded he was better out of the way; but all these things were accomplished, and more than the specified time elapsed, when another note came to say that Lacy positively would not let Harry home without seeing his uncle, the great barrister, who lived in the nearest assize town; and the legal protector of Miss Jenny 'thought he might go on that visit.'

There was a graver and more lengthy reply to that communication; but the fates forbade that Harry should read Mrs Bunting's in time. Charles Lacy's house-keeper had a standing-order to put all letters into a huge card-bracket, which that young gentleman affirmed had been presented to him by an heiress of £20,000 in her own right; and Mrs Bunting's epistle was placed in the receptacle—for before its arrival Harry had, like an undutiful husband, started with Charles for the house of his uncle. The old barrister, though not one of the brightest, was among the successful of his profession, and kept a hospitable, easy-going house, with a maiden sister and two dashing nephews, in a comfortable English country town, at one end of which was a railway station for the coming and going of London trains. Our Harry had been always an agreeable, com-modious fellow. There were no angles on his temper to come in contact with those of other people: rich uncle, maiden aunt, and sporting nephews, all joined in requesting his stay from week to week; while three successive notes were in turn committed to the card-bracket on Charles Lacy's mantelpiece.

'Harry, my boy,' said that gay gentleman, as they stood looking at a passing train, 'what do you say to a run for London? I have another uncle there—a first-rate solicitor in the firm of Grindley, Blackmore, & Co. Ours is a legal family. Grindley and the old hen would be glad to see us; and I'll introduce you to the Blackmores, a delightful mother and four daughters; all charming girls with three thousand a piece. I wish you could only hear Clementina Blackmore sing *Will you still be true to me?* Harry, if ever I am so left to myself as to think of marrying, that's the girl!'

Let us now suppose that a quantity of additional pressing took place—that the nephews offered to go along as Christmas was coming—that Harry sent home another note to say 'he thought he might go'—and that long before it reached the cottage, he was installed

at the house of Mr Grindley in London, who, as his nephew promised, divided a capital legal business with his partner Mr Blackmore.

The proverb which says, 'Out of sight out of mind,' was by this time in course of being fulfilled as regarded the good woman at the cottage. In the revival of old associations his college-friend partially forgot that Harry was a family man, and the easy gentleman himself never thought of intruding the circumstance on people's notice. To do him justice, he had a remarkably single look; all his acquaintances called him Harry Phipps. It was therefore no marvel that the unsuspecting household of Blackmore received him as a bachelor.

The papa of it was a hard-witted, busy lawyer; the mamma an excessively fine lady; and the four daughters pretty, accomplished, fashionable-looking girls, from twenty-two—their mamma said seventeen—upwards, who judiciously came out in different lines; for Miss Blackmore was metaphysical, Miss Caroline sentimental, Miss Maria fast, and Miss Clementina musical. Between the last mentioned and Charles Lacy a strong and not discouraged flirtation was in progress, which afforded Harry better than ordinary opportunities for cultivating that domestic circle. It was not every day he would have such a house to call at, and Harry did his best to be popular. He hunted up high-life gossip for Mrs Blackmore; he admired the solicitor's law-stories after dinner; he was the humble servant of all the young ladies in turn, but his chief devoirs were paid to the fast Maria. The reason was that the fast Maria would have it so. She thought him, it is true—as she said once to a confidential friend—a sort of goosey - goosey - gander, but he polked capitally, was a personable fellow—and Maria was a spinster. Christmas was coming, and Harry stood high in favour with all the Blackmores. The senior miss found out that he had a philosophic mind; Miss Caroline said she knew there was a little romance about him—he had been disappointed in first-love or something; and Charles Lacy had an intuitive suspicion that the old people would soon begin to inquire regarding his income and prospects. The idea was excessively amusing, but yet somewhat alarming. He thought Harry was carrying it on too far—he was. Hadn't he better give Clementina a hint? But then Clementina would think he ought to have done so long ago. Charles was puzzled, and he did not like to be puzzled. He would have nothing more to do with it. He would wash his hands of it. How was he obliged to know that they were not aware of Harry's being tied up? The whole thing was really uncomfortable, and he did not like anything that was uncomfortable. He would take Harry to task for his enormity, and then think no more about it. Meditating thus, he entered Mrs Blackmore's drawing-room one forenoon early enough to find mamma and the young ladies hard at Berlin wool—they were finishing Christmas presents—all but Maria, for whose amusement Harry was turning over a volume of sporting prints at a little table by themselves.

'We are all industrious to-day,' said Mrs Blackmore, 'on account of our country cousin—a dear odd creature. She has sent us hampers and baskets full of everything nice, for I don't know how long. The girls can scarcely remember when she was here last, and it would be such a comfort to her to have some of their work. Do, Maria, try and finish that purse.'

Charles and Harry had heard of that 'dear odd country cousin' ever since they first entered the house. The turkeys and chickens she sent had been described in their hearing till they thought they had eaten them. From the conversation of her relatives Harry concluded her to be a spinster or widow of an uninteresting age. However, the threatened arrival created a new employment for him in the shape of holding purse-silk for Miss Maria to wind; and owing perhaps to the

quietness of this employment—perhaps to its occupying so long a time—the awkwardness of his position began to stare him in the face. He began to think he was a bad fellow—although it was all Charles's fault. He did not know that Miss Maria thought him a goosey-geosey-gander, but he began at last to hate her all the same—we are so liable to hate those we are conscious of injuring! He became in truth afraid of her—she haunted him. He knew he ought to do something, but he did not know what to do. He had all his life acted under advice, and he now felt as if he had broken from his moorings, and was on the wide, wide sea, drifting at the mercy of this calamity.

At the moment we have arrived at, things had come to an alarming climax. In reply to his bewildered look Charles had turned away with severity—washing his hands of it—to join Miss Clementina in the corner; and the rest of the family, who seemed suddenly to find themselves *de trop*, scattered away to other parts of the room. Now Miss Maria was a fast girl, and Harry knew it. She looked wicked, as if determined upon a *coup d'état*; and he began to perspire all over. The skein fared badly. At this moment some slight diversion was made in his favour by a servant appearing with a message regarding somebody in the back-parlour; whereupon Mrs Blackmore went hastily down stairs; and Harry's eyes followed her wistfully: he thought he should like to get out.

'Oh, girls,' said Caroline, returning in a few minutes, 'it is poor cozy, and mamma is bringing her up for us all to comfort her. She has lost I don't know how much money by the failure of that horrid Skinner's bank; and what's worse, she can't find her husband.'

'He ought to be sent home wherever he is,' replied Maria; 'I'm sure she was just too good to him. Oh, Mr Harry Phipps, what a sad set you men are! I declare you are ravelling again.'

Harry, colouring to the roots of the hair, bent forward to plead some unintelligible excuse; the fast Maria took hold of his finger as if she was cross; and at that instant another finger was pressed upon his shoulder, and looking up, he gazed into the eyes of his wife!

For some seconds Harry and his spouse looked at each other as if unable to believe their eyes; but the lady's good sense at last prevailed, and gulping down something which would have come out with most women, she gently shook her husband's hand, now liberated from the purse-silk, with 'Harry, love, I am so glad to find you here. I was really afraid that worse had happened than the failure of Skinner & Co.'

Harry replied in rather an indistinct tone, though Charles Lacy ever after vowed he did wonderfully, considering the looks of Mrs Blackmore and her daughters. As for Maria she retired from silk and all, without a word about deceivers, which was also remarkable. Sense in the person of Mrs Bunting for once appeared contagious. The Blackmores, one and all, tacitly agreed that there had been no mistake whatever in the family, beyond the droll particular of their not recognising in a gentleman introduced to them as Mr Harry Phipps the husband of a lady whom they had been accustomed to address as Mrs Bunting. By the failure of Skinner & Co. poor Mrs Bunting had lost everything but the cottage and furniture at Westbourne; a fact which she learned only on her arrival in London to pay a long-projected visit to her mother's relatives, the Blackmores.

The Buntings in due time went home. We have reason to believe that there was never even a curtain-lecture delivered on the subject of the purse-silk. When we last visited Westbourne, Mrs Phipps Bunting was as active, as good-natured, and as popular as ever; but people had forgotten to say Master Harry, for Henry Phipps Bunting, Esquire, had been appointed Her Majesty's stamp-distributor for the district. He

was also invested with a couple of agencies for certain absent proprietors; but he never again 'thought he might go' on sporting-excursions; and no family could have imagined him to be a bachelor, for ever since he set fairly to work, a more married-like man we never saw.

THE DROLLERIES OF FALSE POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WINES AND OTHER LIQUORS.

THE portion devoted to the subject of intoxicating liquors would make a curious chapter in the history of legislation in almost every European country. Here there is a double cause of disturbance, since besides notions about the balance of trade and the like, many well-meaning, though not always judicious, attempts have been made to render such legislation conducive to sobriety and morality. Thus among the Irish statutes one stumbles on an act of Queen Elizabeth's reign 'Against making of Aqua Vite.' It is justly described as 'a drink nothing profitable to be daily drunken and used,' 'and thereby much corn, grain, and other things are consumed, spent, and wasted to the great hinderance, loss, and damages of the poor inhabitants of this realm'—for which reason are passed provisions, not to modify but entirely to suppress it—with what effect we may easily know. But our object at present is not with legislation for the suppression of drunkenness, which always deserves favourable consideration, but with the commercial regulations affecting liquors, and the strange notions of political economy involved in them. The subject is so ample that we are obliged to restrict our illustrations almost entirely to one small country—Scotland.

It will rather surprise the reader perhaps to find that, for the promotion of their economic ends, the laws seem to have been directed more to the encouragement than the suppression of drinking. The earliest interference with commerce in liquors appearing among the Scottish acts of parliament is very imperious and comprehensive, but not very explicable in its objects. Statutes at that time were short, and it will cost the reader little trouble to peruse that which was passed in the year 1436, and the reign of James I., 'anent Flemish wines.' 'It is statute and ordained that no man buy at Flemings of the Dane in Scotland, any kind of wine, under the pain of escheat (or forfeiture) thereof.' Doubtless parliament believed that it had reasons for this enactment, but it would not be easy to find out at the present day what they were. In 1503 a more minute act was passed referrible to ale and other provisions. It appoints magistrates of towns 'that they set and ordain a certain price, goodness, and fineness, upon bread, ale, and all other necessary things that is wrought and daily bought and used by the king's lieges. And that they make certain purviews and examinations to wait daily upon the keeping thereof. And when any workman be's noted taking an exorbitant price for his stuff, above the price, and over far disproportionate of the stuff he buys, that he be punished by the said barons, provosts, and bailies, &c.' A little later, in 1540, an act was passed 'touching the exorbitant prices of wine, salt, and timmer.' The provisions that follow are somewhat curious, and rank among the most barefaced instances of a class legislating, not only for its own interest, but its own enjoyment. In the first place, the provosts and bailies—supposed to be always excellent judges of good cheer—are to fix a low and reasonable price at which the wines and other commodities are obtainable. When this is fixed, it is appointed that 'na man is to buy till the king's grace be first served. And His Grace and officers being con-

tent for so meikle (much) as will please them to take to our sovereign's use entirely, that noblemen of the realm, such as prelates, barons, and other gentlemen of the same, be served at the same prices; and thereafter all and sundry our sovereign lord's lieges be served at the same prices.' Evidently it was cunningly foreseen that but little wine would be imported at a compulsory and necessarily an unremunerating price. Of such as did come, and was thus sold cheap, the 'prelates, barons, and other gentlemen' who sat in parliament, sagaciously provided that they should have the pre-emption; and it is pretty clear that the 'all and sundry' who were to come after them would have little chance of obtaining any of the cheap wine.

Fifteen years afterwards, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine, it was found that the act just cited was not sufficiently stringent, and that some sterner provision must be made to enable the aristocracy to get cheap wine. An act was passed referring to the previous one, and stating that 'nevertheless the noblemen—such as prelates, earls, lords, barons, and other gentlemen—are not served according to the said act, but are constrained to buy the same from merchants at greater prices, contrary to the tenor of the said acts.' Hence it is declared that whenever wines have arrived in any town, and the prices have been fixed, the magistrates 'shall incontinent pass to the market-cross of that burgh, and there, by open proclamation, declare the prices of the goods foresaid as they are made, and that none of the goods foresaid be disposed of for the space of four days.' Thus were measures taken to let the privileged persons have the benefit of their pre-emption.

That these acts, and the proclamations for enforcing them, were not a dead letter is shewn by the criminal records. On the 8th of March 1550, Robert Hathwy, John Sym, and James Lourie, burgesses of Edinburgh, confess their guilt in transgressing a regulation against purchasing Bordeaux wines dearer than L.22, 10s. (Scots of course) per tun, and Rochelle wines dearer than L.18 per tun. On the 4th of May 1555, George Hume and thirteen other citizens of Leith were arraigned for retalling wines above the proclaimed price—which for Bordeaux and Anjou wine was 10d. per pint; and for Rochelle, Sherry, and something called Caneseoch—which may for all we know to the contrary mean Cognac—8d. per pint.

In Ireland the privilege of having their wine cheaper than other people was given to the aristocracy with almost more flagrant audacity. By the Irish statute of the 28th Elizabeth, chap. 4, imposing customs-duties on wines, the lord-lieutenant is not only authorised to take for his own consumption twenty tuns, duty free, annually, but he is at the same time declared to have 'full power to grant, limit, and appoint, unto every peer of this realm, and to every of the Privy-Council in the same, and the queen's learned counsel for the time being, at his or their discretion from time to time, such portion and quantity of wines, to be free and discharged of and from the said customs and subsidy, as he shall think to be mete and competent for every of them, after their degrees and callings to have.'

To return to Scotland. In the ensuing century we find the legislature resorting to the homely liquor of the working-classes. On the 28d December 1669, an act was passed which begins in the following considerate and paternal fashion:—

'Our sovereign lord, considering that it is most agreeable to reason and equity, and of universal concernment to all his majesty's subjects, and especially to those of the meaner sort, that a due proportion be observed betwixt the price of the boll of beer and the pint and other measures of ale and drinking-beer rented and sold within this kingdom, that thereby the liberty taken by brewers and vintners, to exact exorbitant

prices for ale and drinking-beer at their pleasure, may be restrained. Therefore his majesty, with advice and consent of his estates of parliament, doth recommend to and authorise the lords of his majesty's Privy-Council from time to time, after consideration had of the ordinary rates of rough beer and barley for the time, to regulate and set down the prices of ale and drinking-beer rented and sold in the several shires and burghs of the kingdom, as they shall think just and reasonable.' The council were authorised to make their regulations by acts and orders, 'and to inflict such censures, pains, and penalties upon the contraveners of these acts and orders as they shall think fit; and to do all other things requisite for the execution of the same.'

When the Scottish Privy-Council ceased to exist by the union with England, there was some difficulty in knowing how this act should be applied. The Court of Session, looking upon the supply of ale as vital to the country, took on itself to protect the public, just as a passenger sometimes undertakes the management of a vessel which has lost its proper commander. On the occasion of the malt-duty being extended to Scotland in 1725, they thought a juncture had come when it was absolutely necessary to interfere, as there was no saying how far the brewers, let loose from the old regulations of the Privy-Council, might abuse the public by charging an extravagant price or selling a bad article. The Court of Session is the supreme civil tribunal in Scotland. Its rules of court for the regulation of judicial proceedings are called 'acts of sederunt.' On this occasion it passed 'an act for preventing the sale of bad ale.' The object was an excellent one, but we are apt at the present day to consider that brewers under the influence of competition can best save the public from bad ale, and that judges are better employed when they direct their attention to the protection of the public from bad law. They enacted that the brewers should sell by wholesale at a merk Scots per gallon, and that dealers should sell by retail at 2d. per pint. They professed to make this regulation from 'taking into consideration the frequent abuses in vending and retalling bad twopenny ale; and that from the present duties and burdens wherewith the brewers of ale in and about the city of Edinburgh are charged, occasion may be taken by ill-designing persons to impose on the lieges and undersell fair dealers, unless the prices for brewers and retailers be certain and fixed.'

The brewers threatened to give up their business, and the court found it necessary to take farther measures. Another act of sederunt was passed. It is best, we think, where their contents are so curious, to quote the documents themselves, however stiff or formal they may seem, and the commencement of the act follows:

'Whereas, in the information and memorial this day offered by his majesty's advocate to the Lords of Council and Session, it is represented that the brewers within the city of Edinburgh and liberties thereof, and others who have the privilege of furnishing the said city with ale, have entered into a resolution and confederacy that they will at once give over brewing when the duties on malt granted to his majesty by act of parliament are attempted to be recovered; that this resolution and confederacy must bring much distress on the good people of the said city through want of ale, and likewise by want of bread, the preparing whereof depends upon yeast or barm, and must produce tumults and confusions, to the overthrow of all good government, and to the great loss and hurt of the most innocent of his majesty's subjects, and is most dangerous and highly criminal.'

Thus, it being clearly shewn that the refusal of brewers to brew ale at the price fixed by the judges of the Court of Session must produce something like a French revolution, and be followed by general anarchy, the court next proceeds to declare—not in the best of

composition—'that it is illegal and inconsistent with the public welfare for common brewers, or others whose employment is to provide necessary sustenance for the people, all at once to quit and forbear the exercise of their occupation, when they are in the sole possession of the materials, houses, and instruments for to carry on the trade, so that the people may be deprived of, or much straitened in their meat or drink; and that so to do in defiance and contempt of the laws is highly criminal and severely punishable. And therefore the said Lords of Council and Session, to prevent the mischiefs threatened to the city and limits aforesaid, do hereby require and ordain all and every brewer and brewers within the city of Edinburgh and liberties thereof, and others who have the privilege of furnishing the said city with ale, to continue and carry on their trade of brewing for the service of the lieges.'

It is astonishing to find that the brewers gave way. Scotland was at that time much under government and aristocratic influence; and very likely the poor men felt that it would be better to lose a little money than to fight a battle with the Court of Session, especially as the Lord Advocate threatened to indict them for a conspiracy. That they continued permanently to accept of the profits—or rather, perhaps, losses—fixed by the Court of Session no one will believe. They would in due time manage to get the usual profit of capital and exertion from their operations, or else would contrive to give up business.

It is one of the consequences of adopting false and artificial notions on political economy, that these drive the most conscientious and virtuous men to the most mischievous and violent extremities. Where things should be left to themselves they believe interference to be right, and so believing, they think it necessary to carry out their views at whatever cost. A remarkable instance of this was shewn by the virtuous and high-minded Duncan Forbes of Culloden. He thought the introduction of foreign commodities ruinous to the country. He considered that whatever was paid for them was so much lost to his fellow-countrymen. On this principle he waged a determined war against a foreign commodity coming into vogue in his latter days, using all his endeavours to suppress its use, and substitute for it a commodity of home-produce. Will the reader, in the days of temperance societies, believe that the commodity which he desired to suppress was *tea*, and that which he wished to encourage was *beer*? Here are his own words in a letter to a statesman of the time: 'The cause of the mischief we complain of is evidently the excessive use of *tea*, which is now become so common that the meanest families even of labouring people, particularly in burghs, make their morning's meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale which heretofore was their accustomed drink; and the same drug supplies all the labouring women with their afternoon's entertainment, even to the exclusion of the twopenny.' After so formidable a picture, it is not unnatural to find him thus crying out against the influence of Dutch enterprise, which was then spreading the drink which cheers but not inebriates throughout Europe: 'They run their low-priced tea into Scotland, and sold it very cheap—a pound went from half a crown to three or four shillings. The goodwife was fond of it because her betters made use of tea; a pound of it would last her a month, which made her breakfast very cheap, so she made no account of the sugar which she took up only in ounces. In short, the itch spread; the refuse of the vilest teas were run into this country from Holland, sold and bought at the prices I have mentioned; and at present there are very few cobblers in any of the burghs of this country who do not sit down gravely with their wives and families to tea.'

What a frightful picture! We may laugh at it, but

it feally was frightful to one who sincerely believed that the money paid for tea was a dead loss to the country, and who did not know that the tea was paid for by the exportation of home-produce.

FAMILY LIFE IN A NEGRO TOWN.

THERE is a large mass of mankind occupying an intermediate position between the savage and the civilised nations of the world. These have no literature of their own, yet they have received some amount of knowledge by tradition or communication with other people. They know little or nothing of science, yet they are skilled in some of the useful arts of life. They have no regular legislation nor codes of civil law, yet they have forms of government and unwritten laws to which they steadfastly adhere, and about which they can plead as eloquently as a Chancery barrister or an advocate in the Courts of Session. While they cultivate the ground, keep cattle, and live upon the lawful products of the soil, they have none of the culinary dainties of life; whilst they plant the cotton-tree, and weave and dye cloth to make their garments, their clothing is scant, and devoid of all excellence in the manufacture. As far removed from the polite European on the one hand, as from the savage Indian or the rude Hottentot on the other, they may be rightly termed the semi-barbarous portion of mankind. It is a curious question how they came to occupy this middle state of civilisation, which they have retained for so many centuries. We know that the wandering tribes of Asia, and some of the kingdoms of that continent which partake of the characteristics now described, in former ages enjoyed seasons of national splendour and gleams of civilisation, the twilight of which has not yet passed away; but we know nothing of the history of Central Africa, a large part of which is composed of semi-barbarous nations.

We now specially refer to that portion of the African continent which lies between the Great Desert and the Kong Mountains, with a continuation toward Lake Tchad—comprising a tract of country about 300 miles in length and 2000 in breadth. South of this latitude the people are more barbarous and cruel, and the deserts of the west are inhabited by tribes more purely negro and ignorant. Moors, Mandingoes, Foola, and Jaloofs, principally dwell in this vast region of West-Central Africa. All these peoples are more or less European in their form and countenance; the pure negroes occasionally mixed with them being probably imported slaves or their descendants. These nations differ from each other in their languages, and in some of their customs and manners; but there is a similarity in their mode of living, if we except the Moors, which makes it as unnecessary as it would be tedious to describe each of them separately. We wish to make our readers acquainted with the forms and habits of semi-barbarous life, whatever local name or geographical appearance it may assume.

The first and most important feature of observation is the position of the female sex. This regulates the size of the houses and the towns, the nature of agriculture, and the whole social economy. In Africa the women are emphatically the working-class of the community, and hold an intermediate station between wife and slave, occupying the rank and employments of both. A wife is usually bought for so many head of cattle or such a number of slaves, and then becomes the property of her husband. There is no limit to the number of wives. Even the Mohammedan negroes do not conform to the Koran in its restriction to the number of four. One chief boasted that he had eighty wives; and upon the Englishman answering that his countrymen thought one woman quite enough to

* Culloden Papers, 191.

manage, the African flourished a whip, with which he said he kept them in order. In some countries one of these wives is recognised as head-wife, and enjoys certain prerogatives appertaining to this place.

Being desirous of obtaining an insight into the minutiae of African life, we accepted the invitation of a negro who traded on the Gambia to pay him a visit, and spend a day in his town, especially as there would be a dance in the evening. We left our vessel in the morning, and having rowed for some miles up a tributary stream, landed in an open place. Here we met the horses which Samba had sent for us, as the town lay at a considerable distance. They were fine animals, of a small breed, but very spirited, and apparently only half-trained. Their accoutrements were in some respects novel; for the saddle was an unwieldy article, with a high pommel in front, and an elevation behind, so that we were fairly wedged in the seat, and had many thumps before we learned to sit correctly in these stocks. We therefore had no wish, as we had little opportunity, of trying the speed of our beasts, the road lying through a vast forest. The men who accompanied us were armed with muskets, and kept a sharp look-out among the bushes, though there was not much fear of being attacked in this place by wild beasts in the day-time, as it was a frequented route, and had been often visited by the hunter. By and by we came to a stream, which was fordable in the dry season. Senegambia abounds with rivers and creeks; indeed it seems to be one of the best-watered regions of the earth, and has excellent means of communication for trade. These waters are full of fish, which form an important article of food for the people.

After crossing the river, we saw the place of our destination on a rising ground surrounded with fields. The town was surrounded with a low mud-wall and stockade to keep off wild beasts, and as a slight protection against roving freebooters. Larger towns, especially those belonging to warrior chiefs, have high mud-walls, sometimes with loopholes and bastions, and are capable of standing a siege where the enemy has neither cannon nor battering-rams. The gate was made of planks shaped with the axe, for the natives have no saws. The appearance of the place from a distance was very singular, for it consisted of 400 or 500 huts, all built in the same manner, with conical roofs thatched with grass. No chimneys, spires, nor windows relieved the monotony of the scene. Upon entering, we threaded our way through narrow passages, between high fences, as through the mazes of a labyrinth, where we might have wandered all day without finding an exit. At last our guides brought us to a wicket-door, through which we passed, and found ourselves in Samba's enclosure. He welcomed us with great cordiality, and led us towards his dwelling through a group of inquisitive women and children. It was a circular hut, rather larger than the others, and constructed with a little more care. The wall was composed of large lumps of clay in square blocks, laid upon each other while still wet; these speedily dry and harden in the sun, forming a substantial support, of about four feet high, for the roof. The roof is a conical frame of bamboo-cane thatched with long grass, having long eaves to protect the walls from the deluging rains of Africa. The most substantial of these dwellings are liable to be undermined by wet, if the ground be level, or to be penetrated by rain, if the roof be not kept in good repair; in which case the sides can no longer support its weight. For this reason, deserted towns soon become heaps of mud ruins, and finally a mound of clay.

The interior of Samba's dwelling was as simple as the outside. On one side was a platform or hurdle of cane, raised about two feet from the ground upon stakes. This served for a bedstead, and the bedding was composed of a simple skin or mat. Being rich, Samba

had other mats for himself and his friends to sit upon, and two or three low stools. His gun, spear, leathern bottle, and other accoutrements, lay in a convenient place: and we observed a couple of boxes, one of which contained clothes, and the other a heterogeneous mass of trifling valuables received from Europeans. Of course such boxes and their contents are not of frequent occurrence in these lowly dwellings. Near this hut was another small one which served for a kitchen: it contained some earthen pots, wooden bowls, and calabashes, with iron pots and neat baskets as articles of distinction. Here was also the large pestle and mortar, the use of which will be presently described.

Samba was dressed in the usual garb of a negro gentleman. He wore large cotton drawers, which reached half-way down the leg, and a loose smock with wide sleeves. On his feet were sandals, fastened with leathern straps over his toes, the legs being bare. His head was covered with a white cap encircled with a Paisley shawl—which I had formerly given him—and which was worn in the manner of a turban. Two large *greegrees* or amulets—being leathern purses, containing some holy words or sacred scraps—depended from his neck by silken cords. This costume was pleasing, and set off his manly form to advantage. One of his wives immediately presented us with a calabash of sour milk, and some cakes of rice or pounded nuts and honey. The Africans have in general only two meals a day; but some, who can afford it, take lunch about two o'clock. Strict Mohammedans profess not to drink intoxicating liquors; but looser religionists cannot resist the temptation of rum, of which the pagan negroes drink to excess. Samba brought out a bottle of this liquor, and presented it with evident glee, himself doing justice to its contents.

We then proceeded to view the rest of the premises. Samba had six wives, each of whom had a separate hut. Their dwellings resembled that of their lord, but were of smaller size, and the doors were very low, so as to require considerable stooping to enter. These apertures for admitting light, air, and human beings, and for letting out the smoke, always look towards the west, for the easterly wind brings clouds of sand; and if the tornadoes which blow from the same quarter are allowed an inlet to a hut, they speedily make an outlet for themselves by whirling the roof into the air. The women were dressed in their best style on the occasion of our visit. One cloth, or *pang*, was fastened round their waist, and hung down to the ankles; another was thrown loosely over the bosom and shoulders. Their hair was plaited with ribbons, and decorated with beads, coral, and pieces of gold. Their legs were bare; but they had neat sandals on their feet. They were loaded with necklaces, bracelets, armlets, and anklets, composed of coral, amber, and fine glass-beads, interspersed with beads of gold and silver. These are their wealth and their pride. Some had little children, whose only covering was strings of beads round the waist, neck, ankles, and wrists: an elder girl of about ten years had a small cloth about her loins. We saw no furniture in their huts except a few bowls and calabashes, a rude distaff for spinning cotton, and the usual bed-hurdle covered with mats. The ladies were very garrulous and inquisitive, narrowly inspecting our skin and dress, and asking many questions about European females. They wondered how a rich man could do with only one wife, but thought monogamy was a good thing for the women. These mothers never carry their children in their arms, but infants are borne in a *pang* upon the back.

Another hut served for Samba's store, where he kept his merchandise; another was occupied by some female slaves, and another by male slaves. These poor creatures wore only a cloth round their loins, hanging as far as the knees; the females had each a necklace of

common beads given by their mistresses. At night they lie down upon a mat or skin, and light a fire in the middle of the hut. This serves both for warmth and to keep away noxious insects. Their furniture consisted of working instruments—hoes, calabashes, rush-baskets, and the redoubtable *paloon*. The last-mentioned instrument is a large wooden mortar made by the Loubies, a wandering class of Foolahs, one of the most stunted and ugly of African races, and quite different from the pastoral and warrior tribes. These roving gipsies work in wood, and may be called the coopers of Africa. When they find a convenient spot of ground furnished with the proper kind of trees, they immediately proceed to cut them down: the branches are formed into temporary huts, and the trunks are made into canoes, bowls, peatles and mortars, and other wooden utensils. Their chief implements are an axe and a knife, which they use with great dexterity.

The freemen are very indolent, and, with the exception of the Foolahs, seldom engage in any useful work. The time not occupied in hunting, fishing, travelling, or public business, is usually spent in indolent smoking, gossiping, or revelling. The male slaves are employed in felling timber, weaving, drawing water, collecting grass for horses, and helping the women in the fields; but as all this, excepting the first, can be done by females, the slaveholders do not care to keep many male slaves. Women generally attend to field-work. Before the rains set in, they make holes in the ground with a hoe, and, after dropping in seeds, cover in the earth with their feet. In case of rice, the surface of the ground is turned up with a narrow spade. After the rains the grain is ripe, and the tops are cut off. When the natives have not separate store-huts of their own, they keep their corn in large rush-baskets raised upon stakes outside the village; and these stores are not violated by their fellow-townsmen. The grain is beaten or trodden out of the husks, and then winnowed in the wind. The women pound it into meal or flour with a pestle nearly five feet long, the ordinary mortar containing about two gallons. This is a most laborious process, and occupies many hours of the day or night.

After gratifying, if not satisfying, the curiosity of Samba's wives, we thought it right that a return should be made by their explaining to us their mode of dressing food, especially the celebrated *kooskoos*. This was cheerfully done, the more so as we presented them with small articles of tinselled finery. The flour is moistened with water, then shaken and stirred in a calabash until it forms into small hard granules like peppercorns, which will keep good for a long time if preserved in a dry place. The poorer class wet this prepared grain with hot water until it swells like rice; others steam it in an earthen pot with holes, which is placed above another containing flesh and water, so that the flavour of the meat makes the *kooskoos* savoury. We saw a dish of this kind in preparation for our dinner, along with other stews of a daintier kind, made of rice boiled with milk and dried fish, or with butter and meat, not forgetting vegetables and condiments. Some of these stews, when well prepared, are not to be despised.

After inspecting the kitchen and its contents, our host conducted us to the *bantang* or *palaver* house, which answers the purpose of a town-hall and assembly-room. It is a large building, without side-walls, being a roof supported upon strong posts, and having a bank of mud to form a seat or lounging-bench. It is generally erected under the shade of a large tabba-tree, which is the pride of the town. Here all public business is transacted, trials are conducted, strangers are received, and hither the idle resort for the news of the day. As Africans are interminable speakers, they make excellent lawyers, and know how to spin out a case or involve it in a labyrinth of figures of speech. Mungo Park, who frequently heard these special pleaders, says

that in the forensic qualifications of procrastination and cavil, and the arts of confounding and perplexing a cause, they are not easily surpassed by the ablest pleaders in Europe. The following may serve as an example of their talent:—An ass had got loose and broken into a field of corn, much of which it destroyed. The proprietor of the corn caught the beast in his field, and immediately cut its throat. The owner of the ass then brought an action to recover damages for the loss of the ass, on which he set a high value. The other acknowledged having killed it, but pleaded as a set-off that the value of the corn destroyed was quite equal to that of the beast which he had killed. The law recognised the validity of both claims—that the ass should be paid for, and so should the corn; for the proprietor had no right to kill the beast, and it had no right to damage the field. The glorious uncertainty was therefore displayed in ascertaining the relative value of each; and the learned gentlemen managed so to puzzle the cause, that after a hearing of three days the court broke up without coming to any decision, and the cause was adjourned for a future hearing.

Another *palaver* which lasted four days was on the following occasion:—A slave-merchant had married a woman of Tambacunda, by whom he had two children. He subsequently absented himself for eight years without giving any account of himself to his deserted wife, who, seeing no prospect of his return, at the end of three years married another man, to whom she likewise bore two children. The *slaves* now returned and claimed his wife; but the second husband refused to surrender her, insisting that, by the usage of Africa, when a man has been three years absent from his wife without giving notice of his being alive, the woman is at liberty to marry again. This, however, proved a puzzling question, and all the circumstances on both sides had to be investigated. At last it was determined that the differing claims were so nicely balanced that the court could not pronounce on the side of either, but allowed the woman to make her choice of the husbands. She took time to consider; and it is said that, having ascertained that her first husband, though older than the second, was much richer, she allowed her first love to carry the day.

These lawsuits afford much amusement to the freemen of African towns, who have little employment, and to whom time seems to be a matter of no importance. Whether a journey occupies a week, a month, or a year, is of little moment, provided they can obtain victuals and find amusement in the place they visit. African labourers are quite surprised at the bustle and impatience of Englishmen; and when urged to make haste in finishing a job, will innocently exclaim—'No hurry, master: there be plenty of time: to-morrow comes after to-day.'

We went to see the blacksmith and saddler of the town. These are the only professional persons, and they are held in high esteem. The blacksmith is a worker in all kinds of metal, and combines the avocations of goldsmith, silversmith, jeweller, nailer, and gunsmith. In the interior, he also manufactures native iron by smelting the stone in furnaces with charcoal, which process converts it at once into steel: but as this operation is rudely performed, it is attended with a great waste of metal, which is also very hard and difficult to be worked; so that English iron is used when it can be obtained, and bars of iron form a considerable article of commerce. The blacksmith's utensils consist of a hammer, anvil, forceps, and a pair of double bellows made of two goat-skins. When we saw him he and his slaves were making stirrups, but the operation was very tedious.

The saddler tans and dresses leather, and can make a very beautiful and soft material by repeatedly rubbing and beating the hides. The thick skins are converted into sandals; those of sheep and goats are dyed and made

into sheaths of various kinds, purses for greengreases, covers for quivers and saddles, and a variety of ornaments, which are neatly sewn, as all negro lads can use the needle. These arts, with those of weaving, working in rushes, soap-making, and a rude pottery, constitute the native crafts. The Africans evidently understand the principles of many useful arts, and evince considerable ingenuity in the execution, considering the rudeness of their instruments, their want of capital, and the total absence of hired labour.

Suspended on a tree near the entrance of the town we saw the strange dress of bark called Mumbo Jumbo. This is a device used by the men to keep their wives in awe when the husband's authority is not sufficient to prevent family feuds and maintain proper subordination. It may be called the pillory of Africa, and is thus employed: Mumbo Jumbo announces his approach by loud cries in the woods, and at night enters the town and proceeds to the bentang, where all the inhabitants are obliged to assemble. The ceremony begins with songs and dances, which last till midnight, by which time Mumbo Jumbo has fixed upon his unfortunate victim. She is immediately seized, stripped, tied to a post, and scourged with Mumbo's rod, amid the shouts and derision of the whole assembly. No wonder that Mumbo Jumbo is held in great awe by the women!

When we had finished our walks about town, the day was far spent, and the setting sun bade us hasten to our lodging; for here there is no twilight, so that in a few minutes after the orb of day has disappeared night supervenes, and the moon rules the heavens. The few cattle which belonged to the inhabitants were brought into a pen at the town-wall, where they are watched at night by armed men. We found a fire of blazing wood in Samba's hut, and sat down on mats to gossip and smoke till dinner should be served. The ladies brought in the kooskooa, and other viands already described, in wooden bowls, and laid them on the floor; they then retired, as they never eat with the men. Each guest is expected to help himself with his fingers, and Samba hoped to play us a little trick in return for one played upon himself. When he visited us on board ship we provided only knives and forks, which all were expected to use. Poor Samba could hardly get a mouthful, and was the laughing-stock of the company, till in mercy a spoon was brought to him. He now ordered the stews to be made thin, and the meat to be cut up in small morsels, hoping to see us very awkward in using our fingers; when suddenly we produced pocket spoons and knives, which turned the joke against him and his negro friends, for the food was too watery for themselves to manage well with their hands.

After our repast we went out to see the dancing. This favourite amusement of the Africans takes place in the open air when the weather is fine; in wet weather it is held in the bentang, and when it is dark large fires are kindled to give light to the performers. They have two or three musical instruments, the chief of which is a drum. When this is beat, all the young folks become animated, and dance to the sound, clapping their hands, and performing a number of evolutions, some of which are not the most seemly. They keep up this exercise through a great part of the night; so that we left them in the midst of their sport, and retired to rest. Our preparations for sleep were soon made, by simply lying down upon the mats placed upon the hurdle. The negroes are very susceptible of cold, and complain of it when we are panting with heat; but the fire in their huts keeps up the desired temperature. They sleep very soundly, and cannot be easily aroused till after sun-rise. In the morning we made a slight repast of gruel, to which a kind of hasty-pudding with shea-butter was added for our peculiar gratification. This butter is made of the fruit of the

shea-tree, which is not unlike a Spanish olive, and has a kernel from which the butter is extracted by boiling. It is in great repute, having a richer taste than the butter of milk, and keeping for a long time without salt, which is very expensive in Africa. After breakfast we took leave of our kind host and his family, and returned in the same way we came.

The foregoing description of semi-barbarous life may seem to portray it in some attractive colours, so that indolent and licentious persons might ask: Is it not preferable to our sophisticated state of society? We are not judges of other people's taste, but we can see in it nothing desirable. Its evils are numerous and very great. It is a dearth or death of the soul, and of all that which truly constitutes man an intelligent being, aiming at mental progress. Again, it is intimately connected with a state of slavery, with the degradation of females, and with polygamy—three great moral evils, the sources of endless rapine, injustice, and misery. Famine also frequently prevails, and is a dreadful scourge, even compelling mothers to sell some of their children that they may save the rest. For in such an uncertain state of society, no one cares to lay up for the future, as his hordes would only incur the greater risk of being pillaged and destroyed.

THE COMMERCIAL PORTS OF ENGLAND.

A return has just been made, by order of parliament, which shews that Liverpool is now the greatest port in the British Empire in the value of its exports and the extent of its foreign commerce. Being the first port in the British Empire, it is the first port in the world. New York is the only place out of Great Britain which can at all compare with the extent of its commerce. New York is the Liverpool of America, as Liverpool is the New York of Europe. The trade of those two ports is reciprocal. The raw produce of America, shipped in New York, forms the mass of the imports of Liverpool; the manufactures of England, shipped at Liverpool, form the mass of the imports of New York. The two ports are, together, the gates or doors of entry between the Old World and the New. On examining the return just made, it appears that the value of the exports of Liverpool in the year 1850 amounted to nearly £35,000,000 sterling (£34,891,847), or considerably more than one-half of the total value of the exports of the three kingdoms for that year. This wonderful export-trade of Liverpool is partly the result of the great mineral riches of Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire; partly of the matchless ingenuity and untiring industry of the populations of those counties; partly of a multitude of canals and railways, spreading from Liverpool to all parts of England and the richest parts of Wales; partly to Liverpool, being the commercial centre of the three kingdoms; and partly to the fact that very nearly £12,000,000 have been expended in Liverpool, and more than £12,000,000 in the river Mersey, in converting a stormy estuary and an unsafe anchorage into the most perfect port ever formed by the skill of man. On comparing the respective amounts of the tonnage of Liverpool and London, it appears at first impossible to account for the fact that the shipping of Liverpool is rather less than that of London, while its export-trade is much more than twice as great. The explanation of this fact is, that the vessels employed in carrying the million or million and a half of tons of coal used in London, appear in the London return; while the canal and river flats, to say nothing of the railway trains, employed in carrying the million and a quarter of tons of coal used or employed in Liverpool, do not. State the case fairly, and the maritime superiority of Liverpool will be found to be as decided as is its commercial. We ought also to add, that while the Custom-house returns for 1850 give Liverpool only 3,262,253 tons of shipping, the payment of rates to the Liverpool Dock Estate in the twelve months ending June 25, 1851, gives 3,737,666 tons, or nearly

500,000 tons more. Comparing the rate of increase of the exports of Liverpool with that of other ports, it appears that Liverpool is not only the first port in the kingdom, but that it is becoming more decidedly the first every year. During the last five years the increase of the exports of Liverpool has been from 26,000,000 to nearly 35,000,000, while that of London has been from little less than 11,000,000 to rather more than 14,000,000. The exports of Hull—which is undoubtedly the third port of the kingdom—though still very large, have rather declined, having been L.10,875,870 in 1846, and not more than L.10,366,610 in 1850. The exports of Glasgow, now the fourth port of the empire, shew a fair increase, from L.3,024,343 to L.3,768,646. No other port now sends out exports of the value of L.2,000,000 a year, though Southampton comes near to L.2,000,000, and Cork passes L.1,000,000.—*Liverpool Times*.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.

I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me. They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirits, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hope of heaven, and my charity to them too. And still I sleep, and digest, and eat, and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauty, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

SLOW BUT SURE.

Some years ago a man was apprehended in Hampshire, charged with a capital offence—sheep-stealing, I believe. After being examined before a justice of the peace, he was committed to the county jail at Winchester for trial at the ensuing assizes. The evidence against the man was too strong to admit of any doubt of his guilt; he was consequently convicted, and sentence of death—rigidly enforced for this crime at the period alluded to—pronounced. Months and years passed away, but no warrant for his execution arrived. In the interval a marked improvement in the man's conduct and bearing became apparent. His natural abilities were good, his temper mild, and his general desire to please attracted the attention and engaged the confidence of the governor of the prison, who at length employed him as a domestic servant; and such was his reliance on his integrity that he even employed him in executing commissions, not only in the city, but to places at a great distance from it. After a considerable lapse of time, however, the awful instrument, which had been inadvertently concealed among other papers, was discovered, and at once forwarded to the high-sheriff, and by the proper authority to the unfortunate delinquent himself. My purpose is brief relation only; suffice it to say, the unhappy man is stated under these affecting circumstances to have suffered the last penalty of the law.—*Notes and Queries*.

THE SEA-KINGS OF NANTUCKET.

Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada; let the English overwarm all India, and hang out their blazing banner from the sun; two-thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his—he owns it as emperors own empires, other seamen having but a right to pass through it. Merchant-ships are but extension bridges; armed ones but floating forts; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea as highwaymen the road, they but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless sea itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships; to

and fro ploughing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home; *there* lies his business; which a Noah's flood would scarcely interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea as prairie cocks in the prairie; he hides among the waves; he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land; so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows, so at nightfall the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales.—*Herman Melville's The Whale*.

THE LINNÆA BOREALIS.

'Linnæ selected a tiny wild-flower that he discovered, of exquisite beauty and delicious odour, to bear his name—one that refuses to exchange the silent glen and melancholy wood for the more gay parterres of horticulture.'—*Rambles in Sweden and Gotland, by Sylvanus*.

'Tis a child of the old green woodlands,
Where the song of the free wild bird,
And swaying of boughs in the summer breeze,
Are the only voices heard.

In the richest moss of the lonely dells
Are its rosy petals found,
With the clear blue skies above it spread,
And the lordly trees around.

In those still, untrodden solitudes
Its lovely days are passed;
And the sunny turf is its fragrant bier
When it gently dies at last.

But if from its own sweet dwelling-place
By a careless hand 'tis torn,
And to hot and dusty city streets
In its drooping beauty borne,

Its graceful head is with sorrow bowed,
And it quickly pines and fades;
Till the fragile bloom is for ever fled
That gladdened the forest glades.

It will not dwell 'neath a palace dome,
With rare exotic flowers,
Whose perfumed splendour gaily gleams
In radiant festal hours:

It loves not the Parian marble vase,
On the terrace fair and wide;
Or the bright and sheltered garden bowers
Smiling in gorgeous pride.

But it mourns for the far-off dingles,
For their fresh and joyous air,
For the dewy sighs and sunny beams
That lingered o'er it there.

O lonely and lovely forest-flower!
A holy lot is thine,
Amid nature's deepest solitudes,
With radiance meek to shine.

Bright blossom of the shady woods!
Live on in your cool retreat,
Unharm'd by the touch of human hand,
Or the tread of careless feet;

With the rich green fern around your home,
The birds' glad song above,
And the solemn stars in the still night-time
Looking down with eyes of love!

LUCINDA ELLIOTT.

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THE LOST AGES.

My friends, have you read *Elia*? If so, follow me, walking in the shadow of his mild presence, while I recount to you my vision of the Lost Ages. I am neither single nor unblessed with offspring, yet, like Charles Lamb, I have had my 'dream-children.' Years have flown over me since I stood a bride at the altar. My eyes are dim and failing, and my hairs are silver-white. My real children of flesh and blood have become substantial men and women, carving their own fortunes, and catering for their own tastes in the matter of wives and husbands, leaving their old mother, as nature ordereth, to the stillness and repose fitted for her years. Understand, this is not meant to imply that the fosterer of their babyhood, the instructor of their childhood, the guide of their youth, is forsaken or neglected by those who have sprung up to maturity beneath her eye. No; I am blessed in my children. Living apart, I yet see them often; their joys, their cares are mine. Not a Sabbath dawns but it finds me in the midst of them; not a holiday or a festival of any kind is noted in the calendar of their lives, but Grand-mamma is the first to be sent for. Still, of necessity, I pass much of my time alone; and old age is given to reverie quite as much as youth. I can remember a time—long, long ago—when in the twilight of a summer evening it was a luxury to sit apart with closed eyes; and, heedless of the talk that went on in the social circle from which I was withdrawn, indulge in all sorts of fanciful visions. Then my dream-people were all full-grown men and women. I do not recollect that I ever thought about children until I possessed some of my own. Those waking visions were very sweet—sweeter than the realities of life that followed; but they were neither half so curious nor half so wonderful as the dreams that sometimes haunt me now. The imagination of the old is not less lively than that of the young: it is only less original. A youthful fancy will create more new images; the mind of age requires materials to build with: these supplied, the combinations it is capable of forming are endless. And so were born my dream-children.

Has it never occurred to you, mothers and fathers, to wonder what has become of your children's lost ages? Look at your little boy of five years old. Is he at all, in any respect, the same breathing creature that you beheld three years back? I think not. Whither, then, has the sprite vanished? In some hidden fairy nook, in some mysterious cloud-land he must exist still. Again, in your slim-formed girl of eight years, you look in vain for the sturdy elf of five. Gone? No; that cannot be—'a thing of beauty is a

joy for ever.' Close your eyes: you have her there! A breeze-like, sportive, buoyant thing; a thing of breathing, laughing, unmistakable life; she is mirrored on your retina as plainly as ever was dancing sunbeam on a brook. The very trick of her lip—of her eye; the mischief-smile, the sidelong saucy glance,

'That seems to say,
I know you love me, Mr Grey.'

is it not traced there—all, every line, as clear as when it brightened the atmosphere about you in the days that are no more? To be sure it is; and being so, the thing must exist—somewhere.

I never was more fully possessed with this conviction than once during the winter of last year. It was Christmas-eve. I was sitting alone, in my old arm-chair, and had been looking forward to the fast-coming festival-day with many mingled thoughts—some tender, but regretful; others hopeful, yet sad; some serious, and even solemn. As I laid my head back and sat thus with closed eyes, listening to the church-clock as it struck the hour, I could not but feel that I was passing—very slowly and gently it is true—towards a time when the closing of the grave would shut out even that sound so familiar to my ear; and when other and more precious sounds of life—human voices, dearer than all else, would cease to have any meanings for me—and even their very echoes be hushed in the silence of the one long sleep. Following the train of association, it was natural that I should recur to the hour when that same church's bells had chimed my wedding-peal. I seemed to hear their music once again; and other music sweeter still—the music of young vows that 'kept the word of promise to the ear, and broke it' not 'to the hope.' Next in succession came the recollection of my children. I seemed to lose sight of their present identity, and to be carried away in thought to times and scenes far back in my long-departed youth, when they were growing up around my knees—beautiful forms of all ages, from the tender nursing of a single year springing with outstretched arms into my bosom, to the somewhat rough but ingenious boy of ten. As my inner eye traced their different outlines, and followed them in their graceful growth from year to year, my heart was seized with a sudden and irresistible longing to hold fast these beloved but passing images of the brain. What joy, I thought, would it be to transfix the matchless beauty which had wrought itself thus into the visions of my old age! to preserve for ever, unchanging, every varied phase of that material but marvellous structure which the glorious human soul had animated and informed through all its progressive stages from the child to the man!

Scarcely was the thought framed when a dull, heavy weight seemed to press upon my closed eyelids. I now saw more clearly even than before my children's images in the different stages of their being. But I saw these, and these alone, as they stood rooted to the ground, with a stony fixedness in their eyes: every other object grew dim before me. The living faces and full-grown forms which until now had mingled with and played their part among my younger phantoms, altogether disappeared. I had no longer any eyes, any soul, but for this my new spectre-world. Life, and the things of life, had lost their interest; and I knew of nothing, conceived of nothing, but those still, inanimate forms from which the informing soul had long since passed away.

And now that the longing of my heart was answered, was I satisfied? For a time I gazed, and drew a deep delight from the gratification of my vain and impious craving. But at length the still, cold presence of forms no longer of this earth began to oppress me. I grew cold and numb beneath their moveless aspect; and constant gazing upon eyes lighted up by no varying expression, pressed upon my tired senses with a more than nightmare weight. I felt a sort of dull stagnation through every limb, which held me bound where I sat, pulseless and moveless as the phantoms on which I gazed.

As I wrestled with the feeling that oppressed me, striving in vain to break the bonds of that strange fascination, under the pressure of which I surely felt that I must perish—a soft voice, proceeding from whence I knew not, broke upon my ear. 'You have your desire,' it said gently; 'why, then, struggle thus? Why writhe under the magic of that joy you have yourself called up? Are they not here before you, the Lost Ages whose beauty and whose grace you would perpetuate? What would you more? O mortal!'

'But these forms have no life,' I gasped—'no pulsating, breathing soul!'

'No,' replied the same still, soft voice; 'these forms belong to the things of the past. In God's good time they breathed the breath of life; they had *then* a being and a purpose on this earth. Their day has departed—their work is done.'

So saying, the voice grew still: the leaden weight which had pressed upon my eyelids was lifted off: I awoke.

Filled with reveries of the past—my eyes closed to everything without—sleep had indeed overtaken me as I sat listening to the old church-clock. But my vision was not all a vision: my dream-children came not without their teaching. If they had been called up in folly, yet in their going did they leave behind a lesson of wisdom.

The morning dawned—the blessed Christmas-morning! With it came my good and dutiful, my real life-children. When they were all assembled round me, and when, subdued and thoughtful beneath the tender and gracious associations of the day, each in turn ministered, reverently and lovingly, to the old mother's need of body and of soul, my heart was melted within me. Blessed, indeed, was I in a lot full to overflowing of all the good gifts which a wise and merciful Maker could lavish upon his erring and craving creature. I stood reproved. I felt humbled to think that I should ever for a moment have indulged one idle or restless longing for the restoration of that past which had done its appointed work, and out of which so gracious a present had arisen. One idea impressed me strongly: I could not but feel that had the craving of my soul been answered in reality, as my dream had foreshadowed; and had the wise and beneficent order of nature been disturbed and distorted from its just relations, how fearful would have been the result! Here, in my green old age, I stood amongst a new generation, honoured for what I was, beloved for what

I had been. What if, at some mortal wish in some freak of nature, the form which I now bore were for ever to remain before the eyes of my children! Were such a thing to befall, how would their souls ever be lifted upward to the contemplation of that higher state of being into which it is my hope soon to pass when the hand which guided me hither shall beckon me hence? At the thought my heart was chastened. Never since that night have I indulged in any one wish framed in opposition to nature's laws. Now I find my dream-children in the present; and to the past I yield willingly all things which are its own—among the rest, the Lost Ages.

STORY OF GASPARD MENDEZ.

BY CATHERINE CROWE.

THE extraordinary motives under which people occasionally act, and the strange things they do under the influence of these motives, frequently so far transcend the bounds of probability, that we romance-writers, with the wholesome fear of the critics before our eyes, would not dare to venture on them. Only the other day we read in the newspapers that a Frenchman who had been guilty of embezzlement, and was afraid of being found out, went into a theatre in Lyon and stabbed a young woman whom he had never seen before in his life, in order that he might die by the hands of the executioner, and so escape the inconvenience of rushing into the other world without having time to make his peace with Heaven. He desired death as a refuge from the anguish of mind he was suffering; but instead of killing himself he killed somebody else, because the law would allow him leisure for repentance before it inflicted the penalty of his crime.

It will be said the man was mad—I suppose he was; and so is everybody whilst under the influence of an absorbing passion, whether the mania be love, jealousy, fanaticism, or revenge. The following tale will illustrate one phase of such a madness.

In the year 1789, there resided in Italy, not far from Aquila in the Abruzzo, a man called Gaspar Mendez. He appears to have been a Spaniard, if not actually by birth, at least by descent, and to have possessed a small estate, which he rendered valuable by pasturing cattle. Not far from where he resided there lived with her parents a remarkably handsome girl, of the name of Bianca Venoni, and on this fair damsel Mendez fixed his affections. As he was by many degrees the best match about the neighbourhood, he never doubted that his addresses would be received with a warm welcome, and intoxicated with this security, he seems to have made his advances so abruptly that the girl felt herself entitled to give him an equally abrupt refusal. To aggravate his mortification, he discovered that a young man, called Giuseppe Ripa, had been a secret witness to the rejection, which took place in an orchard; and as he walked away with rage in his heart, he heard echoing behind him the merry laugh of the two thoughtless young people. Proud and revengeful by nature, this affront seems to have rankled dreadfully in the mind of Gaspar; although, in accordance with that pride, he endeavoured to conceal his feelings under a show of indifference. Those who knew the parties well, however, were not deceived; and when, after an interval, it was discovered that Giuseppe himself was the favoured lover of Bianca, the enmity, though not more open, became more intense than ever.

In the meantime old Venoni, Bianca's father, had become aware of the fine match his daughter had missed, and was extremely angry about it; more particularly as he was poor, and would have been very much pleased to have a rich son-in-law. Nor was he disposed to relinquish the chance so easily. After first trying his influence on Bianca, upon whom he expended a great deal of persuasion and cajolery in

vain, he went so far as to call upon Gaspar, apologising for his daughter's ignorance and folly in refusing so desirable a proposal, and expressing a hope that Mendez would not relinquish the pursuit, but try his fortune again; when he hoped to have brought her to a better state of mind.

Gaspar received the old man with civility, but answered coldly, that any further advances on his own part were out of the question, unless he had reason to believe the young lady was inclined to retract her refusal; in which case he should be happy to wait upon her. With this response Venoni returned to make another attack upon his daughter, whom, however, fortified by her strong attachment to Ripa, he found quite immovable; and there for several months the affair seems to have rested, till the old man, urged by the embarrassment of his circumstances, renewed the persecution, coupling it with certain calumnies against Giuseppe, founded on the accidental loss of a sum of money which had been intrusted to him by a friend, who wanted it conveyed to a neighbouring village, whither the young man had occasion to go. This loss, which seems to have arisen out of some youthful imprudence, appears to have occasioned Ripa a great deal of distress; and he not only did his utmost to repair it by giving up everything he had, which was indeed very little, but he also engaged to pay regularly a portion of his weekly earnings till the whole sum was replaced.

His behaviour, in short, was so satisfactory, that the person to whom the money had belonged does not seem to have borne him any ill-will on the subject; but Venoni took advantage of the circumstance to fling aspersions on the young man's character, whilst it strengthened his argument against the connection with his daughter; for how was Giuseppe to maintain a wife and family with this millstone of debt round his neck? Bianca, however, continued faithful to her lover, and for some time nothing happened to advance the suit of either party. In that interval a sister of Gaspar's had married a man called Alessandro Malfi, who, being a friend of Giuseppe's, endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation betwixt the rivals, or, rather, to produce a more cordial feeling, for there had never been a quarrel; and as far as Ripa was concerned, as he had no cause for jealousy, there was no reason why he should bear ill-will to the unsuccessful candidate. With Gaspar it was different: he hated Ripa; but as it hurt his pride that this enmity to one whom he considered so far beneath him should be known, he made no open demonstration of dislike, and when Malfi expressed a wish to invite his friend to supper, hoping that Mendez would not refuse to meet him, the Spaniard made no objection whatever. 'Why not?' he said: 'he knew of no reason why he should not meet Giuseppe Ripa, or any other person his brother-in-law chose to invite.'

Accordingly the party was made; and on the night appointed Giuseppe, after a private interview in the orchard with his mistress, started for Malfi's house, which was situated about three miles off, in the same direction as Gaspar's, which, indeed, he had to pass; on which account he deferred his departure to a later hour than he otherwise would have done, wishing not to come in contact with his rival till they met under Malfi's roof. Mendez had a servant called Antonio Guerra, who worked on his farm, and who appears to have been much in his confidence, and just as Ripa passed the Spaniard's door, he met Guerra coming in an opposite direction, and asked him if Mendez had gone to the supper yet; to which Guerra answered that he supposed he had, but he did not know. Guerra then took a key out of his pocket, and, unlocking the door, entered the house, whilst Ripa walked on.

In the meanwhile the little party had assembled in Malfi's parlour, all but the two principal personages,

Gaspar and Giuseppe; and as time advanced without their appearing, some jests were passed amongst the men present, who wished they might not have fallen foul of each other on the way. At length, however, Ripa arrived, and the first question that was put to him was: 'What had he done with his rival?' which he answered by inquiring if the Spaniard was not come. But although he endeavoured to appear unconcerned, there was a tremor in his voice and a confusion of manner that excited general observation. He made violent efforts, however, to appear at his ease, but these efforts were too manifest to be successful; whilst the continued absence of Mendez became so unaccountable, that a cloud seems to have settled on the spirits of the company, which made the expected festivity pass very heavily off.

'Where could Mendez be? What could have detained him? It was to be hoped no harm had happened to him!' Such was the burden of the conversation till—when at about an hour before midnight the party broke up—Alessandro Malfi said, that to allay the anxiety of his wife, who was getting extremely alarmed about her brother, he would walk as far as Forni—which was the name of Gaspar's farm—to inquire what had become of him.

As Ripa's way lay in the same direction, they naturally started together; and after what appears to have been a very silent walk—for the spirits of Giuseppe were so depressed that the other found it impossible to draw him into conversation—they reached Forni, when, having rung the bell, they were presently answered by Antonio Guerra, who put his head out of an upper window to inquire who they were, and what they wanted.

'It is I, Alessandro Malfi. I want to know where your master is, and why he has not been to my house this evening as he promised?'

'I thought he was there,' said Antonio. 'He set off from here to go soon after seven o'clock.'

'That is most extraordinary!' returned Malfi. 'What in the world can have become of him?'

'It is very strange, certainly,' answered the servant. 'He has never come home; and when you rang I thought it was he returned from the party.'

As there was no more to be learned, the two friends now parted; Malfi expressing considerable surprise and some uneasiness at the non-appearance of his brother-in-law: whilst of Giuseppe we hear nothing more till the following afternoon, when, whilst at work in his vineyard, he was accosted by two officers of justice from Aquila, and he found himself arrested, under an accusation of having waylaid Mendez in a mountain-pass on the preceding evening, and wounded him with the design of taking his life.

The first words Ripa uttered on hearing this impeachment—words that, like all the rest of his behaviour, told dreadfully against him—were: 'Isn't he dead, then?'

'No thanks to you that he's not,' replied the officer; 'but he's alive, and likely to recover to give evidence against his assassin.'

'Dio!' cried Giuseppe, 'I wish I'd known he wasn't dead!'

'You confess, then, that you wounded him with the intent to kill?'

'No,' answered Ripa; 'I confess no such thing. As I was going through the pass last night I observed a man's hat lying a little off the road, and on lifting it, I saw it belonged to Señor Mendez. Whilst I was wondering how it came there without the owner, and was looking about for him, I spied him lying behind a boulder. At first I thought he was asleep, but on looking again, I saw he didn't lie like a sleeping man, and I concluded he was dead. Had it been any one but he, I should have lifted him up; but it being very well known that we were no friends, I own I was afraid to

do so. I thought it better not to meddle with him at all. However, if he is alive, as you say, perhaps he can tell himself who wounded him.'

'To be sure he can,' returned the officer: 'he says it's you!'

'*Perduto son' io!*—Then I am lost!' exclaimed Ripa; who, on being brought before the authorities, persisted in the same story; adding, that so far from seeking Mendez, he had particularly wished to avoid him, and that that was the reason he had started so late; for he had been warned that the Spaniard was his enemy, and he apprehended that if they met alone some collision might ensue.

It appeared, however, that he had consumed much more time on the road than could be fairly accounted for; for two or three people had met him on the way before he reached Forni; and then Antonio Guerra could speak as to the exact hour of his passing. This discrepancy he attempted to explain by saying, that after seeing Mendez on the ground, dead—as he believed—he had been so agitated and alarmed that he did not like to present himself at Malfi's house, lest he should excite observation. He had also spent some time in deliberating whether or not he should mention what he had seen; and he had made up his mind to do so on his arrival, but was deterred by everybody's asking him, when he entered the room, what he had done with Mendez—a question that seemed to imply a suspicion against himself.

This tale, of course, was not believed: indeed his whole demeanour on the night in question tended strongly to his condemnation; added to which, Malfi, who had been his friend, testified that not only had Ripa betrayed all the confusion of guilt during the walk from his house to Forni, but that having hold of his arm, he had distinctly felt him tremble as they passed the spot where Mendez was subsequently discovered.

With regard to Mendez himself, it appeared that when found he was in a state of insensibility, and he was still too weak to give evidence or enter into any particulars; but when, under proper remedies, he had recovered his senses, Faustina Malfi, his sister—to whose house he had been carried—asked him if Giuseppe Ripa was not the assassin; and he answered in the affirmative.

Giuseppe was thrown into prison to await his trial; and having public opinion, as well as that of the authorities against him, he was universally considered a dead man. The only person that adhered to him was Bianca, who visited him in the jail, and refused to believe him guilty. But if he was innocent, who was the criminal? It appeared afterwards that Ripa himself had his own suspicions on that subject, but as they were founded only on two slight indications, he felt it was useless to advance them.

In the meantime Gaspar Mendez was slowly recovering the injuries he had received, and was of course expected to give a more explanatory account of what had happened to him after he left Forni on his way to Alessandro Malfi's. That he had been robbed as well as wounded was already known—his brother and sister having found his pockets empty and his watch gone. The explanation he could give, however, proved to be very scanty. Indeed, he seemed to know very little about the matter, but he still adhered to his first assertion, that Ripa was the assassin. With regard to the money he had lost, there was necessarily less mystery, since it consisted of a sum that he was carrying to his sister, and was indeed her property, being the half share of some rents which he had received on that morning, the produce of two houses in the town of Aquila which had been bequeathed to them conjointly by their mother. The money was in a canvas bag, and the other half which belonged to himself he had left locked in his strong box at home,

where, on searching for it, it was found. As Ripa was known to be poor, and very much straitened by his endeavours to make good the sum he had lost, that he should add robbery to assassination was not to be wondered at. On the contrary, it strengthened the conviction of his guilt, by supplying an additional motive for the crime.

The injuries having been severe, it was some time before Mendez recovered sufficiently to return home; and when he was well enough to move, instead of going to Forni, he discharged his servant Antonio Guerra, and went himself to Florence, where he remained several months.

All this time Giuseppe Ripa was in prison, condemned to die, but not executed; because after his trial and sentence, a letter had been received by the chief person in authority, warning him against shedding the blood of the innocent. 'Señor Mendez is mistaken,' the letter said: 'he did not see the assassin, who attacked him from behind, and Giuseppe Ripa is not guilty.'

This judge, whose name was Marino, appears to have been a just man, and to have felt some dissatisfaction with the evidence against Ripa; inasmuch as Mendez, who, when first questioned, had spoken confidently as to his identity, had since faltered when he came to give his evidence in public, and seemed unable to afford any positive testimony on the subject. The presumption against the prisoner, without the evidence of the Spaniard, was considered by the other judges strong enough to convict him; but Marino had objected that since the attack was made by daylight—for it was in the summer, and the evenings were quite light—it seemed extraordinary that Mendez could give no more certain indications of his assailant. Added to this, although every means had been used to obtain a confession—such means as are permitted on the continent, but illegal in this country—Giuseppe persisted in his innocence. Moreover, as no money had been found about him, and Faustina Malfi was exceedingly desirous of recovering what had been lost, she exerted herself to obtain mercy to at least the extent that hopes of a commutation of his sentence should be held out to the prisoner, provided he would reveal where he had concealed the bagful of silver he had taken from her brother. But in vain. Ripa was either guiltless or obstinate, for nothing could be extracted from him but repeated declarations of his innocence.

In the meantime Bianca had been undergoing a terrible persecution from her father on the subject of Mendez, who had returned from Florence and taken up his abode, as formerly, at Forni. Her former lover was a condemned man, and altogether *hors de combat*: she might regret him as she would, and lament his fate to her heart's content, but he could never be her husband; and there was the Spaniard, rich and ready; whilst the increasing age and poverty of her parent rendered a good match of the greatest importance. In short, under the circumstances of the case, it was urged upon her on all hands, that she was bound both by her duty to her father and to evince her abhorrence of Ripa's crime—which otherwise it might be supposed she had instigated—to marry Mendez without delay.

Persuaded of Giuseppe's innocence, and half believing that the accusation was prompted by jealousy, it may be imagined how unwelcome these importunities were, and for a considerable time she resisted them; indeed she seems only to have been overcome at last by a ruse. A rumour being set afloat that the day was about to be appointed for Ripa's execution, a hint was thrown out that it lay in her power to save his life: she had only to become the wife of Mendez, and her lover's sentence should be commuted from death to banishment. This last argument prevailed, and poor Bianca, with a heavy heart, consented to become the mistress of Forni. The Malfis, however, do not seem to have

been amongst those who desired the match; and it would appear that they even made some attempts to prevent its taking place, by circulating a report that she had been privy to the assault and robbery. Perhaps they hoped, if Gaspar remained unmarried, to inherit his property themselves; but however that may be, their opposition was of no avail, and an early period was fixed for the wedding.

The year had now come round to the summer season again, and it happened, by mere accident, that the day appointed for the marriage was the anniversary of that on which Mendez had been robbed and wounded. Nobody, however, appears to have thought of this coincidence, till Mendez himself, observing the day of the month, requested that the ceremony might be postponed till the day after: 'Because,' said he, 'I have business which will take me to Aquila on the 7th, so the marriage had better take place on the 8th.' And thus it was arranged.

This alteration was made about ten days before the appointed period, and nothing seems to have occurred in the interval worth recording, except that as the hour of sacrifice drew nigh, the unwillingness of the victim became more evident. We must conclude, however, that Mendez, whose object in marrying her appears to have been fully as much the soothing of his pride as the gratification of his love, was not influenced by her disinclination, for when he started for Aquila on the 7th, every preparation had been made for the wedding on the following day.

The object of his journey was to receive the rents before named, which became due at this period, and also to purchase a wedding-present for his bride. On this occasion Alessandro Malfi was to have accompanied him; but when Mendez stopped at his door to inquire if he was ready, Malfi came down stairs half-dressed, saying that he had been up all night with his wife, who was ill, and that as she had now fallen asleep, he was going to lie down himself, and try to get a little rest. This occurred early in the morning; and Mendez rode on, saying that he should call as he came back in the evening, to inquire how his sister was. Upon this Malfi went to bed, where he remained some hours—indeed till he received a message from his wife, begging him to go to her. When he entered the room, the first question she asked was whether Gaspar was gone to Aquila; and on being told that he was, she said she was very sorry for it, for that she had dreamed she saw a man with a mask lying in wait to rob him.

'I saw the man as distinctly as possible,' she said, 'but I could not see his face for the mask; and I saw the place, so that I'm sure if I were taken there I should recognise it.'

Her husband told her not to mind her dreams, and that this one was doubtless suggested by the circumstance that had occurred the year before. 'But,' said he, 'Ripa's safely locked up in jail now, and there's no danger.'

Nevertheless the dream appears to have made so deep an impression on the sick woman's fancy, that she never let her husband rest till he promised to go with his own farm-servant to meet her brother—a compliance which was at length won from him by her saying that she had seen the man crouching behind a low wall that surrounded a half-built church; 'and close by,' she added, 'there was a direction-post with something written on it, but I could not read what it was.'

Now it happened that on the horse-road to Aquila, which Faustina herself had never travelled, there was exactly such a spot as that she described. Malfi knew it well. Struck by the circumstance, he desired to have his dinner immediately, and then, accompanied by his kind, he set off to meet Gaspar.

In the meanwhile the Spaniard had got his money and made his purchases in good time, not wishing to be

late on the road, so that they had scarcely got a mile beyond the church when they met him; and in answer to his inquiries what had brought them there, Malfi related his wife's dream, adding that he might have spared himself the ride, for he had looked over the wall, and saw nobody there. 'I told her it was nonsense,' he said, 'whilst we know your enemy's under such good keeping at Aquila; but she wouldn't be satisfied till I came.'

Mendez, however, appeared exceedingly struck with the dream, inquired the particulars more in detail, and asked if they were sure there was nobody concealed in the place Faustina indicated. Malfi answered that he did not alight, but he looked over the wall and saw nobody. During the course of this conversation they had turned their horses' heads, and were riding back towards the church, Malfi talking about Ripa's affair, remarking on the impropriety of deferring his execution so long; Mendez more than usually silent and serious, and the servant riding beside them, when, as they approached the spot, they saw coming towards them on foot a man, whom they all three recognised as Antonio Guerra, the Spaniard's late servant. As this person was supposed to have gone to another part of the country after quitting Gaspar's service, Malfi expressed some surprise at seeing him; whilst Mendez turned very pale, making at the same time some exclamation that attracted the attention of his brother-in-law, who, however, drew up his horse to ask Guerra what had brought him back, and if he was out of a situation, adding that a neighbour of his, whom he named, was in want of a servant. Guerra, who looked poorly dressed, and by no means in such good case as formerly, answered that he should be very glad if Malfi would recommend him.

'You had better turn about, then, and come on with us,' said Malfi, as he rode forward. During this conversation Mendez had sat by saying nothing; and if he was grave and silent before, he was still more so now, inasmuch that his behaviour drew the attention of his brother-in-law, who asked him if there was anything wrong with him.

'Surely it's not Faustina's dream you are thinking of?' he said; adding, 'that the meeting with Guerra had put it out of his head, or he would have examined the place more narrowly.'

Mendez entered into no explanation; and as the servant, who was acquainted with Guerra, took him up behind him, they all arrived at their journey's end nearly together: Mendez, instead of proceeding homewards, turning off with the others to Malfi's house, where the first thing he did after his arrival was to visit his sister, whom he found better; whilst she, on the contrary, was struck with the pallor of his features and the agitation of his manner—a disorder which, like her husband, she attributed to the shock of her dream, acting upon a mind prepared by the affair of the preceding year to take alarm. In order to remove the impression, she laughed at the fright she had been in; but it was evident he could not share her merriment, and he quickly left her, saying he had a message to send to Rocca, which was the village where Bianca and her father resided, and that he must go below and write a note, which he did, giving it to Malfi's servant to take.

It appeared afterwards that this man, having other work in hand, gave the note to Guerra, who willingly undertook the commission, and who, to satisfy his own curiosity, broke the seal on the way, and possessed himself of its contents before he delivered it. These were, however, only a request that Bianca and her father would come over to Malfi's house that evening and bring the notary of the village with them, he (Mendez) being too tired to go to Rocca to sign the contract, as had been arranged.

It being between six and seven o'clock when this dispatch arrived, Bianca, who was very little inclined to sign the contract at all, objected to going; but her father insisting on her compliance, they set off in company with Guerra and the notary, who, according to appointment, was already in waiting. They had nearly three miles to go, and as Venoni had no horse, the notary gave Bianca a seat on his, and the old man rode double with Guerra.

When they arrived, Mendez was standing at the door waiting for them, accompanied by Malfi, his servant, a priest, and two or three other persons of the neighbourhood; some of whom advanced to assist Bianca and her father to alight, whilst the others surrounded Guerra as he set his foot on the ground, pinioning his arms and plunging their hands into his pockets, from whence they drew two small pistols and a black mask, such as was worn at the carnivals; besides these weapons, he carried a stiletto in his bosom.

Whilst the last comers were gazing with amazement at this unexpected scene, the new-made prisoner was led away to a place of security, and the company proceeded into the house, where the notary produced the contract and laid it on the table, inquiring at the same time what Guerra had done to be so treated.

Then Mendez rose, and taking hold of the contract, he tore it in two and flung it on the ground; at which sight Venoni started up with a cry, or rather a howl—an expression of rage and disappointment truly Italian, and of which no Englishman who has not heard it can have an idea.

'*Peccato! I have sinned!*' said the Spaniard haughtily; 'but I have made my confession to the padre; and why I have torn that paper my brother-in-law, Alessandro, will presently tell you!' He then offered his hand to Bianca, who, no less pleased than astonished to see the contract destroyed, willingly responded to this token of good-will by giving him hers, which he kissed, asking her pardon for any pain he had occasioned her; after which, bowing to the company, he quitted the room, mounted his horse, and rode off to Forni.

When the sound of the animal's feet had died away, and the parties concerned were sufficiently composed to listen to him, Malfi proceeded to make the communication he had been charged with; whereby it appeared that Ripa had been unjustly accused, and that Antonio Guerra was the real criminal. Mendez knew this very well, and would not have thought of accusing his rival had not his brother and sister, and indeed everybody else, assumed Ripa's guilt as an unquestionable fact. The temptation was too strong for him, and after he had once admitted it, pride would not allow him to retract. At the same time he declared that he would never have permitted the execution to take place, and that after the marriage with Bianca he intended to use every effort to procure the innocent man's liberation, on the condition of his quitting that part of the country. Of course it was he who wrote the letter to Marino, and he had used the precaution of placing a sealed packet, containing a confession of the truth, in the hands of a notary at Aquila, with strict directions to deliver it to Ripa if the authorities should appear disposed to carry his sentence into execution.

He had nevertheless suffered considerable qualms of conscience about the whole affair; and the moment he saw Guerra on the road that night, he felt certain that he had come with the intention of waylaying him as before—the man being well aware that it was on that day he usually received his rents. He perceived that he should never be safe as long as this villain was free, and that he must either henceforth live in continual terror of assassination, or confront the mortification of a confession whilst the fellow was in his power.

With respect to Guerra himself, he made but feeble

resistance when he was seized. He had, in the first instance, left Mendez for dead; and he would have immediately fled when he heard he was alive, had not the news been accompanied with the further information that the Spaniard had pointed out Ripa as his assailant. He was exceedingly surprised, for he could scarcely believe that he had not been recognised. Nevertheless it was possible; and whether it were so or not, he did not doubt that what Mendez had once asserted he would adhere to. On receiving his dismissal, he had gone to some distance from the scene of his crime; but having, whilst the money lasted, acquired habits of idleness and dissipation that could not be maintained without a further supply, these necessities had provoked this last enterprise.

He had really been concealed behind the wall when Malfi and his servant passed; but concluding that they were going to meet Mendez, and that his scheme was defeated, he had thought it both useless and dangerous to remain, and was intending to make off in another direction, when their sudden return surprised him.

A few hours more saw Antonio Guerra in Giuseppe Ripa's cell; and whilst the first paid the penalty of his crimes, the latter was rewarded for his sufferings by the hand of Bianca, to whom the Spaniard gave a small marriage-portion before finally quitting the country, which he did immediately after Antonio's trial.

Ripa said he had always had a strong persuasion that Guerra was the real criminal from two circumstances: the first was the hurried manner in which he was walking on the evening he met him at the gate of Forni, and some strange expression of countenance which he had afterwards recalled. The second was his answering them from the window when he and Malfi went to inquire for Mendez. If he thought it was his master, as he said, why had he not come down at once to admit him?

It is remarkable that the enmity of the Spaniard was not directed against the man that had aimed at his life, but against him who had wounded his pride.

INFLUENCES OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

WHILE there are many machines which contribute much more directly to the rapid accumulation of wealth in the persons of individuals, than does the railway locomotive, there is probably none which tends more to enrich a community. Unlike most other mechanical contrivances for the abridgment of labour, the railway locomotive unites in the effects which it produces the elements of social as well as commercial improvement. Like the steamship, the railway is cosmopolitan in its character. The range of its operations may be as extensive as the globe itself; and throughout that sphere of activity, be it what it may, the locomotive engine is scattering thickly the seeds of civilisation, as well as of wealth.

By the application of steam as a motive agent an immense saving has been effected in the outlay required to be made in producing a given result in locomotion. This is the combined product of two causes. Such perfection has been attained in the construction of machinery, that by the aid of steam there can thence be obtained a continuity, combined with a rapidity of motion, which far exceeds what can be produced by any other means at present known to us. The fleetest racer equipped for speed alone, cannot equal, even for a single mile, the rate at which the locomotive engine, dragging after it a load of eighty tons, can, for hours together, be driven with ease and safety along its iron path. And this twofold result can be secured at a comparatively small cost. Coal, iron, wood—substances all to be easily obtained in nearly every quarter of the globe—can be, and daily are, fashioned into working agents not merely fleetest,

stronger, and more docile than any endowed with animal life, but agents likewise which it is far less costly to sustain in active usefulness. The food, medicines, and attention which animal life demands, form very serious items of expense in the case of beasts of burden, and so very materially impair their utility. It is otherwise with the locomotive engine. Money, ingenuity, and toil require undoubtedly to be expended in its original construction, attention and care must be given to avert or repair accident, and food of its own peculiar kind it does unquestionably consume; yet when all the original and working expenses of a locomotive are summed up, it is found that, compared with the income it produces, it is the cheapest of all motive agents.

No doubt the items of railway expenditure now mentioned do not nearly exhaust the amount of money required in their construction. In addition to expensive engines, there require carriages to be supplied for the transport of goods and passengers, houses and sheds to be built for their temporary accommodation, salaries to be paid for management and service; and in addition to all this, there must further be expended in the construction of the line itself sums far greater in amount than those spent in the formation and repair of roads and highways. All this is true; but in estimating the comparative costliness of the old and new methods of land-locomotion, regard must be had to the amount of their produce as well as of their outlay; and an opinion regarding their respective merits, in an economical point of view, must be formed by striking a balance between these two sides of the account. The result of such a comparison proves that in point of economy, not less than of speed and endurance, railways take precedence over all other known means of locomotion. This combined result of rapidity and cheapness of transit produces a double effect upon a mercantile community: it at once enables merchants to realise the fruits of a given speculation more quickly, which is nothing else than transacting more business in a shorter period than before; and it also enables them to do this increased amount of business with a smaller amount of actual outlay—that is, to extend with safety and profit the field of their operations beyond those boundaries which prudence formerly marked out as the proper limits of speculation.

When we consider the amount of travelling within the island which is requisite for carrying on the mercantile and general business of the country, and the double saving, therefore, of time on the one hand, and of money on the other, which is effected by means of railways, we cannot fail to perceive that even did this new system of locomotion economise time and labour in no other way than this alone, its effects upon commercial transactions and on business generally would be immense. But when we reflect that this system is exerting the very same influence upon trade—and in a much higher degree, so far as the outlay of money is concerned—in reference to the carriage of goods, as in regard to that of passengers, we then come to comprehend in some measure how fertile the railway locomotive is in the production of the fruits of industry.

Another commercial effect of the railway system has been to equalise the value of land, and promote the cultivation of those districts of a country which lie considerably removed from large towns. Every one knows that distance from market forms, as regards the cultivation of many vegetable and animal productions, a very serious drawback. Hence it arises that lands lying immediately around large cities bring a far larger price than portions of ground of equal extent and fertility would do situated at a greater distance. This is peculiarly the case with kitchen-gardens, and pasture-land suited for the purposes of fattening cattle, or feeding such as are required for the dairy. In all these cases, and others which might be mentioned, the

performance of a long journey affects very injuriously the quality and value of the several articles, and hence the demand for farms and fields not exposed to this drawback has naturally raised their value. Now railways, as they abridge space by means of speed, have had a tendency to increase the value of pasture and garden ground lying at, comparatively speaking, a very great distance around cities. It is now no unusual thing for the inhabitants of cities such as London, Liverpool, and Manchester, to use at breakfast milk or cream which has travelled thirty or forty miles the very morning it is consumed, and at dinner to partake of vegetables whose place of growth was more than a hundred miles removed from the stall at which they were sold.

The railway system has had a marked effect upon the state of the money-market of the commercial world in general, and of this country in particular. From the successful experiment made in 1830 in steam locomotion between Liverpool and Manchester, this new method of transit has been developing itself with a rapidity to which no parallel is to be found in the history of mercantile enterprise. Keeping out of view entirely the large sums which were recklessly squandered during the railway mania in mere gambling transactions and bubble schemes, there has been actually sunk in the construction and working of lines up to the present time more than £200,000,000 sterling. Before railways were called into existence, by far the larger portion of this enormous capital was divided into a great number of comparatively small sums, invested in a corresponding number of different speculations. From causes which it would be easy, but foreign to our present purpose, to explain, the profits arising from these various speculations were not only in the aggregate larger than those hitherto derived from railways, but the former speculations or investments being more temporary and convertible in their nature, secured to the parties engaging in them a far greater command over the capital employed in them. By diverting, as the railway system has done, so much money from the ordinary channels of mercantile enterprise, in which large profits were made, and—what is of more importance to the present remarks—when that money was well within the command and subject to the recall of its owners; and by taking, so to speak, and locking it up in a repository which could not be opened, the circulating medium of exchange soon became a scarce commodity to those who but lately had possessed it in abundance.

But it would be very false to infer because extensive bankruptcies, and periods of severe pecuniary embarrassment, have accompanied, if not indeed been caused by the development of the railway system, that therefore that system must be an unsound and unremunerative one. These monetary difficulties were in a great measure the consequence of over-speculation, and therefore form no sounder evidence against the utility of railways, than does over-speculation in tea condemn the prudent employment of capital in the tea-trade. Besides which, it must ever be remembered that the judiciousness of an undertaking is not always to be judged of by its immediate results. All investments of capital which are from their nature permanent, require time for the development of their effects, and may, as regards many of their immediate results, prove rather injurious than beneficial. To this class of speculations railways belong. Introduced for the purpose of facilitating locomotion, and thus improving the industry of the country, this new system of transit was calculated to produce rather an eventual and permanent, than an immediate benefit to the empire. So long as Great Britain retains and cultivates the resources of trade and manufactures now at her disposal, and provided no new method of locomotion be invented which shall supersede railways, there is every

reason to believe that railways will continue to form an ever-increasing source of wealth to the nation. That this is an opinion very generally entertained is proved from the vast sums of money which are now lent out on the faith that this result will be realised. The railway system has not only created a new field for speculation, but likewise a new security for monetary investments. At the close of 1848, upwards of £43,000,000 was lent upon railways. There is every reason to believe that debenture-holding is much greater now than it was then; but as no official report of its amount, so far as we know, has been published since 1848, we, for accuracy's sake, quote the return made in that year.

If railways have produced very important effects upon commercial affairs, they have exercised an influence not less important in a social and intellectual point of view. They have been greatly instrumental in removing prejudices, in cementing old and forming new friendships, in extending information, and in sharpening ingenuity.

Prejudice has been one of the most formidable obstacles to the spread of civilisation. It has for ages kept separate and at enmity nations born to bless and benefit each other; propped up systems whose graver errors or weaker absurdities now form subjects of regret and ridicule; and fomented among the members of smaller societies and sects discords, strifes, and recriminations, which have been based on no other foundation than wilful or accidental ignorance. By bringing those in contact who otherwise would never have met, and improving the acquaintance of those who have, railways have spread individual opinions, tastes, and information more equally than before; and out of this mixture of the social and moral elements have collected and more widely distributed just conclusions regarding men, manners, politics, and religion. By being thus more frequently brought together, individuals have increased the number of their acquaintances, and become to a greater extent than before 'citizens of the world.' A mutual discharge of the good offices of life has augmented those feelings of interest in our fellow-creatures, and kindness towards them, which are not less in accordance with the spirit of Christianity than conducive to the social wellbeing of communities.

The knowledge which one acquires by personal experience and observation is, generally speaking, much more valuable than that obtained from the written experience or observation of others. By the former method we obtain knowledge in a more rapid, accurate, and impressive manner; and, as a consequence of this, retain it longer in our memories, and possess a greater and more constant command over it. Books always convey a faint and imperfect, and often a very erroneous impression of things; and to the extent that railways have superseded or assisted book-teaching, have they conferred upon society an improved means of acquiring knowledge.

Through the instrumentality of railways also, an impetus has been imparted to the inventive and constructive faculties of the human mind. By being brought into more frequent contact with one another, individuals whose tastes and occupations are more or less similar are naturally led to form comparisons regarding the relative merits of their respective productions. This comparison has necessarily sharpened invention, improved taste, and suggested improvement. It is not too much to affirm, that there is not a single branch of industry now pursued within this country which has not, directly or indirectly, been benefited to an immense degree by the introduction of railways. Having served to bring into one market far more articles of commerce than before were exposed in it, this new mode of locomotion has to a great extent increased throughout our different trades and callings that

element of a generous and wholesome competition which is the most effective agent in eliciting a high degree of skill in the cultivation of an art, or the improvement of an invention.

To railways we are also indebted for a new application to practical usefulness of one of the most powerful elements in nature's laboratory: we refer to the employment of electricity in the transmission of thought. Although the wondrous powers and properties of the electric telegraph were known long before the introduction of the railway system, they were not till then made to minister, as they now do, to the information of man. By providing facilities towards laying and protecting the delicate machinery along which electricity was to perform its marvellous exploits, railways have directly contributed to apply and develop the resources of one of the most useful and wonderful of inventions, which even in its first stage of infancy has wrought a perfect revolution in the mode of transmitting intelligence; and which promises at no very distant day to play the same part among the continents and islands of the globe that it now does between the provinces of an empire.

THE LAST OF THE PALÆOLOGI.

It would be a curious historical problem to trace the families of emperors and kings, of heroes and conquerors, from the era of their decline and fall to their ultimate extinction. Some 'Old Mortality' might find as congenial employment in this field of sepulchral research as did the original in clearing up the decayed and moss-grown tombs of the Covenanters. The genealogist makes it his business rather to flatter the great by blazoning the antiquity of their pedigrees, than to teach the world a moral lesson on the instability of earthly grandeur, by chronicling their reverses. Yet the churchyard has its heraldry, from whose records wisdom might be extracted for the benefit of the living.

What dynasty in ancient times held a prouder or wider sway than the illustrious masters of the Roman world? The solid fabric of their power was the growth of nearly a thousand years, and it cost about thirteen centuries of revolutions and barbaric invasions before it was undermined and finally extinguished. If its earlier annals were disgraced by the crimes of a Tiberius, a Nero, and a Domitian, they could boast of the virtues and abilities of a Titus, a Trajan, a Nerva, a Hadrian, the two Antonini, &c.; though it must be admitted that latterly the balance sadly preponderated on the side of vice and corruption. If a Justinian or a Constantine appeared, his reign was but a sunbeam in the midst of the universal degeneracy; or if a ray of splendour was shed on the empire by his virtues or his victories, the transient glory was speedily dispelled by irruptions from without, or intrigue and revolt within. Gradually the work of decay proceeded, until the vast expanse of the imperial conquests was contracted to a few provinces, whose capital had been transferred to the shores of the Bosphorus. A languishing existence of about six centuries and a half—that is, from the revival of the western empire in 800 by Charlemagne, to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453—was brought to a close by the death of Constantine Palæologus, the last of a race who had continued, says Gibbon, 'to assume the titles of Cæsar and Augustus after their dominions were circumscribed to the limits of a single city, in which the language as well as manners of the ancient Romans had been long since forgotten!'

The family of Palæologus was of Greek origin, illustrious in birth and merit. 'As early,' says Gibbon, 'as the middle of the eleventh century, the noble race of the Palæologi stands high and conspicuous in Byzantine history. It was the valiant George Palæologus who

placed the father of the Comneni on the throne; and his kinsmen or descendants continued in each generation to lead the armies and councils of the state.' The first that wore the imperial purple was Michael, who was elevated to the throne in 1260. Already he had distinguished himself as a soldier and a statesman, and had been promoted in his early youth to the office of 'constable,' or commander of the French mercenaries. His ambition excited jealousy, and some acts of imprudence involved him in dangers from which he thrice escaped. One of those perils was the usual appeal which was made in the middle ages to the 'judgment of God' to vindicate injured innocence. To this ordeal Michael submitted, in presence of the emperor and the archbishop of Philadelphia. 'Three days before the trial, the patient's arm was enclosed in a bag, and secured by the royal signet; and it was incumbent on him to bear a red-hot bolt of iron three times from the altar to the rails of the sanctuary, without artifice and without injury. Palæologus eluded the dangerous experiment with sense and plesantry. "I am a soldier," said he, "and will boldly enter the list with my accusers; but a layman, a sinner like myself, is not endowed with the gift of miracles. Your piety, most holy prelate, may deserve the interposition of Heaven, and from your hands I will receive the fiery globe, the pledge of my innocence." The archbishop started, the emperor smiled, and the absolution or pardon of Michael was approved by rewards and new services.' The voice of the people and the favour of the army placed the crown on his head, in recompense for his military exploits and his public merits. With his accession terminated the reign of the last of the Latin emperors at Constantinople (Baldwin II.), and Michael became the founder of the Grecian dynasty.

The labours of the new monarch to retrieve the calamities of war, by encouraging industry, planting colonies, and extending trade, were deserving of all praise. His ambition raised up against him many enemies, spiritual and temporal; but if his policy was not always judicious, he increased his power and his fame by greatly enlarging his dominions. It was by his intrigues that the revolt of Sicily was instigated. A rude insult to a noble damsel by a Frank soldier, during a procession on the vigil of Easter (1282), spread the flame of insurrection over the whole island, and 8000 Franks were exterminated in a promiscuous massacre, which has obtained the name of the 'Sicilian Vespers.' His son and successor, Andronicus, was reckoned a learned and virtuous prince; but his long reign is chiefly memorable for the disputes of the Greek church, the invasion of the Catalans, and the rise of the Ottoman power. He associated with him in the administration his son Michael, at the age of eighteen; and upon the premature death of the latter, his son Andronicus, the emperor's favourite, became the colleague of his grandfather. The reign of the elder Andronicus was consumed in civil discord and disputes with his family, the young princes having raised the standard of revolt in order to get possession of the throne. He was at length compelled to abdicate; and assuming the monastic habit, he spent the last few years of his life in a cell, blind and wretched, his only consolation being the promise of a more splendid crown in heaven than he had enjoyed on earth.

After a series of inglorious struggles among the princes of the imperial house, the crown settled, in 1391, on Manuel, whose reign, however, was little else than a train of disasters. His capital was besieged by Amurath, and the Turks were masters of nearly the whole of his dominions, which had now shrunk into a small corner of Thrace, between the Propontis and the Black Sea, about fifty miles in length and thirty in breadth. To retrieve his fortunes, Manuel resolved on a journey to foreign countries, believing that the sight of a distressed monarch

would draw tears and supplies from the sternest barbarians. From Italy he proceeded to the coast of France, where he was received with the characteristic politeness of the nation. Two thousand of the richest citizens of Paris, armed and on horseback, came forth to meet him; and at the gates he was welcomed as a brother by Charles VI., who saluted him with a cordial embrace. He was clothed in a robe of white silk, and mounted on a milk-white steed—a circumstance of great importance in the French ceremonial, white being considered as the emblem of sovereignty. He was lodged in the Louvre, and a succession of feasts and balls, varied by the pleasures of the chase, was got up for his amusement. Having satisfied his curiosity, but without any prospect of assistance, he resolved to visit England. In his progress from Dover, he was entertained at Canterbury by the prior and monks of St Austin; and on Blackheath Henry IV. saluted the Greek hero, who for several days was honoured and treated in London as Emperor of the East. Having failed in the object of his journey, he returned to Constantinople (1402), and was allowed to finish his reign in prosperity and peace in 1425.

In his declining age, he had appointed as his associate his eldest son John, the second of the name. The corruptions of the church, divided between two popes, and the disputes of the clergy, afforded him ample scope for the exercise of his religious zeal, and it was to heal these ecclesiastical schisms that he undertook a voyage to Italy. But the downfall of his race and of the Grecian dynasty was approaching. At his decease (1448), there were five princes of the imperial house; but the death of Andronicus, and the monastic profession of Isidore, had reduced them to three—Constantine, Demetrius, and Thomas. Constantine ascended the vacant throne, the factious opposition of his brothers having been appeased by the interposition of the empress-mother, the senate, the soldiers, and the clergy, who allowed them the possession of the Morea.

The first act of the new emperor was to despatch an embassy to Georgia to bring home a princess whom he had chosen for his royal consort. His next care was to inquire into the state of public affairs, which had been completely neglected by the weakness or absence of his predecessor. But the imperial drama had reached its last act. The danger which had long brooded over the doomed house of the Palæologi was ready to burst in resistless fury upon the city of the Cæsars. Mohammed II. had vowed to become master of Constantinople, and vast were the preparations and the implements of war which he had provided for its capture or its destruction. The story of the siege need not here be told; nowhere has it been recorded with more picturesque and energetic brevity than in the glowing pages of Gibbon. Operations were carried on with unprecedented vigour and effect, rendered more terrible by the lavish use of gunpowder and artillery, then almost new elements in the art of war. Constantine did all that a Christian prince and a brave general could do. By his example he animated the courage of his soldiers, and revived the hearts of the citizens, sinking in despair. The scene on the day before the assault is thus described by an eye-witness:—"The emperor and some faithful companions entered the dome of St Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque, and devoutly received with tears and prayers the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations; solicited the pardon of all he might have injured; and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy." But the dreaded 29th of May had come; the last hour of the city and the empire had struck. After a siege of fifty-three days, Constantinople, to use the words of Gibbon, 'which had defied the power of Chosroes, the chazan, and the caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by

the arms of Mohammed II. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.*

Constantine had nobly done his duty. Amidst the swarms of the enemy who had climbed the walls and were pursuing the flying Greeks through the streets, he was long seen with his bravest officers fighting round his person, and finally lost. His only fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the Infidels, and this fate he sought to avert by prudently casting away the purple. Amidst the tumult he was pierced by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. The last words he was heard to utter was the mournful exclamation: 'Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?' His death put an end to resistance and order, and left the capital to be sacked and pillaged by the victorious Turks. Truly has it been said, that the distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars.

The difficulties and dying moments of the emperor have been faithfully and pathetically dramatised by Miss Joanna Baillie in her tragedy of *Constantine Paleologus*. She adheres closely to history, only she makes her hero receive his deathblow from the sword of a relenting Turk, who admires his bravery, and pronounces over him a farewell eulogy. All writers agree that the last of the imperial Paleologi was the best of his race; and had he not been so ill supported by his worthless subjects, and deserted by every Christian prince in Europe, he might have repelled the tide of Turkish invasion, though he would never have restored the glory of the empire. Yet gallantly did he front the storm, and perish as became the successor of a long line of kings—the last of the Romans.

The fall of Constantine was the signal for the degradation and dispersion of his whole race. His two surviving brothers, Demetrius and Thomas, reigned as despots of the Morea in Greece; but the ruin of the empire was the gloomy prelude to their own misfortunes. Demetrius became the pensioner of the new Turkish emperor Mohammed, and received a city of Thrace and some adjacent islands for his own maintenance and that of his followers. In this state of humiliating dependence he remained until death released him from his ignominious servitude. Thomas, the other brother, was driven into exile by the invasion of his dominions. He fled to Corfu, and from thence to Italy—according to Gibbon's account—with some naked adherents; his name, his sufferings, and the head of the apostle St Andrew, entitled him to the hospitality of the Vatican, and his misery was prolonged by a pension of 6000 ducats from the pope and cardinals.† He left two sons (he must have had a third, as will afterwards appear), Andrew and Manuel, who were educated in Italy. The eldest degraded himself by the looseness of his life and marriage, and died the inheritor of an empty title. Manuel was tempted to revisit his native country; and after spending the remainder of his life in safety and ease at Constantinople, he was gathered to his fathers, 'an honourable train of Christians and Moslems attending him to the grave.'

From this date—early in the sixteenth century—little is known of the name and lineage of the Paleologi. The crescent waved over the royal city of Constantine; and, as an old Byzantine annalist remarks, the last heir of the last spark of the Roman Empire seemed to be extinct. History had forgotten them, and the restless tide of human vicissitudes rolled onwards, unconscious of their existence. Italy was understood to be the asylum of the imperial outcasts; and there they might have vegetated in oblivion, or dropped into unhonoured graves without leaving a single representative, had not a monumental inscription revealed the fact, that a descendant of the Cæsars had found a retreat and a tomb in an obscure parish in England. In the

small church of Landulph, in Cornwall, the following inscription upon a small metal tablet, fixed in the wall, removes all doubt as to the identity and royal pedigree of the person whose memory it records. In its original spelling it runs thus:—'Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus of Pesaro in Italye, descended from ye Imperiall lyne of ye last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name, and last of ye lyne yt rayned in Constantinople vntill svedden by the Turkes; who married with Mary ye daughter of William Balls of Hadlye in Suffolke Gent., and had issu five children, Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy, and departed this life at Clyfton ye 21st of January 1636.* It appears, then, that Theodore, who married and died in Cornwall, was the fourth in direct descent from Thomas, younger brother of the Emperor Constantine, and who fled 'with some naked adherents to Italy,' where his children were educated.† The truth of the story related in the inscription was corroborated by a circumstance which happened upwards of twenty years ago. The vault in which Paleologus was interred having been accidentally opened, curiosity prompted the lifting of the lid. The coffin, which was made of oak, was in an entire state, and the body sufficiently perfect to shew that the dead man exceeded the common stature. The head was a long oval, and the nose believed to have been aquiline; a long white beard reached down the breast—another symbol of his Greek extraction.

Of his family little is known: Theodore, the eldest son, was a sailor, and died on board the *Charles II.*, as is proved by his will, dated 1698. He appears to have possessed landed property, and to have left a widow named Martha, but no issue. The younger daughter, Dorothy, was married at Landulph to William Arundell in 1636, and died in 1681.‡ Maria died unmarried, and was buried in the same church in 1674. Of John and Ferdinando, the other sons, no memorial seems to have been preserved in this country; and it was believed as highly probable that the church of Landulph contained the remains of the last survivors of the Grecian dynasty, once the illustrious sovereigns of Byzantium.

Time, however, the great revealer of secrets, brought to light facts which proved that one of the sons of Theodore of Pesaro in Italy had removed to the West Indies, where he lived for some years, and died in 1678. It is mentioned by the historian Oldmixon§ as a tradition, that a descendant of the former imperial Greek family of Constantinople resided in Barbadoes; but he doubts the fact, without giving any reason for his scepticism. The tradition, however, proves to have been quite current, and the circumstance that led to its confirmation, and to the discovery of the body of Ferdinando Paleologus, and other relics testifying to his connection with the Greek emperors, are narrated by Sir Robert Schomburgk in his recent history of Barbadoes. During the terrible hurricane of 1881, which nearly destroyed the island, among the other public buildings that yielded to the violence of the storm, was the parish church of St John, which stood in a romantic situation near the 'Cliff,' at an elevation of 824 feet. When the ruins were removed, and in clearing out the rubbish, 'the coffin of Ferdinando Paleologus (we quote Sir Robert's account) was discovered under the organ-loft,

* There is a slight error in the date of the inscription, as the entry of his burial is October 20th 1636.

† Only two sons of Thomas are mentioned by Gibbon—Andrew and Manuel; but the evidence of the Landulph tablet shews that he must have had a third, John.

‡ Her name is entered in the register as 'Dorothea Paleologus de Stirpe Imperatoribus.'

§ *British Empire in America*, vol. ii. p. 111.

in the vault of Sir Peter Callotin. The circumstance that the coffin stood in a direction opposite to the others deposited in the vault, drew attention to it; the head was lying to the west, the feet pointing to the east, according to the Greek custom. These accounts raised the curiosity of the rector of the parish; and in order to ascertain how much truth was connected with the tradition, he resolved to examine the supposed coffin of Palæologus; it was consequently opened on the 3d of May 1844, in presence of Mr R. Reid, jun.; Mr. J. G. Young; and Mr J. Hinkson. The coffin was of lead, and in it was found a skeleton of an extraordinary size, imbedded in quicklime, which is another proof of the Greek origin of Palæologus, as it is the custom in Greece to surround the body with quicklime. The coffin was carefully deposited in the vault now in possession of Josiah Heath, Esq., of Quinzer's and Redland.'

In the above discovery and examination, the coincidences are so numerous and so remarkable as to leave no doubt whatever that the Ferdinando Palæologus, whose body lies interred in St John's church, was the same individual mentioned in the Landulph inscription as a son of Theodore. The size of the skeleton, the envelope of quicklime, the position of the body, are corroborative of an Eastern descent. The name of the mother, Mary Balls, is an additional presumption, as among the earliest proprietors in the island several of that name occur; and three estates are given in Oldmixon's list as belonging to the family of the Balls. It has been assumed, therefore, with good reason, that a relationship may have existed between the mother of Ferdinando and the Balls in Barbadoes, which—at a period when so many families emigrated from England, chiefly from Kent and the southern and western counties—might have induced young Palæologus to seek his fortunes in the New World, after his father's death in 1636.

Of the residence of Ferdinando in the island for thirty years, ample evidence exists in various documents. Sir Robert Schomburgk was shewn by the rector of the parish, the Rev. J. H. Gittens, an old vestry-book of St John's, in which various entries occur of the name of Ferdinando Palæologus, from 1649 till 1669, as vestryman, churchwarden, trustee, surveyor of the highway, sidesman to the churchwarden, and lieutenant, &c. The last entry is that of his burial, 'October 3d 1678.' His name also appears in a legal document respecting the sale of some land, executed in 1658. But the most important evidence of his identity with the Cornwall family is his will, in which the names of his sisters, Maria and Dorothy, occur. It was entered in the Registrar's Office, the 20th of March 1678, and proved before the deputy-governor, Colonel Christopher Codrington. The widow became the sole survivor and heiress of the property, Theodorius having died in his youth, so that the last of the Palæologi reposes in the parish church of St John, in the island of Barbadoes; and the estate which once belonged to the descendant of the Greek emperors now forms part of Clifton Hall and the Plantation Ashford. Laying these circumstances together, and considering how completely the will of Ferdinando corroborates the Landulph inscription, of which he probably knew nothing, the genealogical problem, we think, is fairly wrought out, and the last of the descendants of the Roman Cæsars traced to his final resting-place beyond the Atlantic. A curious anecdote is mentioned by Sir Robert Schomburgk as to the revival of the tradition of one of the Palæologi being in Barbadoes. He says, but without vouching for its truth, that during the last conflict for Grecian independence and deliverance from the Turkish yoke, a letter was received from the provisional government at Athens, addressed to the authorities in Barbadoes, inquiring whether a male branch of the Palæologi was still existing in the island, and conveying the

request that if such were the case he should be provided with the means of returning to Greece, and the government would, if required, pay all the expenses of the voyage. This story was not current in Europe, at all events; and we on this side the water never dreamed that among the competitors of King Leopold for the throne was a veritable scion of the old imperial sovereigns of Constantinople.

The events detailed in the preceding narrative are fitted to suggest various interesting reflections and amusing speculations. The fate of the Palæologi—one day on a throne, the next in a dungeon, passing from regal state to wretched exile—may have been the bitter lot of other imperial families. If we find the descendants of the Greek emperors in the humble occupation of sailors and churchwardens, and vestrymen and road-trustees, there is nothing extravagant in the supposition, that we may have royal porters and scavengers on our streets, the sceptre having degenerated into the besom, and the truck taken the place of the chariot of state. The family of Nimrod may still exist, and retain their ancestral propensities in the craft of sportsmen and deer-stalkers, or in the lower grade of Jehus and jockeys. Who knows but the posterity of Solomon may be retailing old clothes, and the heirs of the Nebuchadnezzar dynasty still exist somewhere—perhaps among our graziers or cattle-dealers, our keepers of dairies or secretaries of agricultural associations. The line of Tamerlane may have ended in a grave-digger, and that of Frederick Barbarossa in a hair-dresser. The ideal transmigration of Pythagoras was not more improbable or more wonderful than the strange metamorphoses through which, in the course of centuries, the living representatives of kings and emperors are sometimes doomed to pass.

A CHAPTER ON CATS.

THE newspapers have recently been chronicling, as a fact provocative of especial wonder, the enterprise of some speculative merchant of New York, who has just been despatching a cargo of one hundred cats to the republic of New Granada, in which it would appear the race, owing, as we may believe, to the frequently disturbed state of the country, has become almost extinct.

Your cat is a domestic animal, and naturally conservative in its tastes—averse therefore to uproar, and to all those given to change. Its propensities are to meditation and contemplative tranquillity, for which reason it has ever been held in reverence by nations of a similar staid and composed disposition, and has been the favourite companion and constant friend of grave philosophers and thoughtful students. By the ancient Egyptians cats were held in the highest esteem; and we learn from Diodorus Siculus, their 'lives and safeties' were tendered more dearly than those of any other animal, whether biped or quadruped. 'He who has voluntarily killed a consecrated animal,' says this writer, 'is punished with death; but if any one has even involuntarily killed a cat or an ibis, it is impossible for him to escape death: the mob drags him to it, treating him with every cruelty, and sometimes without waiting for judgment to be passed. This treatment inspires such terror, that, if any person happen to find one of these animals dead, he goes to a distance from it, and by his cries and groans indicates that he has found the animal dead. This superstition is so deeply rooted in the minds of the Egyptians, and the respect they bear these animals is so profound, that at the time when their king, Ptolemy, was not yet declared the friend of the Roman people—when they were paying all possible court to travellers from Italy, and their fears made them avoid every ground of accusation and every pretext for making war upon them—yet a Roman having killed a cat, the people rushed to his

house, and neither the entreaties of the grantees, whom the king sent for the purpose, nor the terror of the Roman name, could protect this man from punishment, although the act was involuntary. I do not relate this anecdote,' adds the historian, 'on the authority of another, for I was an eye-witness of it during my stay in Egypt.*'

During their lives, the consecrated cats were fed upon fish, kept for the purpose in tanks; and 'when one of them happened to die,' says the voracious writer just cited, 'it was wrapped in linen, and after the bystanders had beaten themselves on the breast, it was carried to the Tarichea, where it was embalmed with cœdria and other substances which have the virtue of embalming bodies, after which it was interred in the sacred monument.' It has puzzled not a little the learned archaeologists, who have endeavoured to discover a profound philosophy figured and symbolised in the singular mythology of the Egyptians, to explain how it is that in Thebes, where the sacred character of the cat was held in the highest reverence, and cherished with the greatest devotion, not only embalmed cats have been found, but also the bodies of rats and mice, which had been subjected to the same anti-putrescent process. If, however, Herodotus is to be credited, the Egyptians owed a deep debt of gratitude to the mice; for the venerable historian assures us, and on the unquestionable authority of the Egyptian priests, that when Sennacherib and his army lay at Pelusium, a mighty corps of field-mice entered the camp by night, and eating up the quivers, bowstrings, and buckler-leathers of the Assyrian troops, in this summary fashion liberated Egypt from the terror of the threatened invasion. Probably the existence of mice-mummies may be accounted for in this way, and if—resorting to no violent supposition—we presume in the good work which the tiny patriots so sagaciously accomplished that their cousins-german the rats were assistant, the whole matter receives a satisfactory explanation. The hypothesis, it is submitted, is not without plausible recommendations on its behalf. There is extant a fragment of a comedy, entitled 'The Cities,' written by the Rhodian poet Anaxandrides, in which the Egyptian worship of animals is amusingly enough quizzed. A translation will be found in Dr Priehard's *Analysis of Egyptian Mythology*. The lines referring to cat-worship are as follow:—

'You cry and wail whene'er ye spy a cat,
Starving or sick; I count it not a sin
To hang it up, and flay it for its skin;'

from which it appears this gay free-thinker was not only somewhat sceptical in his religious notions, but, moreover, a hard-hearted, good-for-nothing fellow—one who, had he lived in our times, would unquestionably have brought himself within the sweep of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Duke of Beaufort's Humanity Act.

We learn from Herodotus that in his days it was customary, whenever a cat died, for the whole household at once to go into mourning, and this although the lamented decease might have been the result of old age, or other causes purely natural. In the case of a cat's death, however, the eyebrows only were required to be shaved off; but when a dog, a beast of more distinguished reputation, departed this life, every inmate of the house was expected to shave his head and whole body all over. Both cats and dogs are watched and attended to with the greatest solicitude during illness.

* In the matter of fanaticism, the modern Egyptians, or rather the inhabitants of Alexandria, seem hardly to have degenerated from their ethnic 'forbearance,' as we read in Mr J. A. St John's travels the account of a serious insurrection which broke out some years ago in that city, in consequence of certain Jews having taken up the butcher's trade, and having slain the meat with a knife having three instead of five nails in the handle!

Indeed, by the ancient Egyptians the cat was treated much in the same way as are dogs amongst us: we find them even accompanying their masters on their aquatic shooting-excursions; and, if the testimony of ancient monuments is to be relied on, often catching the game for them, although it may be permitted to doubt whether they ever actually took to the water for this purpose.

In modern Egypt the cat, although more docile and companionable than its European sister, has much degenerated; but still, on account of its usefulness in destroying scorpions and other reptiles, it is treated with some consideration—suffered to eat out of the same dish with the children, to join with them in their sports, and to be their constant companion and daily friend. A modern Egyptian would esteem it a heinous sin indeed, to destroy, or even maltreat a cat; and we are told by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, that benevolent individuals have bequeathed funds by which a certain number of these animals are daily fed at Cairo at the Cadi's court, and the bazaar of Khan Khaleel.

But a tender regard for the inferior animals is a prevailing characteristic of the Oriental races, and is inculcated as a duty by their various religions. At Fez there was, and perhaps is at this day, a wealthily-endowed hospital, the greater part of the funds of which was devoted to the support and medical treatment of invalid cranes and storks, and procuring them a decent sepulture whenever they chanced to die. The founders are said to have entertained the poetical notion that these birds are, in truth, human beings, natives of distant islands, who at certain periods assume a foreign shape, and after they have satisfied their curiosity with visiting other lands, return to their own, and resume their original form.

To return, however, not to our sheep, but our cats, we must remark that, in modern times, in spite of the kindness the cat habitually receives in Egypt, his *morale* is not in that country rated very high—the universal impression being that, although, like Snug the joiner's lion, he is by nature 'a very gentle beast,' still he is by no means 'of a good conscience;' that he is, in short, a most ungrateful beast; and that when, in a future state, it is asked of him how he has been treated by man in this, he will obstinately deny all the benefits he has received at his hand, and give him such a character for cruelty and hardness of heart as is shocking to think of. The dog, however, it is understood, will conduct himself more discreetly, and readily acknowledge the good offices for which he is indebted to the family of mankind.

Singular anecdotes have been related of the intense repugnance persons have been found to entertain to these, at worst, harmless animals. One shall be given in the very words of the Rev. Nicholas Wanley, who, in his authentic *Wonders of the Little World*, has recorded a number of other facts quite as marvellous, and sustained by testimony not one whit more exceptionable:—'Mathiolus tells of a German, who coming in winter-time into an inn to sup with him and some other of his friends, the woman of the house being acquainted with his temper (lest he should depart at the sight of a young cat which she kept to breed up), had beforehand hid her killing in a chest in the same room where we sat at supper. But though he had neither seen nor heard it, yet after some time that he had sucked in the air infected by the cat's breath, that quality of his temperament that had antipathy to that creature being provoked, he sweat, and, of a sudden, paleness came over his face, and, to the wonder of us all that were present, he cried out that in some corner of the room there was a cat that lay hid.' Not long after the battle of Wagram and the second occupation of Vienna by the French, an aide-de-camp of Napoleon, who at the time occupied, together with his suite, the Palace of Schönbrunn, was proceeding to bed at an

unusually late hour, when, on passing the door of Napoleon's bedroom, he was surprised by a most singular noise, and repeated calls from the Emperor for assistance. Opening the door hastily, and rushing into the room, a singular spectacle presented itself—the great soldier of the age, half undressed, his countenance agitated, the beaded drops of perspiration standing on his brow, in his hand his victorious sword, with which he was making frequent and convulsive lunges at some invisible enemy through the tapestry that lined the walls. It was a cat that had secreted herself in this place; and Napoleon held cats not so much in abhorrence as in terror. 'A feather,' says the poet, 'daunts the brave;' and a greater poet, through the mouth of his Shylock, remarks that 'there are some that are mad if they behold a cat—a harmless, necessary cat.' Count Bertram would seem to have shared in this unaccountable aversion. When 'Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger,' was convicted of mendacity and cowardice, Bertram exclaimed, 'I could endure anything before this but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.' The force of censure could no further go.

If Napoleon, however, held cats, as has been averred, in positive fear, there have been others, and some of them illustrious captains, that have regarded them with other feelings. Marshal Turenne could amuse himself for hours in playing with his kittens; and the great general, Lord Heathfield, would often appear on the walls of Gibraltar, at the time of the famous siege, attended by his favourite cats. Cardinal Richelieu was also fond of cats; and when we have enumerated the names of Cowper and Dr Johnson, of Thomas Gray and Isaac Newton, and, above all, of the tender-hearted and meditative Montaigne, the list is far from complete of those who have bestowed on the feline race some portion of their affections.

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, observes, in an oft-quoted passage, that

'Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass.'

And the annotator on this passage, in explanation, adds, that 'Montaigne in his *Essays* supposes his cat thought him a fool for losing his time in playing with her;' but, under favour, this is a misinterpretation of the essayist's sentiment, and something like a libel on the capacity of both himself and cat. Montaigne's words are: 'When I play with my cat, who knows whether I do not make her more sport than she makes me? We mutually divert each other with our play. If I have my hour to begin or refuse, so also has she hers.' Nobody who has read the striking essay in which these words appear could for a moment misconceive their author's meaning. He is vindicating natural theology from the objections of some of its opponents, and in the course of his argument he takes occasion to dwell on the wonderful instincts, and almost rational sagacity of the inferior animals. We must, however, lament that, although he does full justice to the 'half-reasoning elephant,' to the aptitude and fidelity of the dog, to the marvellous economical arrangements of the bee, and even to the imitative capacity of the magpie, he pays no higher tribute to the merits of the cat than that she is as capable of being amused as himself, and like himself, too, has her periods of gravity when recreative sports are distasteful. Her social qualities he does not allude to, though he, so eminently social himself, could scarcely have failed to appreciate them.

In this country, at this time, cats have superseded parlour favourites decidedly less agreeable in their appearance, and infinitely more mischievous in their habits. Writing in the seventeenth century, Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, remarks that 'Turkey gentlemen, that are perpetual prisoners, still mewed

up according to the custom of the place, have little else, beside their household business or to play with their children, to drive away time but to dally with their cats, which they have in *delittiis*, as many of our ladies and gentlewomen use monkeys and little dogs.' It is not the least merit of the cat that it has banished from our sitting-rooms those frightful mimicries of humanity—the monkey tribe; and as to the little dogs Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, although we are not insensible to their many virtues and utilities, we care not to see them sleeping on our hearth-rug, or reposing beside our work-tables.

BEGGARS IN THE FAR EAST.

BENGAL is blessed with a mild climate and a fertile soil. Provisions are consequently cheap; and as neither substantial houses nor expensive clothing is there essential to comfort, we might naturally expect to see less of misery and destitution than in this country. Such, however, is not the case. Our severe winter engenders habits of industry and forethought, which are unknown in India. The ease with which in most cases their few wants are supplied, renders the inhabitants of that country in the highest degree improvident; and nowhere do we see a greater number of beggars, and misery and destitution paraded through the streets in more revolting forms.

There are no poor-laws in any part of India. Relief, however, is not withheld, nor indeed sparingly bestowed. Many can afford to give a little; and where nothing is exacted, many give willingly. Little charity is bestowed by Europeans in the streets, as they generally ride in palanquins or carriages, and as, besides, they feel the weight even of a purse too much on a hot day. However, let it not be supposed that they, like Dives, wallow in wealth, and close their ears to the importunities of the heathen. The Baboo or Sircar gives weekly or monthly pensions to some patronised beggars; and on a Saturday in some large towns, the blind, lame, and halt come to the gates of the grandees, and receive from the trusty *durwan* or doorkeeper a handful of cowries and coarse rice, of which one, two, or three rupees' worth are mixed up, according to the circumstances of the master. But it is not to ordinary beggars I now propose to draw the attention of the reader—the infirm or the lazy, with whom we are all tolerably familiar. But in India there is another class of beggars—*religious* and *professional* beggars—who are proud of their calling. I do not mean that there are no religious mendicants to be found at home; but although the object to be attained in both countries may be similar, the agents employed in the East are so different, that a description of them will to many European readers have all the gloss of novelty.

The two principal sects in Bengal are known as *Soneasseees* and *Byrdgees*. The former *exclusively* worship Mahado. 'They are not to inhabit houses or temples,' say their scriptures; 'but to live in woods and forests, under the wide expanse of heaven, there to meditate upon the greatness of the Creator, and contemplate his beautiful works.' An infant who is to become a *Soneassee* has from his birth the badge of Sheva upon him: no razor ever touches his hair, and his locks are matted and dishevelled, when other children's are neatly combed and anointed. When he approaches manhood, he takes the vow of celibacy, he receives from the hand of the Brahmin the *muntra* or mystical creed, the dried skin of an antelope, and a

piece of coarse, unbleached cotton, stained yellow with ochre, which he can use as a plaid, it being seven feet long; upon the skin he is supposed to sit and sleep, and the cloth overshadows the shoulders of the young enthusiast. Even after these are worn out, as it is supposed that the devotee is pretty well broken in to the hardships of his situation, they on no account may be renewed. These Sonecassees seldom adhere to the letter of their religion in the present day, although it is said that in times gone by some of their class have sat absorbed and abstracted until their spirit held communion with the great god—their bodies wasting away from neglect, and their nails growing like claws. In the present day, prayer and meditation are given to the winds, and they may be seen fat and sleek, perambulating the streets of the towns and villages, smeared over with ashes and ochre, and great coils of matted hair, which some tastefully wind like a turban round their head. They take care also to display, in glaring red and white paint, upon their foreheads and arms, the various insignia or marks of Sheva, such as the trident. Occasionally one also flourishes about a steel trident, which the figure of Mahado always wields in his hand, and which is also placed on the summit of his temple. The Sonecassees are the most impudent and importunate of beggars. There came under my notice a band of three, who used regularly to visit the town twice a week. These men had made a vow to collect a certain number of rupees to build a temple, and for this purpose infested the doors of the wealthiest of the Hindoo community, and followed and persecuted them even in their drives with continued cries. It is astonishing how soon superstition enabled them to fulfil their vow, and how the extortioners were allowed to escape the punishment their impudence deserved.

The Byrāgees are not so intrusive a sect. They frequently live in the open air, though not prohibited from seeking other shelter. Their heads are differently treated from those of the Sonecassees, for both men and women have the crown shaved quite smooth. Both sexes wear a piece of cloth checked like shepherd's plaid. They have great strings of wooden beads, or *malās*, turned out of the stalks of the holy toolis, round their necks; and they generally collect their rice and cowries in a dried gourd-shell. Persons of this sect at their death are placed in an upright position in a deep grave, and so consumed with fire. In former times, the widows used to burn themselves with their lords. The Byrāgees, when they attain years of discretion, may choose their wives from any caste they please. Some of the Byragins, therefore, are said to be far cleverer than the everyday Hindoo women, having been selected from a class which are looked down upon by the others, but who are taught high accomplishments, and are devoted to the temples of the gods. In his begging excursions the Byrāgee carries a pair of cymbals or a small gong; and singing the songs of Krishna, and his courtships among the milkmaids, he delights the hearts of his Hindoo hearers, and makes them lavish of their gifts.

The English reader perhaps has never heard of a beggar such as I shall now depict. One may happen to be in a reflective mood, and aroused from his meditations by what he supposes to be a cow lowing close to his ear. He starts up and goes to the window, but instead of that quadruped he finds a man standing with a rope round his neck, and a woful countenance, holding out his palms, indicating that he wants charity. This man has had the misfortune to lose his cow; and as it died tethered, his religion imposes on him the penalty of begging from door to door without speaking, but imitating the cow, till he has realised enough to purchase one of these sacred animals, and to give something besides in charity to the Brahmins. This provision was perhaps made by the religion of the country

in favour of the cow, to preserve so useful an animal from ill-treatment; and it is astonishing to see how implicitly the Hindoo submits himself to a mere convention, which he might easily evade.

A LATE PRISON REPORT.

IN the Sixteenth Report on the state of the Prisons, by Mr Frederic Hill, lately laid before parliament, will be found some passages worthy of general attention. While speaking favourably of the system of discipline now ordinarily pursued towards prisoners, Mr Hill is obliged to admit that certain prisons are rendered much too attractive; in fact, that they create crime. It is important that this condition of affairs should be known. Good food and medical attendance are, it seems, the attractions. The following are Mr Hill's words, with the quotations he makes from the statements of prison officials:—

'Several of the prisons continue to be attractive, to certain classes of persons, instead of repulsive; owing, apparently in some instances, to the better dietary of the prison as compared with that of the workhouse; in others, to the good medical treatment generally provided in prisons; and in others, to a practice of giving prisoners clothing on their liberation, a practice which, did the law permit, might be replaced by a rule enabling prisoners to earn clothing by extra labour.'

'The governor of the borough prison at Cambridge stated that many persons were reckless about committing offences, because they preferred being sent to the prison to going to the workhouse, owing chiefly (according to their statements) to their getting better food at the prison.'

'The chaplain of the prison at Spilsby stated as follows:—"I am sorry to observe that the present system of discipline here does not deter people from the commission of crime. Several have said that they would rather come here than go to the Union workhouse."....

'Mr Dunn, one of the surgeons of the prison at Wakefield, states—"I am convinced that many persons, especially females, get committed to the prison on purpose to be cured of attacks of disease. Many of them have admitted to me that it was so. A man from Bradford, who went out last week, told me that he had been here before, and that he had got committed again in consequence of his having a return of his disease, and that he came to be cured.... One man who was here for a month last autumn, and who came in a very diseased state, but who left cured, required, during nearly the whole time, a pint of wine per day, besides malt liquor. It was a case in which a very liberal diet is necessary to preserve life; and it was requisite to have a prisoner, acting as nurse, to sit up with him through the night. The cost to the West Riding of this single case, counting expenses of all kinds, could not have been less than L.6."

'The governor of the city prison at York said—"By the acknowledgments of the prisoners themselves, I know that the practice still continues of committing offences on purpose to get committed to this prison. Four prisoners were liberated this morning who had broken a street-lamp with the evident intention of being sent to this prison. They were sentenced to seven days' imprisonment, and on their liberation each prisoner was supplied with a coat, waistcoat, pair of trousers, and a pair of shoes, and one of them had a shirt also! Many times last winter gas-lamps and the windows of the police-office and vagrant-office were broken, in order to get admission to the prison. Out of eighteen male prisoners who were brought to trial at the last Quarter-Sessions, twelve in my opinion committed their offences for the direct purpose of being sent to prison. Most of the vagrants committed to the prison still pass their time in idleness; no prisoners

except those sentenced to hard labour being set to work."

"The following is an extract from the visiting justices' minute-book at the same prison:—

"Dec. 12th, 1849.—The number of prisoners who commit offences with the object of being maintained during the winter increases yearly, and is deserving of serious consideration, as a serious expense is entailed thereby on the city. The imprisonment inflicted is not looked on as a punishment, but a reward."

If such really be the case, it is evident that a wrong course has been pursued in making the prisons so comfortable. Some years ago, when society was seized with a paroxysm of humanity, prisons were got up in a style of palatial splendour, and criminals, the most worthless of the population, were treated with a degree of tenderness which was opposed to every principle of justice. Possibly the method of reclaiming by kindness was not bad in the abstract, and in numerous instances it was perhaps effective; but in the main it was unsuitable to a complicated condition of ignorance, poverty, vice, and wretchedness. It should have been borne in mind that there is a distinct class of persons to whom any kind of provision is desirable, and who, being sunk below all sentiments of self-respect, shame, and regret, would very willingly sell themselves into slavery for the sake of a momentary gratification. To think of a warm, comfortable prison being an object of dread to this utterly-abandoned class!

Another philosophical crotchet did no small mischief. It was alleged that hard labour on the tread-mill would do harm: knowing that the labour tended to no useful purpose but merely the turning of a wheel, prisoners would feel degraded, and this feeling would prevent their reclamation! The error here consisted in imagining that the criminal class possessed the feelings of gentlemen; whereas the real thing to be thought of, was to give them labour so excessively toilsome and irksome as to be remembered with salutary horror all the days of their life. For example, no kind of punishment, we believe, has proved so sure a terror as that of the shot-drill in the military prisons. This consists in lifting a cannon-ball of perhaps twenty pounds' weight; marching with it for a dozen yards; then laying it down; and so on, repeating the same thing for an hour. Now this is clearly a useless and most degrading species of labour; yet it is a terrible infliction, and we are told seldom fails in its effect—that is to say, it deters from the commission of crime.

The experience of the last few years would shew that much is still to be learned in the art of criminal discipline; and indeed the whole question of what is to be done with our criminal population is becoming daily more perplexing. Mere confinement is found to be of small avail. Transportation is exploded; for it improves the circumstances of criminals instead of making them worse. Capital punishment has also had its day, and, excepting for a very few offences, is abandoned as useless, independently of being revolting to humanity. One writer proposes to work convicts in gangs at out-door labour, such as mining, and making railways; but the public would never tolerate the spectacle of this worst species of slave-labour; and besides, the employment of honest workers would be ruined. We are inclined to think that imprisonment, in a severe form, is after all the only practicable means of dealing with criminals. If anything be urgently wanted, it is a plan for preventing the growth of the criminal class; and this probably is not so difficult as it may appear. Of course, till there be a far broader system of public education than now prevails, the criminal population will never want recruits. Nevertheless, even with our present imperfect educational arrangements, something might be done. The criminal class is discovered to be on the whole a nervous class. The practice of living by depredation

runs in families, and clings to individuals. The police of any given town could put their hand on almost every person who lives by fraud, theft, and robbery. They could at a day's notice secure nearly every one of them. A knowledge of this fact has suggested to Mr Matthew Hill a plan for capturing the whole criminal class, and obliging them to give security for their good behaviour; failing which, they should suffer incarceration as notoriously dangerous and troublesome to society. A fear of trenching on the liberty of the subject may prevent this ingenious scheme of the Recorder of Birmingham from being carried into effect; but to something or other of the kind he proposes, society must come at last, if it wish to save itself from being everlastingly worried and plundered by a habitually predatory class. In the Prison Report to which we have above referred, mention is made of a single family of thieves, consisting of fifteen individuals, who cost the country L26,000 before they were got rid of. Is not such a fact quite monstrous!

FRENCH BATTLE-PICTURES.

In an American work—*Glances at Europe*, by Mr H. Greeley—the following sound observations occur on the battle-pictures in the palace of Versailles: "These battle-pieces have scarcely more historic than artistic value, since the names of at least half of them might be transposed, and the change be undetected by ninety-nine out of every hundred who see them. If all the French battles were thus displayed, it might be urged with plausibility that these galleries were historical in their character; but a full half of the story—that which tells of French disaster and discomfiture—is utterly suppressed. The battles of Ptolemais, of Ivry, of Fontenoy, of Rivoli, of Austerlitz, &c. are here as imposing as paint can make them; but never a whisper of Agincourt, Cressy, Poitiers, Blenheim, or Ramillies; nor yet of Salamanca, of Vittoria, of Leipsic, or Waterloo. Even the wretched succession of forays which the French have for the last twenty years been prosecuting in Algerine Africa, here shine resplendent; for Vernet has painted, by Louis-Philippe's order, and at France's cost, a succession of battle-pieces, wherein French numbers and science are seen prevailing over Arab barbarism and irregular valour, in combats whereof the very names have been wisely forgotten by mankind, though they occurred but yesterday. One of these is much the largest painting I ever saw, and is probably the largest in the world, and it seems to have been got up merely to exhibit one of Louis-Philippe's sons in the thickest of the fray. Last of all, we have the Capture of Abd-el-Kader, as imposing as Vernet could make it, but no whisper of the persistent perfidy wherewith he has been retained for several years in bondage, in violation of the express agreement of his captors. The whole collection is, in its general effect, delusive and mischievous—the purpose being to exhibit war as always glorious, and France as uniformly triumphant. It is by means like these that the business of shattering knee-joints and multiplying orphans is kept in countenance."

NEW APPLICATIONS OF MANGEL-WURZEL.

A patent has been taken out for the following applications of mangel-wurzel:—1st, To prepare a substance which may be combined with, or employed in place of coffee, the mangel-wurzel roots are well washed, cut into pieces about the size of peas or beans, and then dried and roasted in the same manner as coffee-berries. The product is ground after being roasted, and it is then ready for use. 2d, A substitute for tea is produced by cutting the leaves of mangel-wurzel into small strips or shreds, drying the same, and then placing them upon a hot plate, which is kept at a temperature sufficiently high to slightly char the leaves. The charred mangel-wurzel leaves are to be used in precisely the same way as tea. 3d, To manufacture a fermented liquor, the mangel-wurzel roots are well washed, cut into small pieces, and put into a vat, wherein they are permitted to ferment for

two or three days, at a temperature of about 70 degrees, and water is added thereto. A fermented liquor is thus obtained similar to perry or cider. 4th, When the mangel-wursel roots are to be employed in the preparation of wort, they are washed, and cut into small pieces, which are dried, or slightly charred, by the action of kilns or ovens, of the kind used for drying malt; and wort is prepared from this produce in the same manner as from malt.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FAITHFUL IN VANITY FAIR.*

I.

The great human whirlpool!—'tis seething and seething :
On ! No time for shrieking out, no time for breathing ;
All toiling and moiling—some feebler, some bolder,
But each sees a fiend-face grin over his shoulder :
Thus merrily live they in Vanity Fair !

The great human caldron—it boils ever higher ;
Some drowning, some sinking ; while some, creeping
nigher,
Come thirsting to lean o'er its outermost verges,
Or touch—as a child's feet touch trembling the surges :
One plunge—Ho ! more souls swamped in Vanity
Fair !

' Let's live while we live, for to-morrow all's over.
Drink deep, drunkard bold ! and kiss close, thou mad
lover !
Smile, hypocrite, smile ! it is no such hard labour,
While each with red hand tears the heart of his neighbour
All slyly.—We're strange folk in Vanity Fair !

' Hiss !—each for himself, or herself, which sounds
smoother,
Though man's no upholder, and woman no soother,
Both struggle alike here.—What, weeping !—what, raving !
Pah !—fight out the battle all ! No time for saving !
Ha ! ha ! 'tis a wondrous place, Vanity Fair !'

The mad crowd divides, and then closes swift after ;
Afar, towers the pyre, lit with shouting and laughter ;
' What new sport is this !' lisps a reveller, half turning ;—
' One Faithful, poor wretch ! who is led to the burning :
He cumbered us sorely in Vanity Fair !

' A dreamer—who held every man for a brother ;
A coward—who, smit on one cheek, gave the other :
A fool—whose blind truth she believed all knaves' lying ;
Too simple to live, so most fitted for dying.
Ha ! such are best swept out of Vanity Fair.'

II.

Silence ! though the flame-drifts wave and flutter ;
Silence ! though the crowd their curses mutter ;
Silence ! through this fiery purgatory
God is leading up a soul to glory.

See, the white lips with no moans are trembling,
Hate of foes, or plaint of friends' dissembling ;
If sighs come—most patient prayers outlive them :
' Lord, these know not what they do. Forgive them !'

Thirstier still the roaring flames are glowing,
Fainter in his ear the laughers growing ;
Brief endures the fierce and fiery trial—
Angel-welcomes down the earth-denial.

Now the amorous death-fires, gleaming ruddy,
Clasp him close. Down sinks the quivering body,
While through harmless flames immortal flying
Shoots the beautiful soul. This—this is dying !

* Suggested partly by a sketch in David Scott's illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Lo ! the opening heavens with splendours rifted ;
Lo ! the palms that wait those hands uplifted ;
And the fiery chariot cloud-descending,
And the legions angels close attending !

Let his poor dust mingle with the embers,
While the crowd sweeps on, and none remembers ;
Saints and angels through the Infinite glory,
Praising God, recount the martyr's story.

Thou, who through the trial-fires bewildering
Of this cruel world, dost lead Thy children,
With the purifying give the balm ;
Grant to martyr-pangs the martyr's palm !

VARIETY OF AMBER.

There is a variety of amber, of the opacity of white wax, with a very slight yellowish tinge. It is found intermixed with yellow amber, in thin bands of some breadth. When the magnificent pile of buildings called Fonthill Abbey was exhibited to the public, before the sale of its curious and costly furniture, it contained an amber cabinet, as beautiful in workmanship as material. It was quadrangular, and about fifteen inches by twelve at the base, standing on four legs, that raised it about half an inch from its pedestal. It was pyramidal in form, about fourteen inches high, and divided into eleven stages. These were separated by a ledge of yellow amber, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, projecting a little over the under stage, like a cornice. The front of each stage was ornamented with recumbent figures in white amber, in relief. Some parts were at least one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The effect was much like that of the white figures on the purple ground of the well-known Portland Vase. Each stage had the appearance of opening as a drawer. The top was flat, and the whole of the yellow amber beautifully transparent.

HAVE SERPENTS TASTE ?

Some naturalists have surmised that serpents have no sense of taste, because the boa-constrictor in the Zoological Gardens swallowed his blanket. Chemistry may, however, assist us in solving the mystery, and induce us to draw quite an opposite conclusion from the curious circumstance alluded to. May not the mistake of the serpent be attributed to the marvellous acuteness of his taste ? Take this reason : All vegetable substances contain starch, all animal substances contain ammonia ; now it is most probable that the snake detected the animal quality—the ammonia—in the wool of the blanket, and he therefore naturally enough inferred that his bed was something suitable to his digestive organs. It is certain that he committed an error of judgment, but that error may be traceable to the subtilty of his taste rather than to its obtuseness. We throw out this suggestion as a specimen, if nothing better, of what contradictory inferences may be drawn from a single fact, and as a hint of how much caution is necessary in arriving at absolute opinions, even when the evidence is apparently most unmistakable.

AN AMERICAN EDITOR.

He is a dangerous man to be trifled with. The grand hickory-stick he twirls in his hand would be enough, with his dare-devil look, to frighten most persons ; but when we state that in the depth of the pocket of the remarkable check-coat that he wears he conceals one of the most beautiful 'persuaders' ever manufactured by Colt, we are satisfied he will be a terror to all evil-doers. We should also state that generally he is occupied doing out-door business, but that on every Saturday until one o'clock P.M. he is always at the office, perfectly ready and willing to give any and every satisfaction for the articles he publishes.—*Boston Rouge Gazette*.

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HOW IS THE WORLD USING YOU?

THIS is a very common question, usually put and answered with more or less levity. We seldom hear of any one answering very favourably as to the usage he experiences from the world. More generally, the questioned seems to feel that his treatment is not, and never has been, quite what it ought to be. It has sometimes occurred to me, that a great oversight is committed in our so seldom putting to ourselves the co-relative question: What have I done to make the world use me well? What merit have I shewn—by what good intention towards the world have I been animated—what has been the positive amount of those services of mine on which I found my pretensions to the world's rewards? All of these are interrogations which it would be necessary to answer satisfactorily before we could be truly entitled to take measure of the world's goodness to us in return; for surely it is not to be expected that the world is to pay in mere expectancy: time enough, in all conscience, when the service has been rendered, or at soonest, when a reasonable ground of hope has been established that it will not be withheld or performed slightly. Only too much room there is to fear that, if these questions were put and faithfully answered, the ordinary result would be a conviction that the world had used us quite as well as we deserved.

Men are of course prevented from going through this process by their self-love. Unwillingness to see or own their shortcomings, keeps them in a sort of delusion on the subject. Well, I do not hope to make an extensive change upon them in this respect; but perhaps it may not be impossible to rouse one here and there to the correct view, and thus accomplish a little good.

Let us address ourselves to commercial life first, for the labour by which man lives is at the bottom of everything. Here we meet the now well-recognised principle in political economy, that generally wages, salaries, remunerations of all kinds, are in pretty exact relation to the value of the services performed—this value being of course determined, in a great degree, by the easiness or difficulty of the work, the commonness or rarity of the faculties and skill required for it, the risk of non-success in the profession, and so forth. Many a good fellow who feels that his income is inconveniently small, and wonders why it is not greater, might have the mystery solved if he would take a clear, unprejudiced view of the capacity in which he is acting towards the public. Is he a slave of the desk, in some office of routine business? Then let him consider how many hundreds of similar men would answer an advertisement of his seat being vacant. The fatal thing in

his case evidently is, that the faculties and skill required in his situation are possessed by so many of his fellow-creatures. Is he a shopkeeper in some common line of business?—say a draper. Then let him consider how easy it is to be a draper, and how simple are the details of such a trade. While there are so many other drapers in the same street, his going out of business would never be felt as an inconvenience. He is perhaps not doing any real good to the public at all, but only interloping with the already too small business of those who were in 'the line' before him. Let him think of the many hours he spends in idleness, or making mere appearances of business, and ask if he is really doing any effective service to his fellow-creatures by keeping a shop at all. It may be a hardship to him to have failed in a good intention; but this cannot be helped. He may succeed better in some other scheme. Let him quit this, and try another, or set up in a place where there is what is called 'an opening'—that is, where his services are required—the point essential to his getting any reward for his work. We sometimes see most wonderful efforts made by individuals in an overdone trade; for example, those of a hatter, who feels that he must give mankind a special direction to his shop, or die. Half-a-dozen tortoise-like missionaries do nothing but walk about the streets from morning to night, proclaiming from carapace and plastron,* that there are no hats equal to those at No. 98 of such a street. A van like the temple of Juggernaut parades about all day, propagating the same faith. 'If you want a good hat,' exclaims a pathetic poster, 'try No. 98.' As you walk along the street, a tiny bill is insinuated into your hand, for no other purpose, as you learn on perusing it, but to impress upon you the great truth, that there are no hats in the world either so good or so cheap as those at No. 98. The same dogma meets you in omnibuses, at railway platforms, and every other place where it can be expected that mankind will pause for a moment, and so have time to take in an idea. But it is all in vain if there be a sufficient supply of good and cheap hats already in that portion of the earth's surface. The superfluous hatter must submit to the all-prevailing law, that for labours not required, and an expenditure of capital useless as regards the public, there can be no reward, no return.

Sometimes great inconveniences are experienced in consequence of local changes; such as those effected by railways, and the displacement of hand-labour by machinery. A country inn that has supplied post-

* The upper and under plates of the tortoise are so called by naturalists.

horses since the days of the civil war, is all at once, in consequence of the opening of some branch-line, deserted by its business. It is a pitiable case; but the poor landlord must not attempt to be an innkeeper without business, for then he would be a misapplied human being, and would starve. Now the world uses him a little hardly in the diversion of his customers; that may be allowed: we must all lay our account with such hardships so long as each person is left to see mainly after himself. But if he were to persist in keeping his house open, and thus reduce himself to uselessness, he would not be entitled to think himself ill-used by reason of his making no profits, seeing that he did nothing for the public to entitle him to a remuneration. The poor handloom weavers—I grieve to think of the hardships they suffer. Well do I remember when, in 1813 or 1814, a good workman in this craft could realise 36s. a week. There were even traditions then of men who had occasionally eaten pound-notes upon bread and butter, or allowed their wives to spend L.8 upon a fine china tea-service. There being a copious production of cotton-thread by machinery, but no machinery to make it into cloth, was the cause of the high wages then given to weavers. Afterwards came the powerloom; and weavers can now only make perhaps 4s. 6d. per week, even while working for longer hours than is good for their health. The result is most lamentable; but it cannot be otherwise, for the public will only reward services in the ratio of the value of these services to itself. It will not encourage a human being, with his glorious apparatus of intelligence and reflection, to mis-expend himself upon work which can be executed equally well by unthinking machinery. Were the poor weavers able so far to shake themselves free from what is perhaps a very natural prejudice, as to ask what do we do to entitle us to any better usage from the public, they would see that the fault lies in their continuing to be weavers at all. They are precisely as the innkeeper would be, if he kept his house open after the railway had taken all his customers another way.

There are many cases in the professional walks of life fully as deplorable as that of the weavers. Few things in the world are more painful to contemplate than a well-educated and able man vainly struggling to get bread as a physician, an artist, or an author. It is of course right that such a man should not be too ready to abandon the struggle as hopeless; for a little perseverance and well-directed energy may bring him into a good position. But if a fair experiment has been made, and it clearly appears that his services are not wanted, the professional aspirant ought undoubtedly to pause, and take a full unprejudiced view of his relation to the world. 'Am I,' he may say, 'to expect reward if I persist in offering the world what it does not want? Are my fellow-creatures wrong in withholding a subsistence from me, while I am rather consulting my own tastes and inclinations than their necessities?' It may then occur to him that the great law must somehow be obeyed—a something must be done for mankind which they require, and it must be done where and how they require it, in order that each individual may have a true claim upon the rest. To get into the right and fitting place in the social machine may be difficult; but there is no alternative. Let him above everything dismiss from his mind the notion, that others can seriously help him. Let him be self-helpful,

think and do for himself, and he will have the better chance of success.

We now come to a second branch of the subject—namely, as regards our conduct and manners in the scenes of social life. One might suppose it to be a very clear thing, that a person possessing no pleasing accomplishment could never be so agreeable a member of society as one who possessed one or more of such qualifications. It might seem very evident, that a person who had never taken any trouble to acquire such accomplishments, did not deserve so much of society as one who had taken such trouble. Yet such is the blinding influence of self-love, that we continually find the dull and unaccomplished speaking and acting as if they considered themselves entitled to equal regard with others who, on the contrary, can contribute greatly to the enjoyments of their fellow-creatures. This is surely most unreasonable—it is, as in the case of the unnecessary shopkeeper or weaver, to desire the reward and yet not perform the service. Were such persons to clear themselves of prejudice, and take an unflattering view of their relation to society, they would see that the reward can only be properly expected where it has been worked for. They might in some instances be prompted to make efforts to attain some of those accomplishments which contribute to make the social hour pass agreeably, and thus attain to a true desert, besides 'advancing themselves in the scale of thinking beings.' If not, they might at least learn to submit unrepiningly to that comparatively moderate degree of notice and regard which is the due of those who are perfectly ordinary in their minds, and fit only to take a place amongst the audience.

Society, as is well known, has its favourites, and also its unpopular characters. If we dissect the character of the favourite, we shall invariably find a great substratum of the amiable. He will probably have accomplishments also, and thus be able to add to the happiness of his fellows. It is not improbable that in many cases a good share of love of approbation will be detected; but this is of no consequence in the matter. The general fact we assume to be, that the genuinely amiable is there in some force. It will, I believe, be likewise found that the unpopular character has something too much of the centripetal system about him—that is to say, desires things to centre in himself as much as possible—and neither has any great natural impulse to the amiable, nor will take the trouble to assume the complaisant. Now, it is not uncommon to observe traces of dissatisfaction in the unpopular characters, as if they felt themselves to be treated unjustly by the world. But can these persons reasonably expect to be received with the same favour as men who are at once gentle and inoffensive in their ordinary demeanour, and actively good among their fellow-creatures? Certainly not. Let us see here, too, the complaining party take an unprejudiced view of his relation to society. Let him understand that he only will be loved if he is lovable, and we may hope to see him taking some pains to correct his selfishness, and both seem and be a kind and genial man. Most assuredly, in no other way will his reputation and his treatment by the world be reversed.

In fine, we would have all who are inclined to doubt whether the world uses them well or not, to ask of themselves, in the first place, how they use the world.

If they find that they do little for it—are stupid, illiterate, possessed of not one graceful accomplishment, neither useful nor ornamental, but selfish, sulky, and unamiable, then let them try whether a remedy cannot be found in themselves. It is not to be expected of all that they are to be greatly serviceable in any way to the world, or very agreeable either; but it is the duty of all who desire the world's good treatment, to do the best they can for the general interest, and to be as good and amiable as possible. At the worst, if they cannot make any change on themselves, let them resign themselves to be comparatively poor and neglected, as such is, by the rules of Providence, their inevitable fate.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN BOHEMIA.

In continental countries, much of that charitable ministration which with us is left to rates and institutions, is the work of individuals acting directly under a religious impulse. The difference is perhaps not entirely in favour of the countries of the Romish faith; but there is no denying that it leads to our being presented with pictures of heroic self-devotion and generous self-sacrifice, such as it would be gratifying to see in our own country. Many of the forms of charity met with in Catholic states had their rise in one enthusiastically benevolent man, the celebrated Vincent de St Paul. Born in 1576, on the skirts of the Pyrenees, and brought up as a shepherd-boy—possessed of course of none of the advantages of fortune, this remarkable man shewed a singular spirit of charity before he had reached manhood. He became a priest; he passed through a slavery in one of the African piratical states, and with difficulty made his escape. At length we see him in the position of a parish pastor in France, exerting himself in plans for the improvement of the humbler classes, exactly like those which have become fashionable among ourselves only during the last twenty years. His exertions succeeded, and generous persons of rank enabled him to extend them. In a short time, he saw no fewer than twenty-five establishments founded in his own country, in Piedmont, Poland, and other states, for charitable purposes. Stimulated by this success to increase his exertions, he quickly formed associations of charitable persons, chiefly females, for the succour of distressed humanity. It was a most wonderful movement for the age, and must be held as no little offset against the horrible barbarities arising from religious troubles in the reign of Louis XIII. Among Vincent's happiest efforts, was that which established the *Sisters of Charity*, a sodality of self-devoted women, which exists in vigour at the present day.

During a lengthened residence in Prague, we have had much satisfaction in visiting the establishment of the Sisters, and inquiring into their doings. The house, which was founded in the seventeenth century, and contains seventy inmates, is situated near to the palace of Prince Lobkowitz, in the *Kleine Seite*, or that part of the city which lies on the right bank of the Moldau. It has much the character of a suburban villa, being surrounded by a kind of *plaisance*, enclosed in high walls, and containing shrubberies, alleys, and large clumps of chestnuts. In this pleasant retreat may often be found such of the Sisters as are not engaged in the more pressing kind of duties—never quite idle, however; for, even while seeking recreation, they will be found busied in preparing clothing for the poor, or

perhaps in making medicines from herbs, if not imparting instruction to children let loose from the school which forms a part of their establishment. The place is remarkable for its perfumes, there being assembled here not merely the usual amount of roses, lilacs, jasmynes, tuberoses, and lilies, but a profusion of aromatic plants, cultivated either for medicinal purposes, or to serve in the fabrication of essences and powders, which the Sisters distribute over the world in tiny bottles and small pillow-cases and bags, in order to raise funds for the poor.

In the house, which, having been erected for a private family, is not well suited for its present purpose, everything is an example of cleanliness and order. The hospital is in the main part of the building, and is fitted up with every possible convenience. A large apothecaries' hall is attached to it, furnished with every appliance that medical art has devised, and under the superintendence of a highly-educated professional man. It is most affecting to enter the great sick-room, and see the gentle Sisters in their modest attire ministering to the patients, bending over them with their sweet and cheerful countenances, as if they felt that relief from pain and restoration to life and its enjoyments depended on their smiles. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the hospital is almost always full. Sometimes, indeed, the floor is occupied with extra beds; for the Sisters will never close their doors to any who apply, even though they should have to abandon their own simple places of repose to the new-comer, and stretch themselves on the bare floor.

We observed, in one of our visits, an old woman who was lying in one of the beds of the hospital, in a kind of trance, neither sleeping nor waking, apparently suffering no pain, but quite insensible to everything which passed around her. Her complaint was that of extreme old age, mere physical exhaustion. She had been for many years a pensioner, fed and clothed by the Sisters: having outlived all her relations, and having no friends in the world but them, she had come in, as she said herself, 'to die in peace among them.' Not far from her lay a girl, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, whose extreme paleness, or rather marble whiteness, vied with the snowy sheets which covered all but that lily face; and but for the quivering of the little frill of her cap, and the slow movement of her large blue eyes, it would have been difficult to believe that it was not the alabaster figure of some saint that reposed there. The superior looked kindly and sadly upon her, bent down, kissed her pale forehead, and went on; and though the sufferer did not move or speak, nor the feeble head turn, her large blue eyes followed the reverend mother with an expression which was all its own—an expression to be felt, deeply, intensely, but which cannot be described. And who was she, that pale, silent girl? She was an orphan, neglected by the world, betrayed and abandoned by one who appeared the only friend she had. Crushed in spirit, enfeebled by want and misery, without a roof to shelter her young drooping head, she had been found by the Sisters of Charity sitting alone, *her eyes fixed on the river*. They took her in, clothed, fed, and warmed her. They poured into her heart the blessed words of peace and comfort, till that poor breaking heart gushed forth in a wild tide of feeling too strong for the feeble frame; and we now saw her slowly recovering from a frightful fever, the result of past sufferings, and of that agitation which even a reaction towards hope had occasioned.

It would be too much for the present sketch to describe the many invalids before whom we passed in our visits to the sick-chambers of the Sisters of Charity, though every single case would be a lesson to humanity. The homeless, the forsaken, the orphan, each had his or her own bitter history, previous to reposing within the sanctuary of that blessed retreat; each was attended

by some of those benevolent beings, whose gentle steps and sweet sunny smiles brought peace to their hearts. None who are destitute are rejected at that gate of mercy. Whatever their faults may have been, whatever their frailties, if overtaken by want or sickness—if, deserted and trampled upon, they sink without any visible hand being stretched out to save them from despair and death—then do the Sisters of Charity interpose to succour and to save. To them it is sufficient that the sufferer requires their aid. There every medical assistance is promptly given; every comfort, and even luxury.

Most surprising it is to the common worldling to see these gentle beings thus living entirely for others, seeking no reward but that inspired by Christian promises and hopes. Nor is it mere drudgery and self-denial which constitute their great merit. When humanity calls from the midst of danger, whether in the shape of pestilence or of war, they are equally unflinching. It has been our lot to see a city taken by storm, the streets on fire and half-choked with ruins, and these ruins thickly strewn with the dead and dying. There, before the wild scene had been in the least calmed—amid smoke, and rain, and the frequent rattling fire of musketry—we have seen the black dresses and long white kerchiefs of the Sisters of Charity fitting about, emblems of mercy in a world which might otherwise seem only fit for demons. The place we speak of was Arcis-sur-Aube. Napoleon, who looked on the system of this sisterhood 'as one of the most sublime conceptions of the human mind,' was then in the act of falling back with 30,000 men, after having been attacked the evening before (March 19, 1814) by 130,000 Austrians. He was within three weeks of the prostration of his power, and he must have felt bitterly the crushing reverses he was experiencing. Yet he stopped on the nearly demolished bridge of the town, and ordered 300 Napoleons to be given out of his then scanty resources to the Sisters of Charity, of whose devotion he had been an eye-witness from the commencement of the attack. As he crossed the bridge immediately afterwards, part of it gave way, and he was precipitated into the Aube, but, by the help of his horse, soon gained the safe bank.

The good works of the Sisters do not stop with their exertions for the sick and miserable. They have also their schools for orphans and foundlings. Here the tender human plant, perhaps deserted by a heartless mother, often gains more than it has lost. It is only to infants in these extraordinary circumstances that they are called upon to give shelter, for the children of the poor in general are provided for in public establishments. When we last visited the convent in Prague, we found about thirty girls entertained as inmates. As soon as they are capable of learning, they are instructed in every branch of domestic economy; and as they grow up, and their several talents develop themselves, they are educated accordingly: some for instructresses, either in music or any general branch of education; others, as seamstresses, ladies-maids, cooks, laundry-maids, house-maids. In short, every branch of useful domestic science is taught.

When the girls attain sufficient age and experience to occupy the several situations for which they have been instructed—that is, from seventeen to eighteen, the superior of the convent procures them a place in the family of some of her friends or acquaintance, and always, so far as lies in her power, with a mistress as much as possible suited to the intelligence and instruction of her *protégée*. The day of separation, however, is always painful. It is, in fact, the parting of a mother and her child. We have seen the orphan cling to her adopted mother, and as she knelt to receive her blessing, bathe her hands in tears of gratitude and affection; while the reverend superior would clasp her to her bosom, and recommend to her adopted child the

blessed principles which she had inculcated from her infancy. Nor do they leave the home of their childhood empty. Each girl on quitting the convent is provided with a little *trousseau* or outfit for her first appearance in the world: this consists of two complete suits of clothes—an ordinary and a better one, four petticoats, four chemises, six pair of stockings, the same number of gloves, and two pair of shoes. We have seen many of these orphans and foundlings in after-life; some of them occupying the most respectable situations, as the wives of opulent citizens, and others filling places of the most important trust in some of the highest families of the empire; we have also had several in our own service, and have always had reason to congratulate ourselves on our good-fortune in engaging them.

One of the first principles of education in the orphan schools of the Sisters of Charity is economy: while they spare nothing in the cause of humanity, so far as their means will go, the strictest frugality reigns throughout, and is always inculcated as the foundation of the means of doing good. Consequently, all of whom we have had any experience, who were educated in these charitable institutions, never failed, however humble their situation, to make some little savings: one whom we have at this moment in our eye, and who not many years since served us in the capacity of cook, and fulfilled her charge with great fidelity and zeal, has, by her extraordinary industry and economy, collected in the savings' bank in Prague no less than 700 florins, or £.70 sterling. And yet with all this economy she was so charitable and liberal in giving of her own to the poor, that we have often had to caution her against extravagance in that respect. By this spirit of economy, we have also known several of the orphans and foundlings arrive at a degree of independence which enables them in their turn to assist the deserted generation of to-day, and to do for them as they themselves had been done by. Many also have been the means of rescuing others from crime and starvation by conducting them to that blessed institution, to which, under Heaven, they owe all their prosperity and happiness in life.

Of these charitable communities there are many orders, which differ from the above chiefly in name, and in the Sisters never quitting their sanctuary or the precincts of their gardens. The Sisters of Charity, properly so called, not being vowed to seclusion, are more generally known to the world, who see them, and therefore believe that they exist for charitable purposes, while of those of whom they see nothing they know nothing; and should the casual observer meet in the street on a festival, or day of examination, a column of from 300 to 800 children, from six to ten or twelve years of age, neatly clothed, and whose happy countenances and beautiful behaviour bespeak the care with which their early education has been conducted—it never once occurs to him that these are the children of the poor, the children of the free schools of the 'Sisters' of the Ursuline Convent, or of the Congregation of Notre Dame, or of some other religious establishment of the kind. But perhaps we shall have an opportunity hereafter of introducing these invisible Sisters of Charity to the notice of our readers.

Suffice it now to say, that the 'Sisters of Mercy,' the 'Ursulines,' the 'Congregations of Notre Dame,' the 'English Ladies,' and many others, are all in practice Sisters of Charity.

It is not uncommon to hear their condition deplored, as one from which all earthly enjoyments are excluded, or as a kind of death in life. But personal observation has given us different ideas on this subject. Within those lofty, and sometimes sullen-looking walls which enclose the convents of the sisterhoods we speak of, we have spent some of the most agreeable hours of our life, conversing with refined and enlightened women on

the works of beneficence in which they were engaged; everything bearing an aspect of that cheerfulness and animation which only can be expected in places where worthy duties are well performed.

ADVENTURES OF AN ARMY PHYSICIAN.

ROBERT JACKSON, the son of a small landed proprietor of limited income but respectable character in Lanarkshire, was born in 1750, at Stonebyres, in that county. He received his education first at the barony school of Wandon, and afterwards under the care of Mr Wilson, a teacher of considerable local celebrity at Crawford, one of the wildest spots in the Southern Highlands. He was subsequently apprenticed to Mr William Baillie, of Biggar; and in 1766 proceeded, for the completion of his professional training, to the university of Edinburgh, at that time illustrated and adorned by the genius and learning of such men as the Monros, the Cullens, and the Blacks.

In pursuing his studies at this favoured abode of science and literature, young Jackson is said to have evinced all that purity of morals and singleness of heart which characterised him in after-life, and to have resisted the allurements of dissipation by which, in those days especially, the youthful student was tempted to wander from the paths of virtuous industry. His circumstances were, however, distressingly narrow; and not only was he forced to forego the means of professional improvement open only to the more opulent student; but in order to meet the expenses of the winter-seasons, he was obliged to employ the summer, not in the study but in the practice of his profession. He engaged himself as medical officer to a Greenland whaler, and in two successive summers visited, in that capacity, 'the thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' returning on each occasion with a recruited purse and a frame strengthened and invigorated by exposure and exercise. During these expeditions he occupied his leisure with the study of the Greek and Roman languages, and the careful and repeated perusal of the best authors in both.

His third winter-sessions at Edinburgh having passed away, he was induced to go out and seek his fortune in Jamaica, and accordingly proceeded thither in a vessel commanded by one Captain Cunningham, who had previously been employed as master of a transport at the siege of Havannah. It is far from improbable that it was from his conversations with this individual that Jackson derived those hints, of which at a future time he availed himself, respecting the transmission of troops by sea without injury to their health; but it is quite certain his conviction of the enormous value of cold-water affusions as a curative agent in the last stage of febrile affections, was imbibed from this source.

Arriving in Jamaica, he in 1774 became assistant to an eminent general practitioner at Savana-la-Mar, Dr King, who was also in medical charge of a detachment of the first battalion of the 60th regiment. This latter he consigned to Jackson's care; and well worthy of the trust did our young adventurer, though but twenty-four years of age, approve himself—visiting three or four times a day the quarters of the troops to detect incipient disease, and studying with ardour and intelligent attention the varied phenomena of tropical maladies. Four years thus passed profitably away, and they would have been as pleasant as profitable, but for one circumstance. The existence of slavery and its concomitant horrors appears to have made a deep impression on Jackson's mind, and, at last, to have produced in him such sentiments of disgust and abhorrence, that he resolved on quitting the island altogether, and, as the phrase is, trying his luck in North America, where the revolutionary war was then raging. This resolution—due perhaps, as much to his love of travel as to the motive assigned—was not altogether unfortu-

nate, for shortly after his departure, October 3, 1780, Savana-la-Mar was totally destroyed, and the surrounding country for a considerable distance desolated, by a terrible hurricane and sweeping inroad of the sea, in which Dr King, his family and partner, together with numbers of others, unhappily perished.

The law of Jamaica forbade any one to leave the island without having given previous notice of his intention, or having obtained the bond of some respectable person as security for such debts as he might have outstanding. Jackson, when he embarked for America, had no debts whatever, and was, moreover, ignorant of the law, with whose requirements therefore he did not comply. Nor did he become aware of his mistake until, when off the easternmost point of the island, the master of the vessel approached him and said: 'We are now, sir, off Point-Morant; you will therefore have the goodness to favour me with your security-bond. It is a mere legal form, but we are obliged to respect it.' Finding this 'legal form' had not been complied with, the master then, in spite of Jackson's protestations and entreaties, set him on shore, and the vessel continued on her voyage. What was to be done? Almost penniless, landed on a part of the coast where he knew not a soul, Jackson well-nigh gave himself up to despair. There was a vessel for New York loading, it was true, at Luca; but Luca was 150 miles distant, on the westernmost side of the island, and not to be reached by sea, whilst our adventurer's purse would not suffer him to hire a horse. No choice was left him but to walk, and that in a country where the exigencies of the climate make pedestrianism perilous in the extreme to the white man. Having reached Kingston, which was in the neighbourhood, in a boat, and obtained the necessary certificate, he started on his dangerous expedition, and on the first day walked eighteen miles, being sheltered at night in the house of a benevolent planter. The next day he pushed on for Rio Bueno, which he had almost reached, when, overcome by thirst, he stopped by the way to refresh himself, and imprudently standing in an open piazza exposed to a smart easterly breeze, whilst his lemonade was preparing, contracted a severe chill that almost took from him the power of motion, and left him to crawl along the road slowly and with pain, until he reached his destination.

Having finally arrived, friendless and moneyless, in New York, then in the occupation of the British, he endeavoured first to obtain a commission in the New York volunteers, and afterwards employment as mate in the Naval Hospital. In his endeavours, he was kindly assisted by a Jamaica gentleman, a fellow-passenger, whose regard during the voyage he had succeeded in conciliating by his amiable manners and evident abilities; but his efforts were all in vain, and poor Jackson, familiar with poverty from childhood, began now to experience the misery of destitution. In truth, starvation stared him in the face, and a sense of delicacy withheld him from seeking from his Jamaica friend the most trifling pecuniary assistance. In this, his state of desperation, he determined upon passing the British lines, and endeavouring to obtain amongst the insurgents the food he had hitherto sought in vain; resolving, however, under no circumstances to bear arms against his native country. Whilst moodily and slowly walking towards the British outposts to carry into execution this scheme, having in one pocket a shirt, and in another a Greek Testament and a Homer, he was met half-way by a British officer, who fixed his eyes steadily on him in passing. Jackson in his agitation thought he read in the glance a knowledge of his purpose and a disapprobation of it. Struck by the incident, he turned back, and, after a moment's reflection, resolved on offering himself as a volunteer in the first battalion of the 71st regiment (Sutherland Highlanders), then in cantonment near New York.

Arriving at the place, he presented himself to the notice of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Sir Archibald) Campbell, who, having first ascertained that he was a Scotsman, inquired to whom he was known at New York. Jackson replied, to no one; but that a fellow-passenger from Jamaica would readily testify to his being a gentleman. 'I require no testimony to your being a gentleman,' returned the kind-hearted colonel. 'Your countenance and address satisfy me on that head. I will receive you into the regiment with pleasure; but then I have to inform you, Mr Jackson, that there are seventeen on the list before you, who are of course entitled to prior promotion.' The next day, at the instance of Colonel Campbell, the regimental-surgeon, Dr Stuart, appointed Jackson acting hospital or surgeon's mate—a rank now happily abolished in the British army; for those who filled it, whatever might be their competency or skill, were accounted and treated no better than drudges. Although discharging the duties that now devolve on the assistant-surgeon, they were not, like him, commissioned, but only warrant-officers, and therefore had no title to half-pay.

Dr Stuart, who appears to have been a man superior to vulgar prejudice, and to have appreciated at once the extent of Jackson's acquirements and the vigour of his intellect, relinquished to him, almost without control, the charge of the regimental hospital. Here it was that this able young officer began to put in practice that amended system of army medical treatment which since his time, but in conformity with his teachings, has been so successfully carried out as to reduce the mortality amongst our soldiery from what it formerly was—something like 15 per cent.—to what it is now, about 2½ per cent.

In the army hospitals, at the period Jackson commenced a career that was to eventuate so gloriously, there was no regulated system of diet, no classification of the sick. What are now well known as 'medical comforts,' were things unheard of; the sick soldier, like the healthy soldier, had his ration of salt-beef or pork, and his allowance of rum. The hospital furnished him with no bedding; he must bring his own blanket. Any place would do for an hospital. That in which Jackson began his labours had originally been a commissary's store; but happily its roof was water-tight—an unusual occurrence—and its site being in close proximity to a wood, our active surgeon's mate managed, by the aid of a common fatigue party, to surround the walls with wicker-work platforms, which served the patients as tolerably comfortable couches. A further and still more important change he effected related to the article of diet. He suggested, and the suggestion was adopted—honour to the courageous humanity which did not shrink from so righteous an innovation!—that instead of his salt ration and spirits, which he could not consume, the sick soldier should be supplied with fresh meat, broth, &c.; and that, as the quantity required for the invalid would be necessarily small, the quarter-master should allow the saving on the commuted ration to be expended in the common market on other comforts, such as sago, &c. suitable for the patient. Thus proper hospital diet was furnished, without entailing any additional expense on the state.*

Indefatigable in the discharge of his interesting duties, Mr Jackson speedily obtained the confidence of his military superiors, who remarked with admiration not only his intelligent zeal in performing his hospital functions, but his calmness, quickness of perception,

and generous self-devotion when in the field of battle. On one occasion, although suffering at the time from severe indisposition, he remained, under a heavy fire, succouring the wounded, in spite of the remonstrances of the officers present. On another, having observed the British commander, Colonel (afterwards General) Tarleton, in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, who had routed the royalist troops, he galloped up to the colonel—whom a musket-ball had just dismounted—pressed him to mount his own horse and escape, whilst he himself, with a white handkerchief displayed, quietly proceeded in the direction of the advancing foe, and surrendered himself at once. The American commander, who did not know what to make of such conduct, asked him who he was? He replied: 'I am assistant-surgeon in the 71st regiment. Many of the men are wounded, and in your hands. I come, therefore, to offer my services in attending them.' He was accordingly sent to the rear as a prisoner; but was well treated, and spent the first night of his captivity in dressing his soldiers' wounds, taking off his shirt, and tearing it up into bandages for the purpose. He afterwards did the same good office for the American sufferers; and when the wounded English could be exchanged, Washington sent him back, not only without exchange, but even without requiring his parole. At a subsequent period during the same unhappy war, when the British under Lord Cornwallis were in full retreat, the sick and wounded were placed in a building which the colonists, on their approach, began to riddle with shot. Several surgeons, not caring to incur the risk of entering so exposed an edifice, agreed to cast lots who should go in and see to the invalids; but Jackson, with characteristic nerve and simplicity, at once stepped forward: 'No, no,' said he, 'I will go and attend to the men!' He did so, and returned unhurt.

After this we find him a prisoner in the hands of the Americans and French at New York Town, Virginia. As on the former occasion, he was treated with all imaginable kindness; and, being released on parole, returned to Europe early in 1782, and proceeded by way of Cork, Dublin, and Greenock to Edinburgh, where he abode for a short time. Thence he started for London; and, desirous of testing the best way of sustaining physical strength during long marches, and urged perhaps also by economical considerations, he resolved to make the journey on foot. His West Indian and American experience had taught him that spare diet consisted best with pedestrian efficiency, and it was accordingly his practice, during this long walk, to abstain from animal food until the close of day, nor often then to partake of it. He would walk some fourteen miles before breakfast—a meal of tea and bread; rest then for an hour or an hour and a half; then pace on until bedtime—a salad, a tart, or sometimes tea and bread, forming his usual evening fare. He found that on this diet he arose every morning at dawn with alacrity, and could prosecute without inconvenience his laborious undertaking. By way of experiment he twice or thrice varied his plan—dining on the road off beefsteaks, and having a draught of porter in the course of the afternoon; but the result justified his anticipations. The stimulus of the beer soon passing off, lassitude succeeded the temporary strength it had lent him; and, worse than all, his disposition to early rising sensibly diminished.

His stay in London, which he reached in this primitive fashion, was not long. His kind friend Dr Stuart, who had exchanged into the Royal Horse-Guards, gave him the shelter of his roof; but so poor was Mr Jackson, that, although ardently desirous of improving himself in his profession, he was unable to attend any one of the medical schools with which London abounds.

The peace of 1783 having opened the continent to the curiosity of the British traveller, Jackson curtly announced to his friends, that 'he was going to take a

* The late Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, when in command, during the war, of a frigate on the coast of Calabria, finding sickness appear amongst his crew, purchased on his own responsibility some bullocks, for the purpose of supplying them with fresh meat. Lord Collingwood having heard of this, and considering it a breach of discipline, sent for Codrington, and addressed him: 'Captain Codrington, pray have you any idea of the price of a bullock in this place?' 'No, my lord,' was the reply, 'I have not; but I know well the value of a British sailor's life!'

walk.' His poverty allowed him no other mode of locomotion; so off he set on the grand tour, carrying with him a map of France, a bundle of clothes, and a scanty supply of money. Crossing the channel, he reached Calais, a place which Horace Walpole, writing from Rome, declared had astonished him more than anything he had elsewhere seen, but in which our adventurer found nothing more astonishing than a superb Swiss regiment. He proceeded to Paris, and thence through Switzerland, by Geneva and Berne, into Germany, at a town of which—Günz in Suabia—he met with a comical enough adventure.

On entering the town he was challenged by a soldier, who, having learned he had no passport, carried him before a magistrate, by whom he was forthwith condemned as a vagabond, and remitted to the custody of a recruiting sergeant. This worthy, in turn, introduced him to the commanding officer, who politely gave our traveller the choice of serving his Imperial and Apostolic Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, either in his cavalry or his infantry forces. But Jackson, strangely insensible to the honour, flatly refused to serve his Majesty in these or any other ways, and desired to be at once set free, and suffered to continue his journey. The officer, doubtless amazed at such presumption, desired the sergeant to convey him to the barracks, where he was placed in a large room, in which were congregated some two hundred or so involuntary recruits like himself—harmless travellers, who, being destitute of passports, the emperor forcibly enlisted into his service. Jackson found his co-mates in misfortune very dirty, very ragged, but perfectly civil and good-tempered. Having a little recovered his serenity—for it is easy to see, though our hero is described as a man of placid demeanour and somewhat Quakerly appearance, he could be not a little fiery at times—he sat down and wrote to the commanding officer, entreating leave to sleep at an inn, and proffering the deposit of all his money as a pledge for his reappearance next morning. The reply was an order that he should surrender his writing materials. At seven o'clock, the appointed sleeping hour, the sergeant returned and gave the signal for bed by rapping with his cane on the floor, which was speedily covered by a number of dirty bags of mouldy straw—the regulation mattresses, it would seem, for involuntary recruits. Jackson—peppery again—refused to lie down, but was at last compelled to do so, and between two of the dirtiest fellows of the lot, each of whom had a leg chained to an arm. The next morning, at his own request, he was brought before the commandant of the town, who had only arrived late the preceding evening, and whom he found seated in his bedroom, 'with all his officers standing round him receiving orders,' says Jackson, 'with more humility than orderly-sergeants.' The commandant repeated the offer of 'cavalry or infantry;' adding that a war was about to commence with the Turks, and that good-behaviour would insure promotion. However, finding Jackson obstinately persistent in his refusal, he quietly observed, in conclusion, that the emperor, as a matter of rule and of right, 'impressed' into his army all such as entered his dominions without certificates of character. 'The order was so tyrannical,' declares our *détenu*, 'that I could not contain myself. "Put me in chains, if you please," I said, "but I tell you, all Germany shall not make me carry a musket for the emperor."' This impetuous burst of indignation seems to have alarmed the phlegmatic commandant, who accordingly let our adventurer go, counselling him, however, to write to the English ambassador at Vienna for a passport, lest he should get into further trouble.

Jackson passed through the Tyrol into Italy, everywhere indulging his love of scenery and still greater love of adventure; studying with all the acuteness of his countrymen the varied characters of the people he met with, and in his correspondence with home friends,

sketching them in language striking for its force, its propriety, and originality. Some of his remarks on men and manners are conceived in a truly Goldsmithian vein, whilst all testify at once to the goodness of his heart and the quickness of his perceptions. At Venice he says that he felt it to be 'such a feast of enjoyment as seldom falls to the lot of man, and never to the lot of any but a poor man, who has nothing conspicuous about him to attract the notice of the crowd,' to possess such facilities as he did for learning what the people of foreign countries really were.

At Albenga, in Piedmont, Jackson arrived one night, tired, hungry, and drenched with rain. Intending to put up at the 'Albergo di San Domenico,' which he had been informed was the best inn, he went by accident to the convent of the same name, and entering, called loudly to be shewn to a private room. 'Instead of telling me I was wrong,' he says, 'the young brethren looked waggish, and began to laugh: when a man is cold and hungry, he can ill brook being the sport of others;' so accordingly—peppery again—he shook his stick angrily at the young monks. And at last one of the most courteous and demure of the number, coming forward, said that although theirs was not exactly a public-house, still the stranger was heartily welcome to walk in, rest, and refresh himself. Discovering his mistake, Jackson of course lost no time in making his bow, his apologies, and acknowledgments.

He returned to England by way of France, having but six sous in his pockets when he reached Bordeaux, where an English merchant, a total stranger, advanced him a few pounds. On the road, he was frequently taken for an Irishman, and not seldom for an Irish priest; under which impression, many civilities were paid him by the simple inhabitants of the country he traversed. Ultimately he landed at Southampton, with just four shillings in his possession; his once black coat having turned a rusty brown, his hat shovel-shaped by ill-usage, and his whole aspect so comical, that the mob hooted him, under the belief that he was a Methodist preacher. Proceeding inland on foot, in the direction of Southampton, he overtook a poor man walking along the road whose looks of unutterable misery induced our traveller to stop and inquire what ailed him. He told Jackson he had a son and daughter dying of a disorder apparently contagious, and that no physician would attend them, as he was too poor to pay the fees. Jackson at once offered his services, which were gratefully accepted. He saw his patients, and prescribed for them, and his heart was touched by their simple expressions of gratitude. 'Their thankfulness,' he says, 'for a thing that would perhaps do them no good, gave me more pleasure than a fee of, I believe, twenty guineas, much in need of it as I was.' The night had gathered in before he reached Winchester, where, at a respectable inn, he partook of such refreshment as his means afforded, and then desired to be shewn to his bedroom. The answer was, that the house contained no bedroom for such as he, and he was finally driven out with the coarsest abuse into the streets. The hour was ten o'clock, the month December, and the severity of the weather may be guessed from the fact, that the snow lay deep on the ground. After wandering about for some time, he at last obtained shelter in a small house in the outskirts of the city. The next day he fared little better. 'On Sunday morning,' he relates, 'I was sixty-four miles from London, and had only one shilling in my pocket. I was hungry, but durst not eat; thirsty, and I durst not drink, for fear of being obliged to lie all night at the side of a hedge in a cold night in December. After dark, I travelled over to Bagshot; was denied admittance into some of the public-houses, ill used in others.' He sought in vain permission even to lie in a barn; but a labourer he fortunately fell in with conducted him to a house, where, at the sacrifice of his last shilling, he

secured at length a bed. The next day—foot-sore, penniless, and starving—he entered London. After remaining there a brief space—January 1784—in spite of the inclement season, he set off, again on foot, to Perth—a journey that occupied him three weeks, as he was detained on the way by some friends whom he visited. At Perth, where his old regiment then lay previous to its disbandment, he amused himself by studying Gaelic, and the controversy respecting Ossian and his poems. Quitting Perth, he travelled, still on foot, through the Highlands, the inhabitants of which he was, in the first instance, disposed to class with savages; but when he had observed the originality of conception, the breadth of humour, and the elevated sentiments which mark the Celt, his opinions underwent a total revolution. He was especially delighted with a ragged old reiver or cattle-lifter whom he encountered, and who had given shelter to the Young Chevalier in the braes of Glenmoriston after the battle of Culloden.

On his return to Edinburgh, Jackson married a lady of fortune, the daughter of Dr Stephenson, and niece of his old friend Colonel Francis Shelley, of the 71st regiment; and was enabled by this accession to his means once again to visit Paris, where he not only resumed his medical studies, but acquired the mastery of several languages, Arabic amongst the rest. Having graduated M.D. at Leyden, he came back again to England, and commenced practice at Stockton-upon-Tees, in Durham. Although his reputation speedily became considerable, especially in cases of fever, he seems scarcely to have liked his new avocation. He found solace, however, in his favourite study of languages, which he pursued with unremitting ardour—constantly reading through the Greek and Latin classics, and not only rendering himself familiar with the best works of the modern continental authors, but also with the literature of the Arabic, Persian, Hebrew, and Gaelic tongues. The *Bostan* of Saadi is said to have been one of his most favourite poems.

On the war breaking out in 1793, Dr Jackson—who, in 1791, had published a valuable work on the fevers of Jamaica and continental America—applied for employment as army-physician; but Mr Hunter, the director-general of the medical department of the army, considering none eligible for such employment who had not served as staff or regimental surgeon, or apothecary to the forces, Jackson agreed to accept, in the first instance, the surgeoncy of the 8d Buffs, on the understanding, that at a future time, he should be nominated physician as he desired. Mr Hunter, however, died soon after this; and his promise was not fulfilled by the Board which succeeded him in the medical direction of the army, and which appears to have pursued Dr Jackson with uniform hostility.

Returning to England with the troops, it was offered to him to accompany, in the capacity of chief medical officer, Sir Ralph Abercromby's expedition against some of the West India islands; and although no employment could possibly have been more agreeable to his taste, he, much to Sir Ralph's chagrin, declined the flattering proposal, on the grounds, that lower terms had been offered to him than to another professional man. Nothing but a sense of professional delicacy, it is plain, governed him in this transaction, for he immediately afterwards embarked (April 1796) as second medical officer in another expedition to San Domingo. During his abode in this island, he was unwearied in enlarging his acquaintance with tropical diseases—observing the rule he had followed in Holland of noting down by the patient's bedside the minutest particulars of every case he attended, the effects of the treatment pursued, and whatever else might shed light on the intricacies of pathological science. He also gave a larger practical operation to the scheme he had years before devised of amending the dietaries of military hospitals.

After the evacuation of San Domingo in 1798, our physician paid a visit to the United States, where he was received with signal distinction, his reputation having preceded him. The latter part of the year found him again at Stockton, publishing a work on contagious and endemic fevers, 'more especially the contagious fever of ships, jails, and hospitals, vulgarly called the yellow-fever of the West Indies;' together with 'an explanation of military discipline and economy, with a scheme for the medical arrangements of armies.' He undertook, about this time, by desire of Count Woronzow, the Russian ambassador, the medical charge of seventeen hundred Russian soldiers, who were stationed in the Channel Islands in a sad state of disease and disorganization; and so admirably did he acquit himself, and so perfect were the hospital provisions he made, that (1800) the commander-in-chief nominated him physician and head of the army-hospital dépôt at Chatham—as he says, 'without any application or knowledge on his part.' This appointment was the cause of his subsequent misfortunes.

At Chatham, with the warm approbation of Major-General Hewett, commanding the dépôt, he introduced that system of hospital reform which had elsewhere operated so successfully. The changes he effected, as soon as they were made, became known to the Medical Board, and were publicly approved of by one of its members. However, shortly afterwards, an epidemic broke out in the dépôt (then removed to the Isle of Wight), arising from the fact, that the barracks were overcrowded with young recruits, but which the Medical Board ascribed to Jackson's innovations, and reported so to the Horse-Guards. The commander-in-chief directed an inquiry to take place before a medical board impanelled for the purpose, and the result of that inquiry may be guessed from a communication made by the War-Office to the commandant of the dépôt. This states 'the unanimous opinion of the Board to have exculpated Dr Jackson from all improper treatment of diseases in the sick,' and the commander-in-chief's gratification, 'that an opportunity has thus been given to that most zealous officer of proving his fitness for the important situation in which he is placed.' The result of this wretched intrigue, however, was that Jackson, disgusted with the whole affair, requested to be placed on half-pay, to which request the Duke of York, with marked reluctance, at last (March 1803) acceded.

In his retirement at Stockton, Jackson put forth two valuable works, one on the medical economy of armies, and another on that of the British army in particular, and was much gratified by an offer to accompany, as military secretary, General Simcoe, just appointed commander-in-chief in India. The general's sudden death, however, put an end to this plan; and Jackson continued at Stockton, addressing frequent representations to government on the defective medical arrangements in the military service—representations the very receipt of which were not acknowledged by Mr Pitt, to whom they were forwarded. The Peninsular war commencing, Dr Jackson was again named Inspector of Hospitals, but was not, thanks to the persevering enmity of the Medical Board, sent on foreign service, although he volunteered to sink his rank, and go in any capacity. The Board even succeeded, by calumnious statements that he had purchased his diploma—statements he readily confuted—in preventing his appointment to the Spanish liberating army; although the British government had formally requested him to accept such an appointment, and agreed to give credentials testifying to his capacity and trustworthiness. This last disappointment led him, in an unguarded moment—peppery to the last—to inflict a slight personal chastisement on the surgeon-general, for which he was imprisoned six months in the King's Bench.

But the triumph of his enemies was not of long duration. In 1810 the Board was dissolved, and the control of the medical department vested in a director-general, with three principal inspectors subordinate to him. Then did Jackson return to active service, and from 1811 to 1815 was employed in the West Indies; his reports from whence embracing every topic relating to medical topography, to sanitary arrangements, and to the observed phenomena of tropical disease, are, it is not too much to say, invaluable. His hints as to the choice of sites for barracks, the propriety of giving to soldiers healthy employment and recreation, as a means of averting sickness, his suggestions as to the treatment of fevers and other endemic diseases, may be found in the various works he has published, embodying the fruits of his West Indian experience.

In 1819, he was sent by government to Spain, where the yellow-fever had broken out, and his report upon its characteristics has been universally admitted to supply the fullest information on the subject that had hitherto been communicated to the public. He availed himself of his presence in that part of Europe to pay a visit to Constantinople and the Levant; and, retaining his energy to the last, when a British force was sent to Portugal in 1827, he desired permission to accompany it. The sands of his life, however, were then fast running out, and on the 6th of April in the same year he died, after a short illness, at Thursby, near Carlisle, in the 77th year of his age. Thus closed a long career of usefulness; for it is not too much to say, that few men of his time laboured harder to benefit his fellow-creatures than did Dr Robert Jackson.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

It is thirty years since we first met the Mysterious Lady at a fashionable sea-side boarding-house, and on our introduction, we found that her brother, General Jerningham, was well known to some members of our family. For five-and-twenty years afterwards she haunted us at intervals; and so singularly and secretly conducted were all her movements, that had she lived in the days of the Inquisition, Miss Jerningham might have proved one of its most valuable agents and coadjutors. She was a thin, middle-aged personage, or, more correctly speaking, of uncertain age, and without anything remarkable in her exterior, which was decidedly lady-like, if we except a pair of the very smallest and most restless brown eyes that were ever set in mortal's head. These eyes expressed suspicion, together with intelligence and close observation. They were clear and sparkling, and shaded by no drooping fringes; and some folks declared that Miss Jerningham slept with her eyes open. On conversing with her, she appeared to have been everywhere and to know everything; but the moment any allusion was made to the future, any attempt to discuss her prospective plans, then did the little brown eyes assume a reddish tinge, their expression passing from suspicion and alarm to the most stubborn resolve. All this was somewhat ludicrous, because nobody really felt particular interest in her movements, or desired to pry into her actions; but on discovering what appeared to be the weak point in her character—because it was out of all proportion strong—idle people, in search of amusement, availed themselves of the knowledge to lead her a very uncomfortable life. Her most intimate friends never knew, for months together, where she was to be found; and it was currently reported that General Jerningham had once advertised in the *Times* for his sister. Certain it is, she always conned the newspapers with avidity, particularly the portion devoted to anonymous communications and the mystical interchange of sentiments; and we frequently suspected that her interest arose from a deeper source than mere curiosity. The simple query: 'Where do you think of passing

this autumn, Miss Jerningham?' threw her into a state of strange excitement; and she always commenced her answer somewhat in the following strain: 'Letters of importance, daily looked for, will determine me—circumstances over which I have no control: it is possible that I may visit Cowes;' but a possibility declared in this way by Miss Jerningham was never known to come to pass. Wherever she chanced to be seen, former acquaintances popped upon her with uplifted hands, exclaiming: 'What! you here? Why, we thought you were at Ilfracombe'—or some other far-away place. 'How long have you been here?—how long do you stay?' were questions easily parried; but if a more searching investigation commenced, then the Mysterious Lady turned, and twisted, and doubled painfully; but somehow always managed to elude and baffle her persecutors.

Miss Jerningham's moral rectitude and unimpeachable propriety of conduct—unsullied by the breath of detraction—rendered her in a great measure impervious to downright ill-nature; but still she was open to teasing and bantering; and the more she was teased, and the more she was bantered, the more impenetrable she became. We endeavoured to find out from herself—but unsuccessfully—if she had always led such a roving kind of existence, and also how it originated; for General Jerningham had a nice villa near the metropolis, and a small, amiable, domestic circle, ready to receive and welcome the wanderer. But no: she came upon them unawares, and at periods when they least expected her, and disappeared again as suddenly, they knew not why nor whither. In this way she vanished from the boarding-house where we first met her, with no intimation of her intention even to our hostess, till her baggage was ready and the coach at the door.

'Where is Miss Jerningham?' was the unanimous cry when she did not appear in her usual place.

'She left us early this morning,' quietly replied the landlady.

'Gone—really gone?' was repeated in various tones of disappointment; and one old gentleman, who had paid the absent lady marked attention, demanded in a chagrined voice: 'Pray, where has she gone? Can you tell us that, ma'am?—heigh!'

'No, sir, I cannot,' replied our hostess. 'All I can say is, that Miss Jerningham is a very honourable and generous lady, and wherever she is, I wish her well.'

'Humph!' said the old gentleman gruffly; 'she must have a good fortune to do as she does.'

'Yes, sir, she must,' was the reply: 'and go where she will, I believe that Miss Jerningham always gives plentiful alms. It seems her settled habit, like.'

'Settled habit!' muttered the old gentleman: 'she hasn't got a settled habit, ma'am: she is a most unsettled and extraordinary individual.'

'Well, sir, perhaps so,' replied Mrs Smith; 'but Miss Jerningham is quite the lady.' And in that opinion we all coincided, supposing our hostess by the word lady to have meant gentlewoman.

A few months afterwards she called upon us in London. She was not staying with her brother, but declined giving her address, remarking that it was not worth while, as she was about to change her abode immediately. By accident, however, we discovered afterwards that Miss Jerningham had lodged for the whole period within a dozen doors of us. Our surprise was lessened in after-years at the pertinacity with which she continued to appear to us, although always at uncertain intervals; for a service rendered by our father, referring to some banking transaction, apparently never escaped her memory, and she invariably alluded to this act of kindness with expressions of gratitude. This circumstance operated, we conjectured, as an encouragement to bestow on us an unusual mark of confidence and friendship, for such Miss Jerningham

considered it when requesting permission to add our address to an advertisement she was about inserting in the *Times* for 'eligible board and lodging.' She knew that newspapers were prohibited articles in our circle, consequently we had no opportunity of finding out that portion of the transaction she wished to conceal. In what locality this 'eligible board and lodging' was advertised for, we never inquired, judging it would be needless to do so, but we consented to receive the letters Miss Jerningham expected in answer.

Poor Miss Jerningham! great was her amazement as well as our own when, in the course of three days, we had amassed for her consideration and perusal no less than seventy-seven letters directed to 'X. Y. Z.' What temptations were held forth in the advertisement which elicited so many replies we never were made acquainted with: Miss Jerningham counted the letters, tied them up, and carried them off in triumph. Next day we received a handsome present of some chimney-ornaments, with 'Miss Jerningham's regards and best thanks;' but we saw no more of the Mysterious Lady for some years. When we did meet again in a quiet country town, she had been to America, and we had experienced vicissitude and bereavement. Our altered mode of living made no difference to Miss Jerningham: she accompanied us home, for we met in the marketplace; but as it is not so easy to keep one's place of abode secret in a small gossiping community, for once in her life she made a virtue of necessity, and openly divulged the fact of her locale, number and all specified. She did not know a creature in the town or in the suburbs—she came there for solitude. Conjecture was afloat in all quarters as to who or what she could be. Some said she must be a gentlewoman, because she wore velvet and satin, and gold chains—moreover, paid well for everything. Others affirmed she might be a gentlewoman—gentlewomen did queer things sometimes—but there must be some very strange reason for a lone and unknown female to drop from the skies, as it were, in the midst of strangers. For our own part, our mind was easier on her account, now that she had broken through her rule of secrecy; and we even hoped that when we saw her again, she might go a step farther, and throw off the veil entirely.

On calling at her lodgings, however, the next day, we learned that the lodger had decamped, after placing in the landlady's hand the solatium of another week's rent, as specified in the agreement—a week's notice or a week's money. Thus, for the space of five-and-twenty years, every now and then, did the Mysterious Lady turn up. Whenever we left home on a visit, we were sure, on our return, to find a card on the table, inscribed with the mystical characters—'Miss Jerningham.' No message left, no address given. The last time we ever saw her was in Hyde Park, walking arm-in-arm with her brother the general; and soon after we heard from the worthy veteran, that 'Bessie had gone on her travels again.'

If Miss Jerningham has really ceased to exist, her end was as mysterious and uncertain as the movements of her life. We say if, because we feel by no means sure on the subject, and should neither faint nor scream if she were to enter the apartment at this moment. It is about five years since General Jerningham set hurriedly off, in considerable dismay, for the scene of a direful conflagration in a northern county, wherein several unfortunate individuals had perished. The fire originated at a hotel, and the General had reasons for fearing that his sister might be among the number of the sufferers, for she was known to have followed that route. A notification likewise had appeared in the public prints, respecting an unknown lady, whose remains awaited the coroner's inquest, but afforded no clue whatever to recognition.

General Jerningham, however, came to the con-

clusion that he indeed beheld the mortal remains of his poor sister, although the only evidence he could obtain was the description given of her appearance by those who had seen her in life. He may have been influenced, likewise, by the fact, that the unfortunate lady had arrived at the hotel only on the previous day, and that no one knew who she was, whence she had come, or whether she was going. After making every possible inquiry, but without obtaining more satisfactory information, the General and his family put on mourning. The shock he had sustained produced bad effects on an already enfeebled constitution, and accelerated the veteran's decease. During his last days, he frequently alluded to 'poor Bessie' in affectionate terms; and we then gathered at least one fact relating to her past history. Her lover, it seems, had been suddenly carried off by malignant fever on the eve of their wedding-day, bequeathing to Bessie all his property; and Bessie, who had never known serious sorrow before, gave no sign, by sigh or lamentation, that she bemoaned the untimely fate of her betrothed, but withdrew herself from friends and connections, and became the restless, homeless, harmless being at whose peculiarities we had so often laughed, little thinking that tears of secret anguish had probably bedewed the pathway of her early wanderings. This very concealment of her grief, however, may have arisen from the peculiar idiosyncrasy which procured for her among all who knew her the name of the Mysterious Lady. But we will not talk of her in the past tense. We are so sure of her being alive, that we are even now anxious to conclude our visit to the pleasant house where this is indited, feeling a presentiment we cannot overcome, that the first interesting object we shall see on returning home is that mystical card which has so often startled and baffled our curiosity—'Miss Jerningham.'

CASH, CORN, AND COAL MARKETS.

A CIRCLE of a few hundred yards only in diameter, of which the centre should be the Duke of Wellington's statue in front of the Royal Exchange, London, would enclose within its magic girdle a far greater amount of real, absolute power, than was ever wielded by the most magnificent conqueror of ancient or modern times. There can be no doubt of this; for is it not the mighty heart of the all but omnipotent money-force of the world, whose aid withheld, invincible armies become suddenly paralysed, and the most gallant fleets that ever floated can neither brave the battle nor the breeze? And this stupendous power, say moralists, has neither a god, a country, nor a conscience! To-day, upon security, it will furnish arms and means to men struggling to rescue their country from oppression, themselves from servitude and chains—to-morrow, upon the assurance of a good dividend, it will pay the wages of the soldiery who have successfully desolated that country, and exterminated or enslaved its defenders. Trite, if sad commonplaces these, to which the world listens, if at all, with impatient indifference. I have not a very strong faith in the soundness of the commercial evangel upon this subject; still, the very last task I should set myself would be a sermon denunciative of mammon-worship—mammon-love—mammon-influence—and so on; and this for two quite sufficient reasons—one, that I have myself, I blushingly confess, a very strong partiality for notes of the governor and company of the Bank of England and sovereigns of full weight and fineness; the other, that the very best and fiercest discourse I ever heard fulminated against the debasing love of gold, especially characteristic, it is said, of these degenerate days, was delivered by a gentleman who, having lived some seventy useful and eloquent years at the rate of about three hundred a year or thereabout, was found to have

died worth upwards of L.60,000, all secured by mortgages bearing 7 per cent. interest on the Brazilian slave-estates of a relative by marriage. But as an illustration of power—and power under any form of development has a singular fascination for most minds—I have thought it may not be uninteresting to glance briefly at a few of the more salient features of the metropolitan mammoth markets.

Standing, then, by the statue of the Iron Duke, we have the Royal Exchange directly in front, Princes Street and the Poultry immediately behind, Lombard Street and Cornhill on the right, Threadneedle Street and Lothbury on the left hand. What an Aladin glitter seems to dance upon the paper as the names of these remarkable localities are jotted down, containing as they do so large a number of world-famous banking and commercial establishments whose operations and influence are limited only by the boundaries of civilisation! Let us look closely at one or two of the chief potentates, principalities, and powers which are there enthroned.

The Royal Exchange, it is well known, owes its origin to the public spirit of Sir Thomas Gresham, who, close upon three centuries ago, built the first Exchange upon the spot now before us. It was destroyed by fire in 1666; the next more costly erection met the same fate in 1888, and has been replaced by the present very handsome edifice. On the entablature is Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, who inaugurated Sir Richard Gresham's structure—the centre figure of a number of others emblematic of the all-embracing commerce of this country, and surmounted by the words: 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' If you ascend the steps of the Royal Exchange, and pass into the body of the building, you will find a considerable number of business-looking, sleek, earnest men there, eagerly engaged in canvassing the general affairs of the world, and more especially their own particular ventures, hopes, anticipations, investments therein. If you are an artist, or indeed at all impressionable in matters of taste, you will, I fear, be painfully affected by a marble figure near the centre of the hall, which many persons assert to be a statue of the Queen of these realms—a calumny which I, as a loyal subject, feel bound most emphatically to deny. But the chief interest attached to this building is that it is here the celebrated association known as 'Lloyd's' has its offices—that Lloyd's, whose name is familiar as a household word in every country the sea touches, and who underwrite the maritime ventures of every commercial nation of the globe. Very marvellous has been the rapid development of this gigantic institution, from the small beginnings of a few persons meeting in a coffee-house, till now, when it may be said well-nigh to monopolise the maritime-assurance business of the world. Not even America has been able to set up a rival to it at all worthy of the name; and hundreds of the long-voyage vessels of the States, as well as of all European powers, are insured here. There is, to be sure, a continental association that has borrowed its name without leave, and dubbed itself the 'Austrian Lloyd's'—a designation which forcibly reminds one of the remark of Coleridge when told that Kotzebue assumed to be the German Shakspeare: 'Quite so,' replied the author of the *Ancient Mariner*, 'a very German Shakspeare indeed.' The correspondence of the true Lloyd's is of course immense—enormous: their agents are everywhere; and so admirably regulated does the vast machine appear to be, that litigation between owners and underwriters is almost unknown. This is doubtless one of the causes of the prodigious success of the institution.

There is little more to notice in the Royal Exchange, except that the interior decorations are very tastefully executed; and therefore turn we now to this leviathan Bank of England—to the long, irregular, and by no

means imposing line of building on our left. This is William Cobbett's Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, whose rickety constitution and failing powers—according to that bold and blundering financier—betokened almost immediate dissolution more than a quarter of a century ago. Other men, less dominated by unreasoning prejudice than the author of the 'Political Register,' deceived themselves into the same notion; and it is very possible that there are even now persons who hold the faith as it was in Cobbett—just as we are told in one of Mr Disraeli's novels, that the Greek mythology is still the creed of a fragment of humanity existing somewhere in the mountains of Syria. At all events, since the late Sir Robert Peel placed it beyond the power of the governor and company to indulge in dangerous or erratic courses, it is abundantly manifest that to doubt of the perfect stability of the Bank of England is tantamount to questioning the infallibility of arithmetic. In the vaults and coffers of this huge establishment there is at present—as we learn from the published weekly-returns, a device of Sir Robert's—the bewildering amount of between L.14,000,000 and L.15,000,000 sterling in gold and silver!—a sum of which the figures glide smoothly and glibly enough off the pen or tongue, but a mass of treasure, nevertheless, that few persons can realise to themselves a distinct and accurate conception of. And yet—and what an idea does the fact present of the multitudinous resources, the unrivalled industry, the latent power of this country!—all that heap of precious metals, all that is besides in circulation, with the addition of the bank-note currency, is comparatively nothing when weighed against the true and real exchangeable wealth of Great Britain; wealth of which this coined and convertible paper-money is merely the standard sign of value, the recognised medium by which all things are bartered. It is easy to give one or two significant and startling illustrations of this fact—significant and startling in other respects than in enabling us to see pretty clearly through the currency-cobwebs industriously woven from time to time amongst us. All the money in the three kingdoms, the whole circulating medium of the realm—gold, silver, copper, paper—does not certainly exceed, if it reaches, which is very doubtful, the national revenue for one year, to say nothing of local rates and burdens! And it would, moreover, require all the money circulating in Great Britain and Ireland, including notes to the last farthing, to pay for the spirits, beer, and tobacco consumed annually by the people of the United Kingdom! The note-issues of the Bank of England are about L.19,000,000; its reserve in gold and silver, as we have seen, is upwards of L.14,000,000 sterling: these amounts added together would no more than about discharge the alcohol and weed score of the country for little more than seven months! Lightning-flashes these, that throw vivid gleams over the industrial activity, resources, powers, plague-spots of this mighty, restless, enterprising, but far from sufficiently instructed or disciplined British people.

But let us enter the great money-temple. Very imposing to me has always appeared the army of clerks seated in saturnine silence at the desks, or gliding with grave celerity about the place, and variously employed in balancing enormous accounts, shovelling up heaps of sovereigns, receiving and distributing bank-paper of vast value as coolly and unconcernedly as if engaged in counting out so many chestnuts. A strange feeling must, I suspect, perturb the mind of a newly-appointed clerk amidst all that astounding wealth, until the genius of the place has so moulded his thoughts and perceptions, that he has come to regard himself as but one of the dumb and dead parts of a mighty machine, over whose action he has no more control than he has over the courses of the stars. All these issue, cheque, gold,

bullion departments, with their numerous busy officials, are in truth but the husk and body of the establishment. They by whose will and breath it is animated and directed are nowhere at this hour to be seen. They met on this as on every other morning in their hall of inquisition—the Bank parlour—and decided there, without appeal, without reasons assigned, in the absence of the parties whose commercial reputation was trembling in the balance, upon the course of financial action to be pursued, and upon whose paper should or should not be discounted. A terrible stroke, sharper than a dagger could inflict, politely, blandly as it is performed, is that which falls upon a merchant for the first time informed that the Bank must decline to discount his bills! The announcement is usually received as smilingly as it is made. 'It is a matter of very slight consequence, *etcetera*;' but if you had been near enough, you might have noticed, as the clerk did, the quiver of the lip beneath that sickly smile, and that the face was as white as the rejected paper the merchant's trembling fingers were replacing in his pocket-book. And no wonder that he should be thus agitated, for the refusal has, he well knew, thrust him down the first steps of the steep and slippery descent, at the bottom of which lies bankruptcy—ruin! But these are ordinary downfalls, by the wrecks of which the busy haunts of commercial enterprise are paved; and we have other places to look in at. Before leaving the Bank, however, let us step a few paces to the left of the chief entrance. Now who would believe that in the very midst of this Mammon-temple, where space is of incalculable value, a large plot of greensward should have been jealously preserved, from which spring two fine elms, that from out the heat and turmoil of the place lift up their fresh leaves to the sky—bright, waving leaves, that as often as the sun kisses them, laugh out in sparkling triumph over the heated, anxious, jaded toilers and schemers below? Yet so it is.

Again in Threadneedle Street, and turning to the left, we reach, at the termination of the Bank-front, Bartholomew Lane, famous for nothing that I am aware of, save Capel Court, situate at about the centre, on the right-hand side. At the end of Capel Court is the Stock-Exchange, within whose sacred precincts subscribers only, and their clerks, may enter—a regulation strictly enforced by the liveried guardian at the door. But you can hear enough of the stentorian gabble going on within where we now are. Hark! 'A thousand pounds' consols at 96½–96½. 'Take 'em at 96½,' is the vociferous reply of a buyer. 'Mexican at 27½–27; Portuguese fours at 32½–32½; Spanish fives at 21; Dutch two-and-a-halfs at 50½–50½;' and so roars on the distracting Babel till the hour for closing strikes. Much of this business is no doubt legitimate—the *bona fide* sale and purchase of stock by the brokers, for which they charge their clients the very moderate commission of 2s. 6d. per L.100. The ruinous gambling of the Stock-Exchange is another matter, and is chiefly carried on by 'time' bargains—a sham-business, managed in this way:—A nominally buys of B L.100,000 worth of stock in consols, to be delivered at a fixed price, say 96, on the next settling-day. It is plain that if the market-price of consols shall have fallen, by the day named, to 94, B wins L.2000—the difference between L.100,000 estimated at 96 and 94 per cent. A must pay these L.2000, or, which amounts to the same thing, receive from B consols to the amount of L.100,000 at 96, that in reality are procurable at 94. It is simply and entirely a gambling bet upon what the price of funds will be on the next settling-day. These transactions have been pronounced fraudulent by the superior courts, and liabilities so contracted cannot be legally recovered. It is, for all that, quite certain that these 'debts of honour' entail misery, ruin, often death, on the madmen who habitually peril everything upon the turn of the Stock-Exchange dice—dice loaded, too, by every fraudulent device that

the ingenuity of the two parties engaged in the struggle can discover or invent. To the 'Bears,' who speculate for a fall, national calamity is a God-send. Especially a failure of the harvest, or a great military disaster like that which befell the Cabool expedition, is an almost priceless blessing—a cause of jubilant thanksgiving and joy. The 'Bulls,' on the other hand, whose gains depend upon a rise in the funds, are ever brimful of boasts, and paint all things *coulour de rose*. If the facts bear out the assertions of these bands of *speculators*—we prefer a mild term—why so much the better for the facts; but if not, sham-facts will answer the purpose, and to manufacture *them* 'is as easy as lying.' It is a remarkable fact, by the way, that out of the multitude of British fundholders there are not more than about 25,000 persons who are liable from that source to the income-tax—that is, who receive dividends to the amount of L.150 and upwards annually. The most numerous class of the national creditors eleven years ago—and there has, we believe, been no later return—were those whose annual dividends did not exceed L.50. These numbered 98,946: the next largest class, 85,069, were creditors whose yearly dividends did not exceed L.5; whilst only 192 persons were in the receipt of annual dividends exceeding L.2000.

But leaving these haunts of money-dealers, let us pass over to Leadenhall Street, turn down Billiter Street, and walk on till we reach Mark Lane and the plain, spacious, substantial, Doric-fronted building on the left hand, in which the great London Corn Market is held every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—the chief market, however, being that of Monday. There are no clamorous shoutings here. These crowds of staid, well-dressed, respectable people fly no kites, deal in no flimsy paper-schemes and shares. Their commerce is in corn, flour, seeds—the sustenance of man, in short. There are sober traders in realities, and the busy hum of voices has a smack of healthy traffic in it. It would so appear at all events, if we care not to look beneath the surface; and, in sooth, since the abolition of the sliding-scale has rendered the corn-supply continuous and regular as other staples, gambling to any ruinous extent has become almost impossible.

There is another great change apparent here; albeit this has been a very gradual one. A stranger will have remarked with surprise that there are but few, very few, of the knee-breeched, top-booted, double-chinned, jolly, old-class farmers amongst the numerous groups who are either watching their sample-bags and waiting for customers, or chewing and smelling handfuls of wheat and barley, and casting what they do not swallow on the flags, already carpeted with grain. Still in addition to a strong sprinkling of 'Friends,' there are, he perceives, a goodly number of stalwart, handsomely-dressed individuals, many of them wearing kid gloves, and carrying silk umbrellas neatly ensconced in oil-skin cases. There is a group, one of whom has just refused 45s. per quarter for a sample of prime white wheat. If we approach nearer to them, we shall perhaps discover their quality. As I guessed! These gentlemen are distressed agriculturists, who prefer selling their own corn to sending it to any of the numerous highly-respectable salesmen who occupy the offices round the two markets. There are scores here of these well-attired, healthy-faced, hearty-looking, stout-limbed, but distressed individuals present, with not one of whom I should have the slightest objection to dine to-day, or on any other day, for that matter. But we must beware of rash judgments. Appearances are often deceitful, and we know, besides, from high authority, that grief is apt to puff up and swell a man sadly at times.

There is no possibility, an eminent salesman informed us, of making even a proximate guess at the quantity of business done; neither, it appears, is there any reliance to be placed upon the amount of 'arrivals' as

given, either in the newspapers, or in the private circulars issued weekly to the trade. Corn, in this market, is usually sold at a month's credit, with discount for cash. The buyer secures a sample of his purchase in a small canvas bag, and the seller is of course bound to deliver the quantity agreed for at the same weight and quality. There is one patent fact highly creditable to our British cultivators, which I gather from a trade-circular dated September 29, 1851, and this is, that foreign grains, wheats especially, do not command anything like such prices as the English varieties. The highest price of English white wheat is set down at 45s. per quarter; all foreign wheat is marked considerably lower: Russian is quoted at from 31s. to 38s.; whilst Egyptian and Turkish are marked from 24s. to 26s. per quarter; and fine American flour is quoted at a price considerably under 'English Households.' These are not signs of decrepit or faint-hearted farming.

Being so near, we may as well look in for a few moments at the New Coal Exchange opposite Billingsgate Market; a sightly, circular building, of rich interior decoration, that will well repay a visit. It is one of our newest 'lions,' and is certainly a very significant sign and monument of the enormous and swiftly-increasing commercial activity of the country. On the tessellated wooden floor—with the anchor in the centre, an emblem not long to be appropriate to such a place, as we shall presently see—thousands of tons of coal are disposed of with marvellous rapidity; the days of sale being the same as those of the Mark-Lane Market.

There was a coal-tax, popularly known as the Richmond duty, which was levied for many years, for the benefit of one family, but was abolished some time ago. Its origin, and the especial circumstance which, gossip saith, more immediately led to its infliction, are not a little curious, perhaps instructive. The first Duke of Richmond of the present line was a son of Charles II. by Louise Renée de Pennevant de Querouaille, a French lady, better known to us as the Duchess of Portsmouth, to whom Otway dedicated his 'Venice Preserved' in such adulatory terms. This son, when only nine years of age, was created a Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter; and his mother, with the proverbial taste of her country, arranged a more graceful mode of wearing the blue ribbon, which, as we see in old portraits, was till then worn round the neck of the knight, with the George pendent from it. The duchess presented her son to the king with the ribbon thrown gracefully over his left shoulder, and the George pendent on the right side. His majesty was delighted, embraced his son, commanded that the insignia of the order should always be so worn, presented the youthful knight with 1s. per ton, Newcastle measure, upon all coals shipped in the Tyne for consumption in England, and secured the munificent parental gift by patent to the young duke and his heirs for ever. *Hôni soit qui mal y pense.*

After the fortunate family had enjoyed this revenue for about a century and a quarter, the then Duke of Richmond, a personage said to be wise in his generation, negotiated the sale of his patent with the government; and on the 19th of August 1799 the Lords of the Treasury agreed that the sum of L.499,833, 11s. 6d., the price of a perpetual annuity of L.19,000, should be paid for the surrender of the duke's right. This enormous sum was accordingly actually disbursed by the Exchequer in two payments, and the obnoxious impost on the Tyne coal-trade was abolished some thirty years afterwards—by which time the Treasury had been repaid much more than it had advanced, a circumstance inducing a belief that his Grace sold his inheritance much too cheaply. The estimate of the quantity of coals consumed in the United Kingdom, and

exported during the last year, reaches the staggering amount of 50,000,000 of tons—a tremendous advance, which proves, if nothing else, that if, as some will have it, we are an 'old' country, the capacity for hard work as well as power of consumption increases marvellously with age. At anyrate the three great business localities I have partially indicated are stupendous facts, the full significance of which will be fully comprehended by all and every one who may choose to compare these slight outline sketches with the great originals.

STORY OF REMBRANDT.

At a short distance from Leyden may still be seen a flour-mill with a quaint old dwelling-house attached, which bears, on a brick in a corner of the wide chimney, the date 1550. Here, in 1606, was born Paul Rembrandt. At an early age he manifested a stubborn, independent will, which his father tried in vain to subdue. He caused his son to work in the mill, intending that he should succeed him in its management; but the boy shewed so decided a distaste for the employment, that his father resolved to make him a priest, and sent him to study at Leyden. Every one knows, however, that few lads of fifteen, endowed with great muscular vigour and abundance of animal spirits, will take naturally and without compulsion to the study of Latin grammar. Rembrandt certainly did not; and his obstinacy proving an overmatch for his teachers' patience, he was sent back to the mill, when his father beat him so severely, that next morning he ran off to Leyden, without in the least knowing how he should live there. Fortunately he sought refuge in the house of an honest artist, Van Zwaanenberg, who was acquainted with his father.

'Tell me, Paul,' asked his friend, 'what do you mean to do with yourself, if you will not be either a priest or a miller? They are both honourable professions: one gives food to the soul, the other prepares it for the body.'

'Very likely,' replied the boy; 'but I don't fancy either; for in order to be a priest, one must learn Latin; and to be a miller, one must bear to be beaten. How do you earn your bread?'

'You know very well I am a painter.'

'Then I will be one too, Herr Zwaanenberg; and if you will go to-morrow and tell my father so, you will do me a great service.'

The good-natured artist willingly undertook the mission, and acquainted the old miller with his son's resolution.

'I want to know one thing,' said Master Rembrandt; 'will he be able to gain a livelihood by painting?'

'Certainly, and perhaps make a fortune.'

'Then if you will teach him, I consent.'

Thus Paul became the pupil of Van Zwaanenberg, and made rapid progress in the elementary parts of his profession. Impatient to produce some finished work, he did not give himself time to acquire purity of style, but astonished his master by his precocious skill in grouping figures, and producing marvellous effects of light and shade. The first lessons which he took in perspective having wearied him, he thought of a shorter method, and invented perspective for himself.

One of his first rude sketches happened to fall into the hands of a citizen of Leyden who understood painting. Despite of its evident defects, the germs of rare talent which it evinced struck the burgomaster; and sending for the young artist, he offered to give him a recommendation to a celebrated painter living at Amsterdam, under whom he would have far more opportunity of improvement than with his present instructor.

Rembrandt accepted the offer, and during the following year toiled incessantly. Meantime his finances were dreadfully straitened; for his father, finding that the expected profits were very tardy, refused to give money to support his son, as he said, in idleness. Paul, however, was not discouraged. Although far from possessing an amiable or estimable disposition, he held a firm and just opinion of his own powers, and resolved to make these subservient first to fortune and then to fame. Thus while some of his companions, having finished their preliminary studies, repaired to Florence, to Bologna, or to Rome, Paul, determined, as he said, not to lose his own style by becoming an imitator of even the mightiest masters, betook himself to his paternal mill. At first his return resembled that of the Prodigal Son. His father believed that he had come to resume his miller's work; and bitter was his disappointment at finding his son resolved not to renounce painting.

With a very bad grace he allowed Paul to displace the flour-sacks on an upper loft, in order to make a sort of studio, lighted by only one narrow window in the roof. There Paul painted his first finished picture. It was a *portrait of the mill*. There, on the canvas, was seen the old miller, lighted by a lantern which he carried in his hand, giving directions to his men, occupied in ranging sacks in the dark recesses of the granary. One ray falls on the fresh, comely countenance of his mother, who has her foot on the last step of a wooden staircase.* Rembrandt took this painting to the Hague, and sold it for 100 florins. In order to return with more speed, he took his place in the public coach. When the passengers stopped to dine, Rembrandt, fearing to lose his treasure, remained in the carriage. The careless stable-boy who brought the horses their corn forgot to unharness them, and as soon as they had finished eating, excited probably by Rembrandt, who cared not for his fellow-passengers, the animals started off for Leyden, and quietly halted at their accustomed inn. Our painter then got out, and repaired with his money to the mill.

Great was his father's joy. At length these silly daubs, which had so often excited his angry contempt, seemed likely to be transmuted into gold, and the old man's imagination took a rapturous flight. 'Neither he nor his old horse,' he said, 'need now work any longer; they might both enjoy quiet during the remainder of their lives. Paul would paint pictures, and support the whole household in affluence.'

Such was the old man's castle in the air; his clever, selfish son soon demolished it. 'This sum of money,' he said, 'is only a lucky windfall. If you indeed wish it to become the foundation of my fortune, give me one hundred florins besides, and let me return to Amsterdam: there I must work and study hard.'

It would be difficult to describe old Rembrandt's disappointment. Slowly, reluctantly, and one by one, he drew forth the 100 florins from his strong-box. Paul took them, and with small show of gratitude, returned to Amsterdam. In a short time his fame became established as the greatest and most original of living artists. He had a host of imitators, but all failed miserably in their attempts at reproducing his marvellous effects of light and shade. Yet Rembrandt prized the gold which flowed into him far more than the glory. While mingling the colours which were to flash out on his canvas in real living light, he thought but of his dingy coffers.

When in possession of a yearly income equal to L.2000 sterling, he would not permit the agent who collected his rents to bring them in from the country to Amsterdam, lest he should be obliged to invite him to dinner. He preferred setting out on a fine day, and going himself to the agent's house. In this way he

saved two dinners—the one which he got, and the one he avoided giving. 'So that's well managed!' he used to say.

This sordid disposition often exposed him to practical jokes from his pupils; but he possessed a quiet temper, and was not easily annoyed. One day a rich citizen came in, and asked him the price of a certain picture.

'Two hundred florins,' said Rembrandt.

'Agreed,' said his visitor. 'I will pay you to-morrow, when I send for the picture.'

About an hour afterwards a letter was handed to the painter. Its contents were as follow: 'MASTER REMBRANDT—During your absence a few days since, I saw in your studio a picture representing an old woman churning butter. I was enchanted with it; and if you will let me purchase it for 800 florins, I pray you to bring it to my house, and be my guest for the day.' The letter was signed with some fictitious name, and bore the address of a village several leagues distant from Amsterdam.

Tempted by the additional 100 florins, and caring little for breaking his engagement, Rembrandt set out early next morning with his picture. He walked for four hours without finding his obliging correspondent, and at length, worn out with fatigue, he returned home. He found the citizen in his studio, waiting for the picture. As Rembrandt, however, did not despair of finding the man of the 800 florins, and as a falsehood troubled but little his blunted conscience, he said: 'Alas! an accident has happened to the picture; the canvas was injured, and I felt so vexed that I threw it into the fire. Two hundred florins gone! However, it will be my loss, not yours, for I will paint another precisely similar, and it shall be ready for you by this time to-morrow.'

'I am sorry,' replied the amateur, 'but it was the picture you have burned which I wished to have; and as that is gone, I shall not trouble you to paint another.'

So he departed, and Rembrandt shortly afterwards received a second letter to the following effect: 'MASTER REMBRANDT—You have broken your engagement, told a falsehood, wearied yourself to death, and lost the sale of your picture—all by listening to the dictates of avarice. Let this lesson be a warning to you in future.'

'So,' said the painter, looking round at his pupils, 'one of you must have played me this pretty trick. Well, well, I forgive it. You young varlets do not know the value of a florin as I know it.'

Sometimes the students nailed small copper coins on the floor, for the mischievous pleasure of seeing their master, who suffered much from rheumatism in the back, stoop with pain and difficulty, and try in vain to pick them up.

Rembrandt married an ignorant peasant who had served him as cook; thinking this a more economical alliance than one with a person of refined mind and habits. He and his wife usually dined on brown bread, salt herrings, and small beer. He occasionally took portraits at a high price, and in this way became acquainted with the Burgomaster Six, a man of enlarged mind and unblemished character, who yet continued faithfully attached to the avaricious painter. His friendship was sometimes put to a severe test by such occurrences as the following:—

Rembrandt remarked one day that the price of his engravings had fallen.

'You are insatiable,' said the burgomaster.

'Perhaps so. I cannot help thirsting for gold.'

'You are a miser.'

'True: and I shall be one all my life.'

'Tis really a pity,' remarked his friend, 'that you will not be able after death to act as your own treasurer, for whenever that event occurs, all your works will rise to treble their present value.'

* This picture is believed to be no longer in existence. I have found its description in the work of the historian Decamps.

A bright idea struck Rembrandt. He returned home, went to bed, desired his wife and his son Titus to scatter straw before the door, and give out, first, that he was dangerously ill, and then dead—while the simulated fever was to be of so dreadfully infectious a nature that none of the neighbours were to be admitted near the sick-room. These instructions were followed to the letter; and the disconsolate widow proclaimed that, in order to procure money for her husband's interment, she must sell all his works, any property that he left not being available on so short a notice.

The unworthy trick succeeded. The sale, including every trivial scrap of painting or engraving, realised an enormous sum, and Rembrandt was in ecstasy. The honest burgomaster, however, was nearly frightened into a fit of apoplexy at seeing the man whose death he had sincerely mourned standing alive and well at the door of his studio. Meinherr Six obliged him to promise that he would in future abstain from such abominable deceptions. One day he was employed in painting in a group the likenesses of the whole family of a rich citizen. He had nearly finished it, when intelligence was brought him of the death of a tame ape which he greatly loved. The creature had fallen off the roof of the house into the street. Without interrupting his work, Rembrandt burst into loud lamentations, and after some time announced that the piece was finished. The whole family advanced to look at it, and what was their horror to see introduced between the heads of the eldest son and daughter an exact likeness of the dear departed ape. With one voice they all exclaimed against this singular relative which it had pleased the painter to introduce amongst them, and insisted on his effacing it.

'What!' exclaimed Rembrandt, 'efface the finest figure in the picture? No, indeed; I prefer keeping the piece for myself.' Which he did, and carried off the painting.

Of Rembrandt's style it may be said that he painted with light, for frequently an object was indicated merely by the projection of a shadow on a wall. Often a luminous spot suggested, rather than defined, a hand or a head. Yet there is nothing vague in his paintings: the mind seizes the design immediately. His studio was a circular room, lighted by several narrow slits, so contrived that rays of sunshine entered through only one at a time, and thus produced strange effects of light and shade. The room was filled with old-world furniture, which made it resemble an antiquary's museum. There were heaped up in the most picturesque confusion curious old furniture, antique armour, gorgeously-tinted stuffs; and these Rembrandt arranged in different forms and positions, so as to vary the effects of light and colour. This he called 'making his models sit to him.' And in this close adherence to reality consisted the great secret of his art. It is strange that his favourite amongst all his pupils was the one whose style least resembled his own—Gerard Douw—he who aimed at the most excessive minuteness of delineation, who stopped key-holes lest a particle of dust should fall on his palette, who gloried in representing the effects of fresh scouring on the side of a kettle.

Rembrandt died in 1674, at the age of sixty-eight. He passed all his life at Amsterdam. Some of his biographers have told erroneously that he once visited Italy: they were deceived by the word *Venetis* placed at the bottom of several of his engravings. He wrote it there with the intention of deluding his countrymen into the belief that he was absent, and about to settle in Italy—an impression which would materially raise the price of his productions. Strange and sad it is to see so much genius united with so much meanness—the head of fine gold with the feet of clay.*

* Abridged from the French of J. de Châtillon.

ELECTIONEERING CURIOSITY.

[In giving the following address of an American candidate, we must beg our readers to understand that it is not intended as a joke. Electioneering in the States, generally speaking, is carried on with good-humour; and when there is no real cause of squabbling, the object of the aspirant is to get the laugh in his favour. The orator we introduce to the English public is Mr Daniel R. Russell, a candidate for the Auditorship in Mississippi.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I rise—but there is no use telling you that; you know I am up as well as I do. I am a modest man—very—but I never lost a picayune by it in my life. Being a scarce commodity among candidates, I thought I would mention it, for fear if I did not, you never would hear it. Candidates are generally considered as nuisances, but they are not; they are the politest men in the world, shake you by the hand, ask how's your family, what's the prospect for crops, &c.—and I am the politest man in the state. Davy Crockett says the politest man he ever saw, when he asked a man to drink, turned his back so that he might drink as much as he pleased. I beat that all hollow: I give a man a chance to drink twice if he wishes, for I not only turn my back, but shut my eyes! I am not only the politest man, but the best electioneerer: you ought to see me shaking hands with the vibrations, the pump-handle and pendulum, the cross-cut and wiggle-waggle. I understand the science perfectly, and if any of the country candidates wish instructions, they must call upon me. Fellow-citizens, I was born—if I hadn't been I wouldn't have been a candidate; but I am going to tell you where: 'twas in Mississippi, but 'twas on the right side of the negro line; yet that is no compliment, as the negroes are mostly born on the same side. I started in the world as poor as a church-mouse, yet I came honestly by my poverty, for I inherited it; and if I did start poor, no man can say but that I have held my own remarkably well. Candidates generally tell you—if you think they are qualified, &c. Now, I don't ask your thoughts, I ask your votes. Why, there is nothing to think of except to watch and see that Swan's name is not on the ticket; if so, *think* to scratch it off and put mine on. I am certain that I am competent, for who ought to know better than I do! Nobody. I will allow that Swan is the best auditor in the state; that is, till I am elected: then perhaps it's not proper for me to say anything more. Yet, as an honest man, I am bound to say that I believe it's a grievous sin to hide anything from my fellow-citizens; therefore say that it's my private opinion, publicly expressed, that I'll make the best auditor ever in the United States. 'Tis not for honour I wish to be auditor; for in my own county I was offered an office that was all honour—coroner, which I respectfully declined. The auditor's office is worth some 5000 dollars a year, and I am in for it like a thousand of brick. To shew my goodness of heart, I'll make this offer to my competitor. I'm sure of being elected, and he will lose something by the canvass, therefore I am willing to divide equally with him, and make these offers: I'll take the salary, and he may have the honour, or he may have the honour, and I'll take the salary.

In the way of honours, I have received enough to satisfy me for life. I went out to Mexico, ate pork and beans, slept in the rain and mud, and swallowed everything but live Mexicans. When I was ordered to go, I went; 'charge,' I charged; and 'break for the chapel!'—you had better believe I beat a quarter nag in doing my duty.

My competitor, Swan, is a bird of golden plumage, who has been swimming for the last four years in the auditor's pond at 5000 dollars a year. I am for rotation. I want to rotate him out, and to rotate myself in. There's a plenty of room for him to swim outside of that pond; therefore *pop* in your votes for me—I'll *pop* him out, and *pop* myself in.

I am for a division of labour. Swan says he has to work all the time, with his nose down upon the public grindstone. Four years must have ground it to a *pint*. Poor fellow! the public ought not to insist on having the

handle of his mug ground clean off. I have a large, full-grown, and well-blown nose, red as a beet, and tough as sole-leather. I rush to the post of duty; I offer it up as a sacrifice; I clap it on the grindstone. Fellow-citizens, grind till I *holler enuff*—that'll be some time first, for I'll hang like grim death to a dead African.

Time's most out. Well, I like to forgot to tell you my name. It's Daniel; for short, Dan. Not a handsome name, for my parents were poor people, who lived where the quality appropriated all the nice names; therefore they had to take what was left and divide around among us—but it's as handsome as I am—D. Russell. Remember, all and every one of you, that it's not Swan.

I am sure to be elected; so, one and all, great and small, short and tall, when you come down to Jackson after the election, stop at the auditor's office—the latch-string always hangs out; enter without knocking, take off your things, and make yourself at home.

A NEGRO'S ACCOUNT OF LIBERIA.

All of you that feel like it, my friends, come on home—the bush is cleared away—you can hear no one say there is nothing to eat here. Why, one man, Gabriel Moore, brought better than 200 cattle from the interior this year—another 100—some 60, some 50, &c. There are no hogs there, they say—no turkeys—why, I saw 50 or 60 in the street at Millsburg the other day. No horses: I have got four in my stable now; I have a mare and two colts, and I have a horse that I have been offered 100 dollars for here; if you had him he would bring 500. If you don't believe it, let some gentleman send me a buggy or a single gig—you shall see how myself and wife will take pleasure, going from town to town—throw the harness in too—any gentleman that feels like it—white or coloured—and I will try to send him a boa constrictor to take his comfort; I know how to take the gentleman without any danger. My oxen I was working them yesterday; and as for goats and sheep, we have a plenty. We have a plenty to eat, every man that will half work. I give you this; you are all writing to me to tell you about Liberia, what we eat, and all the news—I mean my coloured friends. Yours truly, ZION HARRIS.

LARD-CANDLES.

One of the most important discoveries or improvements of the age, is a new species of candle which has been recently made in Cincinnati, and which will shortly be offered extensively for sale. It is calculated to supersede all other kinds in use by its beauty, freedom from guttering, hardness, and capacity of giving light, in all which respects it is superior to every other species of candle. This candle is nearly translucent, and can be made to exhibit the wick, when the candle is held up between the eye and the light, while the surface is as glossy as polished wax or varnish. The principal ingredient is lard; and the value of this manufacture can be hardly exaggerated. Taking durability into account, it can be made as cheap as any other candle; and there exists no single element of comfort, convenience, profit, and economy, in which this article has not the advantage of sperm, star, wax, or tallow candles. It will be readily conceded that the days of all other portable or table light, including lard-oil, are numbered. In fact, except where intense light, as in public buildings, is an object, gas itself cannot compete with it for public favour.—*American Paper.*

CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

Some idea of the traffic between San Francisco and the southern mines may be formed from the fact, that there are at this moment ten steamers plying between San Francisco and Sacramento. The latter are for the most part of a larger size than those on the San Joaquin river; and make the trip of about 120 miles in from seven to eight hours. In the elegance of their accommodations and the luxuries of their larder, they might compare favourably with any passenger-vessels in the world. There are ten other steamers plying from Sacramento to different

places above that city. One year ago there was but one steamboat in Oregon—the *Columbia*; now there are eleven of different kinds running in the Columbia and Willamette rivers, not including the Pacific steamers, *Sea-gull* and *Columbia*, running between Oregon and California.

THE NOBLE MARINER.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Most readers of these lines will remember that when the ship *Ocean Monarch* was burned off Liverpool on the 24th of August 1846, Frederick Jerome of New York saved fifteen lives by an act of singular courage and benevolence. They will also lament that one so ready to help others should himself perish by violence: he was killed in Central America in the autumn of 1851.

SHOUT the noble seaman's name,
Deeds like *his* belong to fame;
Cottage roof and kingly done,
Sound the praise of brave Jerome.
Let his acts be told and sung,
While his own high Saxon tongue—
Herald meet for worth sublime—
Peals from conquered clime to clime.

Madly rolled the giant wreck,
Fiercely blazed the riven deck;
Thick and fast as falling stars,
Crashed the flaming blocks and spars;
Loud as surf, when winds are strong,
Wailed the scorched and stricken throng,
Gazing on a rugged shore,
Fires behind, and seas before.

On the charred and reeling prow
Left of hope, they gather now,
Finding, one by one, a grave
In the vexed and sullen wave.
Here the child, as if in sleep,
Floats on waters dark and deep;
There the mother sinks below,
Shrieking in her mighty woe.

Britons, quick to strive or feel,
Joined with chiefs of rich Brazil;
Western freemen, prompt to dare,
Side by side with Bourbon's heir;
Proving who could *then* excel,
Came with succour long and well;
But Jerome, in peril nursed,
Shone among the foremost—*first*.

Through the reddened surge and spray,
Fast he cleaves his troubled way;
Boldly climbs and stoutly clings,
On the smoking timber springs;
Fronts the flames, nor fears to stand
In that lorn and weeping band;
Looks on death, nor tries to shun,
Till his work of love is done.

Glorious man!—immortal work!—
Claim thy hero, proud New York;
Harp of him when feasts are spread,
Tomb him with thy valiant dead.
Who that, bent on just renown,
Seeks a Christian's prize and crown,
Would not spurn whole years of life,
For one hour of such a strife!

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THE WOLF-GATHERING.

ONE winter evening some years ago, I sat with a small circle of friends round the fire, in the house of a Polish gentleman, whom his acquaintances agreed in calling Mr Charles, as the most pronounceable of his names. He had fought in all his country's battles of the unsuccessful revolution of 1831; and being one of the many who sought life and liberty in the British dominions, on the failure of that last national effort, he had, with a spirit worthy of an exiled patriot, made the best of his unchosen fortunes, and worked his way up, through a thousand difficulties and privations, to a respectable standing in the mercantile profession. At the period mentioned, Mr Charles had become almost naturalised in one of our great commercial towns, was a member of a British church, and the head of a British household; but when the conversation happened to turn on sporting matters round his own fireside, he related in perfect seriousness the following wild and legend-like story of his early life in Poland:—

The year before the rising, I went from my native place in Samogitia (Szamait), to spend Christmas at the house of my uncle, situated in the wooded country of Upper Lithuania. He was a nobleman who boasted his descent from one of the oldest houses in Poland, and still held the estate which his ancestors had defended for themselves through many a Tartar invasion—as much land as a hunting-train could course over in a summer's day. But ample as his domain appeared, my uncle was by no means rich upon it. The greater portion had been forest-land for ages; elsewhere it was occupied by poor peasants and their fields; and in the centre he lived, after the fashion of his forefathers, in a huge timber-house with antiquated fortifications, where he exercised liberal hospitality, especially at Christmas times. My uncle was a widower, but he had three sons—Armand, Henrique, and Constantine—brave, handsome young men, who kept close intimacy and right merry companionship with their nearest neighbours, a family named Lorenski. Their property bordered on my uncle's land, and there was not a family of their station within leagues; but independently of that circumstance, the household must have had attractions for my cousins, for it consisted of the young Count Emerich, his sister Constanza, and two orphan cousins, Marcella and Eustachia, who had been brought up with them from childhood.

The count's parents had died in his early youth, leaving him not only his own guardian, but that of his sister and cousins; and the young people had grown up safely and happily together in that forest-land. The cousins were like most of our Polish girls in the

provinces, dark-eyed and comely, gay and fearless, and ready alike for the dance or the chase; but Count Emerich and his sister had the praise of the whole province for their noble carriage, their wise and virtuous lives, and the great affection that was between them. Both had strange courage, and were said to fear neither ghost nor goblin—which, I must remark, was not a common case in Lithuania. Constanza was the oldest by two years, and by far the most discreet and calm of temper, by which it was believed she rather ruled the household, though her brother had a high and fiery spirit. But they were never known to disagree, and, though still young, neither seemed to think of marrying. Fortunately, it was not so with all their neighbours. My stay at my uncle's house had not been long when I found out that Armand was as good as engaged to Marcella, and Henrique to Eustachia, while Constantine, the youngest and handsomest of the three brothers, paid vain though deferential court to Constanza.

The rising was not then publicly talked of, though known to be in full preparation throughout the country. All the young and brave hearts among us were pledged to it, and my cousins did not hesitate to tell me in confidence that Count Emerich and his sister were its chief promoters in that district. They had a devoted assistant in Father Cassimer. He had been their mother's confessor, and lived in the house for five-and-thirty years, saying mass regularly in the parish church, a pine-built edifice on the edge of the forest. Father Cassimer's hair was like snow; but he was still erect, strong, and active. He said the church could not spare him, and he would live to a hundred. In some respects, the man did deserve a century, being a good Pole and a worthy priest, notwithstanding one weakness which beset him, for Father Cassimer took special delight in hunting. It was said that once, when robed for mass, a wild boar chanced to stray past; whereon the good priest mounted his horse, which was usually fastened to the church-door, and started after the game in full canonicals. That was in his youth; but Father Cassimer never denied the tale, and the peasants who remembered it had no less confidence in his prayers, for they knew he loved his country, and looked after the sick and poor. The priest was my cousin's instructor in wood-craft, and the boon-companion of my uncle; but scarcely had I got well acquainted with him and the Lorenskis, when two Christmas visitors arrived at their house.

They were a brother and sister, Russian nobles, known as Count Theodore and Countess Juana. Their native place was St Petersburg, but they had spent years in travelling over Europe; and though nobody

knew the extent of their estates, it was supposed to be great, for they spared no expense, and always kept the best society. Latterly they had been somehow attracted to Poland, and became so popular among our country nobles, that they were invited from house to house, making new friends wherever they went, for Russians though they were, they wished well to our country, and, among their intimates, spoke of liberty and justice with singular eloquence. Considering this, their popularity was no wonder. A handsomer or more accomplished pair I never saw. Both were tall, fair, and graceful, with hair of a light golden shade—the sister's descending almost to her feet when unbraided, and the brother's clustering in rich curls about the brow. They knew the dances of all nations, could play anything that was ever invented, whether game or instrument, and talked in every tongue of Europe, from Romaine to Swedish. Both could ride like Arabs. Count Theodore was a splendid shot, his sister was matchless in singing, and neither was ever tired of fun or frolic. They seemed of the *Lorenaskis'* years, but had seen more of the world; and though scarcely so dignified, most people preferred the frank familiarity and lively converse of the travelled Russians.

The *Lorenaskis* themselves could not but applaud that general preference. They and the travellers had become fast friends almost on their first acquaintance, which took place in the previous winter; and Count Theodore and his sister had performed a long wintry journey from St Petersburg, to celebrate the Christmas-time with them. Peasants and servants rejoiced at their coming, for they were known to be liberal. The old priest said it had never been his luck to see anything decent out of Russia before, and my uncle's entire household were delighted, with the exception of Constantine. By and by, I guessed the cause of his half-concealed displeasure. The brother of each pair took wonderfully to the sister of the other. Count Theodore talked of buying an estate in Lithuania; and the young cousins predicted, that though Emerich and Constanza might be near neighbours, they would not live all their days free and single. After the Russians' arrival, there was nothing but sport among us. We had dances and concerts, plays, and all manner of games; but the deep snow of our Polish winter had not hardened to the usual strong ice, over marsh, river, and forest-land. It continued falling day after day, shutting all our amusements within doors, and preventing, to our general regret, the wonted wolf-hunt, always kept up in Lithuania from the middle of December till Christmas-eve.

It was a custom, time immemorial, in the province, and followed as much for the amusement it afforded the young people, as for the destruction of the deadly prowler. The mode of conducting it was this: Every two or three families who chanced to be intimate when the ice was sufficiently strong and smooth for sledge-travelling, sent forth a party of young hunters, with their sisters and sweethearts, in a sledge covered at the one end, which was also well cushioned and gaily painted; the ladies in their best winter-dresses took possession of it, while the hunters occupied the exposed part, with guns, shot-pouches, and hunting-knives, in complete readiness. Beside the driver, who was generally an old experienced hand, there was placed a young hog, or a leg of pork, occasionally roasted to make the odour more inviting, and packed up with cords and straw in a pretty tight parcel, which was fastened to the sledge by a long rope twisted to almost iron hardness. Away they drove at full speed; and when fairly in the forest, the pork was thrown down, and allowed to drag after the sledge, the smell of it bringing wolves from every quarter, while the hunters fired at them as they advanced. I have seen a score of skins collected in this manner, not to speak of the fun, the excitement, and the opportunities for

exhibiting one's marksmanship and courage where one would most wish to have them seen.

The peasants said it was never lucky when Christmas came without a wolf-hunt: but that year it was like to be so; for, as I have said, the snow kept falling at intervals, with days of fog and thaw between, till the night before the vigil. In my youth, the Lithuanians kept Christmas after the fashion of old northern times. It began with great devotion, and ended in greater feasting. The eve was considered particularly sacred: many traditional ceremonies and strange beliefs hung about it, and the more pious held that no one should engage in any profane occupation, or think of going to sleep after sunset. When it came, our disappointment concerning the wolf-hunt lay heavy on many a mind as well as mine; but a strong frost had set in before daybreak, and at the early nightfall a finer prospect for sledging could not be desired—over the broad plain, and far between the forest pines, the ice stretched away as smooth and bright as a mirror. The moon was full, and the stars were out by thousands: you could have read large print by the cold, clear light, as my cousins and I stood at my uncle's door, fervently wishing it had been any other evening. Suddenly, our ears caught the sound of bells and laughing voices, and in a few minutes up drove the *Lorenski* sledge in its gayest trappings, with Constanza, the Russian countess, and the young cousins, all looking blithe and rosy in the frosty air, while Emerich and Theodore sat in true hunter's trim, and Father Cassimer himself in charge of the reins, with the well-covered pork beside him. They had two noble horses of the best Tatar blood, unequalled in the province, as we knew, for speed and strength; and Emerich's cheerful voice first saluted us with: 'Ho! friends, it is seven hours yet till midnight: won't you come with us?—it is a shame to let Christmas in without a wolf-skin!'

That was enough for us: we flew in for our equipments. My uncle was not at first willing that we should go; but the merry company now at his door, the unequivocal countenance which Father Cassimer gave to the proceeding, and the high spirits of the young Russians, who were, as usual, wild for the sport, made him think that, after all, there was no harm in the young people taking an hour or two in the woods before mass, which on Christmas-eve begins always at midnight. Our hunting-gear was donned in a trice; and with my uncle's most trusty man, *Metski*, to assist in driving, away we went at full speed to the forest.

Father Cassimer was an experienced general in expeditions of the kind; he knew the turns of the woods where the wolves scented best; and when we had got fairly among the tall oaks, down went his pork. For some time it dragged on without a single wolf appearing, though the odour came strong and savoury through cords and straw.

'If I were a wolf myself, I would come for that,' said old *Metski*. The priest quickened his speed, vowing he would not say mass without a skin that night; and we got deeper into the wilderness of oak and pine. Like most of our Lithuanian forests, it had no under-wood. There was ample space for our sledge among the great trees, and the moonlight fell in a flood of brightness upon their huge white trunks, and through the frost-covered branches. We could see the long icicles gleaming like pendants of diamond for miles through the wide woods, but never a wolf. The priest began to look disappointed; *Metski* sympathised with him, for he relished a hunt almost as well as his reverence; but all the rest, with the help of the Russians, amused themselves with making game. I have said they were in great spirits, particularly Count Theodore; indeed he was generally the gayest of the pair—his sister being evidently the more prudent—and in this respect they resembled the *Lorenaskis*. Many a jest, however, on the non-appearance of the wolves

went round our sledge, of which I remember nothing now except that we all laughed till the old wood rang.

'Be quiet, good children,' said the priest, turning in his seat of command: 'you make noise enough to frighten all the wolves in creation.'

'They won't come to-night, father; they are preparing for mass,' cried Count Theodore. 'Juana, if the old Finn were here now, wouldn't he be useful?'

'Perhaps he might,' said the countess, with a forced laugh; but she cast a look of strange warning and reproof on her brother.

'What Finn?' said the priest, catching the count's words.

'Oh, he is talking of an old nursery-tale we had in St Petersburg,' hastily interposed the lady, though I thought her face had no memory of the nursery in it.

'About the Finns I'll warrant,' said Father Cassimer. 'They are a strange people. My brother the merchant told me that he knew one of them at Abo who said he had a charm for the wolves; but somebody informed against him for smuggling, and the Russian government sent him to the lead-mines in Siberia. By Saint Sigismund, there's the first of them!'

As the priest spoke, a large wolf appeared, and half the guns in the sledge were raised. 'Not yet, not yet,' said our experienced commander, artfully turning away as another and another came in sight. 'There are more coming,' and he gradually slackened our pace; but far off through the moonlit woods and the frozen night we could hear a strange murmur, which grew and swelled on all sides to a chorus of mingled howlings, and the wolves came on by troops.

'Fire now, friends!' cried Father Cassimer. 'We are like to have skins enough for Christmas;' and bang went all our barrels. I saw five fall; but, contrary to expectation, the wolves did not retire—they stood for an instant snarling at us. The distant howlings continued and came nearer; and then from every glade and alley, down the frozen streams, and through the wide openings of the forest, came by scores and hundreds such a multitude of wolves as we could not have believed to exist in all Lithuania.

'Hand me my gun, and take the reins, Metski,' cried Father Cassimer. 'Drive for your life!' he added in an under tone; but every one in the sledge heard him. Heaven knows how many we killed; but it seemed of no use. Our pork was swallowed, straw and all. The creatures were pressing upon us on every side, as if trying to surround the sledge; and it was fearful to see the leaps that some gray old fellows among them would take at Metski and the horses. Our driver did his part like a man, making a thousand winds and turns through the woods; but still the wolves pursued us. Fortunately, the firing kept them off, and, thanks to our noble horses, they were never able to get ahead of us; but as far as we could see behind us in the moonlight, came the howling packs, as if rising from the ground of the forest. We had seen nothing like it, and all did their best in firing, especially Count Theodore; but his shots had little effect, for his hand shook, and I know not if any but myself saw the looks of terrified intelligence which he exchanged with his sister. Still, she and the Lady Constanza kept up their courage, though the young cousins were as white as snow, and our ammunition was fast decreasing.

'Yonder is a light,' said Constanza at last, as the poor horses became unmanageable from fright and weariness. 'It is from the cottage of old Wenzel, the woodman.'

'If we could reach that,' said Father Cassimer, 'and leave the horses to their fate: it is our only chance.'

No one contradicted the priest's arrangement, for his last words were felt to be true—though a pang passed over Constanza's face at the thought of leaving our brave and faithful horses to the wolves: but louder rose the howls behind us, as Metski urged on with all

his might, and far above all went the shout of Father Cassimer (he had the best lungs in that province): 'Ho, Wenzel! open the door to us for God's sake!'

We heard the old man reply, sent one well-aimed volley in among the wolves, and as they recoiled, man and woman leaped from the sledge—for our Polish girls are active—and rushed into the cottage, when old Wenzel instantly double-barred the door. It was woful to hear the cry of pain and terror from our poor horses as we deserted them; the next instant the wolves were upon them. We saw them from the window, as thick as ever flies stuck on sugar. How we fired upon them, and with what good-will old Wenzel helped us, praying all the time to every saint in the calendar, you may imagine! But still their numbers were increasing; and as a pause came in the fearful din, we plainly heard through the still air the boom of our own great bell, ringing for the midnight mass. At that sound, Father Cassimer's countenance fell for the first time. He knew the bellman was a poor half-witted fellow, who would not be sensible of his absence; and then he turned to have another shot at the wolves.

Shots were by this time getting scarce among us. There was not a man had a charge left but old Wenzel, who had supplied us as long as he could; but at length, loading his own gun with his last charge, he laid it quietly in the corner, saying one didn't know what use might be for it, and he never liked an empty gun.

Wenzel was the son of a small innkeeper at Grodno, but after his father's decease, which occurred when he was a child, his mother had married a Russian trader, who, when she died, carried the boy to Moscow. There Wenzel bade fair to be brought up a Russian; but when a stepmother came home, which took place while he was still a youth, he had returned to his native country, built himself a hut in the woods of Lithuania, and lived a lonely hunter till the time of my story, when he was still a robust, though gray-haired man. Some said his Muscovite parents had not been to his liking; some that he had found cause to shoot a master to whom they apprenticed him at Moscow; but be that as it might, Wenzel hated the Russians with all his heart, and never scrupled to say that the gun which had served him so long would serve the country too if it ever came to a rising. So much for Wenzel's story, by way of explaining what followed; but as I stood beside him that night at the hut's single crevice of a window, I could have given Poland itself for ammunition enough to do service on the wolves. They had now left nothing but the bones of our horses, which they had dragged round and round the cottage, with a din of howlings that almost drowned our voices within. Then they seized on the bodies of their own slain companions, which were devoured to the very skins; and still the gathering was going on. We could see them coming in troops through the open glades of the forest, as if aware that some human prey was in reserve. The hut was strongly built of great pine-logs, but it was fearful to hear them tearing at the door and scratching up the foundations. The bravest among us got terrified at these sounds. Metski loudly avowed his belief that the wolves were sent upon us as a punishment for hunting on Christmas-eve, and fell instantly to his prayers. Wenzel flung a blazing brand among them from the window, but they did not seem to care for fire; and three of them were so near leaping in, that he drove to the log-shutter and gave up that method of defence. None of the party appeared so far overcome with terror as Count Theodore: his spirit and prudence both seemed to forsake him. When the wolves began to scratch, he threw himself almost on his face in the corner, and kept moaning and praying in Russian, of which none of us understood a syllable but old Wenzel. Emerich and I would have spoken to him, but the woodman stopped us with a strange sign. Count Theodore had taken the relic of some

saint from a pocket-book which he carried in his breast, and was, in Russian fashion as I think, confessing his sins over it; while his sister sat silent and motionless by the fire, with livid face and clasped hands. It was burning low, but I saw the woodman's face darken. He stepped to the corner and took down his gun, as I believed, to take the last shot at the wolves; but Count Theodore was in his way. He levelled it for an instant at the prostrate man, and before I could speak or interpose, the report, followed by a faint shrill shriek from the Russian, rang through the hut. We rushed to him, but the count was dead. A bullet had gone right through the heart.

'My gun has shot the count, and the wolves will leave us now,' said Wenzel coolly. 'I heard him say in his prayers that a Finn, now in the Siberian mines, had vowed to send them on him and his company wherever he went.'

As the woodman spoke, he handed to Count Emerich, with a hoarse whisper, a bloody pocket-book, taken from the dead body, and turning to Juana, said something loud and threatening to her in the Russian tongue; at which the lady only bowed her head, seeming of all in the hut to be the least surprised or concerned at the death of her brother. As for us, the complicated horrors of the night had left us stunned and stupefied till the rapid diminution of the wolfish din, the sounds of shots and voices, and the glare of flambeaux lighting up the forest, brought most of us to the window. The wolves were scouring away in all directions, there was a grayness in the eastern sky, for Christmas-day was breaking; and from all sides the count and my uncle's tenantry, with skates and sledges, guns and torches, were pouring to the rescue as we shouted to them from the cottage.

They had searched for us almost since midnight, fearing that something terrible had detained Father Cassimer and his company from mass. There were wonderfully few wolves shot in the retreat, and we all went home to Count Emerich's house, but not in triumph, for with us went the body of the Russian, of which old Wenzel was one of the bearers. The unanimous determination we expressed to bring him to justice as a murderer, was silenced when Emerich shewed us in confidence a letter from the Russian minister, and a paper with all our names in a list of the disaffected in Upper Lithuania, which he had found in Theodore's pocket-book. After that, we all affirmed that Wenzel's gun had gone off by accident; and on the same good Christmas-day, Count Emerich, with a body of his retainers, escorted the Lady Juana to a convent at the other end of the province, the superior of which was his aunt. There she became a true Catholic, professed, and, as I was told, turned to a great saint. There is a wooden cross with his name, and a Latin inscription on it, marking Count Theodore's grave, by our old church on the edge of the forest. No one ever inquired after him, and the company of that terrible night are far scattered. My uncle and his sons all died for the poor country. The young cousins are married to German doctors in Berlin. Constanza and her brother are still single, for aught I know, but they have been exiles in America these fifteen years. Father Cassimer went with them, after being colonel of a regiment which saw hard service on the banks of the Vistula; and it may be that he is still saying mass or hunting occasionally in the Far West.

The last time I saw Wenzel and Metaki was in the trenches at Minsk, where they had a tough debate regarding our adventure in the forest: the woodman insisting it was the Finn's spell that brought the wolves in such unheard-of numbers, and the peasant maintaining that it was a judgment on our desecration of Christmas-eve. For my own part, I think the long storm and a great scarcity of food had something to do with it, for tales of the kind were never wanting in

our province. The wolf-gathering, however, saved us a journey to Siberia: thanks to old Wenzel. And sometimes yet, when any strange noise breaks in upon my sleep even here in England, I dream of being in his wild hut in the forest and listening to the wolfish voices at the door.

THE DROLLERIES OF FALSE POLITICAL ECONOMY.

PLANS FOR PAYING THE NATIONAL DEBT.

It is not customary to associate the ludicrous with financial operations—with budgets, schemes of taxation, and national debts. In general, they are considered to assume a formidable aspect; and when that is not the case, their details are looked on as dry and uninteresting—they are universally voted a 'bore.' Yet we engage to shew, that there have been some financial projects which at the present day we can pronounce essentially ludicrous. And they are not the mere projects of enthusiasts and theoretic dreamers. They were put in practice on a large scale; they involved the disposal of millions of money; and they were in operation at so late a period, that the present generation paid heavy taxes for the purpose of carrying them out—taxes paid for nothing better than the success of a practical hoax.

The round hundreds of millions in which our national debt is set forth seem to have often confused the brains of our most practical arithmeticians and financiers. They seem to have felt as if these did not represent real money, but something ideal; or perhaps we might say, they have treated them like certain results of the operation of figures which might be neutralised by others, as the equivalents on the two sides of an equation exhaust each other. We never hear of a man trying to pay his own personal debts otherwise than with money, but we have had hundreds of projects for paying the national debt without money, and generally through some curious and ingenious arithmetical process. We might perhaps amuse our readers by an account of some of these, for to their absurdity there are no bounds; but we adhere in the meantime to our engagement, to shew that on this subject even the practical projects of statesmen of our own day have been ridiculous.

We shall suppose that some one has occasion for L.100, which he finds a friend obliging enough to lend him. On receiving it, he requests the loan of other L.10; and being asked for what purpose, he answers, that with that L.10 he will pay up the original L.100. This is a rather startling proposal; but when he is asked how he is to manage this practical paradox, he says: 'Oh, I shall put out the L.10 to interest, and in the course of time it will increase until it pays off the L.100.' The lender is perhaps a little staggered at first by the audacious plausibility of the proposal, but it requires but a few seconds to enable him to say: 'Why, yea, you may lend out the L.10 at interest; but in the meantime, as you have borrowed it, interest runs against you upon it; so what better are you?' The lender, so far from concurring with the sanguine hopes about the fructification of the L.10, will only regret his having intrusted the larger sum to a person whose notions of money are so loose and preposterous.

Yet the proposal would only have carried into private pecuniary matters the principle of the sinking-fund, so long deemed a blessing, and a source of future prosperity to the country. A sinking-fund is an expression generally applied to any sum of money reserved out of expenditure to pay debt, or meet any contingency. Now, observe that our remarks are not directed against it in this simple form. A surplus of revenue obtained by moderate taxation, saved through frugal expenditure, and applied to the reduction of the national debt,

is always a good thing. But the sinking-fund to which we chiefly refer was a system of borrowing money to pay debt. It might be said that the identical money which was borrowed was not the same which was used for paying the debt; but it came to the same thing if the sinking-fund was kept up while the nation was borrowing. Thus, taking the case of the private borrower as we have already put it, if he took L.10 of his own money and put it out at interest, that it might increase and pay off his loan, and if, by so doing, he found it necessary to borrow L.110, instead of merely L.100, it was virtually the same as if he applied L.10 of the borrowed money for his sinking-fund. Thus for the year 1808, the state required L.12,200,000 in loan above what the taxes produced. But in the same year L.1,200,000 were applied to the sinking-fund; consequently, it was necessary to borrow so much more, and therefore the whole loan of that year amounted to L.13,400,000. The loan was increased exactly in the way in which our friend added the L.10 to the L.100. It was borrowing money to pay loans.

The application of millions in this manner by our statesmen, was in a great measure owing to the enthusiastic speculations of Dr Richard Price, a benevolent, ingenious, and laborious man, who, unfortunately for the public, possessed the power of giving his wild speculations a tangible and practical appearance. He was, to use a common expression, 'carried off his feet' by arithmetical calculations. He believed compound interest to be omnipotent. He made a calculation of what a penny could have come to if laid out at compound interest from the birth of Christ to the nineteenth century, and found it would make—we forget precisely how many globes of gold the size of this earth. He did not say, however, where the proper investments were to be made; how the money was to be procured; and, most serious of all, he overlooked that where one party received such an accumulating amount of money, some other party must pay it, and to pay it must make it. In fact, the doctor looked on the increase of money by compound interest as a mere arithmetical process. The world, however, finds it to be a process of working, and the making of money by toil, parsimony, and anxiety.

When any one seizes on such a theme he is sure to be carried to extremities with it. It was one of Price's favourite theories, that the time when interest was highest was the best time for borrowing money, because the borrowed sinking-fund would then bring the highest interest. One is astonished in times like these, when people think taxes and national debt so serious, at the easy carelessness with which the doctor treats the disease, and his sure remedy. He says in his celebrated work on Annuities (i. 277): 'It is an observation that deserves particular attention here, that in this plan it will be of less importance to a state what interest it is obliged to give for money; for the higher the interest, the sooner will such a sum pay off the principal. Thus, L.100,000,000 borrowed at 8 per cent., and bearing an annual interest of L.8,000,000, would be paid off by a fund producing annually L.100,000 in fifty-six years; that is, in thirty-eight years less time than if the same money had been borrowed at 4 per cent. Hence it follows that reductions of interest would in this plan be no great advantage to a state. They would indeed lighten its present burdens; but this advantage would be in some measure balanced by the addition which would be made to its future burdens, in consequence of the longer time during which it would be necessary to bear them.'

'Certain it is, therefore,' says the doctor, in a general survey of his arithmetical salvation of the country, 'that if our affairs are to be relieved, it must be by a fund increasing itself in the manner I have explained. The smallest fund of this kind is indeed omnipotent, if it is allowed time to operate.' And again: 'It might be

easily shewn that the faithful application from the beginning of the year 1700, of only L.200,000 annually, would long before 1790, notwithstanding the reductions of interest, have paid off above L.100,000,000 of the public debts. The nation might therefore some years ago have been eased of a great part of the taxes with which it is loaded. The most important relief might have been given to its trade and manufactures; and it might now have been in better circumstances than at the beginning of last war: its credit firm; respected by foreign nations, and dreaded by its enemies.'

That such a tone should be assumed by an enthusiastic speculator is not wonderful. The payment of the national debt has been one of the staple dreams of enthusiasts. It would be difficult to believe the wild nonsense that has been written on it; and Hogarth, in his dreadful picture of a madhouse, appropriately represents one of his principal figures hard at work on it. But the remarkable thing—and what shews the perilous nature of such speculations—is, that these theories were worked out by chancellors of the exchequer, and adopted by parliament. There was a faint sinking-fund so early as 1716; but Walpole one day swept it up and spent it, having probably just discovered that it was a fallacy. It was in the days of the younger Pitt, however, that it came out in full bloom. After it had been for several years in operation, a retired and absent-minded mathematical student, Robert Hamilton, shewed its falsity in a book printed in 1818. The exposure was conclusive, and no one since that time has ventured to support a sinking-fund.

As already stated, it is a very good thing to save something out of the revenue and pay off part of the debt. But no good is done by keeping it to accumulate at interest, because the debt it would pay off is just accumulating against it. Apply this to private transactions. You are in debt L.110. You have L.10, and the question is: Are you to pay it at once, and reduce your debt to L.100, or are you to keep it accumulating at interest? It is much the same which you do, only the latter is the more troublesome mode. If you pay it at once, you will just have so much less interest to hand over to your creditor. If you put it out at interest, you will have to pay over to him what you receive for it, in addition to the interest of the L.100. There is an incidental purpose for which it has been deemed right that the government should, however, have a fund at its disposal—that is for buying into the funds when they fall very low, and thus accomplishing two services—the one the paying a portion of the debt at a cheap rate, the other stopping the depreciation of the funds. This is in itself we doubt not a very just practical object, but we believe the sums that can be applied to it are very small in comparison with the reserves which formed the old sinking-fund.

But another and a very different argument has been adduced, not certainly for the re-establishment and support of a sinking-fund, since its fallacy has been exposed, but against the policy of having exposed it. It is said that the belief in the potency of a sinking-fund for clearing off the debt inspired public confidence in the stability of the funds, and that it was wrong to shake this confidence even by the promulgation of truth. It has often been supposed, indeed, that the statesmen who mainly carried out the system were in secret conscious of its fallacy, but were content to carry it out so long as they saw that it inspired confidence in the public. It is in allusion to this that we have spoken of the sinking-fund as a great hoax. We cannot sanction the morality of governments acting on conscious fallacies; and in this instance the natural confidence in the funds rather enlarged than decreased when the fallacy was exposed and the system abandoned.

Keeping in view Dr Price's views of the potentiality of compound interest, we now give a brief account of a

singular attempt made in France to put them in practice, and by their omnipotence pay our national debt and that of other nations too, out of a small private fortune. In the year 1794, a will was registered in France by one Fortuné Ricard, disposing of a sum of 500 livres, a little more than L.20 sterling. Fortuné stated that this sum was the result of a present of twenty-four livres which he had received when he was a boy, and had kept accumulating at compound interest to a period of advanced age. By his will he left it in the hands of trustees, making arrangements for a perpetual succession, as the purposes of the trust were not to be all accomplished for a period of several centuries. The money was to be divided into five portions, each of 100 livres, and so to be put out at compound interest.

The first portion was to be withdrawn at the end of a century: it would then amount to 13,000 livres, or about L.550. It is scarcely worth while mentioning the purposes to which this trifle was to be applied, but for the credit of M. Ricard it may be mentioned that they were all unexceptionable. In two centuries the second sum would be released, amounting to 1,700,000 livres. At the end of the third century, the third instalment was to be released, when it would consist of 226,000,000 livres. The destination of these magnificent sums was also unexceptionable—it was for national education, the erecting of public libraries, and the like. The instalment to be released at the end of the fourth century would amount to about 80,000,000,000 livres: it was to be employed partly in the building of 100 towns, each containing 150,000 inhabitants, in the most agreeable parts of France. 'In a short time,' says the benevolent founder, 'there will result from hence an addition of 15,000,000 of inhabitants to the kingdom, and its consumption will be doubled—for which service I hope the economists will think themselves obliged to me.' Malthus had not then published his principles of population.

We must draw breath as we approach the destination of the fifth and last instalment. It was to amount to four millions of millions of livres—about a hundred and seventy thousand millions of pounds. We take for granted that Fortuné's calculations are correct, and have certainly not taken the trouble of verifying them. Among other truly benevolent and cosmopolitan destinations of this very handsome sum, it may be sufficient to mention these:—

'Six thousand millions shall be appropriated towards paying the national debt of France, upon condition that the kings, our good lords and masters, shall be entreated to order the comptrollers-general of the finances to undergo in future an examination in arithmetic before they enter on the duties of their office.

'Twelve thousand millions shall likewise be employed in paying the public debts of England. It may be seen that I reckon that both these national debts will be doubled in this period—not that I have any doubt of the talents of certain ministers to increase them much more, but their operations in this way are opposed by an infinity of circumstances, which lead me to presume that these debts cannot be more than doubled. Besides, if they amount to a few thousands of millions more, I declare that it is my intention that they should be entirely paid off, and that a project so laudable should not remain unexecuted for a trifle more or less.'

M. Ricard, it will be observed, must have drawn his will while royalty was in the ascendant; it was registered during the Reign of Terror, and one would be curious to know how many weeks, instead of centuries, his 500 livres remained sacred. Money in the most steadily-governed states—in our own, for instance—

is subject to continual casualties. The most acute men of business cannot command perfectly certain investments for their own money—they are often miserably deceived, and suffer heavy losses. M. Ricard, however, supposed that a set of irresponsible trustees would for centuries always discover perfectly sure investments, and act with consummate watchfulness and honesty. If it were possible to leave behind one money with the qualification of always being securely invested, while the rest of the property in the world remained insecure, it would gradually suck all the wealth of the world into its vortex. But it would require supernatural agency to make it thus absolutely secure.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S 'FAGGOT.'*

'A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS' is the whimsical title of a work just presented to the public, by the author of *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau*; the said work being as respectable a specimen of bookmaking as has ever come under our notice. The object of the writer appears to have been to fill so much paper, by saying something about all he saw or heard of in a visit to Paris, no matter how insignificant the circumstances; and by this ingenious means, he has actually contrived to make up two goodly-sized volumes for the literary market.

The author of this strange melange, however, is not without a dash of merit; he possesses a terrier-like power of poking about into holes and corners, and dragging to light a variety of facts which might escape the attention of less vigilant tourists. For example, he is not satisfied with the mere sight or employment of omnibuses, street-porters, *chiffonniers*, and other agents of the public service, but must know all about them—how the omnibus horses live, and how many miles they run per diem; what variety of occupations the porters resort to for a livelihood; and what are the substances, and their value, that the *chiffonniers* scrape every morning from the kennel. Sir Francis is great on pig slaughter-houses, furnished lodgings, and police-officers. He tells you every particular of his lodging: how he ascended the stair; what landing-places there were; what price he was to pay; how the servant brought him too few pieces of butter to breakfast, and what he said in ordering more; how one day he perceived a bad smell in his sitting-room, and shifted to a higher part of the building, where the bad smell did not come; how he finally paid his account, and how the *concierge* bade him good-by. All important information this. An equally true and particular narrative is given of Sir Francis's object in visiting Paris, which was to consult an oculist on the subject of his eyes. In going to the oculist's, we are informed how he left his lodgings at a quarter before seven o'clock; how he crossed the Place Vendôme, and saw a sentinel pacing at the foot of Napoleon's Column; how he observed that the sentinel had the misfortune to have a hole in his greatcoat, which affords an opportunity too good to be lost for quoting that little-known verse of Burns's—'If there's a hole in a' your coats,' &c.; how he then, being done with looking at the sentinel, goes on his way, crosses the Boulevard des Italiens, and enters the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; how he looks about him till he sees No. 50, and, having spoken a word to the door-keeper, goes up stairs. Then, he informs his readers that he rang the doctor's bell; and how, the door being opened by a boy in livery, he was shewn into a drawing-room. Here, he tells us, he sat down in company with a number of other patients, waiting their turn to be called by the doctor. Vastly

* See the will at length in the appendix to Lord Lauderdale's *Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth*.

* *A Faggot of French Sticks*, 2 vols. London: Murray. 1862.

amusing all this, but nothing to what follows:— 'For a considerable time we all sat in mute silence, and, indeed, in our respective attitudes, almost motionless, save that every now and then a gentleman, and sometimes a lady, would arise, slowly walk diagonally across the carpet to a corner close to the window, press with his or her hand the top of a little mahogany machine that looked like an umbrella-stand, look down into it, and then very slowly, at a sort of funereal pace, walk back. All this I bore with great fortitude for some time: at last, overpowered by curiosity, I arose, walked slowly and diagonally across the carpet, pushed the thing in the corner exactly as I had seen everybody else push it, looked just as they did, downwards, where, close to the floor, I beheld open, in obedience to the push I had given from the top, the lid of a spitting-box, from which I very slowly, and without attracting the smallest observation, walked back to my chair.' Wonderful power of description this!

Having had the honour of receiving an invitation to dinner at the Elysée, Sir Francis of course goes at the appointed hour, seven o'clock. The following is his account of the affair. After passing through the entrance-hall, 'I slowly walked through two or three handsome rooms *en suite*, full of interesting pictures, into a drawing-room, in which I found assembled, in about equal proportions, about fifty very well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the latter being principally officers, whose countenances, not less clearly than the decorations on their breasts, announced them to be persons of distinction. The long sofas and chairs, as if they had only just come out—or rather, as if they had just come up from the country to come out—had arranged themselves so very formally, and altogether behaved so very awkwardly, that it was almost impossible for the company assembled to appear as much at their ease as, from their position, education, and manners, they really were; and accordingly, biassed by the furniture, they kept moving, and bowing, and courtesying, and *sotto-voce* talking, until they got into a parallelogram, in the centre of which stood, distinguished by a broad ribbon, and by a mild, thoughtful, benevolent countenance, Prince Louis Napoleon, whose gentle and gentleman-like bearing to every person who approached him entitled him to that monarchical homage in which the majority evidently delighted, but which it was alike his policy as well as his inclination—at all events to appear—to suppress; and accordingly the parallelogram, which, generally speaking, was at the point of congelation, sometimes and of its own accord froze into the formality of a court, and then all of a sudden appeared to recollect that the Prince was the President, and that the whole party had assembled to enjoy *liberté, fraternité, et égalité*. As I was observing the various phases that one after another presented themselves to view, the principal officer of the household came up to me, and in a quiet and appropriate tone of voice, requested me to do two things; one of which appeared to me to be rather easy, and the other—or rather to do both—extremely difficult. By an inclination of his forehead he pointed to two ladies of rank, whose names he mentioned to me, but with whom I was perfectly unacquainted, seated on the sofas at different points of the parallelogram. 'When dinner is announced you will be so good,' he said, 'as to offer your arm to —' (the one) 'and to seat yourself next to —' (the other.) Of course I silently bowed assent; but while the officer who had spoken to me was giving similar instructions to other gentlemen, I own I felt a little nervous, lest, during the polite scramble in which I was about to engage, like the dog in the fable, grasping at the shadow of the second lady, I might lose the substance of the first, or *vice versa*. However, when the doors were thrown open, I very quickly, with a profound reverence, obtained my prize, and at once confiding to her—for had I deliberated I should have been lost—the

remainder of the pleasing duty it had been predestined I was to have the honour to perform, we glided through couples darting in various directions for similar objects, until, finding ourselves in a formal procession sufficiently near to the lady in question, we proceeded, at a funereal pace, towards our doom, which proved to be a most delightful one. Seated in obedience to the orders I had received, we found ourselves exactly opposite "le Prince," who had, of course, on his right and left, the two ladies of highest rank. The table was very richly ornamented, and it was quite delightful to observe at a glance what probably in mathematics, or even in philosophy, it might have been rather troublesome to explain—namely, the extraordinary difference which existed between forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen standing in a parallelogram in a drawing-room, and the very same number and the very same faces, rectilinearly seated in the very same form in a dining-room. It was the difference between sterility and fertility, between health and sickness, between joy and sorrow, between winter and summer; in fact, between countenances frozen into Lapland formality and glowing with tropical animation and delight. Everybody's mouth had apparently something kind to say to its neighbour's eyes; and the only alloy was that, as each person had two neighbours, his lips, under a sort of *embarras des richesses*, occasionally found it rather difficult to express all that was polite and pleasing to both.' Dinner being over, all returned to the drawing-room in the same formal order. Each gentleman bowed ceremoniously to the lady he had conducted, she withdrew her arm, and the sofas were again to be seen fringed by rows of satin shoes; while the carpet, in all other directions, was subjected to the pressure of boots, that often remained for a short time motionless as before. A general buzz of conversation, however, soon enlivened the room; and the President, gladly availing himself of it, mingled familiarly with the crowd.'

In the course of his rambles through Paris, Sir Francis visits various *casernes* or military barracks, and military schools. He also makes sundry investigations into the functions and *matériel* of the French army, and finally, in company with Louis Napoleon, goes to a review. The sum of these proceedings is, that he is much struck with the progress made by the French in strategy and military manœuvres, especially in their musket-ball firing, against which, he says, we have no chance. Everybody knows that our author is an alarmist, ever sighing over our want of national defences, and dreaming of invasion and rapine. At the same time, his details on military affairs are worth the notice of those to whom the business of military education is intrusted.

Sir Francis is very much pleased with the Parisian street *commissionnaires* or porters, and wonders that no such luxury is general in London. One day he invites the nearest *commissionnaire* to visit his lodging, and tell him his whole story, which the man gladly did. Setting off at a great rate, he said:— 'Sir, I black boots; I saw wood; I take it up into the apartments; I carry portmanteaus and luggage, and whatever offers itself; I carry letters and parcels; I rub the floors of apartments and stairs; I wash the floors and the dining-rooms; I change furniture from one house to another with a handbarrow—carried by two men with leathern straps; I draw a cart with portmanteaus, wood, or furniture; I beat carpets, take them up out of the apartments, and carry them to the barrier outside Paris (yes, sir); I bring them back to the persons to whom they belong; I lay them down. I know how to arrange a room; I make the beds; I colour the inlaid floors of the apartments; I watch a sick person through the night and day (a shrug) for so much a day (a shrug), and for the night also (a shrug); I agree as to the price with those persons who employ me, for five francs the night, eight francs for the

twenty-four hours, when they do not feed me; besides, I watch the dead in the apartment during the twenty-four hours that they remain exposed; in short (three shrugs), I do whatever is offered to me. I receive commercial notes for whoever will charge me with the commission, and who will give me the note to enable me to receive it; I bring back the money to the person who has intrusted me with the note, and the person pays me for my commission; I pawn at the Mont de Piété whatever the public is willing to intrust to me—jewels (a shrug), chains, watches, gold or silver; I pawn silver spoons and forks, for eating; I pawn clocks, linen; they take everything in pawn (a shrug) at the Mont de Piété—furniture, pianos, mattresses, candelabras, lustres: in short, they take in pawn everything of value; and I bring back the money and the pawnbroker's ticket to the person who has intrusted me with the commission, and at the same time that person pays me for my commission. Afterwards, I redeem pawned articles from the Mont de Piété for all those persons who choose to honour me with their commissions, provided that the person puts his signature on the back of the paper which the Mont de Piété delivered to him on the day when he pawned the aforesaid articles. I act as commissioner throughout all the departments of France, and also (shrug) in foreign countries, according to the price agreed on, and at a reasonable price; I travel on the railways (shrug), in the diligence (shrug); I go as quick as I can, and I come back as quick as I can; I rub down a horse—I can! I feed him; wash the carriage; drive the carriage; arrange the cellar; rinse out the bottles; bottle the wine; pile up the bottles after they are corked and stamped; lower the hogsheads of wine into the cellar with a thick rope, with the help of a comrade, and the price is two francs for each hogshead. In my own country, I am a labourer, and do everything relating to the cultivation of the ground. I root up the trees; I saw them into several lengths; I split the wood; pile it up to dry; then load it on mules, and carry it to the house to be burned; afterwards I mow the hay and corn; carry the corn into the barn (shrug), and the hay also; thrash the corn, and put it away into the granary; from whence they take it out by little and little to have it ground and to make bread. I prune the vines.' Here the commissaire gives an account of the whole process of wine-making, in which he is an adept; and then goes on to explain how he is employed as a spy on families and others, all in the way of business. He ends with saying that trade is dull, and blames the revolution of 1848 for ruining his employment—for why? 'Everybody is afraid of the future. Everybody is economical; everybody is hiding, hoarding, or saving his money, because he knows that affairs cannot continue as they are, that sooner or later there will be another revolution.' Such a country! The revolution thus anticipated has taken place. By relieving the Parisians from the fears of a social upbreak—a universal sack of property—for that was preying on their minds—the grand *coup* of Louis Napoleon will doubtless set money afloat, and restore occupation to the humbler classes—the real sufferers by revolutions.

The curious thing about all the revolutions and coups that have ever taken place in France is, that they never give the slightest particle of real liberty to the people; and, what is equally surprising, the people do not know what liberty is. It is a thing they talk about, and paint over doorways, but further they go not. When, in 1848, a mob was suffered to assume supreme authority, it might have been anticipated that the very first thing they would do would be to turn the whole police system about its business and destroy its records. No such thing. The triumphant insurrectionists, complaining of tyranny, were as tyrannical as anybody; they retained the obnoxious system of passports, and kept up the

usual routine of police administration, spies and all. The truth appears to be, that the French cannot comprehend the idea of social organisation without a minute machinery of management and interference. Society in England, where people may speak and do pretty much what they like, go here and go there without leave asked, and set up any business anywhere as suits their fancy—is anarchy, a chaos, according to French notions. Sir Francis inclines to the belief that a system of government interference and regulation, as in France, is an advantage, because it protects society against some gross abuses—such as the indiscriminate sale of medicines, want of sanitary arrangements, the open spectacle of vice, and so forth. True this, in some respects, and we could wish for a little more vigour in certain departments of our social policy; but in this, as in many things, we have to make a choice of evils. Better, we think, allow abuses to be corrected by the comparatively sluggish action of public opinion, than accustom a people to have everything done for them, every action regulated by laws and prefects of police. The account given by Sir Francis of the manner in which the authority of the police bears on common workmen, is only a version of what every traveller speaks of with execration. Although we ourselves alluded to the subject on a former occasion, we may recapitulate a few points from the volume before us: 'Every workman or labouring boy is obliged, all over France, to provide himself with a book termed *un livret*, indorsed in Paris by a commissaire of police, and in other towns by the mayor or his assistants, containing his description, name, age, birthplace, profession, and the name of the master by whom he is employed. In fact, no person, under a heavy fine, can employ a workman unless he produce a *livret* of the above description, bearing an acquittal of his engagements with his last master. Every workman, after inscribing in his *livret* the day and terms of his engagement with a new master, is obliged to leave it in the hands of his said master, who is required, under a penalty, to restore it to him on the fulfilment of his engagement. Any workman, although he may produce a regular passport, found travelling without his book, is considered as "vagabond," and as such may be arrested and punished with from three to six months' imprisonment, and after that subjected to the surveillance of the *haute-police* for at least five and not exceeding ten years. No new *livret* can be indorsed until its owner produces the old one filled up. In case of a workman losing his *livret*, he may, on the presentation of his passport, obtain provisional permission to work, but without authority to move to any other place until he can satisfy the officer of police that he is free from all engagements to his last master. Every workman coming to Paris with a passport is required, within three days of his arrival, to appear at the prefecture of police with his *livret*, in order that it may be indorsed. In like manner, any labourer leaving Paris with a passport must obtain the *visé* of the police to his *livret*, which, in fact, contains an abstract history of his industrial life. As a description of the political department of the police of Paris would involve details, the ramifications of which would almost be endless, I will only briefly state, that from the masters of every furnished hotel and lodging-house—who are required to insert in a register, indorsed by a commissaire de police, the name, surname, profession, and usual domicile of every person who sleeps in their house for a single night—and from innumerable other sources, information is readily obtained concerning every person, and especially every stranger, residing in the metropolis. For instance, at the entrance of each lodging, and of almost every private house, there sits a being termed a *concierge*, who knows the hour at which each inmate enters and goes out; who calls on him; how many letters he receives; by their post-marks, where

they come from; what parcels are left for him; what they appear to contain, &c. &c. &c. Again, at the corner of every principal street, there is located, wearing the badge of the police, a commissionaire, acquainted with all that outwardly goes on within the radius of his Argus-eyed observations. From these people, from the drivers of flacres, from the sellers of vegetables, from fruiterers, and lastly, from the masters of wine-shops, who either from people sober, tipsy, or drunk, are in the habit of hearing an infinity of garrulous details, the police are enabled to track the conduct of almost any one, and, if necessary, to follow up their suspicions by their own agents in disguises which, practically speaking, render them invisible. Sir Francis mentions that he was considered of sufficient importance to be under surveillance. "You are," said very gravely to me a gentleman in Paris of high station, on whom I had had occasion to call, "a person of some consideration. Your object here is not understood, and you are therefore under the surveillance of the police." I asked him what that meant. "Wherever you go," he replied, "you are followed by an agent of police. When one is tired, he hands you over to another. Whatever you do, is known to them; and at this moment there is one waiting in the street until you leave me."

We need say no more. The people who, under all phases of government—despotism, constitutional monarchy, and universal-suffrage republic—coolly tolerate, nay, they admire and vindicate, this atrocious system of personal restraint and espionage, are totally unfit for the enjoyment of civil liberty. In conclusion, we can hardly recommend the book before us, further than to say, that its gossip, though often prosy to the verge of twaddle, is also sometimes droll and amusing from its graphic minuteness.

IVORY AND ITS APPLICATIONS.

THE Chinese, from time immemorial, have been celebrated for their excellence in the fabrication of ornamental articles in ivory; and, strange to say, up to our own time, their productions are still unrivalled. European artists have never succeeded in cutting ivory after the manner of these people, nor, to all appearance, is it likely they ever will. Nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than the delicate lacework of a Chinese fan, or the elaborate carving of their miniature junks, chess-pieces, and concentric balls: their models of temples, pagodas, and other pieces of architecture are likewise skilfully constructed; and yet three thousand years ago such monuments of art were executed with the very same grace and fidelity!

Ivory was known to the Egyptians as an article both of use and ornament. They manufactured it into combs, rings, and a variety of similar things. The processions on the walls of their palaces and tombs would seem to indicate the fact of its having been obtained from India, and also from Ethiopia or Central Africa. There is every reason to believe also that the harder and more accessible ivory of the hippopotamus was extensively used by them. Colonel Hamilton Smith has seen a specimen of what appeared to be a sword-handle of ancient Egyptian workmanship, which has been recognised by dentists as belonging to this class of ivory.

Ivory was extensively used by the Jews. It is frequently spoken of in Scripture as being obtained from Tarshish—an indiscriminate term for various places in the lands of the Gentiles, but probably referring in this case to some part of India or Eastern Africa. Wardrobes were made of ivory, or at least inlaid with

it; the splendid throne of Solomon was formed of this material, overlaid with gold; Ahab built an ivory palace; and beds or couches of the same material were common among the wealthy Israelites. The Phœnicians of Tyre—those merchant-princes of antiquity—were so profuse of this valuable article of their luxurious commerce as to provide ivory benches for the rowers of their galleys. Assyria—whose records and history are only now beginning to be unfolded—possessed magnificent articles of ivory. Mr Layard, in his excavations at Nineveh, found 'in the rubbish near the bottom of a chamber, several ivory ornaments upon which were traces of gilding: among them was the figure of a man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian *crux ansata*—part of a crouching sphinx—and flowers designed with great taste and elegance.'

The Greeks—who were acquainted with it at least as early as the time of Homer—gradually introduced ivory as a material for sculpture. In certain forms of combination with gold, it gave origin to the art of *chryselephantine* sculpture, so called from the Greek primitives, gold and ivory. This art, which was perhaps more luxurious than tasteful, was introduced about six hundred years before the Christian era; and it was much admired for its singular beauty. It was not, however, till the days of Phidias that it attained to its full splendour. Two of the masterpieces of this sculptor—the colossal statues of Minerva in the Parthenon at Athens and the Olympian Jove in his temple—were formed of gold and ivory. The Minerva was forty feet high, and the Olympian Jupiter was one of the wonders of the world. In the latter of these, the exposed parts of the figure were of ivory, and the drapery of gold. It was seated on a throne elaborately formed of gold, ivory, and cedar-wood; it was adorned with precious stones; and in his hand the god sustained an emblematic figure of Victory, made of the same costly materials.

The Romans used ivory as a symbol of power; but they applied it practically to an infinite variety of purposes. Their kings and magistrates sat on ivory thrones of rich and elaborate construction—an idea received from the Etruscans. The curule chairs of ivory and gold that belonged to the office of consul, together with the sceptres and other articles of similar description, were all of Etruscan origin. The *libri elephantis* were tablets of ivory, on which were registered the transactions of the senate and magistrates; the births, marriages, and deaths of the people; their rank, class, and occupation, with other things pertaining to the census. The Romans also applied this material to the manufacture of musical instruments, combs, couches, harnesses of horses, sword-hilts, girdles. They were acquainted with the arts of dyeing and incrusting ivory, and they also possessed some splendid specimens of chryselephantine statuary. Ancient writers, indeed, mention no fewer than one hundred statues of gold and ivory; but they furnish us with no particulars of the mode of executing these colossal monuments of art in a substance which could only be obtained in small pieces. A head, smaller than the usual size, a statue about eight inches in height, and a bas-relief, are the only specimens that exist in the present day.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the taste for ivory ornament became almost extinct. There were some periods, however, in the early part of mediæval history when this material was not forgotten: when the caliphs of the East formed of it some of the beautiful ornaments of their palaces; when the Arabian alchemists subjected it to the crucible, and so produced the pigment ivory black; when a Danish knight killed an elephant in the holy wars, and estab-

lished an order of knighthood which still exists; when Charlemagne, the emperor of the West, had ivory ornaments of rare and curious carving.* It is, however, at a period subsequent to the return of the crusaders that we must date the commencement of a general revival of the taste in Europe. It would be interesting to trace the steps by which ivory regained its place in the arts and commerce of nations; but on this point we must not linger. From the low countries it spread to the far North. Its relations with art and beauty soon became widely recognised; the growing luxury of the Roman pontificate encouraged its applications; and towards the end of the fifteenth century it was extensively employed as an article of ornament and decoration in every country and court of Europe. The Portuguese were the first to revive a traffic with Africa which had been dormant for upwards of 1000 years. It was originally confined to the immense stores of ivory which the natives had accumulated for the purposes of their superstition; but these soon became exhausted, and the inexorable demands of European commerce once more prompted the destruction of the mighty and docile inhabitant of the wilderness. Elephant-hunting became a trade; and a terrible havoc was commenced, which has been unremittingly pursued down to the present time.

The term ivory, originally derived from a Greek word signifying heavy, is indiscriminately applied to the following varieties of osseous matter:—

1. *The tusks and teeth of the elephant.*—Naturalists recognise two species of elephants—the Asiatic (*Elephas Indicus*) and the African (*Elephas Africanus*). The former of these species is indigenous to the whole of Southern India and the Eastern Archipelago; but the largest and most valuable Indian elephant is that of Ceylon. The second species is found throughout the whole of Africa; and on the banks of the great rivers and lakes of the unexplored regions of the interior, herds of the finest African elephants are supposed to wander in security. It was until very recently believed that the Asiatic elephant yielded the largest teeth, and those imported from Pegu, Cochin-China, and Ceylon, sometimes weighed 150 lbs. Specimens, however, have been obtained from the interior of Africa of much greater weight and dimensions. Mr Gordon Cumming has in his collection a pair of teeth taken from an old bull elephant in the vicinity of the equator, of which the larger of the two measures 10 feet 9 inches long, and weighs 173 lbs.; and Mr Cawood, who resided thirty years at the Cape, has another pair in his possession measuring 8½ feet each, and weighing together 330 lbs.

Besides these contemporary races of elephants, the market is extensively supplied by the fossil ivory derived from the tusks of the great mammoth or fossil elephant of the geologist. The remains of this gigantic animal are abundantly distributed over the whole extent of the globe. They exist in large masses in the northern hemisphere, deeply embedded in the alluvial deposits of the tertiary period. Humboldt discovered specimens on some of the most elevated ridges of the Andes; and similar remains have been found in Africa. In the frozen regions of the far North, surrounded by successive layers of everlasting ice, the fossil ivory exists in a state of perfect preservation, and it constitutes indeed an important article of commerce in the north of Europe.

2. *The teeth of the hippopotamus, or river-horse.*—These, under the inappropriate term of 'sea-horse teeth,' supply the most suitable ivory for the dentist. In addition to twenty grinders, the animal has twelve front teeth, the outer on each side of the jaw being the largest and most prized. This ivory is much

harder, closer in the grain, and more valuable than that of the elephant. It is remarkable, moreover, for the extreme hardness of its enamel, which is quite incapable of being cut, and will strike fire with a steel instrument. The large teeth of the hippopotamus weigh on the average 6 lbs., and the small ones about 1 lb. each. Their value ranges from 6s. to 40s. per lb.

3. *The teeth of the walrus, or sea-cow.*—These are nearly straight, and measure from 2 feet to 2½ feet in length. The exterior portion of the tooth possesses a much finer grain and texture than its core, which in appearance and properties bears a close resemblance to ordinary bone. Of a yellowish cream-colour and mottled, this ivory is much less valuable than the teeth of the hippopotamus. It is seldom applied in our day to other than dental purposes; but its antiquity is interesting. The Scandinavian relics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with which our museums are so profusely enriched, are for the most part formed of the teeth of the walrus. The elegant spiral horn of the narwhal or sea-unicorn also produces ivory of a superior quality. It is not to any great extent applied to useful purposes, but is more frequently preserved in museums and collections as a beautiful natural curiosity.

The tusks and teeth of the elephant—the latter, for the sake of distinction, are termed grinders—are formed after the ordinary manner of the teeth of animals. The organism which converts the earthy constituents of the blood into cellular tissue and membrane, contributes in the same way to form the teeth by the successive deposition of layer upon layer of the soft vascular pulp. The marks of these depositions, or laminae, are clearly distinguishable in the longitudinal strise of the section of a tooth. Mr Corse Scott states that the Indian elephant has only ten or twelve laminae in the tooth, while that of the great mammoth has twenty-four, besides having a much more regularly disposed enamel. The tooth is hollow about half-way up, but a very small tubular cavity is visible throughout its entire length. This, sometimes called the nerve, is in reality the apex of successive formations in the process of growth. The grinders are seldom used in the arts. They are of a different texture, the laminae more loosely combined, and possessing a tendency to separate, which renders them unfit for nearly all useful purposes. Ivory has the same chemical constitution as ordinary teeth—that is, cartilage united to such earthy ingredients as the phosphate of lime.

But it is very remarkable that the fossil ivory of the mammoth, and specimens of the historic period of Pompeii or Egypt, contain sometimes as much as 10 per cent. more of fluoride of calcium than the ivory of the present day. We apprehend, however, that this property—first investigated by Dr George Wilson—may be derived from long-continued contact with earth, since fluoride of calcium is the chief ingredient in the enamel or exterior portion of the tooth. Ancient ivory, having thus gained in its inorganic bases, becomes deficient in the gelatinous constituents necessary to its preservation. We recently had a singularly beautiful application of the knowledge of this principle in the case of the ivory specimens sent from Nineveh by Mr Layard. On their arrival in England, it was discovered that they were rapidly crumbling to pieces. Professor Owen recommended that the articles should be boiled in a solution of albumen, which was done accordingly, and the ivory rendered as firm and solid as when it was first entombed.

We may allude here to a very singular physical property which is possessed by the elephant's tusk. Specimens have frequently been obtained which were found to contain musket-bullets in their centre, surrounded with a species of osseous pulp differing from the ordinary character and constitution of ivory.

* In the sacristy of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle is still preserved, among other relics of this great prince, an immense ivory hunting-horn; and Charlemagne's chess-men, which still exist, form part of the collection of works of art at Cologne.

There was frequently no corresponding orifice on the surface of the tusk; and hence Blumenbach, and other naturalists, were led to form some very inaccurate notions regarding this circumstance. Mr Rodgers of Sheffield some years ago forwarded a variety of such specimens to the Edinburgh College Museum, and these were very closely examined by Professor Goodsir, who, in a communication to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, demonstrated that this arose simply from a property of isolating foreign substances common to all osseous organised bodies: the ball having been enclosed by the tusk in its pulpy secretion, and corrosive action thereby prevented, the process of growth continued without interruption.

Ivory is a solid, white, translucent substance, distinguishable from bone by its beautiful texture of semi-transparent rhomboidal network. The finest ivory is much more transparent than paper of the same thickness. A thin transverse section placed under the microscope exhibits a series of curvilinear lines diverging from the centre and interlacing each other with great regularity and beauty, closely resembling in appearance the engine-turning of a watch. It possesses a specific gravity varying from 1.888 in the tooth of the walrus, to 2.843 in that of the elephant. Its mean gravity is therefore about two and a half times greater than water. The best, finest, and most valuable ivory is that obtained from the African elephant. When recently cut, it exhibits something of a yellowish transparent tint, which is due to the oil it contains, but this gradually changes to a beautiful and permanent white. It is not easily stained or destroyed by exposure to the atmosphere, and on that account is used in the arts for all the higher purposes, and especially for carved ornaments—such as chess-pieces, crucifixes, and articles of *virtu*. Indian ivory, on the contrary, when first cut, is perfectly white, but it becomes yellow and discoloured with age and exposure. A good illustration of this circumstance is presented by the dingy-coloured keys of an old pianoforte.

This popular definition of good and inferior ivory is however, in point of fact, somewhat incorrect, since ivory obtained from the coast of Africa is often much inferior to that obtained from the Indian Archipelago. The best rule for determining the quality is probably that of its vicinity to the equator. The ivory brought from within the 10th degrees of north and south latitude is incomparably the finest in the market; it is at the same time the most transparent, which of itself is a valuable characteristic. Our Indian ivory for some years back, instead of being shipped by way of the Cape for England, has, in order to save time, been sent by the Red Sea to Suez, and thence conveyed, generally on the backs of camels, across the Desert to Alexandria, where it is again shipped on board the Oriental steam-packets for Southampton, and conveyed by railway to London. By this expeditious mode of transit, however, the value of the ivory is frequently much deteriorated. The damage it sustains in being so often loaded and unloaded; and the intense heat of a tropical sun to which it is openly exposed in crossing the Isthmus—render the tusks unsound at the core, numerous cracks and fissures appear over the surface, the points are frequently broken off, and on the whole its market-price is considerably depreciated.

There is no means of accurately determining the intrinsic value of our importation of ivory—the price is so variable. In 1827, upwards of 8000 cwt.; in 1842, upwards of 5000 cwt.; and in 1850, about 8000 cwt. was imported, of which about four-fifths was entered for home consumption. In point of quantity or bulk it is not calculated to attract attention, nor does the commercial transaction excite much notice. A quiet advertisement in the front page of the *Economist*, a few letters from London,

Birmingham, and Sheffield to City brokers—for the ivory-trade is confined to a very small number of houses—and a cargo of African or Indian ivory, amounting perhaps to L.50,000 sterling, is quickly and easily disposed of. The supply at this moment is unequal to the demand, and the price is steadily advancing.

Small teeth weighing from 4 to 20 lbs. are worth from L.10 to L.16 per cwt.; and the price of the enormous tusks we have referred to, which are far beyond the limits of the above scale, is probably equal to L.50 per cwt. or upwards. African ivory is worth about 25 per cent. more than Indian ivory of corresponding size and quality.

To attempt even to catalogue the extremely diversified uses to which ivory is applied would of itself be no easy task. There is not perhaps in the whole commercial list an article possessed of wider relations. It is extensively consumed in the manufacture of handles to knives and forks, and cutlery of every description; combs of all kinds; brushes of every form and use; billiard-balls, chess-men, dice, dice-boxes; bracelets, necklaces, rings, brooches; slabs for miniature portraits, pocket-tablets, card-cases; paper-knives, shoeing-horns, large spoons and forks for salad; ornamental work-boxes, jewel-caskets, small inlaid tables; furniture for doors and cabinets; pianoforte and organ keys; stethoscopes, lancet-cases, and surgical instruments; microscopes, lorgnettes, and philosophical instruments; thermometer scales, hydrometer scales, and mathematical instruments; snuff-boxes, cigar-cases, pipe-tubes; fans, flowers, fancy boxes; crucifixes, crosiers, and symbols of faith; idols, gods, and symbols of superstition; vases, urns, sarcophagi, and emblems of the dead; temples, pagodas; thrones, emblems of mythology; and, in short, there is hardly a purpose in the useful and ornamental arts to which ivory is, or has not been in some way extensively employed. At present, the ivory carvings of Dieppe are the finest in Europe; but the genius of the present age is utilitarian, and so are its applications of ivory. If we desire high art in the fabrication of this material, we must go back a few centuries, or be satisfied with the beautiful productions of China or Hindostan. We could scarcely give a more apt illustration of this truth than by pointing to the seat of honour set apart for Prince Albert in the closing scene of the Great Exhibition. Elevated on the crimson platform, and standing forth as an appropriate emblem of the artistic genius of the mighty collection, was observed the magnificent ivory throne presented to her Majesty by the Rajah of Travancore!

From the great value of the material, the economical cutting of it up is of the last importance. Nothing is lost. The smallest fragments are of some value, have certain uses, and bear a corresponding price. Ivory dust, which is produced in large quantities, is a most valuable gelatine, and as such extensively employed by straw-hat makers. The greatest consumption of ivory is undoubtedly in connection with the cutlery trade. For these purposes alone about 200 tons are annually used in Sheffield and Birmingham, and the ivory in nearly every instance is from India. The mode of manufacturing knife-handles is very simple and expeditious:—The teeth are first cut into slabs of the requisite thickness—then to the proper cross dimensions, by means of circular saws of different shapes. They are afterwards drilled with great accuracy by a machine; rivetted to the blade; and finally smoothed and polished. We believe that this branch of industry alone gives employment to about 500 persons in Sheffield. Combs are seldom made of any ivory but Indian, and their mode of manufacture we had recently occasion to describe.* A large

* See an article on the Aberdeen Combworks, No. 306.

amount of ivory is consumed in the backs of hair-brushes; and this branch of the trade has recently undergone considerable improvements. The old method of making a tooth-brush, for example, was to lace the bristles through the ivory, and then to glue, or otherwise fasten, an outside slab to the brush for the purpose of concealing the holes and wire-thread. This mode of manufacture has been improved on by a method of working the hair into the solid ivory; and brushes of this description are now the best in the market. Their chief excellence consists in their preserving their original white colour to the last, which is a great desideratum. Billiard-balls constitute another considerable item of ivory consumption. They cost from 6s. to 12s. each; and the nicety of our ornamental turning produces balls not only of the most perfect spherical form, but accurately corresponding in size and weight even to a single grain.

The ivory miniature tablets so much in use, and which are so invaluable to the artist from the exquisitely delicate texture of the material, are now produced by means of a very beautiful and highly interesting chemical process. Phosphoric acid of the usual specific gravity renders ivory soft and nearly plastic. The plates are cut from the circumference of the tusk, somewhat after the manner of paring a cucumber, and then softened by means of the acid. When washed with water, pressed, and dried, the ivory regains its former consistency, and even its microscopic structure is not affected by the process. Plates thirty inches square have been formed in this way, and a great reduction in price has thus been effected. Painting on ivory, we may add, was practised among the ancients.

Mr McCulloch and other statistical writers predict the speedy extinction of the elephant, from the enormous consumption of its teeth; and curious calculations of the number of these animals annually extirpated to supply the English market alone are now getting somewhat popular. For example: 'in 1827 the custom-duty on ivory (20s. per cwt.—since reduced to 1s.) amounted to L.3257. The average weight of the elephant's tusk is 60 lbs.; and therefore 3040 elephants have been killed to supply this quantity of ivory.' But these calculations are in many respects quite fallacious. In the first place, the average weight of our imported tusks is *not* 60 lbs.: we have the authority of one of the first ivory-merchants in London for stating that 20 lbs. will be a much closer approximation. This at once involves a threefold ratio of destruction. In place of 3040, we should have the terrible slaughter of 9120 elephants for one year's consumption of ivory in England! This, however, is not the case. In these calculations the immense masses of fossil ivory we have alluded to are obviously overlooked, and the equally immense quantities of broken teeth which are disinterred from the deserts of Arabia, or the jungles of Central Africa. The truth is, we have good reason to know, that a very large proportion of the commercial supply of Europe is sustained from the almost inexhaustible store of these descriptions of ivory.

Nevertheless, it is indisputable that the insatiable demands of modern commerce will inevitably lead to the ultimate extermination of this noble animal. His venerable career is ignominiously brought to an end merely for the sake of the two teeth he carries in his mouth; which are very likely destined to be cut into rings to assist the infant Anglo-Saxons in cutting their teeth, or partly made into jelly to satisfy the tastes and appetites of a London alderman. We cannot reasonably hope for a new suspension of the traffic: indeed we can only look for its extension. The luxurious tastes of man are inimical to the existence of the elephant. From time immemorial, the war of extermination has existed. His rightful domain—in

the plain or the wilderness, or amid the wild herbage of his native savannas—is at all points ruthlessly invaded. But the result is inevitable—it will come to an end; and some future generation of naturalists—those of them at least who are curious in Palæontology—will regard the remains of our contemporary races of elephants with the same kind of astonishment with which we investigate the pre-historic evidences of the gigantic tapir or the mammoth.

BLIGHTED FLOWERS.

THE facts of the following brief narrative, which are very few and of but melancholy interest, became known to me in the precise order in which they are laid before the reader. They were forced upon my observation rather than sought out by me; and they present, to my mind at least, a touching picture of the bitter conflict industrious poverty is sometimes called upon to wage with 'the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to.'

It must be now eight or nine years since, in traversing a certain street, which runs for nearly half a mile in a direct line southward, I first encountered Ellen—. She was then a fair young girl of seventeen, rather above the middle size, and with a queen-like air and gait which made her appear taller than she really was. Her countenance, pale but healthy, and of a perfectly regular and classic mould, was charming to look upon from its undefinable expression of loveliness and sweet temper. Her tiny feet tripped noiselessly along the pavement, and a glance from her black eye sometimes met mine like a ray of light, as, punctually at twenty minutes to nine, we passed each other near—House, each of us on our way to the theatre of our daily operations. She was an embroideress, as I soon discovered from a small stretching-frame, containing some unfinished work, which she occasionally carried in her hand. She set me a worthy example of punctuality, and I could any day have told the time to a minute without looking at my watch, by marking the spot where we passed each other. I learned to look for her regularly, and before I knew her name, had given her that of 'Minerva,' in acknowledgment of her efficiency as a mentor.

A year after the commencement of our acquaintance, which never ripened into speech, happening to set out from home one morning a quarter of an hour before my usual time, I made the pleasing discovery that my juvenile Minerva had a younger sister, if possible still more beautiful than herself. The pair were taking an affectionate leave of each other at the crossing of the New Road, and the silver accents of the younger as, kissing her sister, she laughed out, 'Good-by, Ellen,' gave me the first information of the real name of my pretty mentor. The little Mary—for so was the younger called, who could not be more than eleven years of age—was a slender, frolicsome sylph, with a skin of the purest carnation, and a face like that of Sir Joshua's seraph in the National Gallery, but with larger orbs and longer lashes shading them. As she danced and leaped before me on her way home again, I could not but admire the natural ease and grace of every motion, nor fail to comprehend and sympathise with the anxious looks of the sisters' only parent, their widowed mother, who stood watching the return of the younger darling at the door of a very humble two-storey dwelling, in the vicinity of the New River Head.

Nearly two years passed away, during which, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, every recurring morning brought me the grateful though momentary vision of one or both of the charming sisters. Then came an additional pleasure—I met them both together every day. The younger had commenced practising the same delicate and ingenious craft of embroidery, and the two pursued their industry in company under the same employer. It was amusing to mark the demure assumption of womanhood darkening the brows of the ærial little sprite, as, with all the new-born consequence of responsibility, she walked soberly by her sister's side, frame in hand, and occasionally revealed to passers-by a brief glimpse of her many-coloured handiwork. They were the very picture of beauty and happiness, and happy beyond question must their innocent lives have been for many pleasant months. But soon the shadows of care began to steal over their hitherto joyous faces, and traces of anxiety, perhaps of tears, to be too plainly visible on their paling cheeks. All at once I missed them in my morning's walk, and for several days—it might be weeks—saw nothing of them. I was at length startled from my forgetfulness of their very existence by the sudden apparition of both one Monday morning clad in the deepest mourning. I saw the truth at once: the mother, who, I had remarked, was prematurely old and feeble, was gone, and the two orphan children were left to battle it with the world. My conjecture was the truth, as a neighbour of whom I made some inquiries on the subject was not slow to inform me. 'Ah, sir,' said the good woman, 'poor Mrs D—have had a hard time of it, and she born an' bred a gentlewoman.'

I asked her if the daughters were provided for.

'Indeed, sir,' continued my informant, 'I'm afraid not. 'Twas the most unfortunatest thing in the world, sir, poor Mr D—'s dying jest as a' did. You see, sir, he war a soldier, a fightin' out in Ind'y, and his poor wife lef at home wi' them two blossoms o' gals. He warn't what you call a common soldier, sir, but some kind o' officer like; an' in some great battle fought seven year ago he done fine service I've heerd, and promotion was send out to 'un, but didn't get there till the poor man was dead of his wounds. The news of he's death cut up his poor wife complete, and she han't been herself since. I've know'd she wasn't long for here ever since it come. Wust of all, it seems that because the poor man was dead the very day the promotion reached 'un, a' didn't die a captain after all, and so the poor widdier didn't get no pension. How they've a' managed to live is more than I can tell. The oldest gal is very clever, they say; but Lor' bless 'ee! 'taint much to sport three as is to be got out o' broderin'.'

Thus enlightened on the subject of their private history, it was with very different feelings I afterwards regarded these unfortunate children. Bereft of both parents, and cast upon a world with the ways of which they were utterly unacquainted, and in which they might be doomed to the most painful struggles even to procure a bare subsistence, one treasure was yet left them—it was the treasure of each other's love. So far as the depth of this feeling could be estimated from the looks and actions of both, it was all in all to each. But the sacred bond that bound them was destined to be rudely rent asunder. The cold winds of autumn began to visit too roughly the fair pale face of the younger girl, and the unmistakable indications of consumption made their appearance: the harassing cough, the hectic cheek, the deep-settled pain in the side, the failing breath. Against these dread fore-runners it was vain long to contend; and the poor child had to remain at home in her solitary sick-chamber, while the loving sister toiled harder than ever to provide, if possible, the means of comfort and restoration to health. All the world knows the ending

of such a hopeless strife as this. It is sometimes the will of Heaven that the path of virtue, like that of glory, leads but to the grave. So it was in the present instance: the blossom of this fair young life withered away, and the grass-fringed lips of the child's early tomb closed over the lifeless relics ere spring had dawned upon the year.

Sorrow had graven legible traces upon the brow of my hapless mentor when I saw her again. How different now was the vision that greeted my daily sight from that of former years! The want that admits not of idle wailing compelled her still to pursue her daily course of labour, and she pursued it with the same constancy and punctuality as she had ever done. But the exquisitely chiselled face, the majestic gait, the elastic step—the beauty and glory of youth, unshaken because unassaulted by death and sorrow—where were they? Alas! all the bewitching charms of her former being had gone down into the grave of her mother and sister; and she, their support and idol, seemed no more now than she really was—a wayworn, solitary, and isolated struggler for daily bread.

Were this a fiction that I am writing, it would be an easy matter to deal out a measure of poetical justice, and to recompense poor Ellen for all her industry, self-denial, and suffering in the arms of a husband, who should possess as many and great virtues as herself, and an ample fortune to boot. I wish with all my heart that it were a fiction, and that Providence had never furnished me with such a seeming anomaly to add to the list of my desultory chronicles. But I am telling a true story of a life. Ellen found no mate. No mate, did I say? Yes, one: the same grim yoke-fellow whose delight it is 'to gather roses in the spring' paid ghastly court to her faded charms, and won her—who shall say an unwilling bride? I could see his gradual but deadly advances in my daily walks: the same indications that gave warning of the sister's fate admonished me that she also was on her way to the tomb, and that the place that had known her would soon know her no more. She grew day by day more feeble; and one morning I found her seated on the step of a door, unable to proceed. After that she disappeared from my view; and though I never saw her again at the old spot, I have seldom passed that spot since, though for many years following the same route, without recognising again in my mind's eye the graceful form and angel aspect of Ellen D—.

'And is this the end of your mournful history?' some querulous reader demands. Not quite. There is a soul of good in things evil. Compassion dwells with the depths of misery; and in the valley of the shadow of death dove-eyed Charity walks with shining wings. . . . It was nearly two months after I had lost sight of poor Ellen, that during one of my dinner-hour perambulations about town, I looked in almost accidentally upon my old friend and chum, Jack W—. Jack keeps a perfumer's shop not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn, where, ensconced up to his eyes in delicate odours, he passes his leisure hours—the hours when commerce flags, and people have more pressing affairs to attend to than the delectation of their nostrils—in the enthusiastic study of art and *virtu*. His shop is hardly more crammed with bottles and attar, soap, scents, and all the *etceteras* of the toilet, than the rest of his house with prints, pictures, carvings, and curiosities of every sort. Jack and I went to school together, and sowed our slender crop of wild oats together; and, indeed, in some sort have been together ever since. We both have our own collections of rarities, such as they are, and each criticises the other's new purchases. On the present occasion there was a new Van Somebody's old painting awaiting my judgment; and no sooner did my shadow darken his door, than starting from his lair, and bidding

the boy ring the bell should he be wanted, he hustled me up stairs, calling by the way to his housekeeper, Mrs Jones—Jack is a bachelor—to bring up coffee for two. I was prepared to pronounce my dictum on his newly-acquired treasure, and was going to bounce unceremoniously into the old lumber-room over the lobby to regale my sight with the delightful confusion of his unarranged accumulations, when he pulled me forcibly back by the coat-tail. 'Not there,' said Jack; 'you can't go there. Go into my snugery.'

'And why not there?' said I; jealous of some new purchase which I was not to see.

'Because there's somebody ill there—it is a bedroom now: a poor girl; she wanted a place to die in, poor thing, and I put her in there.'

'Who is she?—a relative?'

'No; I never saw her till Monday last. Sit down, I'll tell you how it was. Set down the coffee, Mrs Jones, and just look in upon the patient, will you? Sugar and cream? You know my weakness for the dead wall in Lincoln's Inn Fields.' (Jack never refuses a beggar backed by that wall, for the love of Ben Jonson, who, he devoutly believes, had a hand in building it.) 'Well, I met with her there on Monday last. She asked for nothing, but held out her hand, and as she did so the tears streamed from her eyes on the pavement. The poor creature, it was plain enough, was then dying; and I told her so. She said she knew it, but had no place to die in but the parish workhouse, and hoped that I would not send her there. What's the use of talking? I brought her here, and put her to sleep on the sofa while Jones cleared out the lumber-room and got up a bed. I sent for Dr H—— to look at her; he gave her a week or ten days at the farthest: I don't think she'll last so long. The curate of St—— comes every day to see her, and I like to talk to her myself sometimes. Well, Mrs Jones, how goes she on?'

'She's asleep,' said the housekeeper. 'Would you like to look at her, gentlemen?'

We entered the room together. It was as if some unaccountable presentiment had forewarned me: there, upon a snow-white sheet, and pillowed by my friend's favourite eider-down squab, lay the wasted form of Ellen D——. She slept soundly and breathed loudly; and Dr H——, who entered while we stood at the bedside, informed us that in all probability she would awake only to die, or if to sleep again, then to wake no more. The latter was the true prophecy. She awoke an hour or two after my departure, and passed away that same night in a quiet slumber without a pang.

I never learned by what chain of circumstances she was driven to seek alms in the public streets. I might have done so perhaps by inquiry, but to what purpose? She died in peace, with friendly hands and friendly hearts near her, and Jack buried her in his own grave in Highgate Cemetery, at his own expense; and declares he is none the worse for it. I am of his opinion.

NOTES FROM AUSTRALIA.

LETTERS from working-men have been published in great numbers by the home-press, but a voice from the tradesman has seldom been heard; or, if heard, has not been attended to. I trust in some measure to supply the deficiency to those middle-class townsfolk who seek to emigrate to Australia.

1st, I can only reconcile the different accounts furnished by emigrants—believing people to write as they think at the time—by remembering that some have come from quiet rural places, and others from populous towns. The first will consider Geelong—its beautiful bay, ships, and steamers, as a bustling, improving, and increasing town, laid out for a future provincial capital; the last will regard it as a dull, detached series of villages, which

will some day be a large town. A modification of these causes, allowing for age, temperament, circumstances, and station in life, will explain any ordinary discrepancy in the accounts from this country.

2d, The various accounts of the climate must in a measure be traced to the same causes. People used to out-door labour in Britain find the winter so mild, that everything is lauded to the skies; those used to nice, roomy, convenient houses at home, finding themselves so very differently situated, condemn climate, prospects, and everything. Both may convey a false impression. The cold or heat by the thermometer is no test of sensation; days, however warm, are exceedingly agreeable, except the hot-wind days, which are absolutely indescribable, yet I have seen some men work out all day in the worst of them. They cause great relaxation in the system, and produce dysentery, especially among children. Compared with other hot countries, this appears to be the most agreeable.

3d, *Employment*.—This is readily to be obtained by working mechanics of all kinds in the towns; remembering that a very small sprinkling of workmen for finer work—such as cornice-mouldings, fine freestone work, cabinet-work, &c.—will be able to find employment for a long time to come, because, till a new generation spring up, who can live upon the accumulations of their sires, money will not be diverted to any great extent from business in land, buildings, or merchandise. A considerable number of labourers will find employment about the towns, at the stores, on the wharfs, &c. at about 24s. weekly. Country work on the sheep-stations—as shepherds, drivers of bullock-drays, sheep-washing and shearing, cooking for the men, &c.—is remunerated by about L.25 and food. These live far off in the solitary plains, almost apart from men, and come to town once, twice, or thrice a year, as their distance and employment may determine. The Sabbath has little of the religious character for them, and they know little of the progress of mankind. Agriculture also employs men at about the same rate. There is no probability of wages falling, for a long time to come, with any stream of emigration likely to come out hither; for if the country cannot grow more wool, a greater attention to its quality would employ more men; and agriculture will absorb a vast population as soon as the land-question has been fairly overhauled, and settled on a foundation that will allow a small capitalist to obtain, at a fair price, a suitable farm: besides, everything necessary to civilisation has yet to be done—roads, bridges, quarries, wells, and a long *et cetera* that one can scarcely catalogue.

4th, *Capitalists of L.1000 and upwards* can make, apart from wool-growing, twenty per cent. on their money without being in trade, chiefly by buying at the government land-sales, and subdividing the section into small allotments, or by building houses, shops, &c. The average of rental returns the capital in four years. But this can only be done if emigration continues—and emigration with a sprinkling of holders of L.50 to L.200. If this stops, there can be few purchasers. Should a fixed price be put upon government land, there might be a difference in the way in which capital could be turned to profit; but L.1000 and upwards can find so many favourable investments in a new colony, that a living could be secured without much trouble or anxiety.

5th, *Population*.—By the census just completed, there are 78,000 inhabitants in Victoria (Port-Philip); County of Bourke, 44,000—including Melbourne, the capital, 20,000; County of Grant, 12,000—including Geelong, its capital, 8000. Warramboul, Belfast, and Portland, along the coast, only number hundreds, and Kilmore, forty miles inland, nearly 2000: there are also various villages—on paper—so called, numbering ten to fifty houses each. From this it will be seen that more than half of the entire population is within twenty miles of Melbourne, a third of the residue within fifteen miles of Geelong, and the remainder scattered, including the 1200 squatting-stations, over a very extensive country. These towns are not, in my opinion, a natural growth, but have been forced into their present magnitude from the difficulties in obtaining land at a price to make up for the utter want of every

convenience, a want arising from the total absence of any effort on the part of the government hitherto to make even one great trunk-road through the colony. Facilities for internal communication would cause towns to increase naturally. Now, people arrive with glowing ideas of the beauty and fertility of the country, and finding everything difficult of access there, betake themselves to shopkeeping, forcing up rents to an exorbitant sum, and losing their little capital. I think my opinion borne out by the fact, that the country population of Grant County was 1959 in 1846, and 4469 in 1851; Geelong in 1846 had 1911, and in 1851, 8000—the town population more than quadrupling itself in the last five years, the county increasing only 2510. Melbourne and Bourke County are nearly in the same position.

There are seven or eight merchants in Geelong who import goods of all kinds, twenty-two drapery establishments in a respectable way, besides numbers of small ones on the outskirts; other trades are proportionately overdone. Melbourne is, I am credibly informed, equally crowded. These facts shew that there is no opening for people in business. A great imposition is practised by stating the increase of a town at so much per cent., or having doubled or trebled itself in so short a time, the fact being that even its present condition may be that only of a village. Interested parties too often talk their places into notice; and if people do not deal in 'notions,' they all have some allotment that will just suit you, which they don't care to keep any longer.

An argument from the amount of imports is made use of unfairly. The United States are set down at 30s. per head, Australia about £7 per head. This latter, they say, is the country to encourage, to emigrate to—see how prosperous it is! being blind, apparently, to the fact, that Australia, having nothing as yet but the raw material, tallow and wool, it must barter all it has for what it wants—a proof to me as much of necessity as of prosperity. Many more persons cannot engage profitably in the wool and tallow trade; the field is therefore narrow for general purposes of emigrants, and easily liable to be overstocked, unless the government take prompt measures to open out the abundant internal resources of minerals, &c. and give easier and cheaper possession of land: then, though the imports might not be much more, the prosperity would be much greater. America I believe to be in this latter position, presenting a more varied field for the operations of the small capitalist, though her imports may be inconsiderable per head.

I ought to state, that a great many of the reported cases of success are, from misapprehension of the real circumstances of the parties, either quite false, or calculated to mislead. Doubtless many successful hits will be made by purchasers of mineral land, and so are successful hits made at the gaming-table. Successful men, besides, are well known, while the unsuccessful have slunk away and are forgotten. Few fortunes have been made by simple shopkeeping.

I ought not to conclude without referring to farming, although not practically acquainted with it; indeed, the accounts from farmers differ as much as the size and shape of their farms: but it appears to me that, from one or other of the following causes, farming has not hitherto paid well.—A large farm has been purchased, leaving too little cash to spare for the erection of houses, fences, and cultivation; or leaving it burdened with a mortgage at heavy interest; or a short lease—of three years—has been taken, and the money sunk on the improvements; or the cultivation has been of such a wretched description as failed to raise a remunerative crop. There never appears to have been a want of sufficient market for any field-produce. £1000 judiciously invested on a farm, I believe, would pay.

I trust it will be seen that my object in writing the foregoing has been to guard against the pictures of climate and scenery, good or bad, that are constantly written; to shew that plenty of employment at a remunerative wage is to be had, but only of the heavy and laborious kind; that there is a wide field for capitalists;

but that shopkeepers and townspeople, unused to out-door labour, have a poor chance, owing to the smallness of the population and the competition which already exists.

GROUND-LIZARD OF JAMAICA.

One feature with which a stranger cannot fail to be struck on his arrival in the island, and which is essentially tropical, is the abundance of the lizards that everywhere meet his eye. As soon as ever he sets foot on the beach, the rustlings among the dry leaves, and the dartings hither and thither among the spiny bushes that fringe the shore, arrest his attention; and he sees on every hand the beautifully coloured and meek-faced ground-lizard (*Ameiva dorsalis*), scratching like a bird among the sand, or peering at him from beneath the shadow of a great leaf, or creeping stealthily along with its ohin and belly upon the earth, or shooting over the turf with such a rapidity that it seems to fly rather than run. By the road-sides, and in the open pastures, and in the provision-grounds of the negroes, still he sees this elegant and agile lizard; and his prejudices against the reptile races must be inveterate indeed if he can behold its gentle countenance, and timid but bright eyes, its chaste but beautiful hues, its graceful form and action, and its bird-like motions, with any other feeling than admiration.

As he walks along the roads and lanes that divide the properties, he will perceive at every turn the smooth and trim little figure of the wood-slaves (*Mabouya agilis*) basking on the loose stones of the dry walls; their glossy, fish-like scales glistening in the sun with metallic brilliancy. They lie as still as if asleep; but on the intruder's approach, they are ready in a moment to dart into the crevices of the stones and disappear until the danger is past.

If he looks into the outbuildings of the estates, the mill-house, or the boiling-house, or the cattle-sheds, a singular croaking sound above his head causes him to look up; and then he sees clinging to the rafters, or crawling sluggishly along with the back downward, three or four lizards, of form, colour, and action very diverse from those he has seen before. It is the *gecko* or croaking lizard (*Thecodactylus larvia*), a nocturnal animal in its chief activity, but always to be seen in these places or in hollow trees even by day. Its appearance is repulsive, I allow, but its reputation for venom is libellous and groundless.

The stranger walks into the dwelling-house: lizards, lizards, still meet his eye. The little anoles (*A. iodurus*, *A. opalinus*, &c.) are chasing each other in and out between the jealousies, now stopping to protrude from the throat a broad disk of brilliant colour, crimson or orange, like the petal of a flower, then withdrawing it, and again displaying it in coquettish play. Then one leaps a yard or two through the air, and alights on the back of his playfellow; and both struggle and twist about in unimaginable contortions. Another is running up and down on the plastered wall, catching the ants as they roam in black lines over its whitened surface; and another leaps from the top of some piece of furniture upon the back of the visitor's chair, and scampers nimbly along the collar of his coat. It jumps on the table—can it be the same? An instant ago it was of the most beautiful golden green, except the base of the tail, which was of a soft, light, purple hue; now, as if changed by an enchanter's wand, it is of a sordid, sooty brown all over, and becomes momentarily darker and darker, or mottled with dark and pale patches of a most unpleasant aspect. Presently, however, the mental emotion, whatever it was—anger, or fear, or dislike—has passed away, and the lovely green hue sparkles in the glancing sunlight as before.

He lifts the window-sash; and instantly there run out on the sill two or three minute lizards of a new kind, allied to the *gecko*, the common palette-tip (*Sphaerodactylus argus*). It is scarcely more than two inches long, more nimble than fleet in its movement, and not very attractive.

In the woods he would meet with other kinds. On the

trunks of the trees he might frequently see the Venus (*Dactyloa Edwardsii*), as it is provincially called; a lizard much like the anoles of the houses, of a rich grass-green colour, with orange throat-disk, but much larger and fiercer; or, in the eastern parts of the island, the great iguana (*Cyclura lophoma*), with its dorsal crest like the teeth of a saw running down all its back, might be seen lying out on the branches of the trees, or playing bo-peep from a hole in the trunk; or, in the swamps and morasses of Westmoreland, the yellow galliwasp (*Celestus occiduus*), so much dreaded and abhorred, yet without reason, might be observed sitting idly in the mouth of its burrow, or feeding on the wild fruits and marshy plants that constitute its food.—*Gosse's Naturalist's Sojourn.*

A SCENE IN NEW ENGLAND.

I leave Boston sometimes in the evening by rail, get thirty miles off, then strike away into byways, ramble for an hour or two, and get back to the rail. I was out yesterday, and nothing can equal the colour of the foliage: if it was painted, it would look like fancy. In the course of my stroll, I came upon a lake entirely surrounded with forest, and containing, as I was informed, about four square miles of water, studded with islands varying in size from one to twenty acres. I would describe a point of view which enchanted me. I was on one side of the lake, where it is about half a mile in width: about half-way across, for the foreground of my picture, is a small island, about two acres, covered with trees, looking as if they grew out of the lake, with a central one of at least eighty feet high, and of the purest orange colour. The opposite shore is of a crescent shape, with the forest rising like an amphitheatre behind, glowing with every imaginable colour, from the intense crimson to the pale pink, and looking exactly like an enormous flower-garden stretching away to the distance, and the colour so strongly reflected in the water, that it is difficult to tell the reality from the reflection. At home in England, I would have gone far to see such scenes; but they are here at every turn. I enclose you some leaves, but the purity of the colour is gone after a few hours. I am sure many valuable additions might be made to the European stock of flowers: there are thousands of species—some extremely beautiful; but how they are propagated, or whether they could be transplanted, I cannot tell, being no horticulturist. Among the millions here, one plant would be much admired with you. It grows wild about three feet high, with long, curiously-formed leaves, and surmounted by bunches of bright scarlet blossoms, exactly like the geranium. In the course of my stroll, I came upon a genuine shanty of a new settler, full of fine children. The husband away at work—a little patch cleared for Indian corn and a few vegetables, the sturdy trees enclosing all. Truly the pair have their work before them, but they have likewise hope and comfort. I chatted a little while with the wife, a genuine specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race—clean, industrious, and hopeful: left home to avoid being starved, and sat down here, in rude comfort, with her ruddy children growing up about her—to be a joy and a support, instead of the drag and vexation they would have proved at home.—*Private Letter from an English Artist settled at Boston.*

WOMEN.

Christianity freed woman, because it opened to her the long-closed world of spiritual knowledge. Sublime and speculative theories, hitherto confined to the few, became, when once they were quickened by faith, things for which thousands were eager to die. Simple women meditated in their homes on questions which had long troubled philosophers in the groves of academies. They knew this well; and felt that from her who had sat at the feet of the Master, listening to the divine teaching, down to the poorest slave who heard the tidings of spiritual liberty, they had all become daughters of a great and immortal faith. Of that faith women were the earliest adherents, disciples, and martyrs. Women followed Jesus, entertained the wandering apostles, worshipped in the catacombs, or died in the arena. The Acts of the

Apostles bear record to the charity of Dorcas and the hospitality of Lydia; and tradition has preserved the memory of Praxedes and Pudentiana, daughters of a Roman senator, in whose house the earliest Christian meetings were held in Rome.—*Women of Christianity, by Julia Kavanagh.*

'WHARE'ER THERE'S A WILL THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY.'

LANGSYNE, when I first gaed to schule, I was glaiket, In books and in learning nae pleasure had I; And when for my fauts wi' the taws I was paiket, 'I canna do better,' was aye my reply. 'Deed Rab,' quo my mither, 'for daffin' and playin' There's nocht ye can manage by nicht or by day; But this let me tell ye, and mind what I'm sayin'— Whare'er there's a will there is always a way.

'Just look at our preacher, when but a bit callan, The ills o' cauld poortith he aft had to dree, But to better his lot the poor chiel aye was willin'— At schule and at wark ever eident was he: Sage books he wad read, and their truths he wad cherish, And earnestly sprauchle up learning's steep brae; And noo he's Mess John o' his ain native parish— Sae whare there's a will there is always a way.

'And man, if ye saw how his manse is bedecked! Ilk room's like a palace, it's plenished sae fine; And then wi' the best in the land he's the respecter, And aft wi' My Lord is invited to dine. O Rab, then, be active; frae him tak' example; His case speaks mair powerfu' than ocht I can say; And soon ye will find that your talents are ample; For whare there's a will there is always a way.

'What though we are cotters!—the poorest may flourish, And wha wadna rise wi' the glorious few! Industry works wonders—its spirit aye nourish— It isna the drone gathers hinney, I trow. Then onward, my laddie! ye canna regret it; What wrecks and what tears have been caused by delay! If noble your wish is, press on, ye will get it! For whare there's a will there is always a way.'

Thus spak my auld mither: ilk word seemed a sermon, But just rather warldly, as ane might alloo; But, haith, it inspired me, and made me determine To haud to the lair and keep progress in view. Sae I tried ilka project instruction to gather: When herdin' the sheep for our laird, Ringan Gray, The Bible and Bunyan, I read 'mang the heather— Aye whare there's a will there is always a way.

But my father he dee'd, and to help my auld mither I noo had to struggle wi' hardship and care; And aften I thocht I wad stick a' thegither, But something within me said: 'Never despair!' At last I grew bein, for I toiled late and early, Syne to Collegio I gaed, and was made a D.D. And noo I'm Mess John in the Kirk o' Glenfairly— Sae whare there's a will there is always a way.

The manse—but I shouldna wi' vanity crack o't— Is as cozie a beil as a body could see; Hauf-hid 'mang auld trees, wi' braw parks at the back o't, Whare lambs, 'mang the gowans, are sportin' wi' glee. I've got a bit wife too, a rich winsome lady— In short, I hae a' that a mortal could hae: Sae onward, ye youths! as my auld mither said aye— Whare'er there's a will there is always a way.

A. M'KAY.

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THE HAPPY JACKS.

'On Saturday, then, at two—humble hours, humble fare; but plenty, and good of its kind; with a talk over old fellows and old times.'

Such was the pith of an invitation to dinner, to accept which I started on a pleasant summer Saturday on the top of a Kentish-town omnibus. My host was Happy Jack. Everybody called him 'Happy Jack;' he called himself 'Happy Jack.' He believed he was an intensely 'Happy' Jack. Yet his friends shook their heads, and the grandest shook theirs the longest, as they added the ominous addendum of 'Poor Devil' to 'Happy Jack.'

'Seen that unhappy wretch, Happy Jack, lately?'

'Seen him! of course, yesterday: he came to borrow a half-sovereign, as two of his children had the measles. He was in the highest spirits, for the pawnbroker lent him more on his watch than he had expected, and so Jack considered the extra shilling or two pure gain. I don't know how the wretch lives, but he seems happier than ever.'

On another occasion, the dialogue would be quite different.

'Who do you think I saw last night in the first tier at the Opera?—who but Happy Jack, and Mrs Happy Jack, and the two eldest Happy Jack girls! Jack himself resplendent in diamond studs, and tremendously laced shirt-front; and as for the women—actually queens of Sheba. A really respectable carriage, too, at the door; for I followed them out in amazement: and off they went like so many lords and ladies. Oh, the sun has been shining somehow on the Happy Jacks!'

In due time I stood before the Terrace honoured by the residence of the Happy Jacks—one of those white, stuccoed rows of houses, with bright green doors and bright brass-plates thereon, which suburban builders so greatly affect. As I entered the square patch of front-garden, I perceived straw lying about, as though there had been recent packing; and looking at the drawing-room window, I missed the muslin curtain and the canary's brass cage swathed all over in gauze. The door opened before I knocked, and Happy Jack was the opener. He was clad in an old shooting-coat and slippers, had a long clay-pipe in his mouth, and was in a state of intense general *deshabille*. Looking beyond him, I saw that the house was in *deshabille* as well as the master. There were stairs certainly, but where was the stair-carpet? Happy Jack, however, was clearly as happy as usual. He had a round, red face; and, I will add, a red nose. But the usual sprightly smile stirred the red round face, the usual big guffaw came leaping from the largely opening mouth, the

usual gleam of mingled sharpness and *bonhomie* shone from the large blue eyes. Happy Jack closed the door, and, taking my arm, walked me backwards and forwards on the gravel.

'My boy,' he said, 'we've had a little domestic affair inside; but you being, like myself, a man of the world, we were not of course going to give up our dinner for that. The fact is,' said Jack, attempting to assume a heroic and sentimental tone and attitude, 'that, for the present at least, my household gods are shattered!'

'You mean that?'

'As I said, my household gods are shattered, even in the shrine!'

It was obvious that the twang of this fine phrase gave Jack uncommon pleasure. He repeated it again and again under his breath, flourishing his pipe, so as, allegorically and metaphorically, to set forth the extent of his desolation.

'In other words,' I went on, 'there has been an execution?'

'And the brokers have not left a stick. But what of that? These are accidents which will occur in the best?'

'And Mrs?'

'Oh! She, you know, is apt to be a little down-hearted at times; and empty rooms somehow act on her idiosyncrasy. A good woman, but weak. So she's gone for the present to her sisters; and as for the girls, why, Emily is with her mother, and Jane is at the Joneses. Very decent people the Joneses. I put Jones up to a thing which would have made his fortune the week before last; but he wouldn't have it. Jones is slow, and—well—And Clara is with the Hopkinsons: I believe so, at least; and Maria is—Confound me if I know where Maria is; but I suppose she's somewhere. Her mother managed it all: I didn't interfere. And so now, as you know the best and the worst, let's come to dinner.'

An empty house is a dismal thing—almost as dismal as a dead body. The echo, as you walk, is dismal; the blank, stripped walls, shewing the places where the pictures and the mirrors have been, are dismal; the bits of straw and the odds and ends of cord are dismal; the coldness, the stillness, the blankness, are dismal. It is no longer a habitation, but a shell.

In the dining-room stood a small deal-table, covered with a scanty cloth, like an enlarged towel; and a baked joint, with the potatoes under it, smoked before us. The foaming pewter-can stood beside it, with a couple of plates, and knives and steel forks. Two Windsor chairs, of evident public-house mould, completed the festive preparations and the furniture of the room. The whole thing looked very dreary; and as I

gazed, I felt my appetite fade under the sense of desolation. Not so Happy Jack. 'Come, sit down, sit down. I don't admire baked meat as a rule, but you know, as somebody says—

"When spits and jacks are gone and spent,
Then ovens are most excellent,"
And also most con-ven-i-ent.

The people at the Chequers managed it all. Excellent people they are. I owe them some money, which I shall have great pleasure in paying as soon as possible. No man can pay it sooner.'

The dinner, however, went off with the greatest success. Happy Jack was happier than ever, and consequently irresistible. Every two or three minutes he lugged in something about his household gods and the desolation of his hearth, evidently enjoying the sentiment highly. Then he talked of his plans of taking a new and more expensive house, in a fashionable locality, and furnishing it on a far handsomer scale than the old one. In fact, he seemed rather obliged to the brokers than otherwise for taking the quondam furniture off his hands. It was quite behind the present taste—much of it positively ugly. He had been ashamed to see his wife sitting in that atrocious old easy-chair, but he hoped that he had taken a step which would change all for the better. Warming with his dinner and the liquor, Happy Jack got more and more eloquent and sentimental. He declaimed upon the virtues of Mrs J., and the beauties of the girls. He proposed all their healths *seriatim*. He regretted the little incident which had prevented their appearance at the festive board; but though absent in person, he was sure that they were present in spirit; and with this impression, he would beg permission to favour them with a song—a song of the social affections—a song of hearth and home—a song which had cheered, and warmed, and softened many a kindly and honest heart: and with this Happy Jack sang—and exceedingly well too, but with a sort of dreadfully ludicrous sentiment—the highly appropriate ditty of *My Ain Fireside*.

Happy Jack was of no particular profession: he was a bit of a *littérateur*, a bit of a journalist, a bit of a man of business, a bit of an agent, a bit of a projector, a bit of a City man, and a bit of a West-end man. His business, he said, was of a general nature. He was usually to be heard of in connection with apocryphal companies and misty speculations. He was always great as an agitator. As soon as a League was formed, Happy Jack flew to its head-quarters as a vulture to a battle-field. Was it a league for the promotion of vegetarianism?—or a league for the lowering of the price of meat?—a league for reforming the national costume?—or a league for repealing the laws still existing upon the Statute-book against witches?—Happy Jack was ever in the thickest of the fray, lecturing, expounding, arguing, getting up extempore meetings of the frequenters of public-houses, of which he sent reports to the morning papers, announcing the 'numerous, highly respectable, and influential' nature of the assembly, and modestly hinting, that Mr Happy Jack, 'who was received with enthusiastic applause, moved, in a long and argumentative address, a series of resolutions pledging the meeting to,' &c. Jack, in fact, fully believed that he had done rather more for free-trade than Cobden. Not, he said, that he was jealous of the Manchester champion; circumstances had made the latter better known—that he admitted; still he could not but know—and knowing, feel—in his own heart of hearts, his own merits, and his own exertions.

The railway mania was, as may be judged, a grand time for Happy Jack. The number of lines of which he was a provisional director, the number of schemes which came out—and often at good premiums too—under his auspices; the number of railway journals which he founded, and the number of academies which

he established for the instruction of youthful engineers—are they not written in the annals of the period? Jack himself started as an engineer without any previous educational ceremony whatever. His manner of laying out a 'direct line' was happy and expeditious. He took a map and a ruler, and drew upon the one, by the help of the other, a straight stroke in red ink—which looked professional—from terminus to terminus. Afterwards, he stated distinctly in writing, so that there could be no mistake about the matter, that there were no engineering difficulties—that the landed proprietors along the line were quite enthusiastic in their promotion of the scheme—and that the probable profits, as deduced from carefully drawn-up traffic-tables, would be about 35 per cent. At this time, Happy Jack was quite a minor Hudson. He lived in an atmosphere of shares, scrip, and prospectuses. Money poured in from every quarter. A scrap of paper with an application for shares was worth the bright tissue of the Bank—and Jack lost no time in changing the one for the other. Amid the mass of railway newspapers, he started *The Railway Sleeper Awakened*, *The Railway Whistle*, *The Railway Turntable*, and *The Railway Time-table*; and it was in the first number of the last famous organ—it lived for three weeks—in which appeared a letter signed 'A Constant Reader.' After the bursting of the bubble, Happy Jack appeared to have burst too; for his whereabouts for a long time was unknown, and there were no traditions of his being seen. Then he began to be heard of from distant and constantly varying quarters of the town. Now you had a note from Shepherd's Bush, and next day from Bermondsey. On Tuesday, Jack dated Little King Street, Clapham Road; on Thursday, the communication reached you from Little Queen Street, Victoria Villas, Hackney; and next week perhaps you were favoured with a note from some of the minor little Inns of Court, where the writer would be found getting up a company on the fourth floor in a grimy room, furnished with a high deal-deak, two three-legged stools, and illimitable foolscap, pens, and ink.

Where Mrs Happy Jack and the young-lady Happy Jacks went to at these times, the boldest speculator has failed to discover: they vanished, as it were, into thin air, and were seen no more till the sunshine came, when they returned with the swallows. The lady herself was a meek, mild creature, skilful in the art of living on nothing, and making up dresses without material. She adored her husband, and believed him the greatest man in the world. On the occurrence of such little household incidents as an execution, or Jack making a rapid act of cabmanship from his own hearth to the cheerful residence of Mr Levi in Cursitor Street, the poor little woman, after having indulged herself in the small luxury of a 'good cry,' would go to work to pack up shirts and socks manfully, and with great foresight, would always bring Jack's daily food in a basket, seeing that Mr Levi's bills are constructed upon a scale of uncommon dimensions; after which, she would eat the dinner with him in the coffee-room, drink to better days, play cribbage, and at last get very nearly as joyous in that greasy, grimy, sorrow-laden room, with bars on the outside of the windows, as if it were the happy home she possessed a few weeks ago, and which she always hoped to possess again. As for the girls, they were trained by too good a master and mistress not to become apt scholars. They knew what a bill of sale was from their tenderest years; the broker's was no unfamiliar face; and they quite understood how to treat a man in possession. Their management of duns was consummate. Happy Jack used to listen to the comedy of excuses and coaxings; and when the importunate had departed, grumblingly and unpaid, he used solemnly to kiss his daughters on the forehead, and invoke all sorts of blessings upon his preservers, his good angels, his little girls, who were so clever, and so faithful, and so true.

And in many respects they were good girls. The style in which they turned frocks, put a new appearance upon hoods, and cloaks, and bonnets, and came forth in what seemed the very lustre of novelty—the whole got up by a skilful mutual adaptation of garments and parts of garments—was wonderful to all lady beholders. In cookery, they beat the famous chef who sent up five courses and a dessert, made out of a greasy pair of jack-boots and the grass from the ramparts of the besieged town. Their wonderful little made-dishes were mere scraps and fragments, which in any other house would have been flung away, but which were so artistically and scientifically handled by the young ladies, and so tossed up, and titivated, and eked out with gravies, and sauces, and strange devices of nondescript pasty, that Happy Jack, feasting upon these wonderful creations of ingenuity, used to vow that he never dined so well as when there was nothing in the house for dinner. To their wandering, predatory life the whole family were perfectly accustomed. A sudden turn out of quarters they cared no more for than hardened old dragoons. They never lost pluck. One speculation down, another came on. Sometimes the little household was united. A bit of luck in the City or the West had been achieved, and Happy Jack issued cards for 'At Homes,' and behaved, and looked, and spoke like an alderman, or the member of a house of fifty years' standing. When strangers saw his white waistcoat, and blue coat with brass buttons, and heard him talk of a glut of gold, and money being a mere drug, they speculated as to whether he was the governor or the vice-governor of the Bank of England, or only the man who signs the five-pound notes. That day six weeks, Jack had probably 'come through the court,' a process which he always used somehow to achieve with flying colours, behaving in such a plausible and fascinating way to the commissioner, that that functionary regularly made a speech, in which he congratulated Happy Jack on his candour, and evident desire to deal fairly with his creditors, and told him he left that court without the shadow of a stain upon his character. In the Bench, in dreary suburban lodgings, or in the comfortable houses which they sometimes occupied, the Happy Jacks were always the Happy Jacks. Their constitution triumphed over everything. If anything could ruffle their serenity, it was the refusal of a tradesman to give credit. But *uno avulso non deficit alio*, as Jack was accustomed, on such occasions, classically to say to his wife—presently deviating into the corresponding vernacular of—'Well, my dear, if one cock fights shy, try another.'

A list of Jack's speculations would be instructive. He once took a theatre without a penny to carry it on; and having announced *Hamlet* without anybody to play, boldly studied and performed the part himself, to the unextinguishable delight of the audience. Soon after this, he formed a company for supplying the metropolis with Punches of a better class, and enacting a more moral drama than the old legitimate one—making Punch, in fact, a virtuous and domestic character; and he drew the attention of government to the moral benefits likely to be derived to society from this dramatic reform. Soon after, he departed for Spain in the gallant Legion; but not finding the speculation profitable, turned newspaper correspondent, and was thrice in imminent danger of being shot as a spy. Flung back somehow to England, he suddenly turned up as a lecturer on chemistry, and then established a dancing institution and Terpsichorean Athenæum. Of late, Jack has found a good friend in animal magnetism, and his séances have been reasonably successful. When performing in the country districts, Jack varied the entertainments by a lecture on the properties of guano, which he threw in for nothing, and which was highly appreciated by the agricultural interest. Jack's books

were principally works of travel. His *Journey to the Fountains of the Niger* is generally esteemed highly amusing, if not instructive: it was knocked off at Highbury; and his *Wanderings in the Mountains of the Moon*, written in Little Chelsea, has been favourably reviewed by many well-informed and discriminating organs of literary intelligence, as the work of a man evidently well acquainted with the regions he professes to describe.

Where the Happy Jacks are at this moment no one can tell. They have become invisible since the last clean out. A deprecatory legend has indeed been in circulation, which professed that Jack was dead, and that this was the manner in which, on his deathbed, he provided for his family:—

'Mrs Happy Jack,' said the departing man, 'I'm not afraid of you. You have got on some way or other for nearly forty years, and I don't see why you shouldn't get on some way or other for forty more. Therefore, so far as you are concerned, my mind is easy. But, then, you girls—you poor little inexperienced poppets, who know nothing of the world. There's Jane; but then she's pretty—really beautiful. Why, her face is a fortune: she will of course captivate a rich man; and what more can a father wish? As for Emily—I fear Emily, my dear, you're rather plain than otherwise; but what, I would ask, is beauty?—fleeting, transitory, skin-deep. The happiest marriages are those of mutual affection—not one-sided admiration: so, on the whole, I should say that my mind is easier about Emily than Jane. As for Maria, she's so clever, she can't but get on. As a musician, an artist, an authoress, what bright careers are open for her! While as for you, stupid little Clara, who never could be taught anything—I very much doubt whether the dunces of this world are not the very happiest people in it—Yes, Clara; leave to others the vain and empty distinctions of literary renown, which is but a bubble, and be happy in the homely path of obscure but virtuous duty!'

Happy Jack ceased. There was a pause. 'And now,' he said, 'having provided for my family, I will go to sleep, with a clear conscience and a tranquil mind.'

I said that I always distrusted this legend. I am happy to say, that even as I write I have proof positive that it is purely a fiction. I have just had a card put into my hand requesting my presence at a private exhibition of the celebrated Bloomer Family, while an accompanying private note from Jack himself informs me that the 'celebrated and charming Bloomer group—universally allowed to be the most perfect and interesting representatives of the new régime in costume'—are no other than the Happy Jacks *redivivi*—Mrs J. and the girls donning the transatlantic attire, and Happy Jack himself delivering a lecture upon the vagaries of fashion and the inconsistencies of dress, in a new garment invented by himself, and combining the Roman toga with the Highland kilt.

THE DESERT HOME.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE is the parent of a line of fictions, all more or less entertaining; but those of our own day, as might be expected, share largely in the practical spirit of the time, making amusement in some degree the mere menstruum of information. Following the Swiss Family Robinson, we have here an English Family Robinson, which might as well be called an American Family Robinson; and although ostensibly meant for the holiday recreation of youth, it proves to be a production equally well suited for children of six feet and upwards. The author is personally familiar with the scenes he describes, and is thus able to give them a verisimilitude

* Or the Adventures of a Lost Family in the Wilderness. By Captain Mayne Reid. London: Bogue. 1862.

which in other circumstances can be attained only by the rarest genius; and notwithstanding the associations of his last book, the *Scalp-hunters*, there is only one bloody conflict in the present one fought by animals of the genus *Homo*.

The local habitation of the lost family is a nook in the Great American Desert—a nook in a desert twenty-five times the size of England! But this wilderness of about a million square miles is not all sand or all barren earth: it contains numerous other features of interest besides mountains and oases; it includes the country of New Mexico, with its towns and cities; the country round the Great Salt and Utah Lakes, where the germ of a Mormon nation is expanding on all sides; and it is traversed in its whole breadth by the Rocky Mountains. An English family, after being ruined in St Louis, and reduced to their last hundred pounds, are persuaded by a Scottish miner to accompany him across this desert to New Mexico. 'They are a wonderful people,' says the story-teller, 'these same Scotch. They are but a small nation, yet their influence is felt everywhere upon the globe. Go where you will, you will find them in positions of trust and importance—always prospering, yet, in the midst of prosperity, still remembering, with strong feelings of attachment, the land of their birth. They manage the marts of London, the commerce of India, the fur-trade of America, and the mines of Mexico. Over all the American wilderness you will meet them, side by side with the backwoods-pioneer himself, and even pushing him from his own ground. From the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Sea, they have impressed with their Gaelic names rock, river, and mountain; and many an Indian tribe owns a Scotchman for its chief.'

The adventurers join a caravan, which is attacked by Indians, and the family of the destined Robinson find themselves alone in the wilderness, 800 miles from the American frontier on the east, 1000 miles from any civilised settlement on either the north or south, and 200 miles from the farthest advanced lines of New Mexico in the desert. They are, in short, lost; but in due time they are found again by other explorers. These strangers are standing on the edge of a cliff several hundred feet sheer down. 'Away below—far below where we were—lay a lovely valley, smiling in all the luxuriance of bright vegetation. It was of nearly an oval shape, bounded upon all sides by a frowning precipice, that rose around it like a wall. Its length could not have been less than ten miles, and its greatest breadth about half of its length. We were at its upper end, and of course viewed it lengthwise. Along the face of the precipice there were trees hanging out horizontally, and some of them even growing with their tops downward. These trees were cedars and pines; and we could perceive also the knotted limbs of huge cacti protruding from the crevices of the rocks. We could see the wild mezcal, or maguey-plant, growing against the cliff—its scarlet leaves contrasting finely with the dark foliage of the cedars and cacti. Some of these plants stood out on the very brow of the overhanging precipice, and their long curving blades gave a singular character to the landscape. Along the face of the dark cliffs all was rough, and gloomy, and picturesque. How different was the scene below! Here everything looked soft, and smiling, and beautiful. There were broad stretches of woodland, where the thick foliage of the trees met and clustered together, so that it looked like the surface of the earth itself; but we knew it was only the green leaves, for here and there were spots of brighter green, that we saw were glades covered with grassy turf. The leaves of the trees were of different colours, for it was now late in the autumn. Some were yellow, and some of a deep claret colour: some were bright-red, and some of a beautiful maroon; and there were green, and brighter green, and others of a silvery-whitish hue.

All these colours were mingled together, and blended into each other, like the flowers upon a rich carpet. Near the centre of the valley was a large shining object, which we knew to be water. It was evidently a lake of crystal purity, and smooth as a mirror. The sun was now up to meridian height, and his yellow beams falling upon its surface caused it to gleam like a sheet of gold. We could not trace the outlines of the water, for the trees partially hid it from our view, but we saw that the smoke that had at first attracted us rose up somewhere from the western shore of the lake. In this strange oasis they found what appeared to be a snug farm-house, with stables and outhouses, garden and fields, horses and cattle. Here they were hospitably entertained by the proprietor, his wife, and two sons, and served by a faithful negro; and of course it is the history of the settlers, and their struggles, expedients, and contrivances which form the staple of the work.

In this history we have the process of building a log-house, and the usual modes of assembling round the squatter such of the comforts of life as may be obtained in the desert; but our family Robinson appears to have been the most ingenious as well as the most fortunate of adventurers, for there are very few, even of the luxuries of civilised society, which are beyond his reach. The natural history of the book, however, is its main feature; and the adventures of the lost family with the unreasoning denizens of the desert remind us not unfrequently of the pictures of Audubon. This is among the earliest:—'There were high cliffs fronting us, and along the face of these five large reddish objects were moving, so fast that I at first thought they were birds upon the wing. After watching them a moment, however, I saw that they were quadrupeds; but so nimbly did they go, leaping from ledge to ledge, that it was impossible to see their limbs. They appeared to be animals of the deer species, somewhat larger than sheep or goats; but we could see that, in place of antlers, each of them had a pair of huge curving horns. As they leaped downward, from one platform of the cliffs to another, we fancied that they whirled about in the air, as though they were "turning somersaults," and seemed at times to come down heads foremost! There was a spur of the cliff that sloped down to within less than a hundred yards of the place where we sat. It ended in an abrupt precipice, of some sixty or seventy feet in height above the plain. The animals, on reaching the level of this spur, ran along it until they had arrived at its end. Seeing the precipice, they suddenly stopped, as if to reconnoitre it; and we had now a full view of them, as they stood outlined against the sky, with their graceful limbs and great curved horns, almost as large as their bodies. We thought, of course, they could get no farther for the precipice, and I was calculating whether my rifle, which I had laid hold of, would reach them at that distance. All at once, to our astonishment, the foremost sprang out from the cliff, and whirling through the air, lit upon his head on the hard plain below! We could see that he came down upon his horns, and rebounding up again to the height of several feet, he turned a second somersault, and then dropped upon his legs, and stood still! Nothing daunted, the rest followed, one after the other, in quick succession, like so many street-tumblers; and, like them, after the feat had been performed, the animals stood for a moment, as if waiting for applause!' These were the *argali*, or wild sheep, popularly termed bighorns, and resembling an immense yellow goat or deer furnished with a pair of ram's horns.

Such are the anecdotes which the reader will find thickly scattered throughout this volume; but perhaps the most interesting are a series of conflicts witnessed by the father and one of the sons, and in the course of which they are themselves exposed to some danger. They had gone out to gather from the live oaks a kind

of moss, which they found to be quite equal to curled hair for stuffing mattresses; and while perched upon one of the trees, the drama opened by the violent scolding of a pair of orioles, or Baltimore birds—so called from their colour, a mixture of black and orange, being the same as that in the coat-of-arms of Lord Baltimore. The cause of the disturbance appeared to be a nondescript animal close to the edge of the thicket, with a variety of little legs, tails, heads, ears, and eyes stuck over its body. 'All at once the numerous heads seemed to separate from the main body, becoming little bodies of themselves, with long tails upon them, and looking just like a squad of white rats! The large body to which they had all been attached we now saw was an old female opossum, and evidently the mother of the whole troop. She was about the size of a cat, and covered with woolly hair of a light gray colour. . . . The little 'possums were exact pictures of their mother—all having the same sharp snouts and long naked tails. We counted no less than thirteen of them, playing and tumbling about among the leaves.' The old 'possum looked wistfully up at the nest of the orioles, hanging like a distended stocking from the topmost twigs of the tree. After a little consideration she uttered a sharp note, which brought the little ones about her in a twinkling. 'Several of them ran into the pouch which she had caused to open for them; two of them took a turn of their little tails around the root of hers, and climbed up on her rump, almost burying themselves in her long wool; while two or three others fastened themselves about her neck and shoulders. It was a most singular sight to see the little creatures holding on with "tails, teeth, and toe-nails," while some peeped comically out of the great breast-pocket.' Burdened in this way, she climbed the tree, and then taking hold of the young 'possums, one by one, with her mouth, she made them twist their tails round a branch, and hang with their heads downwards. 'Five or six of the "kittens" were still upon the ground. For these she returned, and taking them up as before, again climbed the tree. She disposed of the second load precisely as she had done the others, until the thirteen little 'possums hung head downwards along the branch like a string of candles!'

The mother now climbed higher up; but the nest, with its tempting eggs, hung beyond her reach; and although she suspended herself by the tail—at last almost by its very tip—and swung like a pendulum, clutching as she swung, it was all in vain. At length, with a bitter snarl, she gave up the adventure as hopeless, detached the young ones from their hold, flung them testily to the ground, and descending, took them all into her pouch and upon her back, and trudged away. 'Frank and I now deemed it proper to interfere, and cut off the retreat of the old 'possum: so, dropping from our perch, we soon overtook and captured the whole family. The old one, on first seeing us approach, rolled herself into a round clump, so that neither her head nor legs could be seen, and in this attitude feigned to be quite dead. Several of the youngsters who were outside, immediately detached themselves, and imitated the example of their mother—so that the family now presented the appearance of a large ball of whitish wool, with several smaller "clews" lying around it! The family Crusoes, however, were not to be cheated: they took the whole prisoners, intending to carry them home; and making the mother fast to one of the saplings, returned to their tree.

Soon the persecuted orioles began to scream and scold as before. Their enemy this time was a huge moccason, one of the most venomous of serpents. 'It was one of the largest of its species; and its great flat head, protruding sockets, and sparkling eyes, added to the hideousness of its appearance. Every now and then, as it advanced, it threw out its forked tongue, which, moist with poisonous saliva, flashed under the

sunbeam like jets of fire. It was crawling directly for the tree on which hung the nest.' The birds seemed to think he meant to climb to their nest, and descended in rage and terror to the lower branches. 'The snake, seeing them approach almost within range of his hideous maw, gathered himself into a coil, and prepared to strike. His eyes scintillated like sparks of fire, and seemed to fascinate the birds; for instead of retiring, they each moment drew nearer and nearer, now alighting on the ground, then flapping back to the branches, and anon darting to the ground again—as though they were under some spell from those fiery eyes, and were unable to take themselves away. Their motions appeared to grow less energetic, their chirping became almost inaudible, and their wings seemed hardly to expand as they flew, or rather fluttered, around the head of the serpent. One of them at length dropped down upon the ground within reach of the snake, and stood with open bill, as if exhausted, and unable to move farther. We were expecting to see the snake suddenly launch forth upon his feathered victim; when all at once his coils flew out, his body was thrown at full length, and he commenced retreating from the tree! The object that caused this diversion was soon visible. 'It was an animal about the size of a wolf, and of a dark-gray or blackish colour. Its body was compact, round-shaped, and covered, not with hair, but with shaggy bristles, that along the ridge of its back were nearly six inches in length, and gave it the appearance of having a mane. It had very short ears, no tail whatever, or only a knob; and we could see that its feet were hooved, not clawed as in beasts of prey. But whether beast of prey or not, its long mouth, with two white tusks protruding over the jaws, gave it a very formidable appearance. Its head and nose resembled those of the hog more than any other animal; and in fact it was nothing else than the peccary—the wild hog of Mexico.'

The moccason did not wait to parley with his enemy, but skulked away through the long grass, every now and then raising his head to glare behind him. But the peccary tracked him by the smell, and on coming up to him, uttered a shrill grunt. 'The snake, finding that he was overtaken, threw himself into a coil, and prepared to give battle; while his antagonist, now looking more like a great porcupine than a pig, drew back, as if to take the advantage of a run; and then halted. Both for a moment eyed each other—the peccary evidently calculating its distance—while the great snake seemed cowed and quivering with affright. Its appearance was entirely different from the bright semblance it had exhibited but a moment before when engaged with the birds. Its eyes were less fiery, and its whole body seemed more ashy and wrinkled. We had not many moments to observe it, for the peccary was now seen to rush forward, spring high into the air, and pounce down with all her feet held together upon the coils of the serpent! She immediately bounded back again; and, quick as thought, once more rose above her victim. The snake was now uncoiled, and writhing over the ground. Another rush from the peccary, another spring, and the sharp hoofs of the animal came down upon the neck of the serpent, crushing it upon the hard turf. The body of the reptile, distended to its full length, quivered for a moment, and then lay motionless along the grass. The victor uttered another sharp cry, that seemed intended as a call to her young ones, who, emerging from the weeds where they had concealed themselves, ran nimbly forward to the spot.'

While the father and son are watching the peccary peeling the serpent as adroitly as a fishmonger would skin an eel, another actor enters upon the scene. This was the dreaded cougar, an animal of the size of a calf, and with the head and general appearance of a cat. Creeping stealthily round his victim, who is busy

feasting on the quarry, he at length attains the proper vantage-ground, and gathering himself up like a cat, springs with a terrific scream upon the back of the peccary, burying his claws in her neck, and clasp her all over in his fatal embrace. 'The frightened animal uttered a shrill cry, and struggled to free itself. Both rolled over the ground—the peccary all the while gnashing its jaws, and continuing to send forth its strange sharp cries, until the woods echoed again. Even the young ones ran around, mixing in the combat—now flung sprawling upon the earth, now springing up again, snapping their little jaws, and imitating the cry of their mother. The cougar alone fought in silence. Since the first wild scream not a sound had escaped him; but from that moment his claws never relaxed their hold, and we could see that with his teeth he was silently tearing the throat of his victim.'

The Robinsons of the desert were now in an awkward predicament; for although they had been safe from the peccary, the cougar could climb a tree like a squirrel. A noise, however, disturbs him from his meal, and swinging the dead animal on his back, he begins to skulk away. But he is interrupted before he can reach cover; and as the new-comers prove to be twenty or thirty peccaries, summoned to the field by the dying screams of their comrade, he has more to do than to think of his dinner. To fling down his burden, to leap upon the foremost of his enemies, is but the work of an instant; but the avengers crowd round him with their gnashing jaws and piercing cries, and the brute darts up the tree like a flash of red fire, and crouches not twenty feet above the heads of the horrified spectators! The father, however, after some agonising moments of deliberation, brings him down with his rifle; and the cougar, falling among the eager crowd below, is torn to pieces in a moment. But this does not get rid of the peccaries, who set up their fiendish screams anew as they discover two other victims in the tree. The father fires again and again, dropping his peccary each time, till five lie dead upon the ground; but the rage of the rest only becomes more and more furious—and the marksman is at his last bullet. Here we shall leave him; and such of our readers as may be interested in his fate—who form, we suspect, a very handsome percentage on the whole—may make inquiries for themselves at his Desert Home.

THE VATTEVILLE RUBY.

THE clock of the church of Besançon had struck nine, when a woman about fifty years of age, wrapped in a cotton shawl and carrying a small basket on her arm, knocked at the door of a house in the Rue St Vincent, which, however, at the period we refer to, bore the name of Rue de la Liberté. The door opened. 'It is you, Dame Margaret,' said the porter, with a very cross look. 'It is high time for you. All my lodgers have come home long since; you are always the last, and'—

'That is not my fault, I assure you, my dear M. Thiebaud,' said the old woman in a deprecatory tone. 'My day's work is only just finished, and when work is to be done'—

'That's all very fine,' he muttered. 'It might do well enough if I could even reckon on a Christmas-box at the end of the year; but as it is, I may count myself well off, if I do but get paid for taking up their letters.'

The old woman did not hear the last words, for with quick and firm step she had been making her way up the six flights of stairs, steep enough to make her head reel had she been ascending them for the first time. 'Nine o'clock!—nine o'clock! How uneasy she must be!' and as she spoke, she opened with her latch-

key the door of a wretched garret, in which dimly burned a rushlight, whose flickering flame scarcely seemed to render visible the scanty furniture the room contained.

'Is that you, my good Margaret?' said a feeble and broken voice from the farther end of the little apartment.

'Yes, my dear lady; yes, it is I; and very sorry I am to have made you uneasy. But Madame Lebriton, my worthy employer, is so active herself, that she always finds the workwoman's day too short—though it is good twelve hours—and just as I was going to fold up my work, she brought me a job in a great hurry. I could not refuse her; but this time, I must own, I got well paid for being obliging, for after I had done, she said in her most good-natured way: "Here, you shall take home with you some of this nice pie, and this bottle of good wine, and have a comfortable supper with your sister." So she always calls you, madame,' added Margaret, while complacently glancing at the basket, the contents of which she now laid out upon the table. 'As I believe it is safest for you, I do not deceive her, though it is easily known she cannot have looked very close at us, or she might have seen that I could only be the servant of so noble-looking a lady'—

The feeble voice interrupted her: 'My servant!—you my servant! when, instead of rewarding your services, I allow you to toil for my support, and to lavish upon me the most tender, the most devoted affection! My poor Margaret! you who have undertaken for me at your age, and with your infirmities, daily and arduous toil, are you not indeed a sister of whom I may well be proud? Your nobility has a higher origin than mine. Reduced by political changes, which have left me homeless and penniless, I owe everything to you; and so tenderly do you minister to me, that even in this garret I could still almost fancy myself the noble Abbess of Vatteville!'

As she spoke, the aged lady raised herself in her old arm-chair, and throwing back a black veil, disclosed features still beautiful, and a forehead still free from every wrinkle, and eyes now sparkling with something of their former brilliancy. She extended her hand to Margaret, who affectionately kissed it; and then, apprehensive that further excitement could not but be injurious to her mistress, the faithful creature endeavoured to divert her thoughts into another channel, by inviting her to partake of the little feast provided by the kindness of her employer. Margaret being in the habit of taking her meals in the house where she worked, the noble Lady Marie Anne Adelaide de Vatteville was thus usually left alone and unattended, to eat the scanty fare prescribed by the extreme narrowness of her resources; so that she now felt quite cheered by the novel comfort, not merely of the better-spread table, but of the company of her faithful servant; and it was in an almost mirthful tone she said, when the repast was ended: 'Margaret, I have a secret to confide to you. I will not—I ought not to keep it any longer to myself.'

'A secret, my dear mistress! a secret from me!' exclaimed the faithful creature in a slightly reproachful tone.

'Yes, dear Margaret, a secret from you; but to be so no longer. No more henceforth of the toils you have undergone for me; they must be given up: I cannot do without you. At my age, to be left alone is intolerable. When you are not near me, I get so lonely, and sometimes feel quite afraid, I cannot tell of what, but I suppose it is natural to the old to fear; and often—will you believe it?—I catch myself weeping like a very child. Ah! when age comes on us, we lose all

strength, all fortitude. But you will not leave me any more? Promise me, dear Margaret.

'But in that case what is to become of us?' said Margaret.

'This is the very thing I have to tell. And now listen to me. Take this key, and in the right-hand drawer of the press you will find the green casket, where, among my letters and family papers, you will see a small case, which bring to me.'

Margaret, not a little surprised, did as she was desired. The abbess gazed on the case for some moments in silence, and Margaret thought she saw a tear glisten in her eye as she pressed the box to her lips, and kissed it tenderly and reverentially.

'I have sworn,' she said, 'never to part with it; yet what can I do? It must be so: it is the will of God.' And with a trembling hand, as if about to commit sacrilege, she opened the case, and drew from it a ruby of great brilliancy and beauty. 'You see this jewel?' she said. 'Margaret, it is the glory of my ancient house; it is the last gem in my coronet, and more precious in my eyes than anything in the world. My grand-uncle, the noblest of men, the Archbishop of Besançon, brought it from the East; and when, in gurdion for some family service, Louis XIV. founded the Abbey of Vatteville, and made my grand-aunt the first abbess of the order, he himself adorned her cross with it. You now know the value of the jewel to me; and though I cannot tell its marketable value, still, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, I cannot but think it must bring sufficient to secure us, for some time at least, from want. Were I to consider myself alone, I would starve sooner than touch the sacred deposit; but to allow you, Margaret, to suffer, and to suffer for me—to take advantage any longer of your disinterested affection and devoted fidelity—would be base selfishness. God has at last taught me that I was but sacrificing you to my pride, and I must hasten to make atonement. I will endeavour to raise money on this jewel. You know old M. Simon? Notwithstanding his mean appearance and humble mode of living, I am persuaded he is a rich man; and though parsimonious in the extreme, he is good-natured and obliging whenever he can be so without any risk of loss to himself.'

The next day, in pursuance of her project, the abbess, accompanied by Margaret, repaired to the house of M. Simon. 'I know, sir,' she said, 'from your kindness to some friends of mine, that you feel an interest in the class to which I belong, and that you are incapable of betraying a confidence reposed in you. I am the Abbess of Vatteville. Driven forth from the plundered and ruined abbey, I am living in the town under an assumed name. I have been stripped of everything; and but for the self-sacrificing attachment of a faithful servant, I must have died of want. However, I have still one resource, and only one. I know not if I am right in availing myself of it, but at my age the power to struggle fails. Besides, I do not suffer alone; and this consideration decides me. Will you, then, have the goodness to give me a loan on this jewel?'

'I believe, madame, you have mistaken me for a pawnbroker. I am not in the habit of advancing money in this way. I am myself very poor, and money is now everywhere scarce. I should be very glad to be able to oblige you, but just at present it is quite out of the question.'

For a moment the poor abbess felt all hope extinct; but with a last effort to move his compassion, she said: 'Oh, sir, remember that secrecy is of such importance to me, I dare not apply to any one else. The privacy, the obscurity in which I live, alone has prevented me from paying with my blood the penalty attached to a noble name and lineage.'

'But how am I to ascertain the value of the jewel?'

I am no jeweller; and I fear, in my ignorance, to wrong either you or myself.'

'I implore you, sir, not to refuse me. I have no alternative but to starve; for I am too old to work, and beg I cannot. Keep the jewel as a pledge, and give me some relief.'

Old Simon, though covetous, was not devoid of feeling. He was touched by the tears of the venerable lady; and besides, the more he looked at the jewel, the more persuaded he became of its being really valuable. After a few moments' consideration, he said: 'All the money I am worth at this moment is 1500 francs; and though I have my suspicions that I am making a foolish bargain, I had rather run any risk than leave you in such distress. The next time I have business in Paris, I can ascertain the value of the jewel, and if I have given you too little, I will make it up to you.' And with a glad and grateful heart the abbess took home the 1500 francs, thankful at having obtained the means of subsistence for at least a year.

Some months later, old Simon went up to Paris, and hastening to one of the principal jewellers, shewed the ruby, and begged to know its value. The jeweller took the stone carelessly; but after a few moments' examination of it, he cast a rapid glance at the threadbare coat and mean appearance of the possessor, and then abruptly exclaimed: 'This jewel does not belong to you, and you must not leave the house till you account for its being in your possession. Close the doors,' he said to his foreman, 'and send for the police.' In vain did Simon protest his innocence; in vain did he offer every proof of it. The lapidary would listen to nothing; but at every look he gave the gem, he darted at him a fresh glance of angry contempt. 'You must be a fool as well as a knave,' he said. 'Do you know, scoundrel, that this is the Vatteville—the prince of rubies; the most splendid, the rarest of gems! It might be deemed a mere creation of imagination, were it not enrolled and accurately described in the archives of our art. See here, in the *Guide des Lapidaires*, a print of it. Mark its antique fashioning, and that dark spot!—yes, it is indeed the precious ruby so long thought lost. Rest assured, fellow, you shall not quit the house until you satisfy me how you have contrived to get possession of it.'

'I should at once have told you, but from unwillingness to endanger the life of a poor woman who has confided in me. I got the jewel from the Abbess de Vatteville herself, and it is her last and only resource.' And now M. Simon proved, by unquestionable documents, that notwithstanding his more than humble appearance, he was a man of wealth and respectability, and received the apologies which were tendered, together with assurances that Madame Vatteville's secret was safe with one who, he begged to say, 'knew how to respect misfortune, whenever and however presented to his notice.'

'But what is the jewel worth?' asked M. Simon.

'Millions, sir! and neither I nor any one else in the trade here could purchase it, unless as a joint concern, and in case of a coronation or a marriage in one of the royal houses of Europe, for such an occasion alone could make it not a risk to buy it. But meanwhile I will, if you wish, mention it to some of the trade.'

'I am in no hurry,' said Simon, almost bewildered by the possession of such a treasure. 'I may as well wait for some such occasion, and in the meantime can make any necessary advances to the abbess. Perhaps I may call on you again.'

The first day of the year 1795 had just dawned, and there was a thick and chilling fog. The abbess and her faithful servant felt this day more than usually depressed, for fifteen months had now elapsed since the 1500 francs had been received for the ruby, and there now remained provision only for a few days longer. 'I have got no answer from M. Simon,' said the

abbess; and in giving utterance to her own thought, she was replying to what was at that moment passing through Margaret's mind. 'I fear he has not been able to get more for the ruby than he thinks fair interest for the money he advanced to me.'

'It is most likely,' said Margaret; and both relapsed into their former desponding silence.

'What a dreary New-Year's Day!' resumed Madame de Vatteville, in a melancholy tone.

'Oh, why can I not help you, dear mistress?' exclaimed Margaret, suddenly starting from her reverie. 'Cheerfully would I lay down my life for you!'

'And why can I not return in any way your devoted attachment, my poor Margaret?'

At this instant, two loud and hurried knocks at the door startled them both from their seats, and it was with a trembling hand Margaret opened it to admit the old porter, and a servant with a letter in his hand.

'Thank you, thank you, M. Thiebaud: this letter is for my mistress.' But the inquisitive old man either did not or would not understand Margaret's hint to him to retire, and Madame de Vatteville was obliged to tell him to leave the room.

'Not a penny to bless herself with, though she has come to a better apartment!' muttered he, enraged at the disappointment to his curiosity—'and yet as proud as an aristocrat!'

The abbess approached the casement, broke the seal with trembling hand, and read as follows:—'I have at length been able to treat with a merchant for the article in question, and have, after much difficulty, obtained a sum of 25,000 francs—far beyond anything I could have hoped. But the sum is to be paid in instalments, at long intervals. It may therefore be more convenient for you, under your peculiar circumstances, to accept the offer I now make of a pension of 1500 francs, to revert after your decease to the servant whom you mentioned as so devotedly attached to you. If you are willing to accept this offer, the bearer will hand you the necessary documents, by which you are to make over to me all further claim upon the property placed in my hands; and on your affixing your signature, he will pay you the first year in advance. SIMON.'

'What a worthy, excellent man!' joyfully exclaimed the abbess; for, in the noble integrity of her heart, she had no suspicion that he could take advantage of her circumstances.

However Simon settled the matter with his conscience, the abbess, trained in the school of adversity to be content with being preserved from absolute want, passed the remainder of her life quietly and happily with her good Margaret, both every day invoking blessings on the head of him whom they regarded as a generous benefactor. Madame de Vatteville lived to the age of one hundred, and her faithful Margaret survived only a few months the mistress to whom she had given such affecting proofs of attachment.

But Simon's detestable fraud proved of no use to him. After keeping his treasure for several years, he thought the Emperor's coronation presented a favourable opportunity for disposing of it. Unfortunately for him, his grasping avarice one morning suggested a thought which his ignorance prevented his rejecting: 'Since this ruby—old-fashioned and stained as it is—can be worth so much, what would be its value if freed from all defect, and in modern setting?' And he soon found a lapidary, who, for a sum of 3000 francs, modernised it, and effaced the spot, and with it the impress, the stamp of its antiquity—all that gave it value, beauty, worth! This wanting, no jeweller could recognise it: it was no longer worth a thousand crowns.

It was thus that the most splendid ruby in Europe lost its value and its fame; and its name is now only

to be found in *The Lapidaries' Guide*, as that which had once been the most costly of gems. It seemed as if it could not survive the last of the illustrious house to which it owed its introduction into Europe, and its name.

HENRY TAYLOR.

'There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer: and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone,
And see the praised far off him, far above.'

—W. S. LONDON.

It has been said, with more of truth than flattery, that literature of any kind which requires the reader himself to think, in order to enjoy, can never be popular. The writings of Mr Henry Taylor are to be classed in this category. The reader of his dramas must study in order to relish them; and their audience, therefore, must be of the fit, though few kind. Goethe somewhere remarks, that it is not what we take from a book so much as what we bring to it that actually profits us. But this is hard doctrine, caviare to the multitude. And so long as popular indolence and popular distaste for habits of reflection shall continue the order of the day, so long will it be difficult for writers of Mr Taylor's type to popularise their meditations; to see themselves quoted in every provincial newspaper and twelfth-rate magazine; to be gloriously pirated by eager hordes at Brussels and New York; or to create a furor in 'the Row' on the day of publication, and turn bibliopolic premises into 'overflowing houses.' The public asks for glaring effects, palpable hits, double-dyed colours, treble X inspirations, concentrated essence of sentiments, and emotions up to French-romance pitch. With such a public, what has our author in common? While they make literary demands after their own heart, and expect every candidate for their not evergreen laurels to conform to their rules, Mr Taylor calmly unfolds his theory, that it is from 'deep self-possession, an intense repose' that all genuine emanations of poetic genius proceed, and expresses his doubt whether any high endeavour of poetic art ever has been or ever will be promoted by the stimulation of popular applause.* He denies that youth is the poet's prime. He contends that what constitutes a great poet is a rare and peculiar balance of all the faculties—the balance of reason with imagination, passion with self-possession, abundance with reserve, and inventive conception with executive ability. He insists that no man is worthy of the name of a poet who would not rather be read a hundred times by one reader than once by a hundred. He affirms that poetry, unless written simply to please and pamper, and not to elevate or instruct, will do little indeed towards procuring its writer a subsistence, and that it will probably not even yield him such a return as would suffice to support a labouring man for one month out of the twelve.† Tenets like these are not for the million. The propounder they regard as talking at them, not to them. His principles and practice, his canons of taste, and his literary achievements, are far above out of their sight—his merit they are content to take on trust, by the hearing of the ear, a mystery of faith alone.

Perhaps men shrewder than good Sir Roger de Coverley might aver that much is to be said on both sides—that there may be something of fallacy on the part of poet as well as people in this controversy. It is possible to set the standard too high as well as too low—to plant it on an elevation so distant that its symbol can no longer be deciphered, as well as to fix it so low that its folds drizzle in mire and dust. If genius systematically appeal only to the initiated few, it must learn to do without the homage of the outer

* Notes from Life.

† Ibid.

multitude. For its slender income of fame, it has mainly itself to thank. These remarks apply with primary force to that class of contemporary poets who delight in the mystic and enigmatical, and whose ideas are so apt to vanish, like Homer's heroes, in a cloud—among whom Robert Browning and Philip J. Bailey are conspicuous names; and in a secondary degree to that other class, lucid indeed in thought, and classically definite in expression, but otherwise too scholastic and abstract for popular sympathies—among whom we may cite Walter Savage Landor and Henry Taylor. Coleridge* tells us that, to enjoy poetry, we must combine a more than ordinary sympathy with the objects, emotions, or incidents contemplated by the poet, consequent on rare sensibility, with a more than ordinary activity of the mind in respect of the fancy and imagination. This more than ordinary mental activity is especially demanded from the readers—say rather the students—of *Philip van Artevelde* and its kindred dramas. Those who are thus equipped will commonly be found to agree in admiring the writings of this author; among them he is unquestionably 'popular,' if it be any test of popularity to send forth a second edition three months after the first. Scholarship can appreciate, pure intellect can find nutriment in, his reflective and carefully-wrought pages. His heroes and heroines, cold and unimpassioned to the man of society, are classic and genial to the man of thought. A Quarterly Reviewer observes, that the blended dignity of thought, and a sedate moral habit, invests his poetry with a stateliness in which the drama is generally deficient, and makes his writings illustrate, in some degree, a new form of the art. In all that he writes he stands revealed the true English gentleman, 'that grand old name,' as Tennyson calls it,

'Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.'

Isaac Comnenus—in which a recent critic discovers much of that Byronian vein upon which Mr Taylor is severe in his own criticisms—being little remarkable in itself, as well as the least remarkable of his dramatic performances, need not detain us. The career of *Philip van Artevelde* belongs to an era when, as Sir James Stephen remarks, the whole of Europe, under the influence of some strange sympathy, was agitated by the simultaneous discontents of all her great civic populations—when the insurgent spirit, commencing in the Italian republics, had spread from the south to the north of the Alps, everywhere marking its advance by tumult, spoil, and bloodshed. 'Wat Tyler and his bands had menaced London; and the communes of Flanders, under the command of Philip van Artevelde, had broken out into open war with the counts, their seigneurs, and with their suzerain lord, the Duke of Burgundy. On the issue of that attempt the fate of the royal and baronial power seemed to hang in France, not less than in Flanders.'† The drama composed by Mr Taylor to represent the fortunes of the 'Chief Captain of the White Hoods and of Ghent,' consists of two plays and an interlude—*The Lay of Elena*—and being, as he says in his preface, equal in length to about six such plays as are adapted to the stage, was not, of course, intended to solicit the most sweet voices of pit and gallery, although it has since been subjected to that ordeal at the instance of Mr Macready. Historic truth is said to be preserved in it, as far as the material events are concerned—with the usual exception of such occasional dilatations and compressions of time as are required in dramatic composition. And notwithstanding the limited imagination and the too artificial passion which characterise it, *Philip van Artevelde* is in very many respects a noble work, as it certainly is its author's chef-d'œuvre. It has been pronounced by

no mean authority the superior of every dramatic composition of modern times, including the *Sardanapalus* of Lord Byron, the *Remorse* of Coleridge, and the *Cenci* of Shelley. The portraiture of Philip is one of those elaborate and highly-finished studies which repay as well as require minute investigation. He is at once profoundly meditative and surpassingly active. His energy of brain is only rivalled by his readiness of hand. In him the active mood and the passive—the practical and the ideal—the objective and the subjective—are not as parallel lines that never meet, but are sections of one line, describing the circle of his all-embracing mind. His youth has been that of a dreamy recluse, the scorn of men of the world. 'Oh, fear him not, my lord,' says one of them to the Earl of Flanders:

—'His father's name
Is all that from his father* he derives.
He is a man of singular address
In catching river fish. His life hath been
Till now, more like a peasant's or a monk's,
Than like the issue of so great a man.'

Similarly the earl himself describes him as 'a man that as much knowledge has of war as I of brewing mead—a bookish nursing of the monks—a meacock.' But when the last scene of all has closed his strange eventful history, the testimony of a nobler, wiser foe,† ascribes to him great gifts of courage, discretion, wit, an equal temper, an ample soul, rock-bound and fortified against assaults of transitory passion, but founded on a surging subterranean fire that stirs him to lofty enterprise—a man prompt, capable, and calm, wanting nothing in soldiership except good fortune. Ever tempted to reverie, he yet refuses, even for one little hour, to yield up the weal of Flanders to idle thought or vacant retrospect. Having once put his hand to the plough of action, with clear foresight, not blindfold bravery, his language is—'Though I indulge no more the dream of living, as I hoped I might have lived, a life of temperate and thoughtful joy, yet I repine not, and from this time forth will cast no look behind.' The first part of the drama leaves him an exultant victor, an honourable, prosperous, and happy man. The second part—which alike in interest and treatment is very inferior to the first—finds him falling, and leaves him 'fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate.' His sun, no longer trailing clouds of glory, sets in a wintry and misty gloom. And yet in the act of dying he emits flashes of the ancient brightness, and we feel that so dies a hero. The other *dramatis personæ* pale their ineffectual fires before his central light.

After a silence of nearly ten years—characteristic of Mr Taylor's deliberative and disciplined mind—he produced (1842) *Edwin the Fair*, of whose story the little that was known, he observes, was romantic enough to have impressed itself on the popular memory—the tale of *Edwy and Elgiva* having been current in the nursery long before it came to be studied as a historical question. In illustrating this tale he borrows from the bordering reigns 'incidents which were characteristic of the times,' though some are of opinion, that his deviation from historical truth has rather impaired than aided the poetical effect of the drama. With artistic skill, and often with sustained energy, he develops the career of the 'All-Fair' prince, and his relation to the monkish struggle of the tenth century; the hostile intrigues and stormy violence of Dunstan; the loyal tenacity and Saxon frank-heartedness of Earl Leolf and his allies; the celebrated coronation-scene, and 'most admired disorder' of the banquet; the discovery and denunciation of Edwin's secret nuptials;

* Namely, Jacques van Artevelde, 'the noblest and the wisest man that ever ruled in Ghent,' and whom the factional citizens slew at his own door.

† Duke of Burgundy, in the last scene of Part II.

* Literary Remains.

† Lectures on the History of France.

his imprisonment in the Tower of London; the confusion and dispersion of his adherents; the ecclesiastical finesse and conjuror-tricks of Dunstan; the king's rescue and temporary success; the murder of Elgiva, and Edwin's own death in the essay to avenge her. It is around Dunstan, the representative of spiritual despotism, that the interest centres. The character of this 'Saint,' like that of Hildebrand and a Becket, has been made one of the problems of history. Mr Taylor's reading of the part is masterly, and we think correct. His Dunstan is not wholly sane; he believes himself inspired to read the alphabet of Heaven's stars, and to behold visions beyond the bounds of human foresight; one of the few to whom, 'and not in mercy, is it given to read the mixed celestial cypher: not in mercy, save as a penance merciful in issue.' His mischievous influence over the popular mind is sealed by the partial and latent degree of his insanity, for 'madness that doth least declare itself endangers most, and ever most infects the unsound many.' His great natural powers are tainted by the one black spot; his youth has been devoted to books, to the study of chemistry and mechanics; his manhood to observing 'the ways of men and policies of state' in the court of Edred; 'and were he not pushed sometimes past the confines of his reason, he would o'ertop the world.' Next to him in interest comes Earl Leolf, from whose lips proceed some of the finest poetry in the play, especially that exquisite soliloquy* on the sea-shore at Hastings. Athulf, the brother of Elgiva, is another happy portrait—a man bright and jocund as the morn, who can and will detect the springs of fruitfulness and joy in earth's waste places, and whose bluff dislike of Dunstan is aptly illustrated in the scene where he brings the king's commands, and is kept waiting by the monks during Dunstan's matutinal flagellation:—

'Athulf. But, sirs, it is in haste—in haste extreme—
Matters of state, and hot with haste.

Second Monk. My lord,
We will so say, but truly at this present
He is about to scourge himself.

Athulf. I'll wait.
For a king's ransom would I not cut short
So good a work! I pray you, for how long!

Second Monk. For twice the *De Profundis*, sung in
slow time.

Athulf. Please him to make it ten times, I will wait.
And could I be of use, this knotted trifle,
This dog-whip here has oft been worse employed.'

In his recent play, *The Virgin Widow* (1850), Mr Taylor declines from the promise of his earlier efforts. The preface suggests great things; but they are not forthcoming. There is much careful finish, much sententious rhetoric, much elegant description; but there is little of racy humour (the play is a 'romantic comedy'), little of poetical freshness, little of lively flesh and blood portraiture, and more of melodramatic expedience than dramatic construction. Neither comedy nor melodrama is our author's forte.

In 1836 Mr Taylor published *The Statesman*, a book which contained the 'views and maxims respecting the

transaction of public business,' which had been suggested to its author by twelve years' experience of official life. He has since then allowed that it was wanting in that general interest which might possibly have been felt in the results of a more extensive and varied conversancy with public life.* In 1848 he produced *Notes from Life*, professedly a kind of supplemental volume to the former, embodying the conclusions of an attentive observation of life at large. The first essay investigates in detail the right measure and manner to be adopted in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing 'money'; and a weighty, valuable essay it is, with no lack of golden grains and eke of diamond-dust in its composition. The thoughts are not given in the bullion lump, but are well refined, and having passed through the engraver's hands, they shine with the true polish, ring with the true sound. In terse, pregnant, and somewhat oracular diction, we are here instructed how to avoid the evils contingent upon bold commercial enterprise—how to guard against excesses of the accumulative instinct—how to exercise a thoroughly conscientious mode of regulating expenditure, eschewing prodigality, that vice of a weak nature, as avarice is of a strong one—how to be generous in giving; 'for the essence of generosity is in self-sacrifice, waste, on the contrary, comes always by self-indulgence'—how to withstand solicitations for loans, when the loans are to accommodate weak men in sacrificing the future to the present. The essay on *Humility and Independence* is equally good, and pleasantly demonstrates the proposition, that Humility is the true mother of Independence; and that Pride, which is so often supposed to stand to her in that relation, is in reality the step-mother by whom is wrought the very destruction and ruin of Independence. False humilities are ordered into court, and summarily convicted by this single-eyed judge, whose cross-examination of these 'sham respectabilities' elicits many a suggestive practical truth. There is more of philosophy and prudence than of romance in the excursus on *Choice in Marriage*; but the philosophy is shrewd and instructive, uttering many a homely hint of value in its way: as where we are reminded that if marrying for money is to be justified only in the case of those unhappy persons who are fit for nothing better, it does not follow that marrying without money is to be justified in others; and again, that the negotiations and transactions connected with marriage-settlements are eminently useful, as searching character and testing affection, before an irrevocable step be taken; and again, that when two very young persons are joined together in matrimony, it is as if one sweet-pea should be put as a prop to another. The essay on *Wisdom* is elevated and thoughtful, like most of the essayist's papers, but somewhat too heavy for miscellaneous readers. With his wonted clearness he distinguishes Wisdom from understanding, talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, &c. and defines it as that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. Then follows a section on *Children*, which explodes not a few educational fallacies, and propounds certain articles of faith and practice wholesome for these times, though it will probably wear a prim and quakerish aspect to the admirers of Jean Paul's famous tractate† on the same theme. The concluding paper in this series, entitled *The Life Poetic*, is the liveliest, if not the most valuable of the six: it has, however, been charged, with considerable show of justice, with a tendency to strip genius of all that is individual and spontaneous, or to accredit it only 'when it moves abroad sedately, clad in the uniform of a peculiar college.' Mr Taylor's 'solicitous and premeditated formalism' of poetical doctrine is, it must

* Beginning:—

'Rocks that beheld my boyhood! Perilous shelf
That nursed my infant courage! Once again
I stand before you—not as in other days
In your gray faces smiling; but like you
The worse for weather.' . . .

How sweet the lines:—

'The sun shall soon
Dip westerly; but oh! how little like
Are life's two twilights! Would the last were first,
And the first last! that so we might be soothed
Upon the thoroughfares of busy life
Beneath the noon-day sun, with hope of joy
Fresh as the morn,' &c.

—Act II. scene ii.

* Preface to *Notes from Life*.

† *Levana*, of which an able translation was published by Messrs Longman in 1848.

be confessed, a little too strait-laced. The true poet is born, not made. Still, in their place, our author's dogmas have their use, and might, if duly marked and inwardly digested, annually deter many aspirants who are not poets from proving so incontestably to the careless public that negative fact.

Notes from Books followed within a few months, but met with a less cordial reception. Of the four essays comprised in this volume, three are reprinted contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, being criticisms on the poetry of Wordsworth and Aubrey de Vere; and worthily do they illustrate—those on Wordsworth at least—Mr Taylor's composite faculty of depth and delicacy in poetical exposition. Of Wordsworth's many and gifted commentators—among them Wilson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Lamb, Moir, Sterling—few have shewn a happier insight into the idiosyncrasy, or done more justice to the beauties of the patriarch of the Lakes. With Wordsworth for a subject, and the *Quarterly Review* for a 'door of utterance,' Mr Taylor is quite in his element. The fourth essay, on the *Ways of the Rich and Great*, is enriched with wise saws and modern instances. Its *matériel* is composed of ripe observation and reflective good sense; but the manner is objected to as marred by conceits of style—a sin not very safely to be committed by so stern a censor of it in others. His authoritative air in laying down the law is also occasionally displeasing to some readers; and great as his tact in essay-writing is, he wants that easy grace and pervading *bonhomie* which imparts such a charm to the works of one with whom he has been erroneously identified—the anonymous author of *Friends in Council*. But, after all, he is one of those writers to whom our current literature is really indebted, and whose sage, sententious, and well-hammered thoughts may be profitably, as well as safely, commended to every thinking soul among us.

RAILWAY JUBILEE IN AMERICA.

THE opening in September last of the grand railway which unites Massachusetts with British North America is one of the most noticeable events of our times. Before this, the commercial path of transit from Europe lay from the Atlantic up the St Lawrence, the navigation of which—at all times difficult and dangerous—is closed by ice during five months of the year, and thus all intercourse through the States, except by sleighs, stopped. Now, goods may be brought direct to Boston and shipped to Europe, or unshipped at Boston for the Canadas without interruption. But in a moral and social point of view, the subject is still more important. Rivalry and bad feeling vanish before intercourse, and the locomotive mows down prejudices faster than corn falls before the Yankee reaping-machine.

When I heard that there was to be a *procession*, the word vulgarised the whole affair. It conjured up before my mind's eye our doings of the sort in England, with the Lord Mayor's Show at the head of them; and I concluded that the Yankee attempt would be still more trashy. Let us see how it turned out. I send you a newspaper for the details; but *here* you must be a spectator, with the whole picture dashing, mass by mass, upon your sensorium.

As the first requisite for enjoyment, it was a glorious day even for this climate. Nothing shews off a pageant like fine weather. I left home shortly after daybreak, and went to the Common, as it is called—a Park about as large as St James's, handsomely laid out, with long alleys, some parallel, others crossing at various angles, and all shaded by fine trees. The scene presented by this Park reminded me of Camacho's wedding in *Don*

Quixote, on a large scale. There stood the tent for the banquet, constructed to dine 3000 persons, and decorated with the flags of America and England streaming from the top, with the flags of other nations below. Close by, were large tents for the preparation of viands, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of a feast. In various places, booths had been erected by the city, for the gratuitous supply of all comers with pure iced water, and these were thronged throughout the day, especially with children. The pedestrian portion of the procession assembled in the Park, while the vehicles crowded all the adjacent streets. And now might be observed the various societies, with their bands of music; volunteer companies marching here and there, getting into step, arranging their order and practising their tunes. I was chatting with a raw Vermonter, who was as much a stranger as myself. 'In the name of creation,' he suddenly exclaimed, 'what tarnal screeching is that yonder?' 'That,' I said, 'is the bagpipes, the national music of Scotland.' 'That?' said he: 'it would clear a State of racoons in no time!' But the Scots had determined to shine, and they advanced: a tall Highlander first, in full costume, and blowing the pipes at his loudest; after him ten others, in full Highland costume, with a banner—the Scottish Friends; and about 200 with silk sashes, and walking three abreast. The Catholic Irishmen followed, with a banner displaying a portrait of the Pope and other Catholic emblems; and directly after came the Protestant Irishmen, with their banners and music. Why will they not associate thus in their own land? A very interesting portion of the assembling was a party of about a thousand fine-looking, hardy men, all remarkably clean, dressed in labourers' costume—blue blouses and white trousers—headed by a band of music playing Irish popular tunes, with a large banner of the stars and stripes, and the word 'Liberty,' with the inscription—'The Irish Labourers. Under this we find Protection for our Labour.'

The Park is an irregular square. On the north side, on the highest point of the city, stands the State-House, where the legislature meets. Near that is the house which was formerly inhabited by the governor, at the time the British flag waved where there now fly, glancing in the sun, the stars and stripes. As the president was expected at the State-House, and the procession was to start from thence, that was the point of attraction, where the spectators formed into a vast, dense, and steady mass. We English are in the habit of seeing the paraphernalia of courts, and are slow to disconnect the ideas of pomp and state from the persons of those who hold power and distinction; but the chief of this great nation, together with the secretary of state, had arrived in town by railway in an ordinary carriage, without the least parade, and the corporation had hired for the occasion an open carriage-and-four—such an equipage as would have passed quite unnoticed in an English provincial town. Let me here observe, that by an ordinary carriage I mean a carriage open to all; for in America there are no locomotive distinctions of 1st, 2d, and 3d classes. I never saw expectation more on tiptoe. A rattle round the corner was heard; then the noise of the wheels ceased, and then the president—a tall, gentlemanly-looking, elderly man—was ascending the steps of the State-House; and as soon as his gray locks were seen by the immense multitude, such a shout arose as only Anglo-Saxon lungs can raise and prolong. The president turned round on the landing of the steps, took off his hat, bowed, and entered the hall. I have seen many ceremonies, regal and imperial, which passed off very much like a scene at a theatre; but I felt the sublime simplicity of this. There is no road to dis-

tion here but talent; and as the fine old man stood on the steps bowing, with Mr Webster, Secretary of State, by his side, they looked the very embodiment of intellect, and the manly, overpowering shout of the crowd the recognition of it. The multitudinous voices died away in the distance with a peculiar effect. No firing of guns. While on this part of the subject, I may mention my strong impression, that in no place is the government so much respected as in America. The public press may ridicule and joke upon certain acts of individuals; but whatever side is taken, there is nothing that can bring the laws, or those who administer them, into disrespect. This produces order to an extent unknown elsewhere. No one seems to question the law or the commands of its officers excepting Europeans, who bring their turbulent habits with them.

Leaving this imposing scene, I turned to the route of the procession, which had been advertised to pass through certain streets. In some degree to account for the masses of human beings that filled them, the three railways had kept pouring people in for three days, and the trains, immediately on arrival, turned back to fetch the thousands they had left waiting at the stations. It was said that there never was such a gathering in one place since the independence of the States. The arrangements of the pageant were made by the committee of the city; but the audience, or public, arranged themselves, and never was there anything better done. Along the whole line of streets, about three miles in length, the goods had been removed from the shop-windows, and their places filled with ladies. Every window that commanded a view was appropriated to females and children, who were likewise in many cases on the tops of the houses. Men occupied the pavement to the kerbstone. The roadway was kept by deputy-marshals, who rode up and down, in black dress suits, cocked, open hats, and white sashes; and in this vast assemblage their every request was immediately attended to. At the end of every street, carriages of all descriptions were placed, filled with people. As an instance of the courtesy of the spectators, my wife had handed our Little Red Ridinghood to some gentleman on the top of an omnibus, who very kindly held her up to see the show, and took charge of her while Mrs W—— found her way to the window, where her place had been kept. If anything could mark the kindly disposition and good order of the crowd, it was the fact, that although I should think all the children in the city were there, not one was hurt, but everybody exerted himself to accommodate this interesting portion of the community. Across the streets, and at all available points, the stars and stripes waved proudly in the air, and altogether the scene was most beautiful and imposing. I walked the whole length of the route before the procession moved, and the *coup d'œil* was perfect. The military portion looked remarkably well; but when the open carriage appeared in which rode Lord Elgin and his friends, the representative of Great Britain was greeted with such shouts and by such waving of handkerchiefs from the windows by crowds of elegantly dressed females, as I am sure his lordship can never forget. On his part, Lord Elgin continued bowing in acknowledgment, almost without intermission, for two hours and twenty minutes—the time occupied in passing.

Nearly equal to this was the enthusiasm elicited by the appearance of an open carriage, drawn by four grays, and containing only two men, wellnigh ninety years of age, then the sole survivors, in the State of Massachusetts, of those who fought in the War of Independence. It is the custom to shew honour to the survivors of that event on all public occasions. On the 4th of July last, the last public gathering, there were four in the carriage: two are gone. Before the carriage, was carried the banner of Washington, used in the struggle.

When these old men raised their withered hands to remove their hats, in reply to the welcome of the crowd, they appeared like spirits of the past. In all probability, they will not appear in public again; but the fruits of their courage will live for ever. The appropriateness and beauty of the arrangement of details were remarkable in the representation of the particular trades. The most imposing objects were the two new locomotives, shining brilliantly in their might of brass and steel, and richly painted; and as they loomed in sight, turning the bends of the streets, they were truly magnificent and appropriate objects. Each was raised upon a car, so that, on the whole, it was thirty feet high; it was drawn by eighteen iron-gray horses, all in line, decorated with blue ribbons, and handsomely caparisoned; each horse being led by a workman, in clean, new, working costume. The next was a procession on foot. Eight negroes, in Eastern costume, walked as guards round a platform, carried palanquin-fashion by four negroes, with 5000 ounces of manufactured silver-plate, built up in a pyramid, and forming a splendid object, fully equal in workmanship to anything of the kind I have seen. A very interesting part of the pageant was the children of the different schools, in four-wheeled cars, covered with drapery, and decorated with flowers and plants; and it was really pleasing to see the happy little creatures enjoying such a holiday as they would never forget. It is impossible to give a third of the details of this unique procession; but I cannot omit to notice the last feature—the labourers on their truck-horses. These were the carmen of the town. Their clean, healthy, happy faces, with their glossy horses, decorated with ribbons, made me regard them as the best and proudest cavalry a nation could have. These are all men who, a very short time since, landed from the Old World—fugitives from misery and starvation.

I had a ticket offered me for the banquet, but I preferred being outside among the people. I have had enough of dinner-speeches in my time, although this occasion was one of peculiar interest. The Park continued to be crowded to excess; and as the company arrived, they were greeted by the people and the bands of music stationed here and there. But what sound is that? They are drinking toasts within; and one is now given which stirs the vast multitude like an electrical shock. I cannot hear at first, the roar is so deafening: but presently I am able to analyse the sounds that have caused the commotion; and I confess it is with a beating heart, and a sort of choking sensation in the throat, I hear every lip repeat—'The Queen of England!' and every band in the Park take up from the music in the tent our own national strain, till the whole atmosphere vibrates with *God save the Queen!* The effect was magical, and I felt gratified beyond measure—not alone at the compliment to our country, but as evidence that the Anglo-Saxons are still one great community, and that the proceedings of that day would rivet between the two countries the bond of common blood. The day closed as happily as it had begun, and the streets were crowded up to a late hour. I was in all the thickest of the press, and I know that there was not a single accident, nor did I see or hear of any instance of drunkenness or disorder. All was harmony and good-humour.

I would mention, as a strong proof of the growing interest felt for the old country here, in New England especially, that almost every family is desirous of being known to be connected with it. They have all English names; and a numerous society have employed a gentleman of skill in such matters for the last ten years in England in tracing out the English branches of the different families in the State, so as to have the genealogy complete. This has become a passion; and I have found every person I met who could trace his

descent from the mother-country proud of it. I fell in, the other day, with a highly intelligent American, who told me with quite a feeling of pride, that his grandfather and grandmother were English, and his wife's father a Scot.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

January 1862.

NOTWITHSTANDING our busy and acquisitive propensities, we of the metropolis have found time to wish one another a happy new-year, and to send friendly greetings to our country cousins also. We don't like to take the step from one year into another without a *coup d'amitié*. Besides all which, we are in the habit of considering ourselves at the present season more than ever entitled to partake of the recreations offered us, whether theatrical, musical, pictorial, saltatorial, philosophical, or scientific. And so, while simple-minded people are looking into the new almanacs to test the accuracy of the predictions, I must try to fill a page or two with such matters of talk as will bear reproduction in print.

First of all, among the discussions and communications at the Astronomical Society, it is stated that the term 'meteoric astronomy' is one which we shall shortly be able to use with almost absolute certainty, as M. Petit of Toulouse has succeeded in determining the orbits of meteors relatively to the sun as well as to the earth. His conclusions are considered valuable, especially with respect to the meteor of August 19, 1847, which, it appears, came 'from the regions of space beyond our system,' having, as is estimated, occupied more than 873,000 years in passing from its point of departure to its fall in the North Sea, near the shores of Belgium! This is another addition to our knowledge of meteoric phenomena which affords promise of further results. Certain members of the same society are still at work on what has been a tedious task—the restoration of the standard yard, rendered necessary, as you will remember, by the destruction of the original in the Parliament-House conflagration, more than ten years ago. The work proceeds slowly but surely, as the extremest pains are taken to insure accuracy, the measurements, bisections, and graduations being read off with a microscope. When finished, it will be centuplicated or more, if necessary, and, as is said, a copy deposited in every corporate town in the kingdom. This restoration of the standard is not so easy a task as would be commonly supposed, for apart from the determination of the yard with mathematical accuracy, alternations of heat and cold have to be taken into account; for, as is well known, a strip of metal which measures thirty-six inches long in a temperature of 70 degrees, will not measure the same in 50 degrees. Connected with this subject, it was stated at one of the meetings of the society, that the ancient Saxon yard was nearly identical with the modern French *mètre*; whence a suggestion of 'the possibility of the Saxon yard being actually derived from a former measure of the earth, made at a period beyond the range of history, the results of which have been preserved during many centuries of barbarism.' Be this as it may, we are now given to understand that the Egyptian Pyramids, whether originally erected for purposes of sepulchre or not, are, at the same time, definite portions of a degree of the earth's surface in the meridian of Egypt; and it has been proposed, as these mighty structures are far more durable even now than anything which we could build in England, that when our standard shall be re-established, the length shall be cut on the side of one of the pyramids, together with such explanatory particulars as may be necessary, so as to preserve the record for all coming time. Modern science thus availing itself of the labours of the past, would be a remarkable incident in the history of philosophy.

The appearance of extraordinary spots on the sun has attracted a more than ordinary degree of attention to that luminary, and to Mr J. Nasmyth's 'views respecting the source of light,' which, though published a few months since, are now again talked about. Mr Nasmyth, after several years' observation, comes to the conclusion, 'that whatever be the source of light, its production appears to result from an action induced on the exterior surface of the solar sphere,' and he believes it reasonable to 'consider the true source of the latent element of light to reside, *not in the solar orb*, but in space itself; and that the grand function and duty of the sun is to act as an agent for the bringing forth into vivid existence its due portion of the illuminating or luciferous element; which element he supposes to be diffused throughout the boundless regions of space, and which in that case must be perfectly exhaustless. Further, assuming this luciferous element to be not equally diffused through space, we find a reason why in some ages of the earth's history the heat should have been greater than at others, why stars have been seen to vary in brightness, and why there was that puzzle to geologists—a glacial period. During that period, according to Mr Nasmyth, with whose words I finish this part of my communication, 'an arctic climate spread from the poles towards the equator, and left the record of such a condition in glacial handwriting on the mountain walls of our elder mountain ravines, of which there is such abundant and unquestionable evidence.'

Our Microscopical Society have made a discovery in an all but invisible subject: they now state the *Volvox globator* to be a vegetable, and not, as has long been supposed, an animal, as its cells, presumed to be ova, are produced in the same way as in certain kinds of *algæ*. In the discussion excited by this announcement, it came out that several other minute forms, classed by Ehrenberg among living animalcules, are in reality vegetable; which, if true, shews that a good deal of microscopical work will have to be done over again. The Syro-Egyptian Society, too, have heard something relating to the same subject—a paper on Ehrenberg's examination by the microscope of the anciently deposited alluvium of the Nile, from which it appears that 'microscopic animals' in countless numbers were the cause of the remarkable fertility of the soil, and not vegetable or unctuous matters. Talking of deposits reminds me of a little fact which I must not forget to mention—the finding of a fossil reptile in the 'Old Red' of your county of Moray is, barring the alarm, as much a cause of astonishment to our geologists, as was the mark of the foot on the sand to Robinson Crusoe.

Now for a few gatherings from the continent. M. Chalmel has laid before the Académie at Paris a 'Note on a Modification to be introduced in the Preparation of Butter, which improves its Quality and prolongs its Preservation.' 'If butter,' he observes, 'contained only the fat parts of milk, it would undergo only very slow alterations when in contact with the air; but it retains a certain quantity of *caseum*, found in the cream, which *caseum*, by its fermentation, produces butyric-acid, and to which is owing the disagreeable flavour of rancid butter. The usual washing of butter rids it but very imperfectly of this cause of alteration, for the water does not wet the butter, and cannot dissolve the *caseum*, which has become insoluble under the influence of the acids that develop themselves in the cream. A more complete separation would be obtained if these acids were saturated; the *caseum* would again be soluble, and consequently the quantity retained in the butter would be almost entirely carried away by the washing-water.'

The remedy proposed is: 'When the cream is in the churn, pour in—a little at a time, and keep stirring—enough of lime-wash to destroy the acidity entirely. The cream is then to be churned until the butter separates; but before it forms into lumps, the butter-

milk is to be poured off, and replaced by cold water, in which the churning is to be continued until the butter is complete, when it is to be taken from the churn and treated as usual. I have,' says M. Chalambel, 'by following this method, obtained butter always better, and which kept longer, than when made in the ordinary way. The buttermilk, deprived of its sharp taste, was drunk with pleasure by men and animals, and had lost its laxative properties.' By means of lime-wash or lime-water, he has restored butter so 'far gone' that it could only have been recovered by melting; but any alkaline lixivium will answer the same purpose.

I have more than once kept you informed of the inquiry concerning the effects of iodine on the human system, which has so long engaged the attention of several eminent chemists on the continent; and now have to report something further by M. Fourcault, whose communication thereupon to the Académie is entitled, 'On the Absence of Iodine in Water and Alimentary Substances, considered as Cause of Goitre and Crétinism, and on the Means of Preventing the Development of these Affections.' He has investigated the subject profoundly and analytically, and concludes that 'the absence or insufficiency of iodine in water and in alimentary substances, is to be considered as the primitive cause, special or *sui generis*, of goitre and crétinism;' that the existence of the diseases does not depend on the presence more or less of sulphate of lime or magnesia in the animal economy; that 'iodine acts in goitre as iron in chlorosis—by restoring to the system one of its essential principles;' and that 'the most powerful secondary or auxiliary causes are: a coarse and uniform vegetable regimen; living at the bottom of deep, enclosed valleys; in low and damp houses, into which air and light penetrate with difficulty; the alliance of infected families among themselves; and the want of such employment as would yield a comfortable subsistence and proper development of the physical forces.' In commenting on these statements, Baron Thénard observed that M. Chatain, in the course of his able researches on iodine, had analysed the waters of those Alpine valleys most subject to goitre, and found that mineral almost entirely wanting. And it has been proved that sea-salt, containing a minute quantity of ioduret of potassium, acted as a preservative from goitre on all the inhabitants of a district who made use of it. The air, too, has been examined as well as the water, and, so far as yet ascertained, the proportion of iodine in the atmosphere is variable, and much greater in amount in some regions than in others. The activity prevailing in this particular branch of inquiry is the more encouraging, as the maladies which it aims at removing are of so peculiarly distressing a nature; and the investigation is one likely to lead also to valuable incidental results.

Next, M. Abeille, chief physician to the hospital at Ajaccio, has an interesting communication—On the employment of electricity to counteract the accidents arising from too long inhalation of ether or chloroform. He found that patients submitted to galvanic-puncture could not be rendered insensible by the effects of ether—the galvanism invariably restored sensation—and taking this accidentally-discovered fact as the basis of further research, he set to work and made a series of experiments on living animals, and arrived at results which in a brief summary are: that electricity, made to operate by means of needles implanted in several parts of the body, especially in the direction of the cerebro-spinal axis, reawakes sensibility, and immediately puts the relaxed muscles into play. 'It constitutes,' he adds, 'according to my experiments, the most prompt and efficacious means—I may say the only efficacious—to restore to life any person whose inhalation of chloroform has been prolonged beyond the time prescribed by prudence. It is the first means to which recourse ought to be had; and trials made in

other ways appeared to me to lead to nothing but loss of time, which in many cases would be fatal.'

M. H. Deschamps says, that there is a 'certain sign of death,' which, if attended to, will entirely prevent risk of that much-dreaded accident—premature interment. It is a certain green tinge which always makes its appearance on the abdomen, even before the cadaverous smell, and is a positive evidence that decomposition has begun. There are some people to whom the knowledge of this fact will be a satisfaction; but if, as is popularly supposed, bodies are not unfrequently buried alive, how is it that we never hear of a revival in a dissecting-room? Then, on another point of physiology, M. Payerne states, with regard to the distress experienced by many persons in the ascent of a high mountain, 'that the lassitude and breathlessness felt in elevated places appear to proceed, not from an insufficiency of oxygen, but rather from the rupture of the equilibrium between the tension of the fluids contained in our organs and that of the ambient air, whatever be the way in which the rupture is produced.' And, to close these physiological matters, M. Chuart begs the Académie to include among their premiums for rendering arts or trades less insalubrious, one for 'different inventions designed to diminish the frequency of accidents which take place in coal-mines from explosions of gas.' How much such inventions are needed, recent events in our own coal districts but too painfully demonstrate.

Our Meteorological Society may perhaps take a hint from M. Liais's suggestion as to the 'possibility of applying photography to determine the height of clouds, and to the observation of shooting-stars;' and M. F. Caillaud, director of the museum at Nantes, says something not uninteresting to naturalists—namely, that the statements commonly made, that all molluscous animals perforate stone by means of an acid, is not the fact with regard to *Pholades* and *Tarets*. He observes, that although a workman would be amazed on hearing a proposition to pierce calcareous stone with the shell of a *Pholas*, yet he himself has done it, and holds the success to be a proof that the animal can do the same. The idea of the acid might be accepted, while it was proved that the creatures were to be found only in limestone; but now that he has sent to the Académie specimens of gneiss and mica schist, containing pholades, on which the acid has no effect, he conceives that they must have entered by boring. They have also been found in porphyry—a fact of which Brongniart said, many years ago, that nature had concealed the explanation, and we must wait for a solution. Whether M. Caillaud's solution be the true one or not, is a point that will soon be verified or disproved by geologists and naturalists, who are never better pleased than when an inquiry, which may lead to new views of nature, opens before them.

That the age of great books is not past, is proved by an arrival from America—the United States' government having presented to several public and private institutions in this country, a large, handsome quarto, which contains, to quote the whole title, *Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States, collected and prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act of Congress*. The preparation and arrangement of this work having been intrusted to Mr Schoolcraft is a sufficient guarantee for its value. It throws much light on the Indian tribes of North America, and rectifies many erroneous ideas and impressions concerning them and their origin. Perhaps you will allow me to give you, in a few words, the author's views on this part of the subject. He considers the ancient monuments, found in parts of the United States and in Mexico, to have originated within five hundred years of the dispersion from Babel; that the Indians are the Almgic branch of the Eberites;

and that the ancient monuments do not denote so high a degree of civilisation as is generally supposed. It is only since the discovery of America by Europeans that anything like certainty attaches to the history of the natives. The Mohicans 'preserve the memory of the appearance and voyage of Hudson, up the river bearing his name, in 1609;' and among other tribes similar traditions are retained. In the wrong-headedness and persistence of idea, the Indians entirely resemble the Oriental branches of the great Semitic family; and the evidence shews that originally they crossed over from Asia at Behring's Strait, a voyage still performed in canoes to the present day. One of the titles of Montezuma was Lord of the Seven Caves; and the caves in which tradition says the traverse took place, are taken to be the caves or subterranean abodes still used by the Aleutian islanders. This was current among the Aztecs in 1519, and the voyage of the United States' Exploring Expedition has furnished a philological proof of connection, in the peculiar termination of nouns in *tl*, which is common to the inhabitants of Nootka Sound, as it was to the Aztecs. The more the Indians are studied, the more does everything about them appear to be Eastern—their language, religion, calendar, architecture, &c. Their worship of fire in the open air, avoiding the use of temples, is precisely that of Zoroaster, as is also their leading doctrine of two spirits—good and evil—ruling the world; and the allegory of the egg of *Ormuzd* has been found in an earthwork on the top of a hill in Adams's County, Ohio. 'It represents the coil of a serpent, 700 feet long, but it is thought would reach, if deprived of its curves, 1000 feet. The jaws of the serpent are represented as widely distended, as if in the act of swallowing. In the interstice is an oval or egg-shaped mound.' This repetition of a symbol is considered as further proof of Eastern derivation.

Do not suppose, however, that this is a sample of the whole volume, for ample details and information are given on all matters connected with the Indians—their arts, habits, pursuits, pictorial literature (so to speak), sports, and agriculture. Some idea of their capabilities in husbandry may be gathered from the fact, that in Michigan, ancient 'garden-beds' have been discovered, extending for 150 miles along the banks of rivers. Students will find a mine of information in this book, which, though but the first of a series, contains nearly 600 pages—a rare feast for ethnologists.

The Royal Irish Academy in Dublin have published a report of their proceedings, which comprise reports on rain-falls, meteors, ancient urns, and other Irish antiquities, besides Roman and Carthaginian; on hygrometry, chiefly with regard to the pressure of the dew-point; and on artificial islands. Of the latter, it appears that several exist in different parts of Ireland; but the one to which attention is particularly directed is near Strokestown, Roscommon. The lake Clonfinlough having been drained by the Board of Works, the structure of the islet, which had long occupied its centre, was laid bare. It proved to be about 130 feet in diameter, constructed on oak piles, forming a sort of 'triple stockade,' with stems laid flat towards the centre for a floor, over which earth, clay, and marl were heaped, with two flat irregular stone-floors covering the whole at different depths below the surface. Two canoes were also found, each hollowed out of a single tree, and a great collection of miscellaneous ornaments and domestic utensils—all of which being illustrative of different periods of Irish history, will receive due attention at the hands of Irish antiquaries. Visitors to the Society's Museum will be gratified to know that Mr Petrie is preparing a catalogue of that valuable and interesting assemblage of rarities. He is to begin with the Stone Period, and come down to the Bronze and Iron, according to their respective dates, with dissertations prefixed. This is following

the good example set by your Scottish Society of Antiquaries.

It is a fact honourable to the society that they do not confine their honours exclusively to contributors to their own 'Transactions.' At their late anniversary, they gave their gold medal to the Rev. J. H. Jellett, for his labours in treating the noblest mathematical subjects in a way to make them intelligible to students. As the president said in his address: 'Descending from the more desirable position of an inventor to the humbler but more useful one of enabling others to place themselves on a level with himself, by compiling for their use an excellent elementary treatise, he has conferred on his species a benefit of the highest order,' in a work which otherwise was 'as little likely to be given to the world as it was desirable that it should be so.'

It is time to close; but I must first clear off a few miscellaneous items. The Admiralty Report concerning the Arctic expeditions is canvassed pretty freely, and with significant hints that justice has not been rendered in its conclusions. We can only hope that really efficient commanders will be sent out with the expedition that is to be despatched in April or May next; if not, it will be abortive, as the others have been, and we shall never know what has become of Franklin. It appears that the news of Collinson's ships being on their return is unfounded. It was communicated from the United States, and has been contradicted; and for all we know to the contrary, Collinson and his coadjutor Maclure may come home next summer by way of Baffin's Bay. There are now 226 telegraph stations connected with the central establishment in Lothbury, behind the Bank of England. Of these, 70 are principal stations, at which the attendance is day and night; and in the whole, a distance of 2500 miles is embraced, with 800 more over which the wires are now being stretched. The charges for transmission of messages have been lowered with a beneficial result, the business of the telegraph having greatly increased. There must be a still further reduction before the 'thought-flasher' becomes as generally available here as it is in America. It is now in real earnest going to Ireland. A ship has been despatched to fetch Cleopatra's so-called 'needle,' the Panopticon at length has found a local habitation, and is assuming a tangible form in the shape of bricks and mortar: ocean steamers are more than ever talked about; and every month a new one, better than all before, is launched: gold, too, is a favourite topic; and Australian and Californian mining-shares are plentiful in the market; so also are those of Irish Waste-Land Improvement Companies, who, in addition to the reclamation, propose to grow beet-root, flax, and chicory. At last we have got one or two penny news-rooms—not so good, however, as yours in Edinburgh; and a project is mooted to establish reading and waiting rooms combined, in different parts of the capital. There is talk, too, of central railway termini, of new bridges, new streets, and of converting Kennington Common into a park—how soon to be realised remains to be seen.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

From forty to sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself, may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given him judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart

this river is a viaduct, called 'The turn of Life,' which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley, 'Old Age.' The bridge is constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a sitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit a metaphor, the 'Turn of Life' is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant—a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength—whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigour until night has entirely set.—*The Science of Life, by a Physician.*

NERVE.

An Indian sword-player declared at a great public festival, that he could cleave, vertically, a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member; and the general (Sir Charles Napier) extended his right hand for the trial. The sword-player, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not one to be experimented on with safety, and refused to proceed. The general then extended his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form; yet the Indian still declined the trial; and when pressed, twice waved his thin, keen-edged blade, as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally, he was forced to make trial, and the lime fell open, cleanly divided: the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood!—*Sir Charles Napier's Administration in Scinde.*

WIRE USED IN EMBROIDERY.

In the manufacture of embroidery fine threads of silver gilt are used. To produce these, a bar of silver, weighing 180 ounces, is gilt with an ounce of gold; this bar is then wire-drawn until it is reduced to a thread so fine that 3400 feet of it weigh less than an ounce. It is then flattened by being submitted to a severe pressure between rollers, in which process its length is increased to 4000 feet. Each foot of the flattened wire weighs, therefore, the 4000th part of an ounce. But as in the processes of wire-drawing and rolling the proportion of the two metals is maintained, the gold which covers the surface of the fine thread thus produced consists only of the 180th part of its whole weight. Therefore the gold which covers one foot is only the 720,000th part of an ounce, and consequently the gold which covers an inch will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. If this inch be again divided into 100 equal parts, each part will be distinctly visible without the aid of a microscope, and yet the gold which covers such visible part will be only the 864,000,000th part of an ounce. But we need not stop even here. This portion of the wire may be viewed through a microscope which magnifies 500 times; and by these means, therefore, its 500th part will become visible.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

CHEAP LIVING.

In the interior of Bulgaria and Upper Moesia, the low price of provision and cattle of every description is almost fabulous compared with the prices of Western Europe. A fat sheep or lamb usually costs from 1s. 6d. to 2s.; an ox, 40s.; cows, 30s.; and a horse, in the best possible travelling condition, from L.4 to L.5 sterling; wool, hides, tallow, wax, and honey, are equally low. In the towns and hans by the road-side everything is sold by weight: you can get a pound of meat for a halfpenny, a pound of bread for the same, and wine, which is also sold by weight, costs about the same money. In Servia, pigs everywhere form the staple commodity of the country. I have seen some that would weigh from 150 lbs. to 200 lbs. or more offered for sale at 300 Turkish piastres the dozen; in the neighbourhood of the Danube they

fetch a little more. The expense of keeping these animals in a country abounding with forests being so trifling, and the prospect of gain to the proprietor so certain, we cannot wonder that no landowner is without them, and that they constitute the richest class in the principality. In fact, pig-jobbers are here men of the highest rank: the prince, his ministers, civil and military governors, are all engaged in this lucrative traffic.—*Spencer's Travels.*

MOUNTAINS IN SNOW.

COLD—oh, deathly cold—and silent, lie the white hills
'neath the sky,
Like a soul whom fate has covered with thy snows,
Adversity!
Not a sigh of wind comes moaning; the same outline,
high and bare,
As in pleasant days of summer, rises in the murky air.
Very quiet—very silent—whether shines the mocking sun
Through the wintry blue, or lowering drift the feathery
snow-clouds dun:
Always quiet, always silent, be it night or be it day,
With that pale shroud coldly lying where the heather-
blossoms lay.
Can they be the very mountains that we looked at, you
and I!
One long wavy line of purple painted on the sunset sky;
With the new moon's edge just touching that dark rim,
like dancer's foot,
Or young Dian's, on the hill-side for Endymion waiting
mute.
O how golden was that even!—O how balm the summer
air!
How the bridegroom sky bent loving o'er its earth so
virgin fair!
How the earth looked up to heaven like a bride with joy
oppressed,
In her thankfulness half-weeping that she was thus over-
blest!
Ghostly mountains! 'Silence—silence!' now is aye your
soundless voice,
Lifted in an awful patience o'er the world's uproarious
noise;
O'er its jarrings and its greetings—o'er its loving and its
hate—
'Silence! Bare thy brows all dumbly to the snows of
heaven, and—wait!'

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UP THE INDUS.

THREE years ago, I received orders to proceed from Kuráchee to Roree by the river route, for the purpose of joining the siege-train then assembling for the reduction of Mooltan. Subsequent events caused my final destination to be changed to Sukkur. Although my journey was thus not so long as I had both expected and wished, yet I had an opportunity of seeing some three or four hundred miles of a river that the records of the past, and the anticipations of the future, alike combine to render interesting, and which in itself differs in many respects from the other rivers of India. My position in life—that of a non-commissioned officer of the ordnance department—has prevented me from gleanings information on the subject, either from books or official sources; but it may be that a narration of what I merely *saw*, will not prove altogether without interest for those who must run while they read—who have neither time, nor perhaps inclination, to acquire any more than a superficial knowledge of distant countries.

Having been provided with a passage in one of the steamers of the Indus flotilla, and informed that the vessel was to start at daybreak on the following morning, I hastened to procure the necessary documents to authorise my obtaining ten days' sea-rations from the commissariat department. The following was the proportion of food for each day, and I may remark, that I received it from government gratis, with the exception of the spirits, as I was proceeding on field-service:—1 lb. of biscuits, 1 lb. of salt beef or pork, 1-4th of 1 lb. of rice, 1 oz. and 2-7ths of sugar, 5-7ths of 1 oz. of tea, and 2 drams, or about 1-4th of a bottle of arrack, 24 degrees under proof. Having secured the provant, my mind was now perfectly at ease, and I leisurely set about completing my arrangements for the voyage. These consisted mainly in locking my only box, and tying up in a cotton quilt a blanket and the thick sheet of goat's-hair-felt that served me for a bed. It was dark before I left camp; and as I was detained a considerable time at the *bunder* or landing-place, waiting for a boat to take me off to the steamer, it was late in the night when I got on board.

The steamboat was about the size of the largest of those that ply above bridge on the Thames. When I had scrambled on deck, I found that the forepart of the vessel was crowded with the bodies of natives, every one of whom was testifying the soundness of his repose by notes both loud and deep. Having selected the only spot where there was room even to sit down, I began, in a somewhat high key, to warble a lively strain calculated to cheer the drooping spirits of such of my neigh-

bours as had that evening undergone the pang of parting from their friends. This proceeding soon had the effect of drawing all eyes upon me, and, indeed, not a few of the tongues also; for the now thoroughly awakened sleepers—with great want of taste—growled out, at the expense both of myself and of my performance, sundry maledictions, with a fervency peculiar to the country, until at length I may say I was clad with curses as with a garment. At this juncture, I took out of my provision-bag a remarkably fine piece of pork, and began to contemplate it by the light of the moon with the critical eye of a connoisseur. The reader is no doubt aware, that among the natives of India the popular prejudice does not run in favour of this wholesome article of food; and perhaps to this fact I must attribute it that the surrounding Mussulmans and Hindoos became wondrously polite all on a sudden, and left a wide circle vacant around me, so that I had ample room to make down my bed; nor was I disturbed from a hearty sleep till the morning.

At daybreak, I was aroused by the crew getting up the anchor: in a few minutes, the head of the 'fire-boat,' as my dusky neighbours termed it, was turned down the coast, and on we went, steaming, smoking, and splashing, after the most orthodox fashion of fire-boats in general. I had now time and opportunity to look around me. Every available spot of the deck and paddle-boxes of the small, flat-bottomed iron steamer, was crowded with as motley a set of passengers as ever sailed since the days of Captain Noah. Sepoys returning from furlough to join their regiments; lascars, or enlisted workmen belonging to the different civil branches of the army; and camp-followers in all their varieties, were everywhere squatted on their haunches, and although muffled up to their eyes in wrappers of cotton-cloth, were all looking miserably cold from the sharpness of the morning breeze. The crew consisted of about twenty sailors—half of whom were Europeans, and evidently picked hands. Under the influence of good pay, fresh provisions without stint, sleeping all night in their hammocks, and constant change of scene, they were as healthy-looking and good-humoured a lot of seamen as I had ever met with. Their principal employment seemed to be to take their turn at the wheel; and as the natives performed most of the little work that was to be done in a vessel of this description, carrying no sails, I presume they were entertained only with the view of manning the two small howitzers and half-a-dozen swivel-guns, in case our little craft should find it necessary to shew her teeth. The remaining portion of the men were even finer specimens of humanity than the Europeans. With the exception of two tall, bony

Scindians, they were all Seedies, or negroes, and there was not one among them that might not have served as a model for a Hercules. Their huge bodies presented an appearance of massiveness and immense strength; and the enormous muscles had even more than the prominence we find in some statues, but so seldom meet with in men of these effeminate times. These particulars were the more easily noted, as their style of costume, in the daytime at least, approached very closely to nudity. But their size was as nothing to their appetites; and deep and vast as their internal accommodations must have been, it remains a matter of perplexity to me to this day to determine by what mysterious process they managed to stow away one-half of what they devoured. I have repeatedly watched one of these overgrown animals seat himself before a wooden trencher, some three-quarters of a yard broad, and clear from it, as if by magic, a mess piled up to the greatest capacity of the vessel, and consisting of rice, garnished at the top with a couple of pounds or so of curried meat or fish; after which, glaring around him in a hungry and dissatisfied manner, calculated to raise unpleasant sensations in a nervous bystander, he would sullenly catch hold of the hookah common to the party, and seek to deaden his appetite by swallowing down long and repeated draughts of tobacco-smoke, until the tears came into his eyes, and he was forced to desist by a paroxysm of coughing.

Among the passengers, there were two or three persons of my own standing, and on the quarter-deck a small group of officers, one of whom was accompanied by his wife. The lady had certainly no reason to grumble at the inattention of her companions. The fair sex, although much more plentiful at the time I speak of than ten years ago, was still rather scarce in these parts, ladies being few and far between in the stations beyond Kuráchee. With a praiseworthy desire to make the most of the honour, the skipper was bustling about, giving all sorts of orders that might in any way conduce to the comfort of his fair passenger, and apparently in a state of mental agony when a momentary turn of the vessel would render the awning and screens ineffectual in preserving her from a chance ray of the sun. Two young subalterns were tumbling over one another in the anxious endeavour to be the first to bring a footstool; a couple of their seniors were standing by, rubbing their hands and smiling blandly, to keep their minds in a fit state for the perpetration of a compliment on the first possible occasion; while even the grim old major was trying very hard to unbend: not that it was a part of his principles to be particularly gallant to the ladies, but as he was going to a place where he might not have the advantage of seeing any of them for some years, and would thus run the chance of growing rusty, he thought he might as well keep his hand in while he had the opportunity.

After running down the coast till the sun became so uncomfortably hot as to render an awning over the whole vessel an indispensable necessity, we suddenly struck into one of the many creeks with which the Delta of the Indus is everywhere interlaced. The vessel did not answer her helm well; and as the breadth of the stream did not much exceed her length, we were for some time running ashore, first on one bank, and then on the opposite one. However, as the banks were steep, and composed of a mixture of sand and mud, we were not so much delayed by these accidents as might have been expected; for after grounding with a shock sufficient to floor any one unused to the navigation of the Indus, the tough little craft would slide back of her own accord into her proper element, and go ahead again as if nothing had happened. The first time this took place, I was sent on my beam-ends, and was not a little alarmed into the bargain; but the crew seemed to take it as a matter of course, and in reply to my anxious inquiries as to the extent of damage that had been

occasioned, they informed me that she had only brushed the cobwebs off her keel. On entering the creek, we startled large flocks of wild geese and ducks; and here and there a pair of pelicans, after gazing at us for a few seconds, would slowly wing their way to some more sequestered stream, unprofaned by noisy, smoky civilisation.

As we continued on our course, the landscape—a level plain, that stretched away for miles till it met the horizon—was covered with camels grazing upon tamarisk-bushes, which, with a few mangostans, an occasional specimen of acanthus, and a coarse and scanty herbage, were the only specimens of the vegetable kingdom that met our gaze. The scene during the remainder of the afternoon was the same, the monotony being relieved only when we stopped for half an hour to take a supply of wood from a large pile collected on the bank for this purpose, and thus had an opportunity of stretching our legs on *terra firma*. At dusk, the steam-boat was run ashore, the steam blown off, and here we were to remain for the night. The natives immediately rushed on shore, and began preparing fires to cook their provisions. The ship's cook had already supplied me with a cup, or rather a tin pot of tea; but as the growing coolness of the evening, and the example of my neighbours, rather encouraged my appetite, I resolved to make a second edition of my evening meal, and accordingly took under my arm the copper canteen which formed the sum-total of my culinary apparatus—the lid being my only plate or dish—and furnished with a supply of tea, sugar, cold meat, and biscuit, made my way to a spot a short distance off, where I might take my food on the solitary system, according to the custom that we Englishmen most delight in. When I had lighted the fire, and put the water on to boil, I cast myself on the ground, and complacently puffing away at my pipe, gazed at the wild but picturesque scene before me. The position of the river was marked out by a semi-circle of some fifty or sixty fires, before which dark and ill-defined figures were ever and anon flitting like phantoms; while, in the midst, the funnel of the steam-boat loomed tall and black above the veil of smoke that hung around—like some dark and horrid object of heathen idolatry surrounded by its sacrificial fires. The sounds that met my ear, however, dispelled this somewhat fanciful idea; for in the stillness of the night voices grow distinct, while forms are indebted to the imagination for filling up their outlines.

The native passengers, who had remained, silent and dull, in a constrained position during the whole of the day, felt a load taken off their spirits as soon as they set foot on dry land; and in a trice the silence that had hitherto reigned was broken by a very Babel of tongues, among which could be distinguished the guttural jargon of the Scindian, the bastard dialect of Mahratti, of the Hindoo from the Deccan, and the ungrammatical *patois* of Hindostani, which—although, when exclusively used, it marked out the Mussulman—was yet the *lingua franca* of the whole party; but amidst the unceasing torrent of words, little could be distinguished, save when the ear was saluted with an outburst of nature's universal and unvaried language in the shape of a light-hearted laugh. By and by, my attention became directed, by an occasional shout of merriment, to a group of Seedies clustered round a fire near me. Negroes in this country are much the same as in other parts of the world—a happy, easily-contented race, forgetful of the past, and careless of the future. After keeping up their noisy confabulation for some time, they removed to a level spot close to where I was lying: one of them squatted down on the ground, and commenced singing to the music of a sort of tambourine, that he beat with the flat of his hand; and the others at once formed a circle, and commenced a rude dance, which had probably been brought

by themselves or their fathers from the shores of Eastern Africa. The air was at first low and monotonous, the time seeming to be more studied than any variation of the tune; but after some minutes a few notes in a higher key were occasionally introduced, giving the music a strangely wild and melancholy character. The dance consisted principally of low jumps, each foot being alternately advanced in strict time with the music. Sometimes the dancers joined hands; again they would pass into one another's places, until they had made the circuit of the ring; and every now and then, in going through these movements, they would leap completely round, apparently without an effort, but as a natural consequence of the momentum produced by the celerity of their motions, and the weight of their huge bodies. The whole affair was gone through in a serious and business-like manner, unusual in the negro. How long I watched them I cannot say; but it seemed to me as if they went on for hours without slackening the pace, or moving one muscle of their countenances, and my eyes became heavy with looking at them. At length, the figures appeared to grow dim, and among them I thought I recognised faces of friends then many thousands of miles from me, and forms that the earth had long before covered over. A death-like chill came over me: by a sudden impulse, I rushed forward, and awoke. With bewildered feelings, I rose on my elbow, and gazed around. The moon had risen; her cold, clear light making every object near me either startlingly distinct, or else a mass of dark shade, while a deep and solemn silence reigned around. All had vanished—the singer and the dancers—the flaming, sparkling, roaring fires, and the noisy groups around them; and I might have imagined that I had awaked to find myself in another world, had it not been for the heap of black ashes beside me, and the dark outline of the steam-boat in the distance. I arose, stiff, cold, and bowy, and tucking my kitchen under my arm, slowly wended my way on board.

However, there must be an end to all things; and on the third day, we emerged from the dreary net-work of creeks, and entered into the open Indus. The scenery still remained much the same. Here and there, beacons were erected, but they were only of temporary use, for the channel of the river alters almost every year. The breadth of the stream varies with the rise of the water consequent on the melting of the snow on the distant mountains, among which it takes its source. At Sukkur, it is as broad as the Thames at Blackwall; and nearly two hundred miles lower down, it is sometimes found of no greater breadth; while in other spots it spreads into a lake some two or three miles across, depending upon the level of the surrounding country and the rise of the river. Scinde has been called Young Egypt, from the general resemblance of the physical features of the two countries, and the fact, that the existence of an only river in each is the sole cause of an immense tract of territory being prevented from becoming throughout a parched and unprofitable desert. In Upper Scinde, there are very rarely more than three or four showers in the year, and the cultivator has to depend entirely upon the overflow of the river for the growth of his crops, in the same way as the fellah of Egypt is saved from famine by the annual inundation of the Nile. In Fort Bukkur, there is a gauge on which the height of the river is registered, in a similar manner to that of the celebrated one in Egypt; and the news of the rise or fall of a few inches, is received by the Scindians with an eager interest, not a little strange to those who are unaware that such petty fluctuations determine whether a nation shall feast or starve for the next twelve months. It is pleasing to add, that there are hopes of a change for the better in this state of uncertainty of obtaining the necessities of life, which, in a case like this, where so little depends upon the energy of single members of the community,

acts as a sure check upon the progress of civilisation. Canals, excavated at a time when all India was one vast empire, but since choked up and fallen into ruins, have been cleaned and repaired, and new ones projected. A late order of government has led the way to the Indus being constituted, instead of the Ganges, the highway from Europe to the fertile and important provinces of North-Western Hindostan. Commerce, in the pride of her prosperity, grows nice about her roads, and she will soon take the Indus in hand, and put a stop to its little irregularities. Mere art, perhaps, could do but little to remove the impediments to the navigation of this immense river. This end could only be obtained by taking advantage of the natural causes which have made a deep channel in one part and a shoal but a few yards lower down. Dame Nature, like dames in general, may be easily led if we can only persuade her that she is acting of her own accord.

On we went, steaming, and smoking, and splashing more than ever, buffeting against the muddy-looking stream, which, however, was sometimes too much for us, so that we were fain to take advantage of the still waters or back-current near the banks. The river being low at this season, we ran aground, in spite of all the care of our Scindian pilot and the Seedie leadsman, often enough to have wrecked a moderately-sized navy. The leadsman was a rather pompous individual, duly impressed with the importance of his position, in having charge of the deep-sea line, which was something short of two fathoms in length. He was stationed at the bows, and ever and anon proclaimed aloud the depth of water in language that he fondly believed to be English. As we dashed along in one fathom water, he seemed perfectly at his ease, and drew the small lead from the river, and again tossed it before him with a studied grace, turning round occasionally, with an air of affected indifference, to read admiration in our eyes. As the water shoaled to four feet, his brow contracted and his motions were quickened; when it became three feet, he hurled the lead into the water, as the gambler dashes down his last dice; and at last, as we grazed on the tail of a bank, it was almost with a shriek that he yelled out, 'Doo foots!' But our hour had not yet come; and as the water deepened to beyond the four yards that formed the extent of his line, he assumed his former dignified ease, and leisurely made known that there was 'No bot-t-a-a-n!'—an announcement which, although gratifying in one respect, was yet somewhat startling.

But we did not always escape in this manner. Not to speak of minor mischances, on one occasion we stuck hard and fast for twenty-four hours, in spite of every attempt to extricate ourselves. Here was a predicament for the captain! He had received instructions to make the greatest speed on his trip; his passengers were all burning with impatience lest they should be too late to acquire glory and prize-money—the prize-money at all events; the military stores on board were urgently required at Mooltan; and, worse than all, the lady began to pout! This was the climax of his misfortune; and the skipper, growing desperate, swore a mighty oath that if the obstinate little craft would not swim through the water, she should walk over the land, and we should see who would get tired of it first. Accordingly, an anchor was carried forward to a spot some forty yards off, where the water was deeper; the greater part of the passengers were made to jump overboard, without even going through the formality of walking the plank; while the remainder manned the capstan-bars. The chain-cable tightened, the capstan creaked, and the paddles dashed round; but we did not stir an inch till the natives, who had been so unceremoniously turned overboard, began to apply the pressure from without, when, amidst shouts and yells, and curses in a dozen different languages, we slid along the surface of the bank until we reached a deeper channel.

The outside passengers then scrambled on board, and again we darted on; while the captain took snuff with the triumphant air of a man who was not to be trifled with, and informed the lady confidentially that she (the steam-boat) was not a bad little craft after all, but it did not do to let her have her own way altogether.

Let it now suffice to say, that the amphibious steam-boat carried us to Sukkur in rather less than three weeks—our voyage in some respects resembling the midnight journey of the demon horseman—

'Tramp, tramp across the land we ride;
'Splash, splash across the sea!'

Glad we were when a bend of the river shewed us the island and picturesque fort of Bukkur, apparently blocking up all further progress; the left bank being studded with the white bungalows of Sukkur, half-hidden in clumps of date-trees; while the right was clothed to the water's edge with the bright green foliage of the gardens of Roree.

HELPS'S ESSAYS.

In an age of many books, there must needs be some, highly worthy of attention, with which the general reading-public will be but imperfectly acquainted. Though probably known to many of our readers, we think it likely that the writings of Mr Helps are yet unknown to many others, who might profit by the study of them, and more or less appreciate their excellence. Under this conviction, it is proposed to notice them in the present pages; and we have little doubt of being able to substantiate their claims to consideration. To readers who require of a book something more than mere amusement, or a passing satisfaction to their curiosity; who have any regard or relish for independent thinking—for an enlarged observation of human life—for the results of study and experience—for practical sense and wisdom, and a general understanding and appreciation of the varied motives, ways, and interests of men and of society—these volumes cannot fail to prove delightful and profitable reading.

All Mr Helps's writings have been published anonymously; and it is only within the last two years that he has become known, out of his own circle, to be the author. His earliest publications were, *Essays written in the Intervals of Business*, and *An Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed*, otherwise entitled *The Claims of Labour*. He has also published a work in two volumes under the title of *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen*; a historical narrative of the principal events which led to negro slavery in the West Indies and America. But the books from his pen with which we are best acquainted, and which have obtained the largest measure of public attention, are a series of essays intermixed with dialogues, called *Friends in Council*, and a supplementary volume, somewhat different in plan, which he calls *Companions of my Solitude*.* As the whole of his characteristics as an essayist are displayed with a more perfect effect in these two latter works than in the others, and as they will afford us as much extract as we shall have space for, we propose to confine our remarks to them exclusively. Matter enough, and even more than enough, will be found in them for illustrating whatever we may find to say respecting the author's powers and attainments.

The *Friends in Council* purports to be edited by a clergyman named Dunsford, who was so obliging and laborious as to set down the conversations in which he, Ellesmere (the great lawyer), and Milverton (the author), had engaged on various occasions, when the

last read to his companions a number of short essays which he was writing. We have a page or two of introduction, informing us of this circumstance, and of a few other particulars needful to be mentioned; and then, after a little talk among the friends, an essay is read, followed by the interlocutors' comments, and a discussion of its merits. These conversations form a very agreeable portion of the work, and exhibit a fine mastery of dialogue. They are exactly like the discourse of intelligent and accomplished men, and therefore very much unlike the ordinary run of book-reported talk. A few sentences may be not unfitly quoted, by way of exhibiting their quality. We take the following, on so common a matter as friendship; not because it is the best we might select, but because it seems one of the passages which is most readily extractable:—

'Ellesmere. I suppose all of us have, at one time or other, had a huge longing after friendship. If one could get it, it would be much safer than that other thing.

'Milverton. Well, I wonder whether love—for I imagine you mean love—was ever so described before, "that other thing!"

'Elles. When the world was younger, perhaps there was more of this friendship. David and Jonathan!—How does their friendship begin? I know it is very beautiful; but I have forgotten the words. Dunsford will tell us.

'Dunsford. "And Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite. And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

'Elles. Now that men are more complex, they would require so much. For instance, if I were to have a friend, he must be an uncommunicative man: that limits me to about thirteen or fourteen people in the world. It is only with a man of perfect reticence that you can speak completely without reserve. We talk together far more openly than most people; but there is a skilful fencing even in our talk. We are not inclined to say the whole of what we think.

'Mil. What I should need in a friend would be a certain breadth of nature: I have no sympathy with people who can disturb themselves about small things; who crave the world's good opinion; are anxious to prove themselves always in the right; can be immersed in personal talk or devoted to self-advancement; who seem to have grown up entirely from the earth, whereas even the plants draw most of their sustenance from the air of heaven.

'Elles. That is a high flight. I am not prepared to say all that. I do not object to a little earthiness. What I should fear in friendship is the comment, and interference, and talebearing, I often see connected with it.

'Mil. That does not particularly belong to friendship, but comes under the general head of injudicious comment on the part of those who live with us. Divines often remind us, that in forming our ideas of the government of Providence, we should recollect that we see only a fragment. The same observation, in its degree, is true too as regards human conduct. We see a little bit here and there, and assume the nature of the whole. Even a very silly man's actions are often more to the purpose than his friend's comments upon them.

'Elles. True! Then I should not like to have a man for a friend who would bind me down to be consistent, who would form a minute theory of me which was not to be contradicted.

'Mil. If he loved you as his own soul, and his soul were knit with yours—to use the words of Scripture—he would not demand this consistency, because each man must know and feel his own immeasurable

* 1. *Friends in Council: a Series of Readings and Discourses thereon*. New Edition. Two vols. 2. *Companions of my Solitude*. Fiskering. London: 1851.

vacillation and inconsistency; and if he had complete sympathy with another, he would not be greatly surprised or vexed at that other's inconsistencies.

Duns. There always seems to me a want of tenderness in what are called friendships in the present day. Now, for instance, I don't understand a man ridiculing his friend. The joking of intimates often appears to me coarse and harsh. You will laugh at this in me, and think it rather effeminate, I am afraid.

Mil. No; I do not. I think a great deal of jocose railery may pass between intimates without the requisite tenderness being infringed upon. If my friend had been in a painful and ludicrous position (such as when Cardinal Balue in full dress is run away with on horseback, which Scott comments upon as one of a class of situations combining "pain, peril, and absurdity"), I should not remind him of it. Why should I bring back a disagreeable impression to his mind? Besides, it would be more painful than ludicrous to me. I should enter into his feelings rather than into those of the ordinary spectator.

Duns. I am glad we are of the same mind in this.

Mil. I have also a notion that, even in the common friendships of the world, we should be very stanch defenders of our absent friends. Supposing that our friend's character or conduct is justly attacked in our hearing upon some point, we should be careful to let the light and worth of the rest of his character in upon the company, so that they should go away with something of the impression that we have of him; instead of suffering them to dwell only upon this fault or foible that was commented upon, which was as nothing against him in our hearts—mere fringes to the character, which we were accustomed to, and rather liked than otherwise, if the truth must be told.

Elles. I declare we have made out amongst us an essay on friendship, without the fuss of writing one. I always told you our talk was better than your writing, Milverton. Now, we only want a beginning and ending to this peripatetic essay. What would you say to this as a beginning?—it is to be a stately, pompous plunge into the subject, after the Milverton fashion:—"Friendship and the Phoenix, taking into due account the fire-office of that name, have been found upon the earth in not unsimilar abundance." I flatter myself that "not unsimilar abundance" is eminently Milvertonian.

Mil. Now observe, Dunsford, you were speaking sometime ago about the joking of intimates being frequently unkind. This is just an instance to the contrary. Ellesmere, who is not a bad fellow—at least not so bad as he seems—knows that he can say anything he pleases about my style of writing without much annoying me. I am not very vulnerable on these points; but all the while there is a titillating pleasure to him in being all but impertinent and vexatious to a friend. And he enjoys that. So do I.

This certainly reads like free and natural conversation, besides being noteworthy for the suggestions it contains.

Mr Helps is strictly an original writer, in the sense of thinking for himself; but at the same time, one of his excellences consists in an adroit and novel use of commonplace. There is, indeed, as much originality in putting a new face upon old verities, as in producing new ones from the mint of one's invention. As Emerson has remarked, valuable originality does not consist in mere novelty or unlikeness to other men, but in range and extent of grasp and insight. This is a fact, too, which Mr Helps has noted. 'A suggestion,' says he, 'may be ever so old; but it is not exhausted until it is acted upon, or rejected on sufficient reason.' He has, therefore, no fastidious dread of saying anything which has been said before, but readily welcomes wise thoughts from all directions, often reproducing them with such felicity of expression, as to give them a new effect. Thus, in all the elements of a

profitable originality, he is rich and generous; and from few books of modern times could so large a store of aphorisms, fine sayings, and admirable observations be selected. We have marked a great many more than can be incorporated in the present paper; but some few may be, nevertheless, presented. Here, for instance, is a fine remark on time—next to love, the most hackneyed subject in the world:—"Men seldom feel as if they were bounded as to time: they think they can afford to throw away a great deal of that commodity; thus shewing unconsciously in their trifling the sense that they have of their immortality." On another familiar topic—human progress—he writes thus:—"The progress of mankind is like the incoming of the tide, which, from any given moment, is almost as much of a retreat as an advance, but still the tide moves on." Emerson has used the same figure, but in a passage which ought not to be regarded as impairing our author's originality.

On the vexed and perplexing question of *Evil*, Mr Helps has said many acute and consolatory things, from among which we have culled the following sentences:—"The man who is satisfied with any given state of things that we are likely to see on earth, must have a creeping imagination: on the other hand, he who is oppressed by the evils around him so as to stand gaping at them in horror, has a feeble will and a want of practical power, and allows his fancy to come in, like too much wavering light upon his work, so that he does not see to go on with it. A man of sagacity, while he apprehends a great deal of the evil around him, resolves what part of it he will be blind to for the present, in order to deal best with what he has in hand; and as to men of any genius, they are not imprisoned or rendered partial even by their own experience of evil, much less are their attacks upon it paralysed by their full consciousness of its large presence." Here, in the next place, is an aphorism worth pondering and remembrance:—"Vague injurious reports are no men's lies, but all men's carelessness." And by the side of it we may place a pleasant sarcasm attributed to Ellesmere, and apparently intended as a reminder for stump-orators: "How exactly proportioned to a man's ignorance of the subject is the noise he makes about it at a public meeting." Not altogether out of connection here may be this brief sentence:—"Next to the folly of doing a bad thing, is that of fearing to undo it." In the following, we have a brief sufficient argument against the indulgence of unavailing sorrow or anxiety:—"It has always appeared to me, that there is so much to be done in this world, that all self-inflicted suffering which cannot be turned to good account for others, is a loss—a loss, if you may so express it, to the spiritual world." There is plain truth, too, in the next, though it is not likely to be much remembered by those who are most in need of it:—"An ill-tempered man often has everything his own way, and seems very triumphant; but the demon he cherishes tears him as well as awes other people." In another place, and from another point of view, he indicates the admirable benefits of human sympathy. "Often," says he, "all that a man wants in order to accomplish something that is good for him to do, is the encouragement of another man's sympathy." What Bacon says the voice of the man is to the dog—the encouragement of a higher nature—each man can in a lesser degree afford his neighbour; for a man receives the suggestions of another mind with somewhat of the respect and courtesy with which he would greet a higher nature. Speaking with reference to the pursuits of men of literary and artistic genius, it is written: "Almost any worldly state in which a man can be placed is a hindrance to him, if he have other than mere worldly things to do. Poverty, wealth, many duties, or many affairs, distract and confuse him." One sentence more is all that can be added here; and if it seems to be suggested by an aphorism of Bacon, it is equal to it in pith and

penetration:—‘Every *felicity*, as well as wife and children, is a hostage to fortune.’

These sentences have been gathered chiefly from *Friends in Council*, though a few of them are taken from *Companions of my Solitude*. The two books are informed with the same spirit; and to a meditative person, one could not recommend a choicer store of reading. Those, however, to whom the works are as yet unknown, may wish to see some longer and more connected extract. It is difficult to decide upon what ought to be presented, where almost everything is exquisite; yet as a choice must be made, we will take some sentences from an essay on ‘Despair,’ wherein the writer offers a few remedial suggestions against the burden of remorse:—

‘To have erred in one branch of our duties, does not unfit us for the performance of all the rest, unless we suffer the dark spot to spread over our whole nature, which may happen almost unobserved in the torpor of despair. This kind of despair is chiefly grounded on a foolish belief, that individual words or actions constitute the whole life of man: whereas they are often not fair representatives of portions even of that life. The fragments of rock in a mountain stream may tell much of its history, are, in fact, results of its doings, but they are not the stream. They were brought down when it was turbid; it may now be clear: they are as much the result of other circumstances as of the action of the stream: their history is fitful: they give us no sure intelligence of the future course of the stream, or of the nature of its waters; and may scarcely shew more than that it has not been always as it is. The actions of men are often but little better indications of the men themselves. . . .

‘There is frequently much selfishness about remorse. Put what has been done at the worst. Let a man see his own evil word or deed in full light, and own it to be black as hell itself. He is still here. He cannot be isolated. There still remain for him cares and duties; and therefore hopes. Let him not in imagination link all creation to his fate. Let him yet live in the welfare of others, and, if it may be so, work out his own in this way; if not, be content with theirs. The saddest cause of remorseful despair is when a man does something expressly contrary to his character—when an honourable man, for instance, slides into some dishonourable action; or a tender-hearted man falls into cruelty from carelessness; or, as often happens, a sensitive nature continues to give the greatest pain to others from temper, feeling all the time perhaps more deeply than the persons aggrieved. All these cases may be summed up in the words, “That which I would not, that I do”—the saddest of all human confessions, made by one of the greatest men. However, the evil cannot be mended by despair. Hope and humility are the only supports under this burden.’

As our space presses, the passages we give must necessarily be short. The beauty of the few sentences following will not be disputed. They are taken from a ‘Chapter of Consolations’ in *Companions of my Solitude*, and will serve to exhibit our author’s style under one of its more animated aspects:—

‘Lastly, there is to be said of all suffering—that it is experience. I have forgotten in whose life it is to be found, but there is some man who went out of his way to provide himself with every form of human misery which he could get at. I do not myself see any occasion for any man’s going out of the way to provide misfortune for himself. Like an eminent physician, he might stay at home, and find almost every form of human misery knocking at his door. But still I understand what this chivalrous inquirer meant, who sought to taste all suffering for the sake of the experience it would give him.

‘There is this admirable commonplace, too, which, from long habit of being introduced in such discourses, wishes to come in before I conclude—namely, that

infortunities of various kinds belong to the state here below. Who are we that we should not take our share? See the slight amount of personal happiness requisite to go on with. In noisome dungeons, subject to studied tortures, in abject and shifty poverty, after consummate shame, upon tremendous change of fortune, in the profoundest desolation of mind and soul, in forced companionship with all that is unlovely and uncongenial—men, persevering nobly, live on, and live through all. The mind, like water, passes through all states, till it shall be united to what it is ever seeking. The very loneliness of man here is the greatest proof, to my mind, of a God.’

One of the things that strikes us most in these essays, is the author’s wise moderation of statement, his habit of looking at all phases of a question, and of saying something appropriate on each. We believe he makes Ellesmere observe somewhere, that moral essays commonly require another essay from the opposite point of view to temper and qualify their meaning. This requirement has been closely kept in mind. There is no undue vehemence, no straining of favourite points, no clap-trap rhetoric or elaborate phrase-makings; but everything is clear, judicious, well considered, and conscientiously set forth. The man does not write for the sake of writing, but because his soul is full of thoughts, and his remembrances charged with the wholesome lessons of experience. The thoughts generally are less remarkable for their depth than for their *breadth*—a free and unembarrassed all-sidedness, which is, perhaps, one of the most difficult of all attainments in the way of writing. There is a mild meditative wisdom in his utterances which can have been derived only through a large acquaintance with life and society; with the manifold diversities of motive and aspiration by which men are actuated; with everything, in short, that interests, degrades, or elevates humanity. Only from an extensive quarry of experience could this strong and graceful pillar of wit, sagacity, and judgment, have been built up. From this, too, has been acquired that broad liberality of opinion which must be welcome to every candid mind—the enlarged tolerance, and generous appreciation of all degrees of difference in men’s ways of thinking and of acting, which is one of the most pleasing and most distinctive characteristics of these writings. Often, in reading, we are inclined to say, here is one of the best-balanced souls in England—a finely-gifted and highly-cultivated man, to whom the pains and difficulties, the joys, the sorrows, the ambitions, and shortcomings of his race, are all familiar; who has felt them all, seen the good and evil of them all, and, with a calm deliberation, can testify at last, that the great Power of the Universe has so constrained and ordered the uncertainties and perils of our lot, as not only to reconcile all its apparent contradictions with the ends of moral discipline and benefit, but to make even the darkness of calamity flash rays of brightness and of hope. Thus, along with an enlarged knowledge of men and things, he gives us the wisest counsel about our conduct and proceedings in the world, and also the most encouraging conclusions with regard to our final destiny and prospects.

One word, in conclusion, about the writer’s style. It is not a monotonous style: it has an exquisite elasticity and modulation, fitting it for the expression of a great variety of moods, both in feeling and reflection. Though eminently refined, it is not over-dignified or stately. Idiomatically, rhythmic, graceful, aphoristic—full of sharp and fascinating turns of imagery—condensed expressions—a full, rounded meaning, gathered into the briefest compass. The severest judgment reigns throughout in the choice of words and epithets. There is nothing stale, no used-up similes or phrases, but everywhere the freest novelty and vigour. However hackneyed may be the subject, the manner of treatment is never hackneyed. His felicities of phraseology are

endless, and not to be sufficiently commended. It is a thoroughly original style, in the sense of being a correct representation of the author's cast of intellect and character. Moreover, it seems to us to be the true style of a gentleman—not one of the 'mob of gentlemen that write with ease'—but of an extensively informed, sincere, cultivated man of the world; using the term 'world,' not as signifying 'worldly,' but in its widest and most authentic meaning—as of one who knows and understands the world. In purity of diction, clearness, ease, pith, brightness, and variety, it is well-nigh as perfect as any style can be. Shrewder critics than ourselves might possibly detect 'faults' in it, but, for our part, we have as yet been unable to discover any which it would not be sheer trifling to mention.

JELLY-FISHES.

We inscribe at the head of this paper the popular name of a class of beings, which, though simple in their organisation, are full of interest to the zoologist, and attractive to the common observer from the singularity or beauty of their forms, and, in many cases, the brilliancy of their colouring. The ocean, throughout its wide extent, swarms with myriads of gelatinous creatures—some microscopic, some of large dimensions—which deck it with the gayest colours by day, and at night light up its dreary waste with 'mimic fires,' and make it glow and sparkle as if, like the heavens, it had its galaxies and constellations. These are the jelly-fishes, or sea-nettles (*Acalepha*), as they are often called, from the stinging properties with which some of them are endowed. The commoner forms are well known, for the beach is often strewn with the carcasses of the larger species. On fine days in summer and autumn, whole fleets of these strange voyagers appear off our coasts. Their umbrella-shaped, transparent disks float gracefully through the calm water, and their long fishing-lines trail after them as they move onward. At times, multitudes, almost invisible to the naked eye, tenant every wave, and give it by night a crest of flame; while other kinds measure as much as a yard in diameter. The *Acalepha* present the greatest variety of form and colour, as well as of size, but they are all of the most delicate structure, frail, gelatinous, transparent. Some are so perfectly colourless, that their presence can with difficulty be detected in the water.

The following description, by Professor E. Forbes, applies to a large proportion of the species:—"They are active in their habits, graceful in their motions, gay in their colouring, delicate as the finest membrane, transparent as the purest crystal." The poet Crabbe has characterised them well in the following passage:—

'Those living jellies which the flesh inflame,
Fierce as a nettle, and from that the name;
Some in huge masses, some that you might bring
In the small compass of a lady's ring;
Figured by hand divine—there's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
And make the moonbeam brighter where they flow.'

The first thing that arrests our attention in these creatures is the extreme delicacy and tenuity of their substance. The jelly-fish is chiefly made up of fluid. A quantity of water and a thin membranaceous film, these are its chief component parts. Professor Owen has ascertained that a large individual, weighing two pounds, when removed from the sea, will be represented, when the fluid which it contains is drained off, 'by a thin film of membrane not exceeding thirty grains in weight.' Naturalists have commonly described the jelly-fish as being little more than 'coagulated water,' and the description is correct.

And yet these masses of film and fluid, floating at the mercy of wind and wave, possess powers which we

should hardly associate with so simple a structure, and can accomplish works of which we should little suspect them. Delicate and defenceless as they appear, they can capture fishes of large size, and digest them with ease and rapidity. Some of them are in truth formidable monsters. Professor E. Forbes gives the following humorous description of the destructive propensities of some medusæ which he had captured in the Zetland seas:—"Being kept," he says, "in a jar of salt-water with small crustacea, they devoured these animals, so much more highly organised than themselves, voraciously; apparently enjoying the destruction of the unfortunate members of the upper classes with a truly democratic relish. One of them even attacked and commenced the swallowing of a *Liszia octopunctata*, quite as good a medusa as itself. An animal which can put out its mouth twice the length of its body, and stretch its stomach to corresponding dimensions, must indeed be "a triton among the minnows;" and a very terrific one too. Yet is this ferocious creature one of the most delicate and graceful of the inhabitants of the ocean—a very model of tenderness and elegance.'

The jelly-fishes are all, in their adult state, locomotive beings. They float freely and incessantly through the ocean, either impelled by their own efforts, or driven by storm and billow. They for the most part frequent the open seas, and shun the shore, their delicate frames being endangered by the perennial strife between land and water. Being designed for constant motion, for the navigation of the great waters, their entire organisation is adapted to such a mode of life. We find amongst those ocean-floaters the greatest perfection and variety of locomotive apparatus; and they have been divided into sections, according to the modifications of this portion of structure which they exhibit. We shall endeavour to give a popular account of the leading peculiarities of each, and note the most interesting points in the history of the tribe.

In the first section, the animals are furnished with a disk or umbrella of varying shape, which serves as a float, beneath which hang certain processes connected with the functions of prehension and digestion. In this division are included some of the best-known forms. The creature, in this case, propels itself by the alternate contraction and expansion of its disk, thus striking the water, and driving itself forward. These movements take place at regular intervals, and serve a double purpose. They not only propel, but at the same time drive the water over the lower surface of the disk. Here is situated a complicated net-work of vessels, and the fluids of the body are thus exposed to the influence of oxygen, and receive the needed aëration. The stroke of the disk, therefore, is not only a locomotive, but also a respiratory act. The jelly-fishes of this section move as they breathe, and breathe as they move. Hence the name which has been given them—*Pulmonigrades*. We find the same admirable economy of resources amongst the lower animalcules. The cilia which propel them secure the aëration of the system.

It is evident that the motive apparatus in this section of the *Acalepha* is but a feeble one. It only avails in calm weather. When the sea is agitated, the jelly-fish is driven helplessly along. It cannot choose its path. As its food, however, is everywhere abundant around it, and it has no business that should lead it in one direction more than another, there is no great hardship in this.

In this section are included some of the most beautiful, as well as common of the tribe. The forms of the umbrella are often most lovely, and present an astonishing variety. As an example of the beauty which they sometimes display, we may refer to a species which resembles an exquisitely formed glass-shade, ornamented with a waved and tinted fringe.

The most perfect grace of form, the transparency of the crystal, and colour as delicate as that of the flower, combine to render this frail being one of the loveliest of living things.

In another section, locomotion is effected by a modification of ciliary apparatus. We have a familiar example in the *Beroe* of our own seas, a most attractive little being, and a prime favourite with naturalists, who have described its habits and celebrated its beauty with enthusiasm. We shall not soon forget the delight with which we first made acquaintance with this graceful little rover. While rambling along the shore in quest of marine animals, our attention was arrested by a drop of the clearest jelly, as it seemed to be, lying on a mass of rock, from which the tide had but just receded. On transferring it to a phial of sea-water, its true nature was at once revealed to us. A globular body floated gracefully in the vessel, scarcely less transparent than the fluid which filled it. Presently it began to move up and down within its prison-house, and the paddles by means of which the *beroe* dances along its ocean-path were distinctly visible. These paddles are nothing more or less than cilia of a peculiar kind, ranged in eight bands upon the surface of the body. They are set in motion at the will of the animal, and their incessant strokes propel it swiftly through the water. By stopping some of its paddles, and keeping others in play, the *beroe* can change its course at pleasure, and so wander 'at its own sweet will,' through the trackless waste. Beauty waits upon the course of this little crystal globe. The grace and sprightliness of its movements must strike the commonest observer. As the sunlight falls upon its cilia, they are 'tinted with the most lovely iridescent colours;' and at night they flash forth phosphoric light, as though the little creature were giving a saucy challenge to the stars.

The *beroe* is a most active being, its habits conforming to the organisation with which it is endowed. Such an array of paddles prophesies of a mercurial temperament and an energetic character. It can, however, anchor itself and lie by when occasion offers. It is provided with two long cables, prettily set with spiral filaments or tendrils, by means of which it can make fast to any point. When not in use, it can retract them, and stow them away in two sacs or pouches within the body, where they may be seen coiled up, through the transparent walls. The mouth is a simple opening at one pole of the globular body. No arms are needed. The *beroe* is spared the labour and uncertainty of the chase. As it dances gaily along, streams of water, bearing nutritive particles, pass through the orifice into its stomach.

In this creature, as in many of the lower animals, there is a remarkable power of retaining vitality after the most serious injuries; nay, in portions actually severed from the body, it will continue for some time. Mr Patterson, in his excellent *Introduction to Zoology*, mentions that on one occasion he divided a fragment of the body of a *beroe*, lately taken from the shore and shattered by a storm, 'into portions so minute that one piece of skin had but two cilia attached to it, yet the vibration of these organs continued for nearly a couple of days afterwards!' But we must leave the *beroe*, charmer though it be.

Another member of this section—the *Ciliograde aculephæ*, as they are called—is the Girdle of Venus, which resembles a ribbon in form, and is sometimes five or six feet in length, covered with cilia, and brilliantly phosphorescent. This must be one of the most beautiful of the fireworks of the ocean.

The jelly-fishes of another section are furnished with one or more air-bags, which assist them in swimming, and hence bear the name of *hydropneustic aculephæ*. In the Portuguese man-of-war (*Physalia*), the bag is large, and floats conspicuously on the surface of the water. From the top of it rises a purple crest, which

acts as a sail, and by its aid the little voyager scuds gaily before the wind. But should danger threaten—should some hungry, piratical monster in quest of a dinner heave in sight, or the blast grow furious—the float is at once compressed, through two minute orifices at the extremities a portion of the air escapes, and down goes the little craft to the tranquil depths, leaving the storm or the pirate behind. In one species (*Cuvieria*), the floats are numerous and prettily ranged round the margin of the body. Resting on these, the creature casts about its long fishing-lines, and arrests the passing prey.

One more section remains to be noticed. The jelly-fishes which belong to it have a rudimentary skeleton—a plate which supports the soft, circular body. From the lower part of the body hang numerous tentacles (*cirri*), amidst which the mouth is placed. Probably these multitudinous arms assist in locomotion; and hence the name of the family, *Cirrigrades*. Amongst the creatures of this division we meet with some very interesting locomotive apparatus. There are some of them by no means obliged to trust to their oars alone—they have also sails. The *Velella*, large fleets of which visit our seas at times, has a plate (the mast) rising from its bluish disk or deck, covered with a delicate membrane (the sail) of snowy whiteness, by means of which it traverses the ocean. This sail, it has been noticed, 'is set at the same angle as the lateen-sail' of the Malays. We cannot doubt that it is admirably suited to its purpose, and the Malays may be proud of having nature as a voucher for their contrivance.

We find in another species a still more perfect rigging. In it (*Rattaria*) the crest is supplied with muscular bands, by means of which the sail can be lowered or raised at pleasure. These adaptations of structure are full of interest. Nothing can be more admirable than the sailing-gear of these little creatures. They have to traverse the surface of the ocean amidst all diversities of weather. Paddles alone would not suffice for them. They must be enabled to take advantage of the winds. Sails, therefore, are added, and the mightiest agents in nature are commissioned to speed the little voyagers on their way.

We have already mentioned that some of the jelly-fishes possess the power of stinging. Only a few of the larger species, however, seem to be thus endowed; and the name sea-nettle is by no means applicable to the class as a whole. The poisonous fluid which produces the irritating effect on the skin, and no doubt paralyses the creatures upon which the jelly-fish feeds, is secreted by the arms. By means of its poison-bearing tentacles, the soft, gelatinous medusa is more than a match for the armed crustacean and the scale-clad fish. We take from Professor Forbes the following graphic description of one of the stinging species:—'The *Cyanæa capillata* of our seas is a most formidable creature, and the terror of tender-skinned bathers. With its broad, tawny, festooned, and scalloped disk, often a full foot or more across, it flaps its way through the yielding waters, and drags after it a long train of ribbon-like arms, and seemingly interminable tails, marking its course when its body is far away from us. Once tangled in its trailing "hair," the unfortunate who has recklessly ventured across the graceful monster's path too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle but binds the poisonous threads more firmly round his body, and then there is no escape; for when the winder of the fatal net finds his course impeded by the terrified human wrestling in its coils, he, seeking no contest with the mightier biped, casts loose his envenomed arms, and swims away. The amputated weapons severed from their parent body vent vengeance on the cause of their destruction, and sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack.'

We now approach the most extraordinary portion

of the history of these creatures. Recent investigations have brought to light the most interesting facts respecting their reproduction and development. It is now known that the young jelly-fish passes through a series of transformations before reaching its perfect state.

At certain seasons, eggs are produced within the body of the parent in appropriate ovaries, where they are retained for a time. They are then transferred to a kind of marsupial pouch, analogous to that of the kangaroo, where their development proceeds. After passing through certain changes here, the egg issues from the maternal pouch as an oval body, clothed with cilia—an animalcule in external aspect, and as unlike its parent as can well be imagined. For awhile the little creature dances freely through the water, and leads a gay, roving life; but at last it prepares to 'settle'; selects a fitting locality; applies one extremity of its body to the surface of stone or weed, and becomes attached. And now another change passes over it. The cilia, no longer needed, disappear. A mouth is developed at the upper extremity of the body, furnished with a number of arms. Gradually this number increases, and the jelly-fish now appears in the disguise of a polype, which feeds voraciously on the members of the class from which it has itself so lately emerged. At this point there is a halt. The medusa remains in its polype state for some months. At the expiration of this term, a strange alteration in its appearance begins to take place. Rings are formed round its body, from ten to fifteen in number. These gradually deepen, until at length it is literally cut up into a number of segments, which rest one upon the other—their upper margins becoming elevated, and divided into eight lobes. It is, in fact, a pile of cup-shaped pieces, very loosely connected together. A little later, these pieces free themselves successively, and the sedate polype disappears in a company of sprightly young medusæ. These beings, indeed, still differ in some respects from the adult animal; but the differences gradually vanish, and we have the perfect jelly-fish as the final result of this extraordinary series of transformations.

Similar observations have been made respecting other tribes amongst the lower animals, and some interesting generalisations have been founded upon them, into which, however, it is not our present purpose to enter.

The *Acetophæ* are the principal agents concerned in the production of the beautiful phenomena of phosphorescence. The minute species—mere gelatinous specks—swarm at times by countless myriads in the waters of the ocean, and make its surface glow with 'vitalised fire.' The waves, as they curl and break, sparkle and flash forth light, and the track of the moving ship is marked by a lustrous line. 'In the torrid zones between the tropics,' says Humboldt, 'the ocean simultaneously develops light over a space of many thousand square miles. Here the magical effect of light is owing to the forces of organic nature. Foaming with light, the eddying waves flash in phosphorescent sparks over the wide expanse of waters, where every scintillation is the vital manifestation of an invisible animal world.' Beneath the surface larger forms are seen, brilliantly illuminated, and lighting up the mystic depths of the sea. Fiery balls and flaming ribbons shoot past; and submarine moons shine with a soft and steady light amidst the crowds of meteors. 'While sailing a little south of the Plata on one very dark night,' says Mr Darwin, 'the sea presented a wonderful and most beautiful spectacle. There was a fresh breeze; and every part of the surface, which during the day is seen as foam, now glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bows two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. As far as the eye reached, the crest of every wave was bright; and the sky above the horizon, from the reflected glare of these livid flames, was not so utterly obscure as over the vault of the heavens.' Even in

our own seas very beautiful displays of phosphorescence may be witnessed. On fine summer nights, a soft, tender light plays round the boat as it moves onward, and the oars drop liquid fire. For how much of beauty are we indebted to these living specks of jelly?

Of the extreme minuteness of some of the species, an idea may be formed from the fact, that 110,000 might be contained in a cubic foot of water. We can say nothing with certainty as to the cause of the phosphorescence of the medusæ, and shall not trouble our readers with mere speculations.

The jelly-fishes furnish us with a striking illustration of the profusion of life in the ocean. Provision has indeed been made for securing in all the realms of our globe the largest possible amount of sentient being, and consequently of happiness. And to each tribe a definite part is assigned—a special mission is intrusted. None can be spared from the economy of nature. The shoals of microscopic medusæ store up in their own tissues the minute portions of nutritious matter diffused through the waters, and supply food for the support of higher organisms. All the tribes of animated beings are dependent one upon another. That the greatest may enjoy its existence and fulfil its work, the least must hold its place and discharge its function. They co-operate unconsciously to secure the unity and harmony of a system which is designed to promote alike the interests of each and all of them.

STEEPLE-JACK'S SECRET.

You want me to tell you how it comes to pass that I am able to glide up a steeple like a spider, get astride upon the cross, and pull off my cap to the crowd below, like a gentleman on horseback saluting his acquaintances.* You want me to explain on what principle, as you call it, I do this. Well: principle, I suppose, means the rule or law by which a man does what he ought to do; and if so, it is a very good word to use. I will oblige you by explaining my principle, for I am as affable as any man that creeps to his dying day upon the surface of the earth; and I will tell you how it chanced that I found it out: at least I will try, for I am no scholar; and if you wish to understand me, you must have your ears open, and catch a meaning when you can. And this will do you good, whether you make anything out or not. I know fellows that go to the lectures, and come back as empty as they went. But what of that? They think they understand, and thought breeds thought; and when a man's mind is fairly astir, it is odds but something good turns up.

You must know, then, I began the world as a sailor; and I marvel to this day how I ever became anything else. Sailors are the stupidest set in creation. They are mere animals, except in the gift of speech; good, honest, docile animals, perhaps, but dull and narrow. They go round the small circle of their duties like a blind horse in a mill. Their faculties are rocked by the waves and lulled by the winds; and when they come ashore, they can see and understand nothing for the swimming of their heads. Drink makes them feel as if at sea again; and when the tankard is out, they return on board, and exchange one state of stupefaction for another. Well, I was a sailor, and the dullest of the tribe. No wonder, for I was at it when a young boy. I was never startled by the sights or sounds of the sea. The moaning of the wind, the rush of the waves, the silence of the calm, were parts of my own existence; and in the wildest storm, my mind never took a wider tack than just to think what the poor devils on shore would do now.

I was a handy lad, however. I could go aloft with any man on board, and never troubled the shrouds in

* See article, 'A Child's Toy,' in No. 418.

coming down when a rope was within springing distance. But this was instinct or habit: thought was not concerned in it—I had not found the principle. One day, it blew what sailors call great guns; our bulwarks were stove in pieces, and the sea swept the deck, crashing and roaring like a whole herd of tigers. There was something to do at the mast-head; and when the order came through the speaking-trumpet, seeing the men hesitate, I jumped upon the shrouds without thinking twice. But at that moment the ship gave a lurch, and, holding on like grim death, I was buried deep in the waves. Although still clutching the ropes, I had at first an idea that they had parted, and that we were on our way to the bottom together. This could not have lasted above a minute or so; but it seemed to me like a year. I heard every voice that had ever sounded in my ear since childhood; I saw every apparition that had ever glided before my fancy: the Sea-Serpent twisted his folds round my neck, and the keel of the Flying Dutchman grated along my back. When the vessel rose at last, and I rose with her, the waters gurgling in my throat and hissing in my ears, I did not attempt to spring up the shrouds. I looked round in horror for the objects of my excited thoughts; and as I saw another enormous wave advancing till it overhung me, instead of getting out of its reach, which I could easily have done, I kept staring at it as it broke into what seemed innumerable goblin faces and yelling voices over my head. I was down again. My leading thought now was that I would strike out and swim for my life. But when I had just made up my mind to this—which the sailors would have called being washed away—I rose once more to the surface—and struck up like a good one! I was at the cross-trees in a breath, and once in safety there, I looked back both with shame and indignation.

When my job was finished, I went higher up in a sort of dogged humour. I went higher, and higher, and higher than I ever ventured before, till I felt the mast bending and quivering in the gale like the point of a fishing-rod; and then I looked down upon the sea. And what, think you, I found there? Why, the goblin faces were small white specks of foam that I could hardly see; and their yelling voices were a smooth, round, swelling tone, that rolled like music through the rigging. The mountain-waves were like a flock of sheep in a meadow, running and gamboling, and lying down and rising up; and in the expanse beyond the neighbourhood of the ship, they were all lying down together, or wandering like shadows over a smooth surface. I felt grand then, I assure you. I looked down, and around, and above, till thoughts that were not the instincts of an animal, came dancing up in my mind, like bubbles upon the face of the sea. And as I returned slowly to the deck, these thoughts grew and multiplied, and began to arrange themselves into a form which I am not scholar enough to describe. But through this new medium, I saw things as they are, not as habit and prejudice make them. I did not fear the waves, and I did not despise them. I humoured the sea as I got down towards the bulwarks, which were still buried every now and then; and so I reached my quarters in safety.

And what has all this to do with it? I will tell you. With the means of doing a thing, nothing is difficult, if you only understand thoroughly the nature of the thing. The obstacles that commonly deter you are not in the thing, but in you; and until you understand this, you will keep gaping and shrinking, and saying, 'It is impossible.' Some folk, when looking out of a three or four storey window, feel as if they were going to fall. This is their own fault, not the fault of the window, for that is just like a parlour window, where they have no sensation of the sort. A man sits peaceably enough on the top of a tall, three-legged stool, and

could hitch himself round and round, and then get up and stand upon it erect for half a day, without any risk of falling. Now, a steeple is much more securely fixed than a stool; its top is as broad as a table; and there is nothing to prevent anybody from standing upon it as long as he pleases, if he only will not think he is going to fall. You go up half-a-dozen steps of a ladder without fear, and then persuade yourself you can go no farther; but there is nothing more dangerous in the next half-dozen, so far as they are themselves concerned; nor in the next hundred, nor the next thousand, for that matter. My secret consists in my *knowing* all this, although I feel that I have only described when, not how the knowledge came. Perhaps you, who are book-learned, may be able to make it out, and shew how it is that, when anything occurs to awaken the mind, and enable one to work from knowledge, not habit, he is ten times the man he was. Without this, I should have climbed a mast all my life; but with it, I took to leaping up steeples by means of a kite, in a way that makes many ignorant persons report that I manage it by holding on by the tail.

But a man who goes up a steeple must take care how he behaves, for the eyes of the world are upon him. He is not lost in a crowd, where he is seen only by his next neighbours. That man must pull off his cap and be affable; but he must not do even that to extravagance. When the Queen was passing up the Clyde, an American seaman got on the topgallant, and stood on his head. What was that for, I should be glad to know? Suppose her Majesty was coming along Princes Street, just to take the air like a lady, and look into the shop-windows, and I was to go right up to her, and stand on my head—what would she say? I surmise, that she would turn round to her Lord Gold Stick, and order him to give me a knock on the shins. I know she would, for she is a regular trumpe, and knows how people in every station should behave. I am ashamed of that American: he is a Yankee Noodle!

It may be said, that the Queen has the same advantage as myself—that she is up the steeple; but so is every ordinary bricklayer or emperor. The thing is to be able to look and understand when you are up. I once saw a curious sight as I sat with the swallows flying far under my feet. The people did not wander about the street here and there as usual, but hundreds after hundreds of small objects came on in regular array. Then I could see long lines of Lilliputian soldiers marching in the procession, with their tiny bayonets glancing in the sun; and every now and then came up a soft swell of music, feeble but sweet. 'What is all this about?' thought I. 'Are they going to set one of these little creatures over them for a baillie or a king?' And one did march in the middle with a small space round him; 'but perhaps,' thought I again, 'he is only a trumpeter.' Howbeit, the procession at last halted, and gathered, and closed, and stood still for a time; and there was another small swell of the instruments, with a feeble shout from the throng, and then they all stirred, and broke, and dispersed, and disappeared. This was just like the view from the mast-head: it made me feel grand. But when I came down, I had not replaced one prejudice with another. I did not despise the creatures I came among; for they were then of the same size as myself. I pulled off my cap to them, and was affable; only it did give me a queer thought—not a merry one—when I heard that the official they had made that day, on going home to his house, out of the grandeur and the din, was heard to commune with himself, saying: 'And me but a mortal man after all!'

Poetry? No, sirs, I have learned no poetry. I had poetry enough of my own without learning it, and so has everybody else. I once knew a fellow who wrote very good poetry; but few of us understood it. That

man lost his labour. It is nature that *makes* poetry; the poet has merely found out the art of stirring it in the hearts of men, where it lies ready-made, like the perfume of a flower. A poet who is not understood only makes a noise; and he is the greatest poet who makes the greatest number of human hearts to leap and tingle. But the fellow I mean piqued himself on not being understood. Like the Yankee Noodle, he cut capers that had no intelligible meaning in them, just to make people stare. As for my own share of poetry, I will tell you when I feel it stirring most. You must know that in the view from a steeple the form of objects is changed only in one direction—that is downwards. The small houses, the narrow streets, the little creatures creeping along them, and the feeble sounds they send up, make me feel grand. But when I turn my eyes to the heavens, I see no shadow of change. The clouds look awful, as if despising my poor attempt at approach; and they glide, and break, and fade, and build themselves up again—all in deep silence—in a way that makes me feel mean. Now this mean feeling is real poetry. The meaner I feel, the grander are they; and when I look long at them, and think long, and then begin to descend to the earth, to mingle with the little creatures who are my fellows, I tremble—but not with fear.

A philosopher, do you say? Fie! don't call names: I am a bricklayer. I know that such distance as human beings can climb to is but a small matter. I see things as they are. I do not fancy that it is more difficult to stand on a steeple than on a stool, or that it is more difficult to hold on by a rope at one height than at another. I observe that men and their affairs, when viewed from a steeple, are very insignificant; but the same insight into things teaches me, when I am among them myself, to pull off my cap and be affable. I know that the things of earth change according to distance, but that the things of heaven are unchangeable. And all I have got further to say is, that I am quite sensible that although when up in the air I am a sign and a marvel to the people below, when down among themselves I am but plain.

STEEPLE JACK.

FOOD OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS— FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

A CERTAIN class of reasoners have argued themselves into the belief that, setting all other considerations aside, Sir John Franklin and his companions must have necessarily perished ere now from *lack of food*. When the four years, or so, of provisions he took out with him for the large crews of the vessels were all consumed, how, say they, would it be possible for so great a number of men to obtain food sufficient to support life in those awfully desolate regions? Let us examine the question a little.

Men in very cold climates certainly require a much larger amount of gross animal food than in southern latitudes—varying, of course, with their particular physical constitutions. Now, let us grant—though we do not positively admit it—that, however the provisions taken from England may have been economised, they have, nevertheless, all been consumed a couple of years ago, with the exception of a small quantity of preserved meats, vegetables, lemon-juice, &c. kept in reserve for the sick, or as a resource in the last extremity. As to spirits, we have the testimony of all arctic explorers, that their regular supply and use, so far from being beneficial, is directly the reverse—*weakening the constitution, and predisposing it to scurvy and other diseases*; and that, consequently, spirits should not be given at all, except on extraordinary occasions, or as a medicine. Sir John Ross, in his search of the North-West Passage in 1829, and following years, early stopped the issue of spirits to his

men, and with a most beneficial result. Therefore, the entire consumption of the stock of spirits on board Sir John Franklin's ships must not be regarded as a deficiency of any serious moment.

We shall then presume, that for upwards of two years the adventurers have been wholly dependent on wild animals, birds, and fish for their support. Here it becomes an essential element of consideration to form some approximate idea of the particular locality in which the missing expedition is probably frozen. Captain Penny tracked it up Wellington Strait and thence into Victoria Channel—a newly-discovered lake or sea of unknown extent, which reaches, for anything that can be demonstrated to the contrary, to the pole. It has long been noticed, that the mere latitude in the arctic regions is far from being a certain indication of the degree of cold which might naturally be expected from a nearer approach to the pole. For instance, cold is more intense in some parts of latitude 60 degrees than in 70 or 77 degrees; but this varies very much in different districts of the coast, and in different seasons; and we may remark in passing, that whenever there is a particularly mild winter in Britain, it is the reverse in the arctic regions; and so *vice versa*. The astonishment of Captain Penny on discovering the new polar sea in question was heightened by the fact, that it possessed a much warmer climate than more southern latitudes, and that it swarmed with fish, while its shores were enlivened with animals and flocks of birds. Moreover, *trees* were actually floating about: how they got there, and whence they came, is a mysterious and deeply-interesting problem. Somewhere in this sea Sir John Franklin's ships are undoubtedly at this moment. We say the ships are; for we do not for one moment believe that they have been sunk or annihilated. It is not very likely that any icebergs of great magnitude would be tossing about this inland sea in the summer season—in winter its waters would be frozen—and in navigating it, the ships would, under their experienced and judicious commander, pursue their unknown way with extreme caution and prudence. It is more probable that they were at length fast frozen up in some inlet, or that small floating fields of ice have conglomerated around them, and bound them in icy fetters to the mainland. Or it may be that Franklin sailed slowly along this mystic polar sea, until he reached its extremity and could get no farther; and that extremity would actually seem to be towards the Siberian coasts. One thing is quite certain—namely, that so far as Captain Penny's people were able to penetrate the channel—several hundred miles—there was no indication whatever that up to that point Franklin had met with any serious calamity, or that he had suffered from a fatal deficiency of the necessities of life.

Wherever his exact position may be, there is every reason to suppose that the country around him produces a supply of food at least equal to any other part of the arctic regions; and probably much more than equal, owing to the greater mildness of the climate. But we will only base our opinion on the fair average supply of food obtainable in the arctic regions generally; and now let us see what result we shall fairly arrive at.

The first consideration that strikes us, is the fact that all over these icy regions isolated tribes of natives are to be met with; and they do not exist in a starved and almost famished condition, like the miserable dwellers in Terra del Fuego, but in absolute abundance—such as it is. When Sir John Ross's ship was frozen up during the remarkably severe winter of 1829-30, in latitude 69 degrees 58 minutes, and longitude 90 degrees, he made the following remarks concerning a tribe of Esquimaux in his vicinity, which we quote as being peculiarly applicable to our view of the subject:—'It was for philosophers to interest

themselves in speculating on a horde so small and so secluded, occupying so apparently hopeless a country—so barren, so wild, and so repulsive, and yet enjoying the most perfect vigour, the most *well-fed health*, and all else that here constitutes not merely wealth, but the opulence of luxury, since they were as amply furnished with provisions as with every other thing that could be here necessary to their wants.

'Yes,' exclaims our friend the reasoner, 'but the constitution of an Esquimaux is peculiarly adapted to the climate and food: what he enjoys would poison a European; and he also possesses skill to capture wild animals and fish, which the civilised man cannot exercise.' Is this true? We answer to the first objection: only partially true; and the second, we utterly deny. The constitution of vigorous men—and all Franklin's crew were fine, picked young fellows—has a marvellous adaptability. It is incredible how soon a man becomes reconciled to, and healthful under, a totally different diet from that to which he has been all his life accustomed, so long as that change is suitable to his new home. We ourselves have personally experienced this to some extent, and were quite amazed at the rapid and easy way in which nature enabled us to enjoy and thrive on food at which our stomach would have revolted in England or any southern land. In every country in the world, 'from Indus to the pole,' the food eaten by the natives is that which is incomparably best suited to the climate. In the frozen regions, and every cold country, the best of all nourishment is that which contains a large proportion of fat and oil. In Britain, we read with disgust of the Greenlander eagerly swallowing whale-oil and blubber; but in his country, it is precisely what is best adapted to sustain vital energy. Europeans in the position of Franklin's crew would become acclimatised, and gradually accustomed to the food of the natives, even before their own provisions were exhausted; and after that, we may be very sure their appetites would lose all delicacy, and they would necessarily and easily conform to the usages, as regards food, of the natives around them. We may strengthen our opinion by the direct and decisive testimony of Sir John Ross himself, who says: 'I have little doubt, indeed, that many of the unhappy men who have perished from wintering in these climates, and whose histories are well known, might have been saved had they conformed, as is so generally prudent, to the usages and the experience of the natives.' Undoubtedly they might!

Secondly, as to the Europeans being unable to capture the beasts, birds, and fishes so dexterously as the natives, we have reason to know that the reverse is the case. It is true that the latter know the habits and haunts of wild creatures by long experience, and also know the best way to capture some of them; but a very little communication with natives enables the European to learn the secret; and he soon far excels his simple instructors in the art, being aided by vastly superior reasoning faculties, and also by incomparably better appliances for the chase. Firearms for shooting beasts and birds, and seines for catching fish, render the Esquimaux spears, and arrows, and traps mere children's toys in comparison. Moreover, a ship is never frozen up many weeks before some wandering tribe is sure to visit it; and all navigators have found the natives a mild, friendly, grateful people, with fewer vices than almost any other savages in the world. They will thankfully barter as many salmon as will feed a ship's crew one day for a file or two, or needles, or a tin-canister, or piece of old iron-hoop, or any trifling article of hardware; and so long as the vessel remains, they and other tribes of their kindred will frequently visit it, and bring animals and fish to barter for what is literally almost valueless to European adventurers.

An important consideration, is the *variety* of food

obtainable in the arctic regions. We need not particularly classify the creatures found in the two seasons of summer and winter, but may enumerate the principal together. Of animals fit for food are musk-oxen, bears, reindeer, hares, foxes, &c. Of fish, there is considerable variety, salmon and trout being the chief and never-failing supply. Of birds, there are ducks, geese, cranes, ptarmigan, grouse, plovers, partridges, sand-larks, shearwaters, gannets, gulls, mollemokes, dovekeys, and a score of other species. We personally know that the flesh of bears, reindeer, and some of the other animals, is most excellent: we have partaken of them with hearty relish. As to foxes, Ross informs us that, although his men did not like them at first, they eventually preferred fox-flesh to any other meat! And as to such birds as gannets and shearwaters, which are generally condemned as unpalatable, on account of their fishy taste, we would observe that the rancid flavour exists only in the fat. Separate it, and, as we ourselves can testify, the flesh of these birds is little inferior to that of the domestic pigeon, when either boiled or roasted. The majority of the creatures named may be captured in considerable numbers, in their several seasons, with only ordinary skill. But necessity sharpens the faculties of men to an inconceivable degree; and when the life of a crew depends on their success in the chase, they will speedily become expert hunters. It is true that the wild animals habitually existing in a small tract of country may soon be thinned, if not altogether exterminated; but bears, foxes, &c. continue to visit it with little average diminution in numbers. The fish never fail. The quantity of salmon is said to be immense, and they can be preserved in stock a very long period by being simply buried in snow-pits. The birds also regularly make their periodical appearance. Besides, parties of hunters would be despatched to scour the country at considerable distances, and their skill and success would improve with each coming season. In regard to fuel, the Esquimaux plan of burning the oil and blubber of seals, the fat of bears, &c. would be quite effective. In the brief but fervid summer season, every inch of ground is covered with intensely green verdure, and even with flowers; and there is a great variety of wild plants, including abundance of Angelica, sorrel, and scurvy-grass, also lichens and mosses, all of antiscorbutic qualities. We have ourselves seen the Laplanders eat great quantities of the sorrel-grass; and the Nordlanders told us that they boiled it in lieu of greens at table. These vegetables might be gathered each summer, and preserved for winter use.

We repeat, that since the poor, ignorant natives live in rude abundance, and lack nothing for mere animal enjoyment of life, it is impossible to doubt that Europeans, who in intelligence and resources are a superior race of beings, can fail to participate equally in all things which the Creator has provided for the support of man in this extremity of the habitable globe; also let it be borne in mind, that half-a-dozen Esquimaux devour almost as much food every day as will suffice for a ship's crew. Sir John Ross declares, that if they only ate moderately, any given district would support 'double their number, and with scarcely the hazard of want.' He says that an Esquimaux eats twenty pounds of flesh and oil a day, and, in fact, never ceases from devouring until compelled to desist from sheer repletion. Speaking of one meal taken in their company, we have this edifying observation:—'While we found that one salmon and half of another were more than enough for all us English, these voracious animals (the Esquimaux) had devoured two each. At this rate of feeding, it is not wonderful that their whole time is occupied in procuring food: each man had eaten fourteen pounds of this raw salmon, and it was probably but a luncheon after all, or a superfluous meal for the sake of our society! . . . The glutton bear—scandalised as

it may be by its name—might even be deemed a creature of moderate appetite in comparison: with their human reason in addition, these people, could they always command the means, would doubtless outlive a glutton and a boa-constrictor together.'

Finally, we expressly deny that the Esquimaux can or do bear extreme cold and privations better than Englishmen who have been a season or two in their country. Arctic explorers testify that the natives always appeared to suffer from cold quite as much as Europeans; and what little we have ourselves seen of northern countries, induces us to give ample credence to this.

The conclusion, then, at which we arrive is this: that under such experienced and energetic leaders as Sir John Franklin and his chief officers, the gallant crews of the missing expedition have not perished for lack of food, and will be enabled, if God so wills, to support life for years to come. Great, indeed, their sufferings must be; for civilised men do not merely eat to sleep, and sleep to eat, like the Esquimaux; but they will be upheld under every suffering by a firm conviction that their countrymen are making almost superhuman exertions to rescue them from their fearful isolation. What the final issue will be, is known only to Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and can, if He deems meet, provide a way of deliverance when hope itself has died in every breast. Our individual opinion is, that it is not improbable the lost crews will, sooner or later, achieve their own deliverance by arriving at some coast whence they may be taken off, even as Ross was, after sojourning during four years of unparalleled severity. But it is the bounden duty of our country never to relax its efforts to save Franklin, until there is an absolute certainty that all further human exertions are in vain.

[We give the above as a paper on the food of the arctic regions, and can only hope that our correspondent's cheering views as to the fate of the missing expedition may prove to be correct.—ED.]

THE ARTIST'S SACRIFICE.

On a cold evening in January—one of those dark and gloomy evenings which fill one with sadness—there sat watching by the bed of a sick man, in a little room on the fifth floor, a woman of about forty, and two pretty children—a boy of twelve and a little girl of eight. The exquisite neatness of the room almost concealed its wretchedness: everything announced order and economy, but at the same time great poverty. A painted wooden bedstead, covered with coarse but clean calico sheets, blue calico curtains, four chairs, a straw arm-chair, a high desk of dark wood, with a few books and boxes placed on shelves, composed the entire furniture of the room. And yet the man who lay on that wretched bed, whose pallid cheek, and harsh, incessant cough, foretold the approach of death, was one of the brightest ornaments of our literature. His historical works had won for him a European celebrity, his writings having been translated into all the modern languages; yet he had always remained poor, because his devotion to science had prevented him from devoting a sufficient portion of his time to productive labour.

An unfinished piece of costly embroidery thrown on a little stand near the bed, another piece of a less costly kind, but yet too luxurious to be intended for the use of this poor family, shewed that his wife and daughter—this gentle child whose large dark eyes were so full of sadness—endeavoured by the work of their hands to make up for the unproductiveness of his efforts. The sick man slept, and the mother, taking away the lamp and the pieces of embroidery, went with her children into the adjoining room, which served both as ante-chamber and dining-room: she seated herself at the

table, and took up her work with a sad and abstracted air; then observing her little daughter doing the same thing cheerfully, and her son industriously colouring some prints destined for a book of fashions, she embraced them; and raising her tearful eyes towards heaven, she seemed to be thanking the Almighty, and in the midst of her affliction, to be filled with gratitude to Him who had blessed her with such children.

Soon after, a gentle ring was heard at the door, and M. Raymond, a young doctor, with a frank, pleasing countenance, entered and inquired for the invalid. 'Just the same, doctor,' said Mme G—.

The young man went into the next room, and gazed for some moments attentively on the sleeper, whilst the poor wife fixed her eyes on the doctor's countenance, and seemed there to read her fate.

'Is there no hope, doctor?' she asked in a choking voice, as she conducted him to the other room. The doctor was silent, and the afflicted mother embraced her children and wept. After a pause she said: 'There is one idea which haunts me continually: I should wish so much to have my husband's likeness. Do you know of any generous and clever artist, doctor? Oh, how much this would add to the many obligations you have already laid me under!'

'Unfortunately, I am not acquainted with a single artist,' replied the young doctor.

'I must then renounce this desire,' said Mme G— sighing.

The next morning Henry—so the little boy was called—having assisted his mother and his sister Marie in their household labours, dressed himself carefully, and, as it was a holiday, asked leave to go out.

'Go, my child,' said his mother; 'go and breathe a little fresh air: your continual work is injurious to you.'

The boy kissed his father's wasted hand, embraced his mother and sister, and went out, at once sad and pleased. When he reached the street he hesitated for a moment, then directed his steps towards the drawing-school where he attended every day: he entered, and rung at the door of the apartment belonging to the professor who directed this academy. A servant opened the door, and conducted him into an elegantly-furnished breakfast-room; for the professor was one of the richest and most distinguished painters of the day. He was breakfasting alone with his wife, when Henry entered.

'There, my dear,' he said to her, as he perceived Henry; 'there is the cleverest pupil in the academy. This little fellow really promises to do me great credit one day. Well, my little friend, what do you wish to say to me?'

'Sir, my father is very ill—the doctor fears that he may die: poor mamma, who is very fond of papa, wishes to have his portrait. Would you, sir, be kind enough to take it? O do not, pray, sir, do not refuse me!' said Henry, whose tearful eyes were fixed imploringly on the artist.

'Impossible, Henry—impossible!' replied the painter. 'I am paid three thousand francs for every portrait I paint, and I have five or six at present to finish.'

'But, my dear,' interposed his wife, 'it seems to me that this portrait would take you but little time: think of the poor mother, whose husband will so soon be lost to her for ever.'

'It grieves me to refuse you, my dear; but you know that my battle-piece, which is destined for Versailles, must be sent to the Louvre in a fortnight, for I cannot miss the Exposition this year. But stay, my little friend, I will give you the address of several of my pupils: tell them I sent you, and you will certainly find some one of them who will do what you wish. Good-morning, Henry!'

'Good-by, my little friend,' added the lady. 'I hope you may be successful.' The boy took his leave with a bursting heart.

Henry wandered through the gardens of the Luxembourg, debating with himself if he should apply to the young artists whose addresses he held in his hand. Fearing that his new efforts might be equally unsuccessful, he was trying to nerve himself to encounter fresh refusals, when he was accosted by a boy of his own age, his fellow-student at the drawing-school. Jules proposed that they should walk together; then observing Henry's sadness, he asked him the cause. Henry told him of his mother's desire; their master's refusal to take the portrait; and of his own dislike to apply to those young artists, who were strangers to him.

'Come with me,' cried Jules, when his friend had ceased speaking. 'My sister is also an artist: she has always taken care of me, for our father and mother died when we were both very young. She is so kind and so fond of me that I am very sure she will not refuse.'

The two boys traversed the Avenue de l'Observatoire, the merry, joyous face of the one contrasting with the sadness and anxiety of the other. When they got to the end of the avenue they entered the Rue de l'Ouest, and went into a quiet-looking house, up to the fourth storey of which Jules mounted with rapid steps, dragging poor Henry with him. He tapped gaily at a little door, which a young servant opened: he passed through the antechamber, and the two boys found themselves in the presence of Emily d'Orbe, the sister of Jules.

She appeared to be about twenty-five: she was not tall, and her face was rather pleasing than handsome; yet her whole appearance indicated cultivation and amiability. Her dress was simple, but exquisitely neat; her gown of brown stuff fitted well to her graceful figure; her linen cuffs and collar were of a snowy whiteness; her hair was parted in front, and fastened up behind à l'antique: but she wore no ribbon, no ornament—nothing but what was necessary. The furniture of the room, which served at the same time as a sitting-room and studio, was equally simple: a little divan, some chairs and two arm-chairs covered with gray cloth, a round table, a black marble time-piece of the simplest form; two engravings, the 'Spasmo di Sicilia' and the 'Three Maries,' alone ornamented the walls; green blinds were placed over the windows, not for ornament, but to moderate the light, according to the desire of the artist; finally, three easels, on which rested some unfinished portraits, and a large painting representing Anna Boleyn embracing her daughter before going to execution.

When he entered, little Jules went first to embrace his sister; she tenderly returned his caresses, then said to him in a gentle voice, as she returned to her easel: 'Now, my dear child, let me go on with my painting;' not, however, without addressing a friendly 'Good-morning' to Henry, who she thought had come to play with Jules.

Henry had been looking at the unfinished pictures with a sort of terror, because they appeared to him as obstacles between him and his request. He dared not speak, fearing to hear again the terrible word 'impossible!' and he was going away, when Jules took him by the hand and drew him towards Emily. 'Sister,' he said, 'I have brought my friend Henry to see you; he wishes to ask you something; do speak to him.'

'Jules,' she replied, 'let me paint; you know I have very little time. You are playing the spoiled child: you abuse my indulgence.'

'Indeed, Emily, I am not jesting; you must really speak to Henry. If you knew how unhappy he is!'

Mlle d'Orbe, raising her eyes to the boy, was struck with his pale and anxious face, and said to him in a kind voice, as she continued her painting: 'Forgive my rudeness, my little friend; this picture is to be sent to the Exposition, and I have not a moment to lose, because, both for my brother's sake and my own, I wish it to do me credit. But speak, my child; speak

without fear, and be assured that I will not refuse you anything that is in the power of a poor artist.'

Henry, regaining a little courage, told her what he desired: then Jules having related his friend's visit to their master, Henry added: 'But I see very well, mademoiselle, that you cannot do this portrait either, and I am sorry to have disturbed you.'

In the meantime little Jules had been kissing his sister, and caressing her soft hair, entreating her not to refuse his little friend's request. Mlle d'Orbe was painting Anna Boleyn: she stopped her work; a struggle seemed to arise in the depth of her heart, while she looked affectionately on the children. She, however, soon laid aside her pallett, and casting one glance of regret on her picture: 'I will take your father's portrait,' she said to Henry—that man of sorrow, and of genius. Your mother's wish shall be fulfilled.'

She had scarcely uttered these words when a lady entered the room. She was young, pretty, and richly dressed. Having announced her name, she asked Mlle d'Orbe to take her portrait, on the express condition that it should be finished in time to be placed in the Exposition.

'It is impossible for me to have this honour, madame,' replied the artist: 'I have a picture to finish, and I have just promised to do a portrait to which I must give all my spare time.'

'You would have been well paid for my portrait, and my name in the catalogue would have made yours known,' added the young countess.

Mlle d'Orbe only replied by a bow; and the lady had scarcely withdrawn, when taking her bonnet and shawl, the young artist embraced her brother, took Henry by the hand, and said to him: 'Bring me to your mother, my child.'

Henry flew rather than walked; Mlle d'Orbe could with difficulty keep up with him. Both ascended to the fifth storey in the house in the Rue Descartes, where this poor family lived. When they reached the door, Henry tapped softly at it. Mme G—— opened it.

'Mamma,' said the boy, trembling with emotion, 'this lady is an artist: she is come to take papa's portrait.' The poor woman, who had not hoped for such an unexpected happiness, wept as she pressed to her lips the hands of Mlle d'Orbe, and could not find words to express her gratitude.

The portrait was commenced at once; and the young artist worked with zeal and devotion, for her admiration of the gifted and unfortunate man was intense. She resolved to make the piece valuable as a work of art, for posterity might one day demand the portrait of this gifted man, and her duty as a painter was to represent him in his noblest aspect.

Long sittings fatigued the invalid; so it was resolved to take two each day, and the young artist came regularly twice every day. As by degrees the strength of the sick man declined, the portrait advanced. At length, at the end of twelve days, it was finished: this was about a week before the death of M. G——.

At the same time that she was painting this portrait, Mlle d'Orbe worked with ardour on her large painting, always hoping to have it ready in time. This hope did not fail her until some days before the 1st of February. There was but a week longer to work: and this year she must abandon the idea of sending to the Exposition.

Some artists who had seen her picture had encouraged her very much; she could count, in their opinion, on brilliant success. This she desired with all her heart: first, from that noble thirst of glory which God has implanted in the souls of artists; and, secondly, from the influence it would have on the prospects of her little Jules, whom she loved with a mother's tenderness, and whom she wished to be able to endow with all the treasures of education. This disappointment, these long hours of toil, rendered so vain at the very moment when

she looked forward to receive her reward, so depressed the young artist, that she became dangerously ill.

M^{lle} d'Orbe had very few friends, as she was an orphan, and lived in great retirement; she found herself therefore completely left to the care of her young attendant. When Jules met Henry at the drawing-school he told him of his sister's illness: Henry informed his mother, and M^{me} G—— immediately hastened to M^{lle} d'Orbe, whom she found in the delirium of a fever from which she had been suffering for some days. The servant said that her mistress had refused to send for a doctor, pretending that her illness did not signify. M^{me} G——, terrified at the state of her young friend, went out and soon returned with Dr Raymond.

The invalid was delirious: she unceasingly repeated the words—'portrait,' 'Anna Boleyn,' 'exposition,' 'fortune,' 'disappointed hopes,' which plainly indicated the cause of her illness, and brought tears into the eyes of M^{me} G——. 'Alas!' she said, 'it is on my account she suffers: I am the cause of her not finishing her picture. Doctor, I am very unfortunate.'

'All may be repaired,' replied the doctor: 'if you will promise to nurse the invalid, I will answer for her recovery.'

In fact, M^{me} G—— never left the sick-bed of M^{lle} d'Orbe. The doctor visited her twice in the day, and their united care soon restored the health of the interesting artist.

Mademoiselle was scarcely convalescent when she went to the Exposition of paintings at the Louvre, of which she had heard nothing—the doctor and M^{me} G—— having, as she thought, avoided touching on a subject which might pain her. She passed alone through the galleries, crowded with distinguished artists and elegantly-dressed ladies, saying to herself that perhaps her picture would have been as good as many which attracted the admiration of the crowd. She was thus walking sadly on, looking at the spot where she had hoped to have seen her Anna Boleyn, when she found herself stopped by a group of artists. They were unanimous in their praises. 'This is the best portrait in the Exposition,' said one. 'A celebrated engraver is about to buy from the artist the right to engrave this portrait for the new edition of the author's works,' said another. 'We are very fortunate in having so faithful a likeness of so distinguished a writer as M. G——.'

At this name M^{lle} d'Orbe raised her eyes, and recognised her own work! Pale, trembling with emotion, the young artist was obliged to lean on the rail for support; then opening the catalogue, she read her name as if in a dream, and remained for some time to enjoy the pleasure of hearing the praises of her genius.

When the Exposition closed she hastened to M^{me} G——, and heard that it was Dr Raymond who had conceived the happy idea of sending the portrait to the Louvre. 'My only merit is the separating myself for a time from a picture which is my greatest consolation,' added M^{me} G——.

From this day the young artist became the friend of the poor widow, whose prospects soon brightened. Through the influence of some of the friends of her lost husband, she obtained a pension from government—a merited but tardy reward! The two ladies lived near each other, and spent their evenings together. Henry and Jules played and studied together. Marie read aloud, while her mother and M^{lle} d'Orbe worked. Dr Raymond sometimes shared in this pleasant intercourse. He had loved the young artist from the day he had seen her renounce so much to do a generous action; but, an orphan like herself, and with no fortune but his profession, he feared to be rejected if he offered her his hand. It was therefore M^{me} G—— who charged herself with pleading his suit with the young artist.

M^{lle} d'Orbe felt a lively gratitude towards the young doctor for the care and solicitude he had shewn

during her illness, and for sending her portrait to the Exposition. Thanks to him, she had become known; commissions arrived in numbers, a brilliant future opened before her and Jules. M^{me} G—— had, then, a favourable answer to give to her young friend, who soon became the husband of the interesting artist whose generous sacrifice had been the foundation of her happiness.

ACCIDENTS AT SEA.

On this subject an interesting return to an order of the House of Commons was lately made by the management of Lloyd's, and has caused some discussion in the public prints. The return applies to the four years ending December 1850; and during this period, it appears that the number of collisions, wrecks, and other accidents at sea, was 13,510; being at the rate of 8877 per annum, 9 per diem, or 1 for every 24 hours. Commenting on these details, the *Times* observes, that 'it must not be understood that every accident implies a total wreck, with the loss of all hands. If a ship carries away any of her important spars, or, on entering her port, strikes heavily against a pier, whereby serious damage is occasioned, the accident is duly registered in this pithy chronicle of Lloyd's. Nevertheless, as we glance up and down the columns, it is no exaggeration to say, that two-thirds of the accidents recorded are of the most serious description. We are unable to say to what degree this register of Lloyd's can be accepted as a fair index to the tragedies which are of such hourly occurrence upon the surface of the ocean. If all were known, we fear that this average of accident or wreck every 24 hours would be fearfully increased. The truth must be told. The incapacity of too many of the masters in the British mercantile marine has been the pregnant cause of loss to their owners and death to their crews. Men scarcely competent to take the responsibility of an ordinary day's work, or, if competent, of notoriously intemperate habits, were placed in command of sea-going ships through the parsimony or nepotism of the owners. The result of the educational clauses in the Mercantile Marine Bill of last session, will no doubt be to provide a much larger body of well-trained men, from among whom our shipowners can select the most competent persons for command.'

These observations called forth a reply from the President of the Seaman's Association, vindicating mariners from the charges so brought against them. A few passages from the letter of this respondent are worth noticing. 'Are British sailors,' he asks, 'really so bad as you represent? If so, then you condemn by implication the seamen of the United States, for they are also Anglo-Saxon. Let me direct your attention to a few facts bearing out this assertion. The desertions from the royal navy in 1846 (see Parliamentary Returns) were 2382; this is about 1 out of every 14 seamen annually. Nearly the whole of these men keep to the United States' service. Again, the desertions from Quebec in consequence of three things—first, low wages; secondly, register-tickets; thirdly, the payment of 1s., exacted from every man on shipment and discharge, to a shipping office, to uphold the Mercantile Marine Act, for which the men receive no value—were upwards of 1400 this season; and about 4000 from all other ports. From American statistics, it is proved that two-thirds of the seamen sailing in ships of the United States are British subjects; and if American ships are preferred to British, it must be because they are manned by our fine spirited tars. A large proportion of their ships are commanded by Englishmen.'

An effort, as is well known, has lately been made to elevate the character of British seamen, by means of registries under the Mercantile Marine Act, and the issuing of tickets, which must be produced by sailors. Our belief is, that much of the legislation on this sub-

ject has been injurious; as any law must be which attempts to regulate the bargains of employers and employed. It may be proper for master-mariners to be subjected to some kind of test of ability, but it appears to us that it would be equally beneficial to encourage young men to enter the profession. To pay well is, after all, the true way to get good servants. Why do British sailors desert to the American service? Because they are better paid. And having so deserted, they unfortunately cannot again procure employment under the British flag without producing a register-ticket, which, of course, they cannot do. Thus, picked men are permanently lost to the British navy. Besides offering higher wages, it might have proved extremely advantageous to open nautical schools for youths desirous of going to sea. According to existing arrangements, the sailor—like the French workman with his *livret*—is considered to be a child not fit to take care of himself; and the law interposes to say he shall do this, and do that, under a penalty for neglect of its provisions. This is to keep sailors in a state of perpetual tutelage; and being at variance with the principles of civil liberty, it is to be feared that the practice can lead to nothing but mischief.

As to wrecks, the cause of the chief disasters seems as often to be imperfect construction of vessels and imperfect stowage, as anything else; while loss of life for the greater part arises from a deficiency of boats, and the means of readily unshipping them. As victims of ill-made, badly-found, and rotten vessels, not to speak of land-sharks and sea-sharks—as the sufferers in life and limb when shippers and brokers may be actually benefiting from casualties—sailors, as a class, merit public sympathy instead of reproach or discouragement.

'VISIT TO AN ENGLISH MONASTERY.'

We have received a letter from the Abbot of Mount St Bernard's, pointing out, in courteous terms, several inaccuracies in the article which appeared with the above title in No. 413 of this Journal. Meat, it seems, is only 'strictly prohibited' to the healthy: it is allowed to the sick and infirm when prescribed by the doctor. Every night before compline the brethren meet to hear some pious lecture read, not to confess their thoughts to the superior. Instead of one meal a day, as stated by our correspondent, the lay-brethren, who are employed chiefly in manual labour, have at least two meals every day during the whole year, excepting fast-days; and the choir-brethren two meals a day during the summer, and one during the winter. To the latter, when they are of a weakly constitution, a collation is allowed in addition. The greatest error of all, however, appears to us to exist in the estimate formed of the abbot, who, judging by his correspondence, is evidently as informed and intelligent a person as is usually met with out of the monastic circle.

AMERICAN HOMAGE TO SHAKESPEARE AND MRS COWDEN CLARKE.

There is a work to which many of our readers are probably strangers, but which has roused the enthusiasm of the New World. It is a work of immense labour, which in writing and correcting proofs occupied its author sixteen years. This author is a lady, and the production on which she bestowed so much unwearied patience and perseverance, during a space of time equivalent in most cases to an entire literary life, is a Concordance to Shakespeare. 'Her work,' says Mr Webster, the American Secretary of State, 'is a perfect wonder, surpassingly full and accurate, and exhibiting proof of unexampled labour and patience. She has treasured up every word of Shakespeare, as if he were her lover, and she were his.' But Mr Webster and his countrymen were not satisfied even with such generous praise: they determined to present Mrs Clarke with an enduring testimonial of their gratitude and respect; and,

accordingly, the ceremony has recently been performed by Mr Abbot Laurence, the American minister. The list of subscribers, we are told, 'contains names from Maine to Mexico. Even the far, far west, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois, have contributed; whilst Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and South Carolina, swell the list of the most distinguished American literati, embracing a fair sprinkling of fair ladies. There is even a subscriber from the shores of the Pacific.' The testimonial is an elaborately carved library chair, bearing on the top rail a mask of Shakespeare, copied in ivory from the Stratford bust, wreathed with oak-leaves and laurel, and shaded by the wings of two of 'Avon's swans.' Although an elegant and costly gift, however, in itself, there is attached to this testimonial a meaning and a value which we trust will make its due impression in the native land of Shakespeare—in that mother-country to which the eyes of her western descendants are thus turned in the lofty sympathy which binds together throughout the whole world the children and worshippers of genius.

TO WORDSWORTH.

THE voice of Nature in her changeful moods
Breathes o'er the solemn waters as they flow,
And 'mid the wavings of the ancient woods
Murmurs, now filled with joy, now sad and low.
Thou gentle poet, she hath tuned thy mind
To deep accordance with the harmony
That floats above the mountain summits free—
A concert of Creation on the wind.
And thy calm strains are breathed as though the dove
And nightingale had given thee for thy dower
The soul of music and the heart of love;
And with a holy, tranquillising power
They fall upon the spirit, like a gleam
Of quiet star-light on a troubled stream.

M. A. HOARE.

INTELLECT DEVELOPED BY LABOUR.

Are labour and self-culture irreconcilable to each other? In the first place, we have seen that a man, in the midst of labour, may and ought to give himself to the most important improvements, that he may cultivate his sense of justice, his benevolence, and the desire of perfection. Toil is the school for these high principles; and we have here a strong presumption that, in other respects, it does not necessarily blight the soul. Next, we have seen that the most fruitful sources of truth and wisdom are not books, precious as they are, but experience and observation; and these belong to all conditions. It is another important consideration, that almost all labour demands intellectual activity, and is best carried on by those who invigorate their minds; so that the two interests, toil and self-culture, are friends to each other. It is mind, after all, which does the work of the world, so that the more there is of mind, the more work will be accomplished. A man, in proportion as he is intelligent, makes a given force accomplish a greater task; makes skill take the place of muscle, and with less labour, gives a better product. Make men intelligent, and they become inventive; they find shorter processes. Their knowledge of nature helps them to turn its laws to account, to understand the substances on which they work, and to seize on useful hints, which experience continually furnishes. It is among workmen that some of the most useful machines have been contrived. Spread education, and as the history of this country shews, there will be no bounds to useful invention.—*Channing.*

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THE PATTERN NATION.

It seems to be the destiny of France to work out all sorts of problems in state and social policy. It may be said to volunteer experiments in government for the benefit of mankind. All kinds of forms it tries, one after the other: each, in turn, is supposed to be the right thing; and when found to be wrong, an effort, fair or unfair, is made to try something else. It would surely be the height of ingratitude not to thank our versatile neighbour for this apparently endless series of experiments.

Unfortunately, the novel projects extemporised by the French are not on all occasions easily laid aside. What they have laid hold on, they cannot get rid of. We have a striking instance of this in the practice of subdividing lands. Forms of state administration may be altered, and after all not much harm done; it is only changing one variety of power at the Tuileries for another. A very different thing is a revolution in the method of holding landed property. Few things are more dangerous than to meddle with laws of inheritance: if care be not taken, the whole fabric of society may be overthrown. The unpleasant predicament which the French have got into on this account is most alarming—far more terrible than the wildest of their revolutions. How they are to get out of it, no man can tell.

Latterly, the world has heard much of Socialism. This is the term applied to certain new and untried schemes of social organisation, by which, among other things, it is proposed to supersede the ordinary rights of property and laws of inheritance—the latter, as is observed, having, after due experience, failed to realise that happiness of condition which was anticipated sixty years ago at their institution. As it is always instructive to look back on the first departure from rectitude, let us say a few words as to how the French fell into their present unhappy position.

At the Revolution of 1789–93, it will be recollected that the laws of primogeniture were overthrown, and it was ordained that in future every man's property should be divided equally among his children at his death: there can be no doubt that considerations of justice and humanity were at the foundation of this new law of inheritance. Hitherto, there had been a great disparity in the condition of high and low: certain properties, descending from eldest son to eldest son, had become enormously large, and were generally ill managed; while prodigious numbers of people had no property at all, and were dependents on feudal superiors. The country was undoubtedly in a bad condition, and some modification of the law was desirable. Reckless of

consequences, the system as it stood was utterly swept away, and that of equal partition took its place. About the same period, vast domains belonging to the crown, the clergy, and the nobility, were sequestered and sold in small parcels; so that there sprang up almost at once a proprietary of quite a new description. Had the law of equal partition been extended only to cases in which there was no testamentary provision, it could not have inflicted serious damage, and would at all events have been consistent with reason and expediency: but it went the length of depriving a parent of the right to distribute his property in the manner he judged best, and handed over every tittle of his earnings in equal shares to his children. One child might be worthless, and another the reverse; no matter—all were to be treated alike. No preference could be shewn, no posthumous reward could be given for general good-conduct or filial respect. In all this, there was something so revolting to common sense, that one feels a degree of wonder that so acute a people as the French should have failed to observe the error into which they were plunging.

For every law, however bad, there is always some justification or plea of necessity. Besides tending to level the position of individuals, the plan of equal distribution of property was said to be justifiable on the ground that there are more than two parties concerned. Society, it was alleged, comes in as a third, and says to the parent: 'You must provide for this son, however worthless; you must not throw him destitute on our hands; for that is to shift the responsibility from yourself, who brought him into the world, to us, who have nothing to do with him.' This plea, more plausible than sound, had its effect. That an occasional wrong might not be inflicted, a great national error, practically injurious, was committed.

A compulsory law of equal division of lands among the children of a deceased proprietor, may be long in revealing its horrors in a country where the redundant population sheds habitually off. In Switzerland, for example, the evil of a subdivision of lands is marked but in a moderate degree—though bad enough in the main—because a certain proportion of each generation emigrates in quest of a livelihood—the young men going off to be mercenary soldiers in Italy, waiters at hotels, and so forth; and the young women to be governesses and domestic servants. France, on the contrary, is the last nation in the world to try the subdivision principle. Its people, with some trifling exceptions, go nowhere, as if affecting to despise all the rest of the world. Contented with moderate fortunes, inclined to make amusement their occupation, unwilling or unable to learn foreign languages, or to care for anything abroad,

and having so intense a love of France, that they will not emigrate, they necessarily settle down in a gradually aggregating mass, and are driven to the very last shifts for existence. Only two things have saved the nation from anarchy: the remarkable circumstance of few families consisting of more than two, or at most three children, any more being deemed a culpable monstrosity; and the draughting of young men for the army. In other words, the war-demon is an engine to keep the population in check; for if it does not at once kill off men, it occupies them in military affairs at the public expense. The prodigious number of civil posts under government—said to be upwards of half a million—acts also as a means for absorbing the overplus rural population.

Circumstances of the nature here pointed out have modified the evil effects of the law of subdivision; but after making every allowance on this and every other score that can be suggested, it is undeniable that the partition of property has gone down and down, till at length, in some situations, it can go no further. The morsels of land have become so small, that they are not worth occupying, and will barely realise the expense of legal transfer. In certain quarters, we are informed, the individual properties are not larger than a single furrow, or a patch the size of a cabbage-garden. A good number of these landed estates—one authority says a million and a quarter—are about five acres in extent, which is considered quite a respectable property; but as, at the death of each proprietor, there is a further partition, the probability would seem to be that, ultimately, the surface of France will resemble the worst parts of Ireland, with a population sunk to the lowest grade of humanity. Perhaps, however, the evils inflicted on society through the agency of subdivision, are mainly incidental. General injury goes on at a more rapid rate than the actual partition of property. From the causes above mentioned, the population in France is long in doubling itself; and the slower the increase, the slower the subdivision. Already, however, the properties are so small, that they do not admit of that profitable culture enjoined by principles of improved husbandry and correct social policy. In the proper cultivation of the soil, other parties besides agriculturists are concerned; for whatever limits production, affects the national wealth. The meagre husbandry of the small properties in France is thus a serious loss to the country, and tends to general impoverishment. But there is another and equally calamitous consequence of excessive subdivision. The small proprietors in France are for the greater part owners only in name: practically, they are tenants. Desperate in their circumstances, they have borrowed money on their wretched holdings; and so poor is the security, and so limited is the capital at disposal on loan, that the interest paid on mortgage runs from 8 to 10 per cent.—often is as high as 20 per cent. After paying taxes, interest on loans, and other necessary expenses, such is the exhaustion of resources, that thousands of these French peasant proprietors may be said to live in a continual battle with famine. According to official returns, there are in France upwards of 348,000 dwellings with no other aperture than the door; and nearly 2,000,000 with only one window. And to this the 'pattern nation' has brought itself by its headlong haste to upset, not simply improve, a bad institution. The living in these windowless and single-windowed abodes is not living, in the proper sense of the word: it is existence without comfort, without hope. The next step is to burrow in holes like rabbits.

It will thus be observed, that the subdivision of real estate has brought France pretty much back to the point where it started—a small wealthy class, and a very numerous poor class. The computation is, that in a population of 36,000,000, only 800,000 are in easy circumstances. A considerable proportion of this moneyed class are usurers, living in Paris and other large towns. They are the lenders of cash on bonds, which squeeze out the very vitals of the nation—the gay flutterers and loungers of the streets, theatres, and cafés, drawing the means of luxurious indulgence from the myriads who toil out their lives in the fields.

Obtaining a glimpse of these facts, we can no longer wonder at the submission of the French peasantry to a thinning of their families by military conscription; at the eager thirst for office which afflicts the whole nation; or at the morbid desire to overturn society, and strike out a better organisation. As matters grow worse, this passion for wholesale change becomes more fervidly manifested. The *jacqueries* of the middle ages are renewed. Various districts of country, in which poverty has reached its climax, break into universal insurrection. It is a war levied by those who have nothing against those who have something. To have coin in the pocket, is to be the enemy. The cry is: Down with the rich; take all they have got, and divide the plunder amongst us. Such are the avowed principles of the Socialists. According to them, all property is theft, and taking by violence is only recovering stolen goods! When a nation has come to this deplorable pass, what, it may be asked, can cure it? The malady is not political; it is social. Perhaps, under a right development of industry, France has not too great a population; but, subject to the present misdirection of its energies, the position of the country is assuming a gravity of aspect which may well engage the most earnest consideration. The least that could be recommended is an immediate change in the law which so unscrupulously subdivides and ruins landed property.

The history of the Revolution of 1789-93, must have made a feeble impression, if it has failed to print a deep and indelible conviction on the mind, that the acts of that great and wicked drama would some day be bitterly expiated. To expect anything else would be to impeach the principles of everlasting justice. Bearing in remembrance the horrid excesses of almost an entire nation, nothing that now occurs in France affords us the least surprise. The anarchical revolts of 1851, are only a sequence of crimes committed upwards of half a century ago. Philosophically, the beginning and the end are one thing. Blind with rage against all that was noble, holy, and simply respectable, the innocent were dragged in crowds to the scaffold, and their property confiscated and disposed of. See the consequence after a lapse of sixty years. 'My sin hath found me out.' The ill-gotten wealth has been the very instrument to punish and prostrate. A robbery followed by divisions among the spoilers. Waste succeeded by clamorous destitution. What a lesson!

It is needless to say, that Socialism, which proposes a universal re-distribution of property, with some unintelligible organisation of labour—all on an equality, no rich and no poor, no masters and no servants, everybody sharing his dinner with his neighbour—is a fancy as baseless as any crotchet which even the 'pattern nation' has ever concocted. Yet, it is not the less likely to be carried into execution, perhaps only the more likely from its practical absurdity. Of course, the more educated and wealthy portion of the nation view the doctrines of Socialism, as far as they can comprehend them, with serious apprehension; but unhappily for France, these classes uniformly submit to any folly or crime, which comes with the emphasis of authority, valid or usurped. At present, they may be said to

have made a compromise, bartering civil liberty for bare safety—permission to live! But how long this will last, and what form the tenure of property is to assume, are questions not easy to answer. It would not surprise us to see the nation, in its corporate capacity, assume the position of universal lender of money on, or proprietor of, embarrassed estates; in which case the 'ryot system' of India will, strangely enough, have found domestication in Europe! Is this to be the next experiment?

A curious and saddening problem is the future of this great country. 'France,' said Robespierre in one of his moments of studied inspiration, 'has astonished all Europe with her prodigies of reason!' We are now witnessing the development of several of these astonishing prodigies; and the spectacle, to say the least of it, is instructive.

MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.

My picture was a failure. Partial friends had guaranteed its success; but the Hanging Committee and the press are not composed of one's partial friends. The Hanging Committee thrust me into the darkest corner of the octagon-room, and the press ignored my existence—excepting in one instance, when my critic dismissed me in a quarter of a line as a 'presumptuous dauber.' I was stunned with the blow, for I had counted so securely on the L200 at which my grand historical painting was dog-cheap—not to speak of the deathless fame which it was to create for me—that I felt like a mere wreck when my hopes were flung to the ground, and the untasted cup dashed from my lips. I took to my bed, and was seriously ill. The doctor bled me till I fainted, and then said, that he had saved me from a brain-fever. That might be, but he very nearly threw me into a consumption, only that I had a deep chest and a good digestion. Pneumonic expansion and active chyle saved me from an early tomb, yet I was too unhappy to be grateful.

But why did my picture fail? Surely it possessed all the elements of success! It was grandly historical in subject, original in treatment, pure in colouring; what, then, was wanting? This old warrior's head, of true Saxon type, had all the majesty of Michael Angelo; that young figure, all the radiant grace of Correggio; no Rembrandt shewed more severe dignity than my burnt umber monk in the corner; and Titian never excelled the loveliness of this cobalt virgin in the foreground. Why did it not succeed? The subject, too—the 'Finding of the Body of Harold by Torch-light'—was sacred to all English hearts; and being conceived in an entirely new and original manner, it was redeemed from the charge of triteness and wearisomeness. The composition was pyramidal, the apex being a torch borne aloft for the 'high light,' and the base shewing some very novel effects of herbage and armour. But it failed. All my skill, all my hope, my ceaseless endeavour, my burning visions, all—all had failed; and I was only a poor, half-starved painter, in Great Howard Street, whose landlady was daily abating in her respect, and the butcher daily abating in his punctuality; whose garments were getting threadbare, and his dinners hypothetical, and whose day-dreams of fame and fortune had faded into the dull-gray of penury and disappointment. I was broken-hearted, ill, hungry; so I accepted an invitation from a friend, a rich manufacturer in Birmingham, to go down to his house for the Christmas holidays. He had a pleasant place in the midst of some ironworks, the blazing chimneys of which, he assured me, would afford me some exquisite studies of 'light' effects.

By mistake, I went by the Express train, and so was thrown into the society of a lady whose position would have rendered any acquaintance with her impossible, excepting under such chance-conditions as the present;

and whose history, as I learned it afterwards, led me to reflect much on the difference between the reality and the seeming of life.

She moved my envy. Yes—base, mean, low, unartistic, degrading as is this passion, I felt it rise up like a snake in my breast when I saw that feeble woman. She was splendidly dressed—wrapped in furs of the most costly kind, trailing behind; her velvets and lace worth a countess's dowry. She was attended by obsequious menials; surrounded by luxuries; her compartment of the carriage was a perfect palace in all the accessories which it was possible to collect in so small a space; and it seemed as though 'Cleopatra's cup' would have been no impracticable draught for her. She gave me more fully the impression of luxury, than any person I had ever met with before; and I thought I had reason when I envied her.

She was lifted into the carriage carefully; carefully swathed in her splendid furs and lustrous velvets; and placed gently, like a wounded bird, in her warm nest of down. But she moved languidly, and fretfully thrust aside her servants' busy hands, indifferent to her comforts, and annoyed by her very blessings. I looked into her face: it was a strange face, which had once been beautiful; but ill-health, and care, and grief, had marked it now with deep lines, and coloured it with unnatural tints. Tears had washed out the roses from her cheeks, and set large purple rings about her eyes; the mouth was hard and pinched, but the eyelids swollen; while the crossed wrinkles on her brow told the same tale of grief grown petulant, and of pain grown sour, as the thin lip, quivering and querulous, and the nervous hand, never still and never strong.

The train-bell rang, the whistle sounded, the lady's servitors stood bareheaded and courtesying to the ground, and the rapid rush of the iron giant bore off the high-born dame and the starveling painter in strange companionship. Unquiet and unresting—now shifting her place—now letting down the glass for the cold air to blow full upon her withered face—then drawing it up, and chafing her hands and feet by the warm-water apparatus concealed in her *chauffe-pied*, while shivering as if in an ague-fit—sighing deeply—lost in thought—wildly looking out and around for distraction—she soon made me ask myself whether my envy of her was as true as deep sympathy and pity would have been.

'But her wealth—her wealth!' I thought. 'True she may suffer, but how gloriously she is solaced! She may weep, but the angels of social life wipe off her tears with perfumed linen, gold embroidered; she may grieve, but her grief makes her joys so much the more blissful. Ah! she is to be envied after all!—envied, while I, a very beggar, might well scorn my place now!'

Something of this might have been in my face, as I offered my sick companion some small attention—I forget what—gathering up one of her luxurious trifles, or arranging her cushions. She seemed almost to read my thoughts as her eyes rested on my melancholy face; and saying abruptly: 'I fear you are unhappy, young man?' she settled herself in her place like a person prepared to listen to a pleasant tale.

'I am unfortunate, madam,' I answered.

'Unfortunate?' she said impatiently. 'What! with youth and health, can you call yourself unfortunate? When the whole world lies untried before you, and you still live in the golden atmosphere of hope, can you pamper yourself with sentimental sorrows? Fie upon you!—fie upon you! What are your sorrows compared with mine?'

'I am ignorant of yours, madam,' I said respectfully; 'but I know my own; and, knowing them, I can speak of their weight and bitterness. By your very position, you cannot undergo the same kind of distress as that overwhelming me at this moment: you may have evils in your path of life, but they cannot equal mine.'

'Can anything equal the evils of ruined health and a desolated hearth?' she cried, still in the same impatient manner. 'Can the worst griefs of wayward youth equal the bitterness of that cup which you drink at such a time of life as forbids all hope of after-assuagement? Can the first disappointment of a strong heart rank with the terrible desolation of a wrecked old age? You think because you see about me the evidences of wealth, that I must be happy. Young man, I tell you truly, I would gladly give up every farthing of my princely fortune, and be reduced to the extreme of want, to bring back from the grave the dear ones lying there, or pour into my veins one drop of the bounding blood of health and energy which used to make life a long play-hour of delight. Once, no child in the fields, no bird in the sky, was more blessed than I; and what am I now?—a sickly, lonely old woman, whose nerves are shattered and whose heart is broken, without hope or happiness on the earth! Even death has passed me by in forgetfulness and scorn!'

Her voice betrayed the truth of her emotion. Still, with an accent of bitterness and complaint, rather than of simple sorrow, it was the voice of one fighting against her fate, more than of one suffering acutely and in despair: it was petulant rather than melancholy; angry rather than grieving; shewing that her trials had hardened, not softened her heart.

'Listen to me,' she then said, laying her hand on my arm, 'and perhaps my history may reconcile you to the childish depression, from what cause soever it may be, under which you are labouring. You are young and strong, and can bear any amount of pain as yet: wait until you reach my age, and then you will know the true meaning of the word despair! I am rich, as you may see,' she continued, pointing to her surroundings—'in truth, so rich that I take no account either of my income or my expenditure. I have never known life under any other form; I have never known what it was to be denied the gratification of one desire which wealth could purchase, or obliged to calculate the cost of a single undertaking. I can scarcely realise the idea of poverty. I see that all people do not live in the same style as myself, but I cannot understand that it is from inability: it always seems to me to be from their own disinclination. I tell you, I cannot fully realise the idea of poverty; and you think this must make me happy, perhaps?' she added sharply, looking full in my face.

'I should be happy, madam, if I were rich,' I replied. 'Suffering now from the strain of poverty, it is no marvel if I place an undue value on plenty.'

'Yet see what it does for me!' continued my companion. 'Does it give me back my husband, my brave boys, my beautiful girl? Does it give rest to this weary heart, or relief to this aching head? Does it soothe my mind or heal my body? No! It but oppresses me, like a heavy robe thrown round weakened limbs: it is even an additional misfortune, for if I were poor, I should be obliged to think of other things beside myself and my woes; and the very mental exertion necessary to sustain my position would lighten my miseries. I have seen my daughter wasting year by year and day by day, under the warm sky of the south—under the warm care of love! Neither climate nor affection could save her: every effort was made—the best advice procured—the latest panacea adopted; but to no effect. Her life was prolonged, certainly; but this simply means, that she was three years in dying, instead of three months. She was a gloriously lovely creature, like a fair young saint for beauty and purity—quite an ideal thing, with her golden hair and large blue eyes! She was my only girl—my youngest, my darling, my best treasure! My first real sorrow—now fifteen years ago—was when I saw her laid, on her twenty-first birthday, in the English burial-ground at Madeira. It is on the gravestone, that she died of

consumption: would that it had been added—and her mother of grief! From the day of her death, my happiness left me!'

Here the poor lady paused, and buried her face in her hands. The first sorrow was evidently also the keenest; and I felt my own eyelids moist as I watched this outpouring of the mother's anguish. After all, here was grief beyond the power of wealth to assuage: here was sorrow deeper than any mere worldly disappointment.

'I had two sons,' she went on to say after a short time—'only two. They were fine young men, gifted and handsome. In fact, all my children were allowed to be very models of beauty. One entered the army, the other the navy. The eldest went with his regiment to the Cape, where he married a woman of low family—an infamous creature of no blood; though she was decently conducted for a low-born thing as she was. She was well-spoken of by those who knew her; but what *could* she be with a butcher for a grandfather! However, my poor infatuated son loved her to the last. She was very pretty, I have heard—young, and timid; but being of such fearfully low origin, of course she could not be recognised by my husband or myself! We forbade my son all intercourse with us, unless he would separate himself from her; but the poor boy was perfectly mad, and he preferred this low-born wife to his father and mother. They had a little baby, who was sent over to me when the wife died—for, thank God! she did die in a few years' time. My son was restored to our love, and he received our forgiveness; but we never saw him again. He took a fever of the country, and was a corpse in a few hours. My second boy was in the navy—a fine high-spirited fellow, who seemed to set all the accidents of life at defiance. I could not believe in any harm coming to him. He was so strong, so healthy, so beautiful, so bright: he might have been immortal, for all the elements of decay that shewed themselves in him. Yet this glorious young hero was drowned—wrecked off a coral-reef, and flung like a weed on the waters. He lost his own life in trying to save that of a common sailor—a piece of pure gold bartered for the foulest clay! Two years after this, my husband died of typhus fever, and I had a nervous attack, from which I have never recovered. And now, what do you say to this history of mine? For fifteen years, I have never been free from sorrow. No sooner did one grow so familiar to me, that I ceased to tremble at its hideousness, than another, still more terrible, came to overwhelm me in fresh misery. For fifteen years, my heart has never known an hour's peace; and to the end of my life, I shall be a desolate, miserable, broken-hearted woman. Can you understand, now, the valuelessness of my riches, and how desolate my splendid house must seem to me? They have been given me for no useful purpose here or hereafter; they encumber me, and do no good to others. Who is to have them when I die? Hospitals and schools? I hate the medical profession, and I am against the education of the poor. I think it the great evil of the day, and I would not leave a penny of mine to such a radical wrong. What is to become of my wealth?'—

'Your grandson,' I interrupted hastily: 'the child of the officer.'

The old woman's face gradually softened. 'Ah! he is a lovely boy,' she said; 'but I don't love him—no, I don't,' she repeated vehemently. 'If I set my heart on him, he will die or turn out ill: take to the low ways of his wretched mother, or die some horrible death. I steel my heart against him, and shut him out from my calculations of the future. He is a sweet boy: interesting, affectionate, lovely; but I will not allow myself to love him, and I don't allow him to love me! But you ought to see him. His hair is like my own daughter's—long, glossy, golden hair; and his eyes are large and blue, and the lashes curl on his cheek like

heavy fringes. He is too pale and too thin : he looks sadly delicate ; but his wretched mother was a delicate little creature, and he has doubtless inherited a world of disease and poor blood from her. I wish he was here though, for you to see ; but I keep him at school, for when he is much with me, I feel myself beginning to be interested in him ; and I do not wish to love him—I do not wish to remember him at all ! With that delicate frame and nervous temperament, he *must* die ; and why should I prepare fresh sorrow for myself, by taking him into my heart, only to have him plucked out again by death ?

All this was said with the most passionate vehemence of manner, as if she were defending herself against some unjust charge. I said something in the way of remonstrance. Gently and respectfully, but firmly, I spoke of the necessity for each soul to spiritualise its aspirations, and to raise itself from the trammels of earth ; and in speaking thus to her, I felt my own burden lighten off my heart, and I acknowledged that I had been both foolish and sinful in allowing my first disappointment to shadow all the sunlight of my existence. I am not naturally of a desponding disposition, and nothing but a blow as severe as the non-success of my 'Finding the Body of Harold by Torch-light' could have affected me to the extent of mental prostration as that under which I was now labouring. But this was very hard to bear ! My companion listened to me with a kind of blank surprise, evidently unaccustomed to the honesty of truth ; but she bore my remarks patiently, and when I had ended, she even thanked me for my advice.

'And now, tell me the cause of your melancholy face' she asked, as we were nearing Birmingham. 'Your story cannot be very long, and I shall have just enough time to hear it.'

I smiled at her authoritative tone, and said quietly : 'I am an artist, madam, and I had counted much on the success of my first historical painting. It has failed, and I am both penniless and infamous. I am the "presumptuous dauber" of the critics—despised by my creditors—emphatically a failure throughout.'

'Pshaw !' cried the lady impatiently ; 'and what is that for a grief ? a day's disappointment which a day's labour can repair ! To me, your troubles seem of no more worth than a child's tears when he has broken his newest toy ! Here is Birmingham, and I must bid you farewell. Perhaps you will open the door for me ? Good-morning : you have made my journey pleasant, and relieved my ennui. I shall be happy to see you in town, and to help you forward in your career.'

And with these words, said in a strange, indifferent, matter-of-fact tone, as of one accustomed to all the polite offers of good society, which mean nothing tangible, she was lifted from the carriage by a train of servants, and borne off the platform.

I looked at the card which she placed in my hand, and read the address of 'Mrs Arden, Belgrave Square.'

I found my friend waiting for me ; and in a few moments was seated before a blazing fire in a magnificent drawing-room, surrounded with every comfort that hospitality could offer or luxury invent.

'Here, at least, is happiness,' I thought, as I saw the family assemble in the drawing-room before dinner. 'Here are beauty, youth, wealth, position—all that makes life valuable. What concealed skeleton can there be in this house to frighten away one grace of existence ? None—none ! They must be happy ; and oh ! what a contrast to that poor lady I met with to-day ; and what a painful contrast to myself !'

And all my former melancholy returned like a heavy cloud upon my brow ; and I felt that I stood like some dead ghost in a fairy-land of beauty, so utterly out of place was my gloom in the midst of all this gaiety and splendour.

One daughter attracted my attention more than the rest. She was the eldest, a beautiful girl of about twenty-three, or she might have been even a few years older. Her face was quite of the Spanish style—dark, expressive, and tender ; and her manners were the softest and most bewitching I had ever seen. She was peculiarly attractive to an artist, from the exceeding beauty of feature, as well as from the depth of expression which distinguished her. I secretly sketched her portrait on my thumb-nail, and in my own mind I determined to make her the model for my next grand attempt at historical composition—'the Return of Columbus.' She was to be the Spanish queen ; and I thought of myself as Ferdinand ; for I was not unlike a Spaniard in appearance, and I was almost as brown.

I remained with my friend a fortnight, studying the midnight effects of the iron-foundries, and cultivating the acquaintance of Julia. In these two congenial occupations the time passed like lightning, and I woke as from a pleasant dream, to the knowledge of the fact, that my visit was expected to be brought to a close. I had been asked, I remembered, for a week, and I had doubled my furlough. I hinted at breakfast, that I was afraid I must leave my kind friends to-morrow, and a general regret was expressed, but no one asked me to stay longer ; so the die was unhappily cast.

Julia was melancholy. I could not but observe it ; and I confess that the observation caused me more pleasure than pain. Could it be sorrow at my departure ? We had been daily, almost hourly, companions for fourteen days, and the surmise was not unreasonable. She had always shewn me particular kindness, and she could not but have seen my marked preference for her. My heart beat wildly as I gazed on her pale cheek and drooping eyelid ; for though she had been always still and gentle, I had never seen—certainly I had never noticed—such evident traces of sorrow, as I saw in her face to-day. Oh, if it were for me, how I would bless each pang which pained that beautiful heart !—how I would cherish the tears that fell, as if they had been priceless diamonds from the mine !—how I would joy in her grief and live in her despair ! It might be that out of evil would come good, and from the deep desolation of my unsold 'Body' might arise the heavenly blessedness of such love as this ! I was intoxicated with my hopes ; and was on the point of making a public idiot of myself, but happily some slight remnant of common-sense was left me. However, impatient to learn my fate, I drew Julia aside ; and, placing myself at her feet, while she was enthroned on a luxurious ottoman, I pretended that I must conclude the series of lectures on art, and the best methods of colouring, on which I had been employed with her ever since my visit.

'You seem unhappy to-day, Miss Reay,' I said abruptly, with my voice trembling like a girl's.

She raised her large eyes languidly. 'Unhappy ? no, I am never unhappy,' she said quietly.

Her voice never sounded so silvery sweet, so pure and harmonious. It fell like music on the air.

'I have, then, been too much blinded by excess of beauty to have been able to see correctly,' I answered. 'To me you have appeared always calm, but never sad ; but to-day there is a palpable weight of sorrow on you, which a child might read. It is in your voice, and on your eyelids, and round your lips ; it is on you like the moss on the young rose—beautifying while veiling the dazzling glory within.'

'Ah ! you speak far too poetically for me,' said Julia, smiling. 'If you will come down to my level for a little while, and will talk to me rationally, I will tell you my history. I will tell it you as a lesson for yourself, which I think will do you good.'

The cold chill that went to my soul ! Her history ! It was no diary of facts that I wanted to hear, but only a register of feelings—a register of feelings in which I should find myself the only point whereto the index

was set. History! what events deserving that name could have troubled the smooth waters of her life?

I was silent, for I was disturbed; but Julia did not notice either my embarrassment or my silence, and began, in her low, soft voice, to open one of the saddest chapters of life which I had ever heard.

'You do not know that I am going into a convent?' she said; then, without waiting for an answer, she continued: 'This is the last month of my worldly life. In four weeks, I shall have put on the white robe of the novitiate, and in due course I trust to be dead for ever to this earthly life.'

A heavy, thick, choking sensation in my throat, and a burning pain within my eyeballs, warned me to keep silence. My voice would have betrayed me.

'When I was seventeen,' continued Julia, 'I was engaged to my cousin. We had been brought up together from childhood, and we loved each other perfectly. You must not think, because I speak so calmly now, that I have not suffered in the past. It is only by the grace of resignation and of religion, that I have been brought to my present condition of spiritual peace. I am now five-and-twenty—next week I shall be six-and-twenty: that is just nine years since I was first engaged to Laurence. He was not rich enough, and indeed he was far too young, to marry, for he was only a year older than myself; and if he had had the largest possible amount of income, we could certainly not have married for three years. My father never cordially approved of the engagement, though he did not oppose it. Laurence was taken partner into a large concern here, and a heavy weight of business was immediately laid on him. Youthful as he was, he was made the sole and almost irresponsible agent in a house which counted its capital by millions, and through which gold flowed like water. For some time, he went on well—to a marvel well. He was punctual, vigilant, careful; but the responsibility was too much for the poor boy: the praises he received, the flattery and obsequiousness which, for the first time, were lavished on the friendless youth, the wealth at his command, all turned his head. For a long time, we heard vague rumours of irregular conduct; but as he was always the same good, affectionate, respectful, happy Laurence when with us, even my father, who is so strict, and somewhat suspicious, turned a deaf ear to them. I was the earliest to notice a slight change, first in his face, and then in his manners. At last the rumours ceased to be vague, and became definite. Business neglected; fatal habits visible even in the early day; the frightful use of horrible words which once he would have trembled to use; the nights passed at the gaming-table, and the days spent in the society of the worst men on the turf—all these accusations were brought to my father by credible witnesses; and, alas! they were too true to be refuted. My father—Heaven and the holy saints bless his gray head!—kept them from me as long as he could. He forgave him again and again, and used every means that love and reason could employ to bring him back into the way of right; but he could do nothing against the force of such fatal habits as those to which my poor Laurence had now become wedded. With every good intention, and with much strong love for me burning sadly amid the wreck of his virtues, he yet would not refrain: the Evil One had overcome him; he was his prey here and hereafter. O no—not hereafter!' she added, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, 'if prayer, if fasting, patient vigil, incessant striving, may procure him pardon—not for ever his prey! Our engagement was broken off; and this step, necessary as it was, completed his ruin. He died'—Here a strong shudder shook her from head to foot, and I half rose, in alarm. The next instant she was calm.

'Now, you know my history,' continued she. 'It is

a tragedy of real life, which you will do well, young painter, to compare with your own!' With a kindly pressure of the hand, and a gentle smile—oh! so sweet, so pure, and heavenly!—Julia Reay left me; while I sat perfectly awed—that is the only word I can use—with the revelation which she had made both of her history and of her own grand soul.

'Come with me to my study,' said Mr Reay, entering the room; 'I have a world to talk to you about. You go to-morrow, you say. I am sorry for it; but I must therefore settle my business with you in good time to-day.'

I followed him mechanically, for I was undergoing a mental castigation which rather disturbed me. Indeed, like a young fool—as eager in self-reproach as in self-glorification—I was so occupied in inwardly calling myself hard names, that even when my host gave me a commission for my new picture, 'The Return of Columbus,' at two hundred and fifty pounds, together with an order to paint himself, Mrs Reay, and half-a-dozen of their children, I confess it with shame, that I received the news like a leaden block, and felt neither surprise nor joy—not though these few words chased me from the gates of the Fleet, whither I was fast hastening, and secured me both position and daily bread. The words of that beautiful girl were still ringing in my ears, mixed up with the bitterest self-accusations; and these together shut out all other sound, however pleasant. But that was always my way.

I went back to London, humbled and yet strengthened, having learned more of human nature and the value of events, in one short fortnight, than I had ever dreamed of before. The first lessons of youth generally come in hard shape. I had sense enough to feel that I had learned mine gently, and that I had cause to be thankful for the mildness of the teaching. From a boy, I became a man, judging more accurately of humanity than a year's ordinary experience would have enabled me to do. And the moral which I drew was this: that under our most terrible afflictions, we may always gain some spiritual good, if we suffer them to be softening and purifying rather than hardening influences over us. And also, that while we are suffering the most acutely, we may be sure that others are suffering still more acutely; and if we would but sympathise with them more than with ourselves—live out of our ourselves, and in the wide world around us—we would soon be healed while striving to heal others. Of this I am convinced: the secret of life, and of all its good, is in love; and while we preserve this, we can never fail of comfort. The sweet waters will always gush out over the sandiest desert of our lives while we can love; but without it—nay, not the merest weed of comfort or of virtue would grow under the feet of angels. In this was the distinction between Mrs Arden and Julia Reay. The one had hardened her heart under her trials, and shut it up in itself; the other had opened hers to the purest love of man and love of God; and the result was to be seen in the despair of the one and in the holy peace of the other.

Full of these thoughts, I sought out my poor lady, determined to do her real benefit if I could. She received me very kindly, for I had taken care to provide myself with a sufficient introduction, so as to set all doubts of my social position at rest: and I knew how far this would go with her. We soon became fast friends. She seemed to rest on me much for sympathy and comfort, and soon grew to regard me with a sort of motherly fondness that of itself brightened her life. I paid her all the attention which a devoted son might pay—humoured her whims, soothed her pains; but insensibly I led her mind out from itself—first in kindness to me, and then in love to her grandson.

I asked for him just before the midsummer holidays, and with great difficulty obtained an invitation for him

to spend them with her. She resisted my entreaties stoutly, but at last was obliged to yield; not to me, nor to my powers of persuasion, but to the holy truth of which I was then the advocate. The child came, and I was there also to receive him, and to enforce by my presence—which I saw without vanity had great influence—a fitting reception. He was a pensive, clever, interesting little fellow; sensitive and affectionate, timid, gifted with wonderful powers, and of great beauty. There was a shy look in his eyes, which made me sure that he inherited much of his loveliness from his mother; and when we were great friends, he shewed me a small portrait of 'poor mamma,' and I saw at once the most striking likeness between the two. No human heart could withstand that boy, certainly not my poor friend's. She yielded, fighting desperately against me and him, and all the powers of love, which were subduing her, but yielding while she fought; and in a short time the child had taken his proper place in her affections, which he kept to the end of her life. And she, that desolate mother, even she, with her seared soul and petrified heart, was brought to the knowledge of peace by the glorious power of love.

Prosperous, famous, happy, blessed in home and hearth, this has become my fundamental creed of life, the basis on which all good, whether of art or of morality, is rested: of art especially; for only by a tender, reverent spirit can the true meaning of his vocation be made known to the artist. All the rest is mere imitation of form, not insight into essence. And while I feel that I can live out of myself, and love others—the whole world of man—more than myself, I know that I possess the secret of happiness; ay, though my powers were suddenly blasted as by lightning, my wife and children laid in the cold grave, and my happy home desolated for ever. For I would go out into the thronged streets, and gather up the sorrows of others, to relieve them; and I would go out under the quiet sky, and look up to the Father's throne; and I would pluck peace, as green herbs from active benevolence and contemplative adoration. Yes; love can save from the sterility of selfishness, and from the death of despair: but love alone. No other talisman has the power; pride, self-sustainment, coldness, pleasure, nothing—nothing—but that divine word of Life which is life's soul!

POPULAR MUSIC—MAINZER.

In our days, vocal music is beginning to assert in this country the place it has long held abroad as a great moral educator; no longer regarded as a superfluity of the rich, it is now established as a branch of instruction in almost every school, and is gradually finding its way into many nooks and corners, where it will act as an antidote to grosser pleasures, by supplying the means of an innocent and elevating recreation.

The apostle of music, considered as a boon and privilege of 'the million,' has lately passed away from the scene of his active labours; and it is but a tribute due to his memory as a philanthropist and man of genius, while we deplore his loss, to pause for a moment and briefly trace his career.

Joseph Mainzer was born, on the 21st October 1801, at Trèves, of parents in the middle rank of life. When quite a child, the predominating taste of his life was so strongly developed, that in spite of harsh masters he learned to play on the piano, violin, bassoon, and several wind-instruments; and at the age of twelve could read at sight the most difficult music, and even attempted composition. Music, however, was not intended to be his profession, and was only carried on as a relaxation from the severer studies to which Mainzer devoted himself at the university of Trèves, where he

took the highest degree in general merit, and the first prize for natural science. At the age of twenty-one, he left college to descend into the heart of the Saarbruck Mountains as an engineer of mines, where, according to custom, he had to commence with the lowest grade of labour, and for months drag a heavy wheel-barrow, and wield the pickaxe. Yet here, in reality, dawned his mission as the apostle of popular music: he relieved the tedium of those interminable nights of toil—for days there were none—by composing and teaching choruses, thus leading the miners both in labour and in song. This underground life, however, was too severe for his constitution; and he was obliged to return home in impaired health. He now studied divinity and music; and, after a time, was advised to travel in order to perfect himself in the latter branch of art. Under Rinck at Darmstadt, and at Vienna and Rome, he enjoyed every advantage; and, on leaving the Eternal City, was invited to a farewell *fête* by Thorwaldsen, where all the eminent artists of the day were present, and joined in singing his compositions. On returning home, after two years' absence, he adopted music as his vocation, and published his first elementary work—the *Singschule*, which was introduced in Prussia and Germany as the *methode* in schools; and soon after, the king of Prussia sent him the gold medal awarded to men eminent in the arts and sciences. Paris, however, soon offered more attractions to Mainzer than his native place, and thither he repaired and pitched his tent for ten years. During this period, he established his reputation as a composer of dramatic, sacred, and domestic music, and as an acute and elegant writer and critic. His opera of *La Jacquerie* had a run of seventeen nights consecutively at the theatre. He was soon welcomed into the literary and artistic circles of Paris; and one evening, at an elegant *réunion*, being invited to play, he *improvised* a piece, which was taken for a composition of Palestrina's. Many were moved to tears, one pair of pre-eminently bright eyes especially; and the consequence was, that the composer and the bright eyes were soon after united in marriage!

But amid these captivating *salons* and congenial occupations, what had become of the apostle of popular music? He was not asleep; only digesting and preparing a system which should, by its simplicity and clearness, bring scientific music within the reach of the humblest as well as the highest classes of society. At last it was matured, and the working-classes were invited to come and test it—gratuitously of course. A few accepted the invitation; but their success and delight in the new art thus opened up to them, was so great, that the 'two or three' pioneers soon swelled into an army of 3000 *ouvriers*! But a band of 3000 workmen in Paris was considered dangerous: it could not be credited that they met merely for social improvement and relaxation; some political design must surely lurk under it: government was alarmed, the police threatened; and it was left to Mainzer's choice either to remain in Paris without his artisan classes, or to seek elsewhere a field for his popular labours. He decided at once on the latter alternative, and departed for England, amidst the heartfelt regrets of those whom he had attached so strongly to himself, while he inculcated peace, order, and every social virtue. On his revisiting Paris long after, his old pupils serenaded him unmolested; and in 1849, the Institute of France voluntarily placed his name on their list for the membership

vacant by the death of Donizetti; yet he would not accept the proposal of a later French government to return and establish his system: he preferred the freedom of action which he enjoyed in Britain.

In London, a period of arduous labour commenced. Mainzer arrived without patronage, without the *prestige* that his name had earned abroad, and, what was a greater drawback, without any knowledge of English! But, nothing daunted, with his usual energy he set about the task of acquiring the language, which he did in an incredibly short time—commencing, like a child, by naming all familiar objects, and going on, until, without perplexing himself with rules or their exceptions, he had acquired facility enough to lecture in public. His work on *Music and Education* shews with what force and purity of style he could afterwards write in English. It was the same principle—that of commencing with practice and letting theory follow—which he carried out in his system of 'Singing for the Million.' He argued, that as children learn to speak before they can read or construct language grammatically, so they ought to be taught vocal music in such a way as to introduce the rules of harmony gradually, and prepare them for the manipulation of an instrument, if it is intended they should learn one; while for the great masses of both children and adults, the voice is the best and only instrument, and one that can be trained, with very few exceptions, to take part in choral, if not in solo singing, and at the same time be made a powerful and pleasing agent in moral culture. On this subject, we shall quote Dr Mainzer's own words, when speaking of the compositions introduced into his classes, he says: 'Besides religious compositions, there are others, which refer to the Creator, by calling attention to the beauty and grandeur of his works. Songs, shewing in a few touching lines the wondrous instinct of the sparrow, the ant, the bee, and cultivating a feeling of respect for all nature's children. Besides these, there are songs intended to promote social and domestic virtues—order, cleanliness, humility, contentment, unity, temperance, &c.; thus impressing, not the letter of the law of charity on immature minds, but the spirit of it in the memory, and so identifying them with the very fibres of the heart.'

With such views and principles, Mainzer arrived in England, to propagate his humanising art; and London soon became the centre of a series of lectures and classes, held in the principal towns accessible by railway—such as Brighton, Oxford, Reading, &c. But this divided work was not satisfactory, and the national schools and popular field in London were preoccupied by Hullah, who had some time previously introduced Wilhelm's system, under the sanction of government. There was room and to spare, however, for every system, and Mainzer wished every man good-speed who advanced the cause; but as a fresh field for his own exertions, after two years spent in England, he turned his thoughts towards Edinburgh, where he had been invited by requisition, and warmly received in 1842.

On his return to Scotland, he found his cause somewhat damaged in his absence, by the attempt of precentors to teach his system in congregational classes. Unlike the church-organists of England, the Scotch precentors are not educated musicians—a naturally good voice and ear is their only pre-requisite. Dr Mainzer soon repaired this mistake in those congregations which invited his personal superintendence; and in one church (Free St Andrew's) the good effects of his system are still to be heard, in a congregation forming their own choir, and singing in *four parts*.

To restore this country to the standard of musical eminence which we know from old authorities that it held in the sixteenth century, was the object of Dr Mainzer's energetic endeavours. The elements, he believed, were not wanting. In Scotland, the musical

capacity of the people he found to be above rather than below the average of other nations: all that was wanting was to convince the people of this by the cultivation of their neglected powers. As a preliminary step, he excited those friendly to the object to found the 'Association for the Revival of Sacred Music in Scotland,' of which he was the director and moving spring; and under its auspices he commenced a course of *gratuitous* teaching to classes formed of pupils from the parish and district schools of Edinburgh, precentors, teachers, and operatives. The success of these normal classes was so great and so rapid, that at the end of the first year the pupils were able to become teachers in their turn in their own schools or homes; and at the close of the second and third sessions, concerts and rural fêtes were held, at which many hundreds of young voices joined in giving true and powerful expression to such works of the great masters as *Judas Maccabæus*; while for the delight of their parents' firesides, and their own moral improvement, the children carried home with them those simple but touching and expressive melodies, composed by Mainzer for their use. At the same time, Mr Mainzer carried on classes for the upper ranks, especially for young children; gave lectures on the history of music from the earliest times and in all countries; and published a talented work on *Music and Education*, of which very favourable reviews appeared at the time.* Mainzer had a peculiar predilection for Scotland: its scenery, its history, its music, all supplied food for his various tastes. With a poetic appreciation of the beauties of nature, he desired no greater pleasure than to wander in perfect freedom among our lochs and hills; and his descriptions of Edinburgh, the Highlands, and Western Islands, which appeared in the *Augsburg Gazette*, have brought some and inspired more with the wish to visit the Switzerland of Britain. The history and music of Scotland threw fresh light upon each other under his researches. He delighted to trace the reciprocal influence of national events and national music, from the time of the Culdee establishments of the sixth century, when 'Iona was the Rome of the north,' down to the *Covenanters' Lament*, and the Jacobite songs of the last century. Since these days, the spirit that invented and handed down popular song has passed away with the national and clanish feuds which gave rise to the gathering song and the lament. The age of peace has been heralded in by the songs of Burns and Lady Nairne, the authoress of *The Land o' the Leal*, who has done much to restore the taste for our beautiful old melodies, by wedding them to pure and appropriate verse.†

In such pursuits, Mainzer—by this time dubbed doctor by a German university—passed five years very pleasantly, but, in a worldly point of view, very unprofitably. He had failed on first coming to Edinburgh in obtaining the musical chair, which seemed so appropriate a niche for him; and however reluctant to leave his favourite normal classes and his adopted home, still when he looked to the future, he was compelled to think of leaving Edinburgh—for the German proverb still held true: 'Kunst geht nach brod'; and if man cannot live by bread *alone*, neither can the artist live *without* bread! At this juncture, the Chevalier Neukomm, of European celebrity as a composer and organist, and a valued friend of Dr Mainzer, came to Edinburgh to inspect his friend's normal classes. He was so much delighted with them, and considered Dr Mainzer so little appreciated by the general public, that he persuaded him to try Manchester as his future field of exertion.

In the autumn of 1848, accordingly, Neukomm introduced Mainzer to the leading men of that city, who

* See *Chambers's Journal*, No. 226, New Series.

† See *Lays from Strathearn*, 4to.

received him so cordially, that he at once took his proper position, and entered on a career both useful and profitable, and which continued to be increasingly successful, until at Christmas 1850, he was laid aside by ill-health. Over-exertion had brought on a complication of diseases, to which he was a martyr for ten months, and which terminated fatally on the 10th November 1851. During that long period of intense suffering, his active mind was never clouded nor repining, and at every interval of comparative ease, he read or listened to reading with avidity. During the first months of his illness, he superintended the publication of a new musical work, called *The Orpheon*, two numbers of which appeared; and his last exertion in this way was arranging two songs: *The Sigh* of Charles Swain, and Longfellow's *Footsteps of Angels*, adapted to Weber's last song. Prophetic requiems both!

A few weeks after his death, the hall which had been built in Edinburgh for the classes of the Association which he founded, was opened by an amateur concert given as a tribute to his memory. He had promised to preside on this occasion; but his place was filled by his aged, but still vigorous friend, the Chevalier Neukomm, who had come to Edinburgh, at the request of the Association, to compose a series of psalms, one of which was sung by the pupils. Music for the Psalms, adapted to the varying meaning of each verse, has hitherto been a desideratum in the musical world; now being supplied in Chevalier Neukomm's work, and already subscribed for by no mean judges—the Queen and Prince Albert, the king of Prussia, &c. It was touching, and yet gratifying, to see one of Dr Mainzer's oft-cherished hopes realised for the first time that evening—that of the musical union of accomplished amateurs of private life with the pupils of the normal classes.

Having thus briefly traced Dr Mainzer's life, it now remains to offer a few remarks on his general character. His talents were of a diversified and high order; and those who knew him only as the author of 'Singing for the Million,' were not aware of his general cultivation of mind. In the dead and living languages, he was equally at home: now he would be speculating on the formation of the Greek chorus, and again mastering some dialect of modern Europe, in order to elucidate the history of the people or their music and poetry. His literary articles were sought after by all the leading journals in Germany and Paris; and his volumes of *Sketches of Travel*, and of *The Lower Orders in Paris*, are graphic and entertaining. A year or two ago, a *Notice Bibliographique* of his works appeared in Paris, which contained a list of above thirty publications. Great diligence, joined to enthusiasm, enabled him to accomplish so much in these various departments of literature. His manners, too, were of that frank, cordial, and agreeable tone which inspires confidence, and prepossessed every one in his favour; so that from all he could obtain the information which he wished, and they could afford. Over his pupils, his influence was immense. He had the rare art of engaging the entire attention of children; and while he maintained strict discipline, he gained their warmest affection: his own earnestness was reflected on the countenances of his pupils.

Those alone who knew him in private life could thoroughly estimate that purity of mind and heart which eminently characterised him, along with a child-like simplicity and unworldliness, which often, indeed, made him the prey of designing persons, but which, joined to his general information and cheerfulness, made his society most attractive. His personal appearance was indicative of a delicate and nervous organisation: slight and fragile in figure, with an intellectual forehead and eye, that spoke of the preponderance of the *spirituelle* in his idiosyncrasy; one of those minds which are ever working beyond the powers of the body;

ever planning new achievements and new labours of love, and which too often, alas! go out at noonday, while half their fond projects are unaccomplished, yet not before they have made a name to live, and left the world their debtors!

A NEWCASTLE PAPER IN 1765-6.

THERE is scarcely anything more entertaining and instructive than a leisurely look over an old newspaper file. A newspaper of any age is an attraction, and the current newspaper something more, for it is now a necessity. But the next place to it in point of interest is perhaps due to the journal half a century, or two-thirds of a century old. It introduces us, if we be youthful, to the habits of our grandfathers; and if we be in 'the sere, the yellow leaf,' to the habits of our fathers, more fully than the pleasantest novel or most elaborate essay, and far more intimately than the most correct and complete historical records. It enables us to observe freely the position and avocations of the denizens of the past, and catch hasty, but most suggestive glances at bygone days; it 'shews the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.' It is a milestone from which we may reckon our progress, and must delight as well as surprise us by the advancement it shews us to have made in social and political life, particularly with regard to those 'triumphs of mind over matter,' for which recent times have been pre-eminently distinguished.

The writer of this article had lately an opportunity of inspecting a file of the *Newcastle Chronicle* for 1765-6, and the contrast between journals and things in general which that examination forced on the attention, was in some respects sufficiently striking or curious to be, in his opinion, deserving of some permanent record. At present, the journal in question almost, if not entirely, reaches 'the largest size allowed by law'; at that time, it consisted merely of a single demy sheet. Now, the Newcastle people would be amazed beyond measure if they did not receive at breakfast-time, on the morning of publication, the parliamentary, and all other important news of the night; then, the latest London news was four days old. But a better idea of the journal can perhaps be given, by stating what it lacked than what it then contained. It had no leaders, no parliamentary reports, and very little indeed, in any shape, that could be termed political news. In these matters, its conductor had to say, with Canning's knife-grinder: 'Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir.' Not that the political world was unfruitful in affairs of moment; it was a time of no small change, interest, and excitement. In the period referred to, the Grenville ministry had endeavoured to burden the American colonies, by means of the stamp-duties, with some of the debt contracted in the late war. Thereupon, immense discontent had arisen at home and abroad; that administration had fallen; and the Rockingham ministry, which was then formed, found full employment (in 1766) in undoing what had been effected in the previous year. How the Grafton ministry was next formed; how the unfortunate design of taxing the colonists was revived; and how that policy ended, readers of English history know full well. John Wilkes, too, had been already persecuted into prominence, although not yet forced up to the height of his popularity with the masses. But, notwithstanding these and other stirring incidents, the *Chronicle* was, politically speaking, almost a blank. From time to time, it was stated that the royal assent had been given to certain measures; but concerning the preparation and discussion of those measures, nothing was known. A few other political facts of interest, indeed, such as the arrival of Wilkes in London from France; the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act; the riots of the Spitalfields weavers on account of the importation of French silks; and an attack upon the

Speaker, and many of the members of the Dublin parliament, who were grossly insulted, and kept from going to the House, in consequence of 'a report that parliament designed to impose more taxes,' were also curiously noticed. Political rumours abounded, although positive knowledge of that kind was exceedingly scanty; and the little that could be obtained was eked out by innuendo, rather than by venturing on any direct statement. The familiarity which, according to the proverb, is apt to breed contempt, was not then indulged in with reference to rulers, parliaments, or even agitators. The emperor of Russia was alluded to under the title of 'a great northern potentate;' parliament was spoken of as 'a certain august assembly;' and Wilkes was usually entitled, 'a certain popular gentleman.'

Some of the political rumours are worthy of republication. The subjoined, from the London news of July 29, 1766, serves to shew how long a political change may be mooted before its effect is tried in this country: 'It is said, a bill will be brought into parliament next session, binding elections for members of parliament to be by ballot.'

And, without at all entering into the discussion of political topics, it may perhaps be observed that the following, taken from the *Chronicle* of August 10, 1765, points out how an evil of the present day has long been felt and acknowledged: 'We hear the electors of a certain borough have been offered 8000 guineas for a seat, though there is but so short a time for the session of the present parliament.'

Great surprise is expressed (1766) that the consumption of coal in London 'hath increased from 400,000 odd to 600,000 chaldrons yearly.' We find that the coal imported into London during the first six months of 1761, amounted to 1,527,527 tons, besides 90,975 tons brought into the metropolis during the same period by railway and canal. 'Carrying coal to Newcastle' proved a successful speculation on September 25, 1765, when, on account of a strike among the pitmen, 'several pokes of coal were brought to this town by one of the common carriers, and sold on the Sandhill for 9d. a poke, by which he cleared 6d. a poke.' About the same time, wheat was selling in Darlington and Richmond for 4s. and 4s. 6d. per bushel, after having been nearly double that price only two or three weeks previously. In the number for June 25, 1766, we have the following quotation from a Doncaster letter:—'Corn sold last market-day from 12s. to 14s. per quarter; meat, from 2½d. to 8d. per pound; fowls, and other kinds of poultry, had no price, being mostly carried home. I wish a scheme was set on foot, to run many such articles to London by land-carriage; there is plenty here.' In the same paper, the prices of grain in London are given: wheat, 86s. to 41s.; barley, 22s. to 25s.; oats, 16s. to 20s.

Recently, the Newcastle papers, led on by the *Chronicle*, have been making strenuous efforts to extend the French coal-trade, but such exertions formed no part of the 'wisdom of our ancestors.' The number for June 15, 1765, informs us that 'some sinister designs for exporting a very considerable quantity of coals to France and elsewhere, have lately been discovered and prevented.' Sturdy Britons had then far too much hatred for 'our natural enemies' to wish to exchange aught but hostilities with them. About the same time, we learn that 'clubs of young gentlemen of fortune' had come to the magnanimous resolve, 'to toast no lady who has so much inconsideration as to lavish her money away in French fopperies, to the detriment of her own country.'

The style of advertising then in vogue occasionally gave the paper a somewhat pictorial appearance. Cock-fighting was in great force, and the public announcements relative to this barbarous sport were invariably headed by a portraiture of a couple of game-birds facing each other with a most belligerent aspect; while the numerous advertisements of horses 'stolen or strayed,'

were embellished by a representation of the supposed thief, mounted on the missing animal, which was forced into a breakneck pace, while Satan himself, in *propria persona*, was perched on the crupper, in an excited and triumphant attitude. In the local paragraphs, we note several indicating a strong feeling of animosity between the Scotch and English borderers. We observe also that the Newcastle dogs—to this day a very numerous fraternity—were at times quite unmanageable, and caused, either by their ravenous exploits, or their downright madness, no small uneasiness to the town and neighbourhood. It must be confessed, that in its marriage-notices, at least, the *Chronicle* was far superior to anything that journalism can now exhibit in Newcastle or in Great Britain. These interesting announcements must have intensely delighted our grandmothers; and, we fear, have frequently tempted our grandfathers into a somewhat precipitate plunge into the gulf of matrimony. Instead of barely specifying, as papers now do, that Mr Smith married Miss Brown, the *Chronicle* uniformly tantalised its bachelor readers with an account of the personal, mental, and, if such there were, metallic charms of the bride; so that how any single gentleman, in the teeth of such notifications, could retain his condition for long, is really marvellous. Most of the young ladies who had thus bestowed themselves on their fortunate admirers, are described as 'sprightly,' and many as 'genteel and agreeable;' some have 'a genteel fortune,' others 'a considerable fortune,' and others, again, rejoice in the possession of 'a large fortune:' one man gains 'a well-accomplished young lady, with a fortune of L.1000;' another takes unto himself 'an agreeable widow lady, with a fortune of L.2000;' a third marches off with 'a young lady endowed with every accomplishment to make the marriage state happy, with a fortune of L.5000;' while a fourth *Benedict*, more lucky still, obtains 'a most amiable, affable, and agreeable young lady, with a fortune of L.10,000.' We suppose that the best excuse newspaper editors now have for being less florid in their matrimonial announcements is, that where the papers formerly had one, they have now at least a dozen of these interesting notices; so that their brevity may be less owing to the want of gallantry than to the want of space.

So extremely meagre was the news, both foreign and domestic, that a considerable portion of the four small pages of the *Chronicle* was usually devoted to literature. Extracts were frequently given from the works of Johnson, Smollett, and other popular writers, and a column was often occupied by an essay from a contributor to the paper, generally treating of some social evil or peculiarity, but never intermeddling with local or general politics. These effusions displayed a very respectable amount of ability, and the general getting-up, or what would now be termed the sub-editing of the paper, was also performed with care and ability. The scraps of news were always presented rewritten and carefully condensed, instead of the loose 'scissors-and-paste' style of publication adopted by many provincial papers of the present day. Notices not only of local theatricals, but of histrionic matters at Old Drury, were occasionally given; the number for March 15, 1766, containing a well-written criticism of '*The Clamdestine Marriage*;' a *New Comedy*, performed there. As the *Chronicle* thus had to leave politics for literature, we may perhaps, in our turn, digress from a consideration of its pages, to note briefly that this period was set in the very midst of the celebrated Georgian era, in which this country could boast of more distinguished men—especially in literature—than at any other period. In about twenty previous years, many great ones had departed—notably Pope, Thomson, Fielding. Richardson also had died in 1761, and Shenstone in 1763; the author of the *Night-Thoughts* survived till 1765, when his burial was announced in the *Chronicle* of April 27.

At this time (1765-6), Dr Johnson had reached the zenith of his fame; Gray was becoming popular; Smollett had written most of his novels; Goldsmith was about to present the world with his exquisite *Vicar of Wakefield*; Gibbon had returned to England from Rome with the idea of *The Decline and Fall* floating in his brain; Thomas Chatterton,

— 'the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,'

had already given proofs of his wondrous precocity; the genuine sailor-poet, Falconer, had lately published *The Shipwreck*; Laurence Sterne had just collected the materials for his *Sentimental Journey*; Sir William Blackstone had published his celebrated *Commentaries*; Wesley and Whitefield had not yet ended their useful career; the star of Edmund Burke was rising; and Jeremy Bentham, being then (1766) but seventeen years of age, had taken his master's degree at Oxford, although, it is true, the first literary performance of the eccentric philosopher did not appear till some years later. Home, Moore, and Colman, had appeared successfully as dramatists, and were about to be followed by Macklin, Cumberland, Goldsmith, and Sheridan. Newcastle or district celebrities of the time included Mark Akenside, the author of *The Pleasures of the Imagination*; Dr Thomas Percy, dean of Carlisle, who published, in 1765, his *Reliques of English Poetry*; and Dr John Langhorne, a northern divine of no small popularity in his day as a poet. Among other illustrious living men, were Horace Walpole, Henry Mackenzie, Blair, Hume, Adam Smith, Dr Robertson, Garrick, Reynolds; and last, not least, William Pitt, who, in 1766, was created Earl of Chatham.

But let us return to our more immediate purpose—that of making a few selections from the *Chronicle*, some of which will doubtless reflect far less credit on the age than the enumeration we have just made of eminent individuals. Now and then, a duel took place in Hyde Park. The amusements of some of our aristocrats did not always exhibit them in any very dignified position, as witness the subjoined:—'Sir Charles Bunbury ran 100 yards at Newmarket for 1000 guineas, against a tailor with 40 lb. weight of cabbage, *alias* shreds.'

Here is a paragraph, from the number for March 15, 1766, relative to the recreations of some less elevated in the social scale: 'Sunday morning, a little before three o'clock, a match at marbles was played under the piazza at Covent Garden by the light of thirty-two links (by several rogues well known in that circle), for twenty guineas a side.'

A few other quotations may be deemed worthy of republication, although some of them may have no direct or important bearing. The audacity of highway robbers at this period is known to everybody. The following, dated December 21, 1765, gives a tolerably correct idea of the usual style adopted by those gentlemen of the road:—'Thursday, the Leeds and Leicester stage-coaches were stopped on Finchley Common by a highwayman, who took from the passengers a considerable sum of money. A nobleman's cook, a young woman about twenty-five, declared she would not be robbed, when the highwayman, admiring her courage, let her alone. He broke the coach-glass with his pistol, and gave the coachman half-a-crown to get it mended.' News from London, dated January 9, 1766, says: 'Early on Tuesday morning, a member of parliament, on his return home in a chair to his house in New Palace Yard, was stopped and robbed by a single footpad of his purse, in which were sixty-three guineas.'

About the same time, we are informed that 'the celebrated J. J. Rousseau hath for the present taken up his residence at a friend's house in Putney.'—The number for October 26, 1765, contains an advertisement of a 'beggars' stand' (copied from the *Public*

Advertiser), 'to be let, in a charitable neighbourhood. Income, about 80s. a week.'

The following reference to our acquaintances, the Sikhs, now sufficiently well known, is curious, as it is doubtless one of their first appearances in the columns of the English press. It is dated July 5, 1766: 'The Seyques, an idolatrous people inhabiting the neighbourhood of Cachemire, whose name was hardly known two years ago, have beaten Abdaly and the Patanes whom he commanded.' Modern Cockneys would stare to read a paragraph like this: 'A great deal of grass hath been cut down about Islington, Kentish-Town,' &c.

We will conclude our selections, which have now grown quite desultory and miscellaneous, by the brief obituary of a 'remarkable' man, from the *Chronicle* of July 26, 1766: 'Thursday, died at his house near Hampstead, the Rev. Mr Southcote, remarkable for having a leg of mutton every night for supper during a course of forty years, smoking ten pipes as constantly, and drinking three bottles of port.'

GENIUS FOR EMIGRATION.

LADY E. STUART WORTLEY, in the account of her journey in America, mentions that she saw a man proceeding on foot across the Isthmus of Panama, bound for the Pacific, carrying a huge box on his back that would almost have contained a house. It was really a dreadful thing to see the poor man, full-cry for California, toiling along with his enormous burden, under a tropical sun, the heat of which he required to endure through forty miles of wilderness, and no chance of relief or refreshment by the way. Yet this serio-comic spectacle is not singular. Multitudes seem to have gone to the diggings with every species of encumbrance, and in a totally unsuitable garb. Splendid dress-coats and waistcoats, boots and pantaloons, but no working-clothes, nor implements for camping, and in many instances not even a cloak: everything suitable for the enjoyment of their golden promises, with nothing to assist in realising them.

Nearly the same thing has occurred in innumerable instances as regards Australia. The men going thither must in general be shepherds or their masters; and to be either to any purpose, they must go far into the bush. For this they required a talent for constructing huts for themselves and servants, and hurdles for the cattle, and consequently tools to assist them; but they often went without either tools or talents, and so had to pay extravagantly for very common services. They may have had common clothes, but they had made no provision for living far from the assistance of women; and consequently, if a coat-sleeve was torn, it must hang just as it was; if a stocking was out at heel, having neither needles nor worsted, nor the power of using them, they had no other resource but to tie the hole together. They had no idea of washing and dressing, and consequently must want clean linen, or stockings, and every other article of clean apparel, till a woman could be heard of, and bribed to assist them. The consequence was, that it was cheaper to buy new articles than either wash or mend the old. It is doubtful whether many had not omitted to learn to shave themselves, or to provide razors or strops, or even scissors.

Then as to baking bread, or cooking the humblest meal, they were equally at a loss. They seem to have had no idea of the humblest grate, or even of a flat and easily-cleaned stone for a hearth; and so, having kneaded their 'damper,' it is never said how they thrust it in the ashes till it was partially heated, and

comparatively fit to be eaten. They have mutton, and mutton only; but how cooked is equally unknown. It is not known that they have any apparatus whatever, stew or frying pan, or even a hook and string. Yet the natives of Scotland may have seen many things nicely baked by means of a hot hearthstone below, a griddle with live coals above, and burning turf all round. A single pot with water is a boiler; with the juice of the meat, or little more, a stew-pan; or merely surrounded by fire, an oven: but it is believed many have not that single pot. Even the cheap crock that holds salted meat might also be turned into a pudding-dish; and such a vessel as that which of old held the ashes of the dead, and now occasionally holds salt, the French peasant often turns into a *pot-au-feu*—a pot for boiling his soup—and makes that soup out of docks and nettles collected by the wayside, with a little meal—delicious if seasoned with salt and a scrap of meat, or a well-picked lark or sparrow, or even a nicely-skinned and washed thigh of a frog!

The natives of New Holland themselves get fat upon serpents well-killed—that is, with the heads adroitly cut off, so as not to suffer the poison to go through the body; or upon earth or tree worms nicely roasted. The Turks roast their *kebabs*—something near to mutton-chops—by holding them to the fire on skewers. But the inhabitants of Great Britain, accustomed to comforts unknown to any other part of the world, are, when deprived of these comforts, the most helpless in the world.

The natives of Ireland might be supposed to be excellent subjects for emigration, for at home they have often only straw and rags for beds, stones for seats, and one larger in the middle for a table; while the basket or 'kish' that washes the potatoes, receives them again when boiled: so that the pot and basket are the only articles of furniture. Simplicity beyond this is hardly conceivable: there is but one step beyond it—wanting the pot, and throwing the potatoes, however cooked, broadcast upon the stone-table; and this is possible by roasting the potatoes in the embers. The Guachos of South America teach how even the most savoury meal of beef may be obtained without pot or oven—namely, by roasting it in the skin! It is called *carne-con-cuero*—flesh in the skin—and is pronounced delicious. Diogenes threw away his dish, his only article of furniture, upon seeing a boy drink from his hand; and after this example, an Irishman might throw away his pot; though we would not recommend him to do so.

Unless people know how to prepare food, they may starve in the midst of comparative plenty. It is alleged—though we do not vouch for the fact—that when wheat and maize were carried into Ireland and given gratis, the famine was not stayed. Though they had the wheat and maize, they could not grind them; if ground, they could not cook them—they had neither vessels nor fuel; if vessels and fuel were given, they were still unable to assist themselves—they had not skill to cook them; and if cooked, they could not eat them—they had never been accustomed to do so! Such are the effects of carrying contentment too far: the individual becomes wholly resourceless.

We try to induce them to fish with the same results. If we give them boats, they have no nets; give them nets, they know not how to use them; teach them to use them, and they can neither cook nor eat the fish; and as to selling them for other comforts, there is no market! Without a knowledge of agriculture, or fishing, or even talents to feed themselves, such men are useless in any quarter, unless as subjects to be taught; and now at last, but greatly too late, they are being taught, and the much-abused railway will carry their produce to the market.

The Scottish Celt is more shifty. In the old days when he had flesh and little else to eat, he could broil it on the coals; and a Scotch collop is perhaps equal to

a Turkish kebob. We wonder if in Australia the long-forgotten Scotch collop has been revived? It requires no cooking-vessels. It may be held to the fire on a twig, or laid on the coals and turned by a similar twig—bent into a collop-tongs—or even by the fingers.

In the Rebellion of 1745, the Scots-Celt could knead into a cake the meal, which he carried as his sole provision, and knew that it ought to be fired upon a griddle; but if he had no other convenience, he could knead it in his bonnet, and eat it raw, and go forth to meet and conquer the best-appointed soldiers in Europe. It was only when at last he had neither rest nor food that he was dispersed—not conquered. A lowland Scot is better. With a dish and hot water, and of course the meal and salt, he can make *brose*, and live and thrive upon it.

How John Bull, who in his own country is carnivorous, and will have his roast-pig on Sunday, if he should slave all the week—how he gets on in a new country, is more doubtful. Very likely, having more wants, he makes more provision for them; but as below a certain rank he is not a writing animal, less is known of his successes or difficulties. For our own part, we think we would have made an excellent Crusoe, and your Crusoe is the only man for a new country.

Some years ago, we travelled over the backbone of Scotland, and returned somewhat on its western fin, both on foot; and all our equipments were a travelling dress, a stout umbrella, and a parcel in wax-cloth strapped on our left shoulder, not larger than is generally seen in the hands of a commercial traveller—that is, twelve inches by six or eight; and yet we never wanted for anything. It is true we had generally the convenience of inns by the way; but if by our *Traveller's Guide* (which we also carried) we saw the stage was to be long, an oaten cake, with a *plug* of wheaten bread for the last mouthful, to keep down heartburn, and a slice of cold beef or ham, or a hard-boiled egg, were ample provisions. Drink? There was no lack of drink. Springs of the most beautiful water were frequent by the roadside, and constantly bubbling up, without noise or motion, through the purest sand, though heaven only was looking upon them; and a single leaf from our memorandum-book, formed into the shape of a grocer's twist as wanted, served us as a drinking-cup throughout the journey. Had we even been overtaken by night, it was summer, and a bed under whins, or upon heather, with our umbrella set against the wind, and secured to us, would have been delightful. Once, indeed, we feared this would have been our fate; for on the very top of Corryarrick, and consequently nine miles or more from house or home in any direction, we sprained our ankle, or rather an old sprain returned. To all appearance, we were done for, and might have sat stiff for days or weeks by the solitary spring that happened to be near at the instant. But a piece of flannel from the throat, and a tape from the wondrous parcel, enabled us again to wag; and we finished our allotted journey to Dalwhinnie in time for dinner, tea, and supper in one—and then to our journal with glorious serenity!

Our arrangements for the continent were equally simple. When we were asked to shew our luggage, on entering France, we produced a portmanteau nine inches by six. 'Voilà ma magasin!' It was opened, and there were certainly some superfluities, though natural enough in an incipient traveller. 'Une plume pour écrire l'Histoire de la France!'—'Un cahier pour la même!' And the intending historian of France, even with his imported pen and paper-book, and also three shirts and some pairs of socks, was allowed to go to his dinner, with his *magasin* in his hand, and start by the first conveyance; while his less fortunate fellow-travellers had to dine in absence of their luggage, and perhaps give the town that had the honour of being

their landing-place, the profit of their company for the night.

But what is the use of all these insinuations of aptitude for colonisation, when there is not such another man in the world? We beg pardon; but we have actually discovered such another, and to introduce him suitably has been the sole aim of our existence in writing this interesting preface. In a most authentic newspaper, we find the following admirable history, copied from the *New York Express* :—

'A man who had been an unsuccessful delver in the mines of Georgia, on hearing the thrilling news of the gold placers of California, had his spirit quickened within him; and although he had arrived at an age—being about sixty—when the fires of youth usually cease to burn with vigour, he fixed his eyes upon the far-distant and but little-known country, and resolved that he would wend his way thither alone, and even in the absence of that friend, generally thought indispensable, money, of which he was wholly destitute.

'Under such circumstances, it would not avail to think of a passage round "The Horn," or by the more uncertain, and at the same time imperfected route, across the Isthmus. But as California was on this continent, he knew that there was a way thither, though it might lead through trackless deserts and barren wastes. These were not enough to daunt his determined spirit. He bent his way to the "Father of Waters," and worked his way as he could, till he found himself at "Independence," in health, and with no less strength, and with 150 dollars in his purse. He had no family to provide for, or even companion to care for, on the route which he was about to enter. Yet some things were necessary for himself; and to relieve his body from the pressure of a load, he provided himself with a wheel-barrow, on which to place his traps.

'It must not be supposed that our hero was ignorant of the large number of emigrants that was moving over the plains, and it is quite probable that his sagacity was precocious enough to look ahead at the result of attempting to carry forward such ponderous loads, and such a variety of at least dispensable things as the earlier parties started with. A detailed list of the amount and variety of goods and wares, useful and superfluous, including many of the appendages of refined and fashionable life, would astonish the reader. Our hero was not in a hurry. He reasoned thus: "The world was not made in a day; the race is not always for the swift." He trundled along his barrow, enjoying the comforts of his pipe, the object of wonder to many, and the subject of much sportive remark to those who were hurried along by their fresh and spirited teams on their first days.

'Many weeks had not passed, however, before our traveller had tangible evidence that trouble had fallen to the lot of some who had preceded him. A stray ox was feeding on his track: the mate of which, he afterwards learned, was killed, and this one turned adrift as useless. He coaxed this waif to be the companion of his journey, taking care to stop where he could provide himself with the needful sustenance. He had not travelled far before he found a mate for his ox, and ere long a wagon, which had given way in some of its parts, and been abandoned by its rightful owner, and left in the road. Our travelling genius was aroused to turn these mishaps to his own advantage; so he went straightway to work to patch and bolster up the wagon, bound his faithful oxen to it, and changed his employment from trundling a wheel-barrow to driving a team. Onward moved the new establishment, the owner gathering as he went, from the superabundance of those who had gone before him, various articles of utility—such as flour, provisions of all kinds, books, implements, even rich carpets, &c. which had been cast off as burdensome by other travellers. He would occasionally find poor worn-out animals that had been

left behind, and as it was not important for him to speed his course, he gathered them together, stopping where there was abundance of grass, long enough for his cattle to gain a little strength and spirit. Time rolled on, and his wagon rolled with it, till he reached the end of his journey, when it was discovered that he had an uncommon fine team and a good wagon, &c. which produced him on the sale 2500 dollars.

'Being now relieved of the care of his team, and in the midst of the gold-diggings, he soon closed his prospecting by a location; and while all around him were concentrating their strength to consummate the work of years in a few months, he deliberately commenced building, finishing, and, as fast as he could, furnishing, a comfortable cabin. His wood he gathered and regularly piled in a straight line and perpendicular by the door, convenient as though the old lady had been within to provide his meals. He acted upon the adage, "Never to start till you are ready." Now our hero was ready to commence working his "claim;" and this he did, as he did everything else, steadily and systematically.

'He may yet be seen at his work, with the prospect—if he lives to be an old man—of being rich; for in the last two years he has accumulated 10,000 dollars.'

Need we add a word? This is decidedly the kind of man for emigrating—or, indeed, for remaining at home. We, being of his own character, can conceive his delicious nights of camping out, his head under his wheel-barrow, until he arrived at the dignity of a wagon; his principal luggage being perhaps a coverlet, to preserve him from the cold in sleep, and a gun that unscrewed, and its appendages, to provide him a fresh bird or beef. It is very probable that he sought neither of these, but was contented with something concentrated and preserved, and thus feasted; and with a drink from some delicious spring, or from a bottle—that could not be broken—supplied at the last spring he had passed, lay down conscious of his progress, well satisfied with the past, and hopeful of the future.

On his arrival at his destination, his conduct is equally exemplary. Every one should provide for the preservation of life and health as first measures; and if not done at a rate which future exertions are likely to render profitable, why make the expenditure? Now, many are in all these new adventures expending on inevitable necessities—having made no previous provision for them—such sums as render all their exertions hopeless; while at the same time they are sacrificing health and strength.

The government of Australia has certainly been very successful in preserving order at the gold placers there, and has given its sanction upon moderate terms; for here, we believe, gold and silver mines are *inter regalia*, and could have been entirely seized by the crown. We sincerely trust it will appropriate the great and unexpected revenue thence arising in improving the roads through this magnificent country, and providing shelter for the traveller; for at this moment, many of the roads being over the steepest mountains, and the gradients unmitigated by cuttings, or any other act of engineering whatever, they are all but impassable, and are travelled with the greatest torture to the unfortunate animals concerned. It was the reproach of Spain, that though in possession of South America for centuries, she had formed few roads; and that the few formed were bad, and the accommodation in their neighbourhood of the worst description—often open sheds, without food or furniture, or indeed inhabitants; or if inhabited, with only stones for seats, and raised mounds of earth for beds. Even now, in little more than half a century, things are better in Australia than this, at least wherever government has extended. But there is a vast deal more to be done; and it is a pity that in the first place suitable schools are not formed for the persons

intending to emigrate, and opportunity given them to do so, without the degradation of crime, and the expense and disgrace of conviction.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.

THE *Westminster Review* for January, in an able and temperate article, entitled *Employers and Employed*, delineates the progress of the working power from the original condition of *serfdom*, through that of *vassalage*, which prevailed in the middle ages, to the system of simple contract in which we now find it in France and America. This the writer regards as part of a universal progress towards a more and more equalised condition of the various orders of men—'an equality, not perhaps of wealth, or of mind, or of inherent power, but of social condition, and of individual rights and freedom.' In England, however, we are only in a state of transition from that relation of protection on the one hand, and respect or loyalty on the other, which constituted the system of *vassalage*, to the true democratic relation which assumes a perfect equality and independence in the contracting parties. 'The master cannot divest himself of the idea, that in virtue of his rank he is entitled to deference and submission; and the workman conceives that, in virtue of his comparative poverty, he is entitled to assistance in difficulty, and to protection from the consequences of his own folly and improvidence. Each party expects from the other something more than is expressed or implied in the covenant between them. The workman, asserting his equality and independence, claims from his employer services which only inferiority can legitimately demand; the master, tacitly and in his heart denying this equality and independence, repudiates claims which only the validity of this plea of equality and independence can effectually nonsuit or liquidate.'

Arguing that 'the reciprocal duties of employers and employed, *as such*, are comprised within the limits of their covenant,' the writer goes on to say, that nevertheless there remains a relation of 'fellow-citizenship and of Christian *neighbourhood*,' by virtue of which the employer owes service to his work-people, seeing that 'every man owes service to every man whom he is in a position to serve.' Let not the Pharisaic fundholder and lazy mortgagee suppose that the great employers of labour are thus under a peculiar obligation from which they are exempt. The obligation is assumed to be equal upon all who have power and means; and it only lies with special weight at the door of the employer of multitudes, in as far as he is in a situation to exercise influence over their character and conduct, and usually has greater means of rendering aid suited to their particular necessities.

Before proceeding to expound the various duties thus imposed upon the employer, the writer lays down a primary duty as essential to the due performance of the rest—namely, he must see to making his business succeed; and for this end he must possess a sufficient capital at starting; and he must not, for any reasons of vanity or benevolence, or through laxness, pay higher wages than the state of the labour-market and the prospects of trade require. Of the secondary duties which next come in course—and which, be it remembered, arise not from the mastership, but from the neighbourhood—the first is that of 'making his factory, and the processes carried on there, as healthy as care and sanitary science can render them.' 'This is the more incumbent upon him, as it is little likely to be thought of or demanded by his workmen. It is a topic on which his cultivated intelligence is almost sure to place him far ahead of them; and out of the superiority, as we have seen, springs the obligation.' Our reviewer adds the remark, that, 'in the minor workshops, and especially in the work-rooms of tailors and seamstresses, the employers are still, for the most

part, unawakened to the importance and imperativeness of this class of obligations. The health of thousands is sacrificed from pure ignorance and want of thought.'

One mode of serving those who work for him, which the circumstances render appropriate, is to provide them with decent and comfortable dwellings. Much has been done in this way. 'In almost all country establishments, and in most of those in the smaller towns, the employers have been careful to surround their mills with substantial and well-built cottages, often with gardens attached to them, containing four rooms—kitchen, scullery, and two bedrooms: cottages which are let for rents which at once remunerate the owner and are easy for the occupier.' Even in large towns, where there are great local difficulties, something has been done by the building of Model Lodging-houses, and by the efforts of Societies for improving the Dwellings of the Poor. The writer specifies one of the greatest difficulties as existing in the working-people themselves: when provided with a variety of rooms for the separation of the various members of their families, they are very apt to defeat the whole plan by taking in lodgers, and contenting themselves with the filthy and depraving huddlement out of which their benevolent superiors endeavoured to rescue them. But it may be hoped that, by promoting only a few of the more intelligent and better-disposed to such improved dwellings, and thus setting up good examples, the multitude might in time be trained to an appreciation of the decency and comfort of ampler accommodation. Another wide field of usefulness is open to the employers in the establishment of schools, reading-rooms, baths, wash-houses, and the like.

It strikes us that the writer of this article is not true to his own principle in his view of the duties of the employer. We readily grant the duty of making his business prosperous and his workshops healthy. To fail in the latter particular especially, were not merely to fail in a duty, but to incur a heavy positive blame. But we cannot see how it is incumbent on the employer to provide houses for the persons who enter into the labour-contract with him, any more than to see that they get their four-pound loaf of a certain quality or price. It may be a graceful thing, a piece of noble benevolence, to enter into these building schemes, but it is also to go back into that system of *vassalage* out of which it is assumed that the relation of employer and employed is passing. Either the new buildings will pay as speculations, or they will not. If they are sure to pay, ordinary speculators will be as ready to furnish them as bakers are to sell bread. If the contrary be the case, why burden with the actual or probable loss the party in a simple contract which involves no such obligation? Clearly, there must be no great reason to expect a fair return for capital laid out in this way, or we should see building schemes for the working-classes taken up extensively by ordinary speculators. For employers, then, to enter into such plans, must in some degree be the result of benevolent feelings towards their men; and, so far, we must hold there is an acknowledgment on both sides that the system of *vassalage* is not yet extinct amongst us, and that the time for its extinction is not yet come.

If we look, however, at the entire condition of the working-people of England, we shall see that it acknowledges the same truth in some of its broadest features. When a time of depression comes, and factories do not require half of their usual number of hands, or even so many, it is never expected, on any hand, that the superfluous labourers are to maintain themselves till better times return. The employer is expected to keep them in his service, at least on short time, and at a reduced remuneration, although at a ruinous loss to himself. The workmen, though well aware of the contingency, make little or no provision against it, but calmly trust to the funds of their employers, or the

contributions of the class to which these belong. Now, while such a practice exists, the relation of employer and employed is not that of independent contractors, but so far that of the feudal baron and his vassals, or of a chieftain and his 'following.' It is, in effect, a voluntarily maintained slavery on the part of the operatives—a habit as incompatible with political liberty as with moral dignity and progress, and therefore a sore evil in our state. Obviously, to perfect the system of independent contract, the workmen would need to redeem themselves from that condition of utter *unprovidedness* in which the great bulk of them are for the present content to live. Instead of what we see so prevalent now—a sort of hopelessness as to the benefits of saving—a dread to let it be known or imagined of them that they possess any store, lest it lead to a reduction of their wages (a foolish fallacy), or deprive them of a claim on their employer's consideration in the event of a period of depression (a mean and unworthy fear), we must see a dignified sense of independence, resting on the possession of some kind of property, before we can expect that even this stage in the Progress of Labour shall be truly reached.

But is it not just one of the essential disadvantages attending the contract system, or may we rather call it the system of weekly hire, that while it prompts the employer to frugality, by the obvious benefits to him of constant accumulation, it leaves the employed, as a mass, without a sufficient motive to the same virtue, and thus insures their being retained in that unprovidedness which forbids independence and true social dignity? On this point, were we a workman, we should be sorry to rest in an affirmative, or to allow it to slacken our exertions or sap our self-denial; because if there is a higher development of the labouring state in store for society, it can only be attained by the more speedy perfection of the contract state in the *entire independence of the workman*. The writer from whom we have quoted thinks, and with his sentiments we entirely concur, that 'society, in its progress towards an ideal state, may have to undergo modifications, compared with which all previous ones will seem trifling and superficial. Of one thing only can we feel secure—namely, that the loyal and punctual discharge of all the obligations arising out of existing social relations will best hallow, beautify, and elevate those relations, if they are destined to be permanent; and will best prepare a peaceful and beneficent advent for their successors, if, like so much that in its day seemed eternal, they too are doomed to pass away.'

ANECDOTE OF THE FIELD OF SHERRIFMUIR.

My grandfather, William Wilson, was born in the farmhouse of Drumbrae, on the estate of Airthrey, at no great distance from the field of Sherrifmuir. At the rebellion of 1715, he was a lad of fifteen years of age, and learning that the rebels under the Earl of Mar had met with the royal forces under the Duke of Argyle in the neighbourhood, on the morning of Sunday the 12th November, while it was still dusk, he went to the top of a neighbouring hill named Gleanaty, from which the whole of the moor was discernible, and on which a number of country people were stationed, attracted to the spot, like himself, by curiosity. Being at no great distance from both armies, he could see them distinctly. The Highlanders, who observed no regular order, he compared to a large, dark, formless cloud, forming a striking contrast to the regular lines and disciplined appearance of the royal army. After observing them for some space of time, an orderly dragoon, sent by the Duke of Argyle, rode up to the spot where the spectators stood, warning them to remove from a position in which they were in as great danger as the combatants themselves. My grandfather accordingly returned home, returning with awe to the sharp report of musketry, intermingled with the booming of cannon, which now informed

him that the battle had commenced. He had not been long in the house when a dismounted dragoon made his appearance, requesting to have his left wrist bandaged, so as to stop the blood. The hand had been cut off, and his horse killed under him, and he was on his way to Stirling to seek surgical aid. While his wishes were being complied with, he occupied himself in taking some refreshment, till one of the farm-servants came in and warned him that four armed Highlanders were coming down the hill in the direction of the house. The soldier, who had no doubt been taught at the Marlborough school, and served perhaps at Ramillies and Blenheim, immediately went out to the front of the house, which concealed him from his enemies. Presently, he heard by the footsteps that one was near, when he instantly presented himself at the gable, and shot the foremost Highlander with his carbine; then, seeing that the others came on in Indian file, with short distances between, he advanced to meet them, dropped the second with a bullet from his pistol, and cut down the third with his sword. The fourth, seeing the fate of his comrades, took to flight. After this wholesale execution, the dragoon, with perfect coolness, returned to the house, finished his repast, tranquilly said his thanks and adieu, and went off in the direction of Stirling. The next morning the country people were summoned to bury the dead. The ground was thickly covered with cranreuch, and life still remained in numbers of both armies, who begged earnestly for water. But what struck my grandfather particularly was, that the heads and bodies of a great many of the slain royalists were horribly mutilated by the claymores of the Highlanders; while on those of the Highlanders themselves nothing was observed but the wound which had caused their death.—*Communicated by Mr Alexander Wilson, shoemaker, Stirling.*

THINNESS OF A SOAP-BUBBLE.

A soap-bubble as it floats in the light of the sun reflects to the eye an endless variety of the most gorgeous tints of colour. Newton shewed, that to each of these tints corresponds a certain thickness of the substance forming the bubble; in fact, he shewed, in general, that all transparent substances, when reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, would reflect these colours. Near the highest point of the bubble, just before it bursts, is always observed a spot which reflects no colour and appears black. Newton shewed that the thickness of the bubble at this black point was the 2,500,000th part of an inch! Now, as the bubble at this point possesses the properties of water as essentially as does the Atlantic Ocean, it follows that the ultimate molecules forming water must have less dimensions than this thickness.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

ENGLISH PLOUGHING.

The following, written from England, is going the round of the papers, and is as true as the gospel, in my opinion. I have seen better ploughing here with a pair of oxen than in the old country with five horses; but Johnny won't learn. 'Lord! only look at five great, elephant-looking beasts in one plough, with one great lummokin fellow to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots have more iron on them than the horses' hoofs have, all crawling as if going to a funeral! What sort of a way is that to do work! It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airtily clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are always sure to git here. They're a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people the English, that's the fact, and always was.' Well done, Jonathan—quite true!—*From a private Letter from Boston.*

JOHN BUNYAN AND MINCE-PIES.

In No. 417 of this Journal it is chronicled that John Bunyan scrupled to eat mince-pies, because of the superstitious character popularly attached to them; but it would appear from an anecdote sent to us by a correspondent, that if this was true at all of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he must have received new light upon

the subject at a later period of life. When he was imprisoned for preaching—so says the anecdote—in Bedford jail, a superstitious lady, thinking to entrap him, sent a servant to request his acceptance of a Christmas pie; whereupon Bunyan replied: 'Tell your mistress that I accept her present thankfully, for I have learned to distinguish between a mince-pie and superstition.'

FOREST-TEACHINGS.

THERE was travelling in the wild-wood
Once, a child of song;
And he marked the forest-monarchs
As he went along.
Here, the oak, broad-eaved and spreading;
Here, the poplar tall;
Here, the holly, forky-leaved;
Here, the yew, for the bereaved;
Here, the chestnut, with its flowers, and its spine-
bestudded ball.

Here, the cedar, palmy-branchèd;
Here, the hazel low;
Here, the aspen, quivering ever;
Here, the powdered sloe.
Wondrous was their form and fashion,
Passing beautiful to see
How the branches interlaced,
How the leaves each other chased,
Fluttering lightly hither, thither on the wind-aroused
tree.

Then he spake to those wood-dwellers:
'Ye are like to men,
And I learn a lesson from ye
With my spirit's ken.
Like to us in low beginning,
Children of the patient earth;
Born, like us, to rise on high,
Ever nearer to the sky,
And, like us, by slow advances from the minute of
your birth.

'And, like mortals, ye have uses—
Uses each his own:
Each his gift, and each his beauty,
Not to other known.
Thou, O oak, the strong ship-builder,
For thy country's good,
Givest up thy noble life,
Like a patriot in the strife,
Givest up thy heart of timber, as he poureth out his
blood.

'Thou, O poplar, tall and taper,
Reachest up on high;
Like a preacher pointing upward—
Upward to the sky.
Thou, O holly, with thy berries,
Gleaming redly bright,
Comest, like a pleasant friend,
When the dying year hath end,
Comest to the Christmas party, round the ruddy
fire-light.

'Thou, O yew, with sombre branches,
And dark-veiled head—
Like a monk within the church-yard,
When the prayers are said,
Standing by the newly-buried
In the depth of thought—
Tellest, with a solemn grace,
Of the earthly dwelling-place,
Of the soul to live for ever—of the body come to
nought.

'Thou, O cedar, storm-enduring,
Bent with years, and old,
Standest with thy broad-eaved branches,
Shadowing o'er the mould;

Shadowing o'er the tender saplings,
Like a patriarch mild,
When he lifts his hoary head,
And his hands a blessing shed,
On the little ones around him—on the children of
his child.

'And the light, smooth-barked hazel,
And the dusky sloe,
Are the poor men of the forest—
Are the weak and low.
Yet unto the poor is given
Power the earth to bless;
And the sloe's small fruit of down,
And the hazel's clusters brown,
Are the tribute they can offer—are their mite of
usefulness.

'When the awful words were spoken,
"It is finishèd!"—
When the all-loving heart was broken,
Bowed the patient head;
When the earth grew dark as midnight
In her solemn awe—
Then the forest-branches all
Bent, with reverential fall—
Bent, as bent the Jewish foreheads at the giving of
the law.

'But one tree was in the forest
That refused to bow;
Then a sudden blast came o'er it,
And a whisper low
Made the leaves and branches quiver—
Shook the guilty tree;
And the voice was: "Tremble ever
To eternity:
Be a lesson from thee read—
He that boweth not his head,
And obeyeth not his Maker, let him fear eternally!"

'So thou standest ever shaking,
Ever quivering with fear,
For the voice is still upon thee,
And the whisper near.
Like the guilty, conscience-haunted;
And the name for thee
Is, "The tree of many thoughts"—
Is, "The tree of many doubts;"
And thy leaves are thoughts and doubtings—for thou
art the sinner's tree.

'Thou, O chestnut, richly branchèd,
Standest in thy might,
Rising like a leafy tower
In the summer light.
And thy branches are fruit-laden,
Waving bold and free;
And the beams upon thee shed
Are like blessings on thy head:
Thou art strong, and fair, and fruitful—for thou art
the good man's tree.

'So, farewell, great forest-teachers:
There is a spirit dwells
In the veinings of each leaflet,
In each flower's cells:
Ye have each a voice and lesson,
And ye seem to say:
"Open, man, thine eyes to see
In each flower, stone, and tree,
Something pure and something holy, as thou passest
on thy way."'
F. C. W.

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VENICE.

At six, on a bright morning, the 1st of September 1851, we left the quay of Trieste in the steamer for Venice. We were in no particular mood upon the subject. If anything, we rather feared that the famous City of the Sea might turn out to have been overpraised. However, we resolved to be candid.

The morning passed pleasantly enough. We admired the snowy tops of the Styrian Alps on the right, and the deep green of the Adriatic was beautiful. We had calculated upon an eight hours' voyage; but it was scarcely eleven o'clock when the pinnacles and towers of the city began to appear above the water's edge to the west, taking us a little by surprise. It was thenceforward an interesting occupation for an hour or so to watch these objects gradually rising out of the waves. By and by, a large dome took its place amongst them; then some little domes and more pinnacles: at length a connected range of city objects lay along the horizon, and this we knew was VENICE. The steamer by and by began to wind through some straits or channels of the sea, with fortifications covering the low banks on both sides. It went on; and about one o'clock, under a bright sun, we found ourselves in an open space of sea, opposite the famous series of buildings composed of the Doge's Palace, the Cathedral of San Marco, the Piazza, &c.—objects perhaps of their kind the most generally known in Europe.

The first few minutes was a confused mixture of romantic association and solicitude about a right hotel. Our thoughts slid with prosaic facility from the lion on the top of the obelisk, so well remembered from Canaletti's pictures, to the sign of the Leone Bianca—a place of entertainment not far off, much recommended by Murray. I recalled the Byronian heroines sailing about in those gondolas, which we saw skimming away here and there, and wondered whether it would be best to go to Dameli's or the Emperor of Austria. The first business was to get a gondola for ourselves and luggage; thus, at the very first reducing to the character of a mere cab that picturesque species of conveyance—I, the conductor of the party, wondering all the time how much those two cowed villains would charge me. Seated there with my two ladies, we speedily proceeded along the Grand Canal towards the hotel last mentioned, to try if we could obtain accommodation in it. It was curious to land from a boat at the steps of a house, and walk from the sea into the hall. It was dazzling to see the splendour of the building, with its fine marble vestibule within, and its superb staircases. We did not find in it, however, exactly the range of rooms we required, and we after all returned along the canal, and

tried the Hôtel de l'Europe, a similar, but somewhat plainer house, where we got apartments to our mind.

I was curious at first to study the arrangements of houses and streets in Venice. Here I found that what had once been the palace of a noble, presented, first, a ground-floor about three feet above the medium level of the Adriatic, composed of a broad vestibule crossing through from front to rear, with the inferior apartments on each side; second, a floor of good apartments, with an open hall in the centre right over the vestibule—this hall adorned with pictures; third, a similar good floor, with another hall in the centre, which had been the banquetting or dining-room, and was now used as the *salle-a-manger* of the hotel—and this salle had balconied windows at one end looking out upon the canal. There was, I suppose, a fourth floor of inferior rooms, but there I never had occasion to be. Most of the rooms, looking out at the sides of the building into narrow lanes, were ill-lighted: only those having windows to the front were light or cheerful. The walls, staircases, and floors, were all of marble—the proportions large, and the decorations elegant. The date, 'JAN. 1676,' appeared over an inner door in the salle.

A side-door in the rear of the house gave me exit for a walk into the town. I found myself in a paved lane, here called a *calle*, with good houses on each side. It led me into a wider lane, which had all the characters of a street, excepting that it was comparatively narrow, and only traversed by people on foot. Here I found shops of many kinds, but almost all on a small scale; as also many stalls for the sale of fruit and other petty articles. Following this way to the right, I soon came to the outside of the great square, which is the principal public place in the city. It was but necessary to go through a wide passage, to find myself in the Piazza—that well-known paved and arcaded quadrangle, which we have seen so often in pictures; the far extremity being closed by the singular church of St Mark, while close by rose the lofty campanile and the three tall flag-staffs. We sauntered for an hour about this grand central region, viewing the outsides of things only, and dreaming of those scenes of the past with which they were connected. After dinner, I again went out by myself to walk through the town, for it was agreed that we should put off regular sight-seeing till next day. Let not the reader be surprised to hear of walking through Venice. It is permeated in all directions by calles and narrow streets, which cross the canals by high-arched stone bridges, thus giving pedestrian access to and from all parts of the city. Certainly, however, no such thing as a leading thoroughfare exists, and it must be difficult for strangers to

acquire that local knowledge which will enable them to find their way without a guide. Unlike all other cities, no kind of vehicle, not so much as a wheelbarrow, ever rattles along these narrow, tortuous ways. The gondolas upon the canals are strictly the only conveyances used in Venice. Thus the city has a stillness which, even in its most brilliant days, must have impressed strangers with a sense of melancholy. In our time, when Venice is reduced at once from independence and from wealth, the effect is peculiarly depressing. I felt as if Venice were only a *curiosity* to look at for a few days, not a place in which any considerable portion of life could be spent with comfort.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, by which time we had breakfasted, a gondola with two rowers waited for us at the porch of the hotel, along with a clever, well-informed youth named Alessandro, who had undertaken to be our *cicerone*. The charges for both gondolas and guides had, we found, been raised since the late troubles, in common with everything else in Venice, liberty being always somehow a provocative to taxation, whether temporarily or permanently enjoyed. What in 1843 would have cost six English shillings, now stood us eight or nine. The gondola, as is well known, is a long boat, pointed at both ends, and painted black—furnished in the centre with cushioned seats, all black, over which is erected a kind of cot, with windows, to screen the passengers. One man stands in the fore, another in the back part, rowing with their faces forward, the oar working in a twisting manner on the top of a piece of wood curiously grooved for the purpose. I cannot say that I saw anything very peculiar in the dress of the gondoliers, or indeed in the appearance of any of the people of Venice, excepting the female water-carriers. With that exception, the people are dressed in much the same manner as is customary over Europe generally. So far as I recollect, not a single veiled or half-veiled lady, sailing in her own gondola, met our eyes while we were in Venice. We have to revert for all such things to Goldoni's plays and the pages of our own Byron.

The real grand thoroughfare of Venice is the *Canale Grande*—a wide curving street, which sweeps through a great part of the city. The principal palaces of the nobility, the superbest of the churches, and the best hotels, are placed along this water-street. As we moved along, Alessandro told us, in respectable French, the history of each great mansion, and what its owners had done in the history of the republic: a recital as intelligent and as accurate as could have been expected in a book. Most of these buildings have a melancholy, decayed look, being generally very old, and few of the owners being able to spend much in or on them. A few that look tolerably fresh, are found to be occupied by the post, the customs, or some other office, the insignia of which figure in gaudy colouring over the principal entrance. In connection with most of the palaces, the name of some architect of reputation is mentioned. They are wholly of marble; and, in many cases, round stones of a precious kind, or pieces of marble of a brilliantly veined character, are set in a species of framework in front, communicating a peculiarly rich effect. The least pleasing circumstance connected with these superb mansions, is their being so closely beset by other buildings. We saw only one or two which had any spare space associated with them, to form either a

court-yard or a piece of garden-ground. Space is indeed the great want of Venice. Many of the canals, dividing lines of houses as lofty as those of the Old Town of Edinburgh, are not wider than the *wynds* of that celebrated city. And yet there we see the landing-places and entrances of magnificent mansions, though more frequently the houses on such narrow canals have the air of merchants' stores and warehouses.

It would be vain to attempt a detailed description of one-half of the wonderfully beautiful old churches, palazzos, and other buildings, which we examined during this and the subsequent day. We were agreeably disappointed on the whole; for we had come with an idea that we should see only the shell of ancient Venice, and few of those works of art which used to be associated with its name; whereas the fact is, that all the most remarkable old buildings are entire, and in tolerable order; and scarcely a picture, or statue, or antique curiosity, has been lost during the political changes which the city has undergone. Doubtless, it is living Venice no more: it is Venice reduced to a museum—but what a museum! And here I must do the Austrian government the justice to say, that it appears to have a deep feeling of interest in the ancient monuments of the republic. It contributes handsomely for their maintenance; and no modern proprietor of an old palazzo can make any change in it, till he has satisfied a tribunal of taste, that the change will be in keeping with the antique and picturesque glories of the place.

We went at an early hour one day to see the Pisani palace: one of those which are attractive on account of their containing good works of art. The Pisani are an illustrious family: and the representative still lives in this fine old mansion, or at least occasionally occupies it; but he is a broken-down old man, who has survived wife, children, and other relatives, and his death must speedily close the many-centuried history of his name. It was with melancholy feelings that we stepped into the hall or vestibule, whose broken plasters are still graced with coats-armorial and emblems of ancient dignity; amongst the rest, two standards wrapped up round their staves, probably memorials of the great Pisano—a naval commander of the fourteenth century. The housekeeper's little children were playing about the place, as children in an ordinary city would play in a street among the dogs and carriages. Mounting a wide side-staircase, we reached a handsome first floor, composed of a central *salle* and side-rooms, tolerably furnished; and here we found the two pictures for which the Pisani are famous—The Death of Darius, and his Queen supplicating Alexander, by Paul Veronese. They are beautiful paintings; and by their value, still give a sort of dignity to this decayed family.

Another palace we visited was that of the *Vendramini Colerghi*, now the property of the Duchesse de Berri, who makes it her ordinary winter-quarters. It is a large and elegant building, in a form approaching that of the letter Z, with a flower-garden in front of the receding part. The duchesse is understood to have purchased it for 120,000 *zwanzigers*—equivalent to about £4000, and not the value of the stones of which it is built. With great good taste, she has made no alteration in the decoration or destination of the rooms, but has added modern furniture, family portraits, and many objects of *virtu*. The series of apartments on the first floor above the vestibule is extensive and superb; and though the *tout ensemble* is more characteristic of a modern

French princess than of an ancient Venetian family, it was pleasant to see at least one of the palazzos of the ancient republic handsomely furnished, and having the appearance of cheerful occupation. Among the portraits are some that could scarcely have been expected to survive the Revolution of 1792—as Louis XIV.; Louis XV. when a boy; some of the princesses, aunts of Louis XVI.; also the dauphin, father of the latter monarch. There is likewise a beautiful cabinet of Marie Antoinette. Such articles, we presume, must have been obtained from the palaces at the downfall of royalty, and preserved by various accidents till the restoration, when the royal family would of course be eager to recover them at whatever expense. We saw here a portrait of the Duchesse, with her infant son, standing in widow's weeds, beside the bust of her assassinated husband; also portraits of the Duc de Bourdeaux, his wife, the Duchesse's present husband, and her younger set of children. In a glass-case were the gilt spurs of Henri IV. The Duchesse gives gay parties in winter, when the full suite of rooms must have a fine effect.

The churches of Venice are numerous—about a hundred in all, being one for every thousand souls, while I am told there is a priest for every hundred. We visited eight or ten of the most remarkable; and so bewildering was their magnificence, and so confounding the multitude of fine things shewn in them, that if I had not taken note of everything at the moment, I must have had only one confused idea of something supra-mundane fine. A great church in Venice is usually a structure of pure marble, with a dome or tower. The interior is one open space, with the usual double colonnade, a raised off altar-space at the upper end, and little chapels in the aisles on both sides. Generally, over the principal altar is some large scriptural picture—a Crucifixion, or a Taking Down from the Cross, or an Ascension; the production of Titian, or Tintoretto, or Paul Veronese, or some other artist of the Venetian school. Over the lateral altars are similar works of art. Sometimes one of these side-chapels is at the same time the tomb of a noble family, which assumes the duty of keeping it in order. In many of the churches, nothing can exceed the beauty of the sculpture which is lavished over the interior; and, while many features are common, each usually contrives to have some special beauty or some exclusive possession on which a peculiar fame rests. For example, the church of *San Giorgio Maggiore* has some wooden carved-work by a Belgian artist, of surprising beauty. *Gli Scalzi* is a paragon of elaborate decoration. The church of the *Frari*, old and Gothic, is full of grand tombs, including those of several doges, that of Titian, and a monument to Canova. The *Santa Maria della Salute* has a fine collection of pictures over and above those in the church. This church was built in 1632, by a decree of the Senate, as an act of thanksgiving to the Virgin for putting an end to a pestilence by which 60,000 people had been carried off. It is a most beautiful structure, full of fine things; and altogether a curious monument of that delusion of ignorance and misdirected piety which made men assign to a chapter of priests the duty now committed to a Board of Health, and persuaded them that a church was of much greater efficacy for the cure of the pestilence than an hospital.

I have as yet said scarcely anything of the ducal palace and church of San Marco, which are the principal and central objects of Venice. The first is a quadrangular building, with a court in the centre; very peculiar antique architecture, with a double row of stables both outside and in; the whole having a strikingly Oriental character. In front, and at one side, is a pavement, forming the principal open space in Venice; the haunt, of course, of many loungers of all characters; and distinguished by the two well-known pillars, one of which bears the lion of St Mark. The interior

of the palace presents a succession of grand old halls, the scene of the court-glories of the ancient doges. One, called the *Sala del Maggior Consiglio*, is 154 feet long by 74 broad. It has a *dais* at one end, on which the throne must have been placed; and over this a picture of Paradise by Tintoretto, covering the entire end of the room—of course 74 feet long—being thus the largest picture ever painted on canvas. Around, under the ceiling, are the portraits of the series of doges. The *Sala del Senato* still exhibits the seats of the senators, each furnished with its candlestick for protracted discussions—a melancholy memorial of departed independence. We gazed, too, on the Hall of the Council of Ten, and the lesser room where the more terrible Council of Three held its sittings; all now reduced to mere show-places, but still strongly suggesting their original destination. The Lion's Mouth, in the outer gallery, to which any accusation could be committed, was not forgotten. After dwelling a due time upon the rooms, and the numerous pictures and other works of art presented in them, we descended into the dungeons or *pozzi*—narrow stone-chambers destitute of light, where Venetian justice formerly kept its victims—a terrific specimen of the reckless inhumanity of past times. Finally, we passed to the Bridge of Sighs, which is detected to be an after-thought structure, designed to connect the palace with the more modern prison in the rear, a canal intervening. I suspect, after all, that many of the stories told about the *pozzi* and the bridge are mere myths, the reflection of ideas which the appearance of the places suggests.

The church of San Marco, adjoining the palace, and forming one side of the Piazza or square, is like no other building I ever saw—decidedly Oriental in style—indeed such a building as Aladin might have evoked by his lamp; which reminds me, by the way, that there is a prevalent tinge of the East all over Venice, seen in the architecture particularly. The vaulting and arching of this church are all described as Byzantine in style, and are therefore round; but it has been a custom in Venice to fix up on such a building as this any reliques of antique sculpture which have been taken in the countries with which the Republic was at war: accordingly, the front of San Marco bristles all over with curious pillars and carvings, including, above all, the four celebrated bronze horses which Napoleon took to Paris, and which were restored after his downfall. Walking through one of the low-browed doors, we pass across a vestibule, where a stone is pointed out in the pavement as the spot on which the emperor Barbarossa laid his head beneath the foot of Pope Alexander III. Then proceeding into the interior, you find the dusky atmosphere dimly blazing with a peculiar glitter from the walls and ceilings, the whole being one mass of gold mosaic, on which scripture subjects are inserted in a darker colouring. Think of a huge church, the interior facing of which is composed of pieces of gilt stone, each no bigger than the point of your finger would cover! But this is not all. The wide-extending pavement is seen to be composed in like manner of small pieces of marble and precious stones, set so as to form regular figures, all most exact, and still wonderfully entire, though it has endured the feet of daily thousands for several centuries. Unfortunately, from some infirmity in the vaulting below, this singular floor is thrown into undulations, in some places so great as to require care in walking over them. I spent hours in wandering about and examining the many curious things which are to be seen in this church, including those of its famous treasury. It is truly surprising that, after so many revolutions, so many of these valuables have been preserved. The fidelity of the priesthood to their charge is surely deserving of some admiration, considering how many opportunities there must have been of making away

with precious articles, after which no inquiry would probably have ever been made.

A campanile, or bell-tower, has been erected in the square near the church, and is one of the most conspicuous objects in Venice; rising, as it does, above every other building. It seems slender; but I was surprised to find, on a rough measurement, that the sides are not less than fifty feet wide. A paved way, instead of a staircase, conducts to an open *loggia* near the top, whence you can have a complete view of the city. I remarked that the tops of many of the houses are of use in the same way as gardens and summer-houses are in other countries. People go there to smoke, or to take their coffee—the chimneys being a very slight obstruction to such enjoyments in a country where little fire is used. We here also had a good view of the celebrated *orologio* of Venice; a tower containing an ancient clock of peculiar elaborateness of construction. On the top stand two metal giants, armed with ponderous hammers, with which to strike the hours and quarters on a huge bell, placed between them. There is something terrible in these automata; and the feeling is not allayed when you hear that one of them once committed a *murder*, having with his hammer knocked an incautious workman over the battlements! The campanile was begun in 902; and I felt interested in tracing its resemblance, both in architecture and relative situation, to the square tower of St Andrews, which is supposed to be of nearly the same age.

My limits leave me no room to dilate upon our visit to the Accademia. Indeed, in the visit itself, we could do little more than pause here, and there as a Titian or Tintoretto cast up in the multitude of pictures, or when we came before some specimen of the very early masters, of whose works there are many dating so far back as the end of the fourteenth century. There were some pictures representing transactions in Venice, of not much later date, which I regarded with interest, as preserving to us the appearance of men and things in that age; particularly one depicting some miracle, in which several grave ecclesiastics are seen swimming about in the Grand Canal, while ladies look on from windows and balconies, which I convinced myself still exist there. I must be equally brief with that place which no countryman of Shakspeare can avoid visiting, though the present Rialto is, after all, later than his time. It is of a curious structure as a bridge; there being three rows of building along it, containing shops, with two roadways for passengers. One crosses backwards and forwards, muttering: 'On the Rialto thou hast rated me,' &c.; goes distractedly into a shop, to purchase a breastpin, as a memorial of the place; and then plunges down the stairs, to resume his place in the gondola. We took a couple of hours to pay a visit to the Armenian monastery, on the island of San Lazzaro—the place to which Byron resorted in order to study the Armenian language. It is a curious old establishment, with some modern activity about it in the diffusion of literature; the monks having a printing-office in tolerable briskness, whence they issue books in various languages. We were delighted with the flush of beautiful flowering, from the oleander bushes in the central court, and the vine-hung alleys in the garden behind. I must not forget, in this hurried close of my adventure, the two moonlight sails we had through those mysterious watery streets, where, the associations of day and of the active world being shut out, we felt as if each light in the old palazzi illumined some scene of mediæval romance. That was like no other thing in our lives. On the third evening, we left this dream-city by a means which we had studiously ignored all the time of our visit—namely, a *railway*, which crosses from Venice to the mainland. It was something of a waker to find ourselves at 'the station,' on the bank of one of the canals, and see a range of 'omnibus

gondolas,' all duly labelled for their respective courses through the city, and ranked up in front like so many of the terrestrial machines which haunt the ordinary railway termini of this earth. However, we had the consolation of reserving this to the close of our visit, when, of course, we must have awaked out of our Venetian feelings at anyrate. The train brought us to Padua long before bedtime.

REALLY! INDEED! IMPOSSIBLE!

DURING a prolonged summer sojourn with kind friends resident in a quiet country town, we became quite interested in the tactics of the neighbours, and acquainted with their social condition.

'I think we have almost exhausted our visiting round,' said our hostess, Mrs Smith, one morning, as she replenished her card-case, 'with the exception of *Really*, *Indeed*, and *Impossible*, to whom we must introduce you. You look puzzled! but I mean the three Misses Bonderlay, who are usually distinguished by these interjectional names. We will forthwith send them an invitation to tea this very evening, and they shall be their own etymologists.'

At the appointed hour, three ladies were ushered into the drawing-room, bearing so startling a resemblance to each other in person, manner, and costume, that we at once decided they must be *trins*. Not so, however; there was a year or two's difference in age between them, which rendered the strong resemblance more remarkable. They were tall, well-formed, plump ladies, of middle or uncertain age; with round, unmeaning faces, flaxen locks, and pale-blue eyes. There was not a perceptible thread or pucker different in their three dresses, which must have fitted all indiscriminately; the flaxen curls were arranged in precisely the same waves round each mealy countenance; and the neat caps, with bright-green ribbons, doubtless had the same exact quantity of tulle and gauze in their fashioning. Each sister owned a delicate work-basket—trinal baskets also; and in each receptacle reposed a similar square of worsted-work, the same to the last stitch. We heard the visitors named as Miss Bonderlay, Miss Paulina Bonderlay, and Miss Constantia Bonderlay; but that was of no use, since they were not ticketed, and our blunders became embarrassing and ludicrous. We addressed Miss Bonderlay as Miss Paulina, when the senior lady drew up with dignified composure, and pointing to a sister, said: 'I am Miss Bonderlay: that lady is Miss Paulina Bonderlay.' And so on with the other two, who explained that they were juniors, as they waved a lily hand towards their eldest sister, indicative of her supremacy. But as the evening advanced, we learned to distinguish them by a peculiarity of expression, which had gained for these amiable maidens the somewhat singular cognomens of *Really*! *Indeed*! and *Impossible*! for their conversation, if conversation it could be called, consisted almost wholly of these interjections, pronounced in an unvarying, monotonous voice, while no shadow of emotion was perceptible on the cloudless expanse of their unwrinkled physiognomies.

When they were addressed in the usual conversational appeal which demands a reply of some kind, Miss Bonderlay, sipping her tea, or bending over her work, softly ejaculated: 'Really!' If you turned to Miss Paulina for some more tangible announcement of her opinion, she responded, in precisely the same tone: 'Indeed!' And when, as a last resource, you

looked towards Miss Constantia, the word 'Impossible!' and that word alone, fell in honeyed accents from her ruby lips. By this means they were easily distinguished; and their most intimate friends often failed to recognise which was which when apart, and sometimes even when they were together, until the talismanic syllables gave to each her individuality. The peculiarity gave rise to a little good-humoured ridicule; but for our part, we thought it quite wonderful how well they played their part in conversation with so small a stock of words. There is much pliability of meaning, however, in an interjection; and in company, where there are always several persons who are anxious to be heard, it is a positive virtue. In Miss Constantia's intonation of her favourite 'impossible!' it seemed to me that there mingled a dash of sadness, a kind of musical and melancholy cadence, which was followed by an unconscious absence of mind, evidencing the fact, that her thoughts were what is vulgarly termed 'wool-gathering.' On mentioning this impression to Mrs Smith, she complimented us on our keen observation, since, in truth, a tinge of the romantic *did* attach to the history of the fair Constantia; and she then sketched the following outline, leaving all details to be filled up by the imagination of the auditor:—

The Misses Bonderlay, it seems, had attained the age of womanhood, when, by the decease of their surviving parent, a man of high moral rectitude, but a stern disciplinarian, they were left in possession of a comfortable independence, fully equal to their moderate wants. They had been governed with such an iron rule, and treated as such absolute automata from their childhood, that when the hand of death released them from the despotic sway, its effects still continued apparent in the constraint which habit had rendered second nature. They continued to reside in their native town, only removing to a smaller house, and pursued undeviatingly the routine they had always been accustomed to—a routine which might well bear comparison, in its monotony and apathy, with that of monastic seclusion. Rumour, with her thousand tongues, had never singled out these vestal ladies as objects of matrimonial schemes; no suitors darkened their doors or disturbed their peace; they made no enemies, and, perhaps, no very enthusiastic friends. They listened to the gossip retailed by their neighbours, as in politeness bound, but the imperturbable 'Really!' 'Indeed!' and 'Impossible!' gave no encouragement to gossip: they never asked questions, never propagated reports, but listened and ejaculated, and ejaculated and listened, giving and receiving no offence. It never was positively ascertained whether the Misses Bonderlay conversed among themselves; but popular opinion maintained, that they did not, assigning the ill-natured reason, that they had nothing to say. Being neither oral inquirers nor readers, what could they have to talk about? Still, popular opinion is often wrong, and perhaps it was so in this instance. At anyrate, if they did not exchange confidential sentiments, quarrels were avoided; and smoothly the three fair sisters sailed down the troublous stream of time.

It was a great and stirring event in their tranquil lives, when a maternal uncle, as if to vindicate the fidelity of old romance, did actually return from India to his native land with a large fortune. Mr Elliston, a childless widower, took up his abode at a watering-place, and sent for his eldest niece, Miss Bonderlay. She promptly obeyed the summons, and of course it was generally reported, and with some colouring, that the bulk of the nabob's fortune would be hers if she 'played her cards well.' But she did not play her cards well, as the event turned out; for the old splenetic Indian tired very soon of the monotonous 'Really!'—the sole response to his wonderful narratives of tiger-hunting and Eastern marvels in general. At length, Mr Elliston bluntly gave his visitor

to understand that he wished to see Miss Paulina; and poor, crestfallen Miss Bonderlay returned home, and Miss Paulina departed in her turn to fill the vacant place at the nabob's board. She remained a considerable time longer than her elder sister had done; and it was surmised that 'Indeed!' had proved more agreeable than 'Really!' But, alas! for human foresight and conjecture, the second Miss Bonderlay re-appeared in her native town for the purpose of despatching the third relief in the person of Miss Constantia. 'The young one will have a human tongue,' muttered the choleric Indian: 'I want a companion, not a parrot.' The poor gentleman never imagined that there could be three parrots in one family; and he naturally, concluded, that his choice had fallen on the right niece at last.

When he found out his mistake—and we need hardly say that he was not long about that—his chagrin and consternation may be imagined. Indeed, had it not been for the presence of a certain Major George, there is no doubt that when he heard the sweet 'Impossible!' of Miss Constantia, he would instantly have consigned her to the banishment and oblivion of her sisters. But Major George's quiet influence restrained the threatened ebullition of wrath; though when his best stories and jokes after dinner were received with a gentle 'impossible!' which meant either 'really,' or 'indeed,' or anything else it might pass for, Uncle Elliston struck the table violently with his clenched hand, exclaiming in a passion: 'Impossible? madam—impossible? Do you mean to give me the lie? I tell you, the anecdote I have just related is perfectly possible, and, moreover, perfectly true. What do you mean by impossible? I hate impossibles. Nothing is impossible! Do you mean to insult me, madam—height?' 'Impossible, dear uncle—impossible!' meekly ejaculated the gentle fair, affrighted at such an unusual display of excitement; and it was fortunate that Major George called off her uncle's attention from poor Miss Constantia's unconscious delinquency.

Major George was an Indian crony of Uncle Elliston's; considerably younger, however, than the latter, and, as the spinsters remarked sententiously, only sallow enough to be interesting, and only old enough to be sedate! His purse was amply filled, and Major George was on the look-out for a wife; but being most painfully shy and sensitive, it seemed rather a doubtful case if he would succeed in his aspirations. With the nabob, Major George was an immense favourite; but except that they had hunted tigers together, there seemed no adequate reason for so strong a preference—the taciturnity of the one being as remarkable as the communicativeness of the other. Mr Elliston called George a 'good fellow,' and slapped his shoulder approvingly; and introduced him to Miss Constantia with sly and peculiar *empressment*. Major George's visit was prolonged, and Miss Constantia's visit was prolonged far beyond the period allotted to her sisters; and Uncle Elliston gradually ceased to rave at 'Impossible!' But a terrible climax approached, and how it came about no one ever knew: Major George set off for Paris early one fine morning, and Miss Constantia appeared at the breakfast-table with eyes red and swollen with weeping. The nabob insisted on knowing what was the matter, and why his favourite had taken flight so unceremoniously.

'You don't mean to say you've refused him, Niece Con?' cried her uncle, 'for I know he meant to make you an offer of his hand and heart.'

'O no, uncle, no!—impossible!' sobbed the weeping lady.

'Oh! deuce take your impossibles, Con Bonderlay. Tell me if the lad asked you to marry him, and what your answer was?'

She hesitated—looked up—looked down—looked startled; and then murmured, as if examining for

the first time the word, as it slipped musically from between her lips, 'Impossible!'

'Well, Niece Con, I think you've said *impossible* once too often in your life, if this is to be the upshot. Come now, be candid and don't be a fool! Did you intend to refuse Major George?'

'Impossible!' was the reply; which, habitual as it was, burst forth this time in a passion of tears and blushes.

Mr Elliston always affirmed that he saw at a glance how the matter stood: that, in short, Major George had made a 'fool of himself.' The lady had not intended to reject him; but the major, from his shy, shamefaced nature, on hearing Miss Constantia's fatal 'impossible!' in reply to his love-suit, had flown from the scene of disappointment without an attempt at explanation. Acting on such a supposition (for mere supposition it remained, neither the lady nor gentleman making the slightest confession), Mr Elliston addressed his niece with more gentleness, a dash of pity mingling in his tone: 'Niece Constantia, I shall write to Major George, and bring him back again; but mind you don't say "impossible" a second time!'

However, Mr Elliston indulged in the fault of procrastination, which in him often led to results he did not anticipate: he rarely remembered that excellent maxim, which advises us never to postpone till to-morrow what can be performed as well to-day. To-morrow came, indeed; but with it also came an attack of gout, which incapacitated him from exertion for weeks: and scarcely was he convalescent, when a letter was put into his hands from the absentee, announcing the marriage of Major George with a very pretty and charming young lady. Mr Elliston handed the missive to his niece: she perused it in silence; but her uncle told Mrs Smith, in strict confidence, that he felt almost sure a tear fell on the paper. Be that as it might, shortly afterwards, when Mr Elliston signified his intention of inviting Major George, Major George's young bride, and the young bride's elder sister, to pay him a visit, Miss Constantia expressed a desire to return home. Her uncle acquiesced with rather too much alacrity for conventional *politesse*, exclaiming as he did so: 'I only hope, Niece Con, that George's wife won't be a "Dear me!" or a "Well, I never!" but a hearty, comfortable, chattering woman, with a will and a way of her own!'

Nor were Mr Elliston's hopes in this instance doomed to disappointment; for Mrs Major George had not only an actual tongue, but a way and a will of her own so decided, that ere the expiration of their visit, she succeeded in bringing about a union between the nabob and her elder sister. Some folks affirmed, that Mr Elliston came speedily to endure the flat contradictions of his wife with the humility of a broken spirit, and to speak with tender regret of his meek and inoffensive nieces. They, quiet souls, heard of their uncle the nabob's marriage without surprise, and without expressing emotion of any kind, beyond the 'Really!' 'Indeed!' and 'Impossible!' appertaining to each, as her distinguishing characteristic or mark of identity. When we first met the Misses Bonderlay, with their trinal baskets and squares of worsted-work, they were preparing a beautiful hearth-rug as a present for their uncle's wife, to be formed of these identical squares, with numerous others of a similar construction, and surrounded by a corresponding handsome border. Since that period, we have been favoured with exquisite specimens of their united industry; for the greatest pleasure of their lives consists in bestowing such-like gifts of handiwork on their friends and acquaintance.

But we have derived another benefit from our intercourse with the sisters. Whenever we find ourselves at a loss for an inoffensive reply, or are unwilling to pursue a discussion, we find a safe refuge in copying

their harmless peculiarity; for, after all, the meaning of words depends very much on intonation: and we have not unfrequently had confirmed, by our own experience, the theory we have ventured to promulgate—that there is much virtue in such interjections as Really! Indeed! and Impossible!

THE GREAT AFGHAN BLUNDER.

EVERY war is a blunder; every battle a blot of shame upon human nature; and the greatest wisdom a successful belligerent can shew, even when he has been forced into the fray by his beaten antagonist, is to get out of it as fast as he can. But some wars are viewed, not as they ought to be, as indications of the slow progress of the human race from barbarism, but through the medium of the lofty and chivalrous feelings of the resisting party, or the party which takes arms against oppression. Hence, war and glory have come to be associated in the vulgar mind; and hence the mere act of fighting is termed honourable, although it is obvious that, abstractedly, it should excite only feelings of shame. Even the late Afghan war is looked upon as a calamity, relieved throughout by flashes of heroism and gleams of success—a war which, rightly viewed, is either one of the greatest crimes, or one of the most stupendous blunders recorded in history!

This war, we observe, has already found a chronicler, and one peculiarly qualified, both by his knowledge and talent, to do justice to the subject.* Although possessing all the essentials of history, however, the book has something more, and is therefore not strictly a history, in the conventional sense of the term; the text as well as the margin being burdened with letters, diaries, and documents of all kinds—the crude materials which it is the province of the historian to digest. The author, notwithstanding, has a clear historical head; his narrative, when he permits it to flow uninterrupted, is animated; his reflections generally philosophical; his summaries of individual character acute and distinct; and so peculiar have been his sources of information, that henceforward no man will sit down to write upon this era of the history of India, or of Central Asia, before carefully consulting the volumes of Mr Kaye.

These volumes, however, comprise between thirteen and fourteen hundred octavo pages, filled with hard names and minute details, and rendered more difficult by the unpardonable want of an index. Although a necessity, therefore, for the more respectable libraries, and a thing to be hoarded by all collectors as a work of reference, the book has little chance of being known to the mass of the public; and we propose, therefore, to arrange the few extracts we are able to give, in such a way as, with the aid of our own filling up, may convey to the general reader—what, we suspect, he has never received before—some distinct idea of one of the most fantastic tricks that ever made the angels weep.

There is no country in the world more secure from external invasion than India; but on the west, more especially, nature has interposed between her and the more civilised powers of Europe and Asia a succession of rivers, mountains, and deserts, absolutely impassable by an army of any formidable magnitude. Notwithstanding this, there had been long an uneasy feeling connected with the idea of the territorial aggrandisement of Russia, and of late years, by the desire manifested by that power to interfere in the affairs of Persia. In 1837-38, therefore, when a Persian army was before Herat, with Russian officers busy in the camp, it is no wonder that, to previously excited imaginations, the danger should have

* *History of the War in Afghanistan*: from the unpublished Letters and Journals of Political and Military Officers employed in Afghanistan throughout the entire period of British Connection with that Country. By John William Kaye. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1851.

seemed to assume a tangible form. The principality of Herat, although on the other side of intervening deserts, extending for many hundred miles, was in itself a fertile and beautiful oasis, where a numerous army might be refreshed and provisioned, and established as on a vantage-ground. From thence the Persians, strengthened and officered by the Russians, might roll on towards Cabool, and there prepare for a descent upon India. This magnificent but terrible idea was not examined in its details—it was taken for granted as a thing not only possible but probable; and the far-distant region of Hindostan, separated as it was by deserts, mountains, and rivers from the tumult that agitated Central Asia, was stirred by conflicting feelings of terror and exultation. British India, from the Himalaya to the sea, is dotted here and there with native states, which the inconsistent policy of the Company in Leadenhall Street has preserved in a kind of liberty, as relics and remembrancers of a past régime. But besides these uncertain protégés, we had to look to the natives in our own provinces, who seemed to expect that something would happen—they knew not what, any more than their rulers. 'Among our Mussulman subjects,' says Mr Kaye, 'the feeling was somewhat akin to that which had unsettled their minds at the time when the rumoured advent of Zemaun Shah made them look for the speedy restoration of Mohammedan supremacy in Hindostan. In their eyes, indeed, the movement beyond the Afghan frontier took the shape of a Mohammedan invasion; and it was believed that countless thousands of true believers were about to pour themselves over the plains of the Punjab and Hindostan, and to wrest all the country between the Indus and the sea from the hands of the infidel usurpers. The Mohammedan journals, at this time, teemed with the utterances of undisguised sedition. There was a decline in the value of public securities; and it went openly from mouth to mouth, in the streets and the bazaars, that the Company's Raj was nearly at an end.'

Under these circumstances, it seemed necessary to look to the intervening country, Afghanistan, which in this summary manner was to be made a 'platform of observation' for the Perso-Russian army to prepare for its descent upon Hindostan. The Afghans were tribes of hardy mountaineers, inhabiting a wild and thinly-peopled country. They consisted of soldiers, husbandmen, and shepherds, all convertible, at a moment's notice, into thieves and bandits; and through their formidable defiles flowed an uncertain stream of commerce, connecting India with the distant provinces of Persia and Russia. So little was known of these mountaineers, that in the early part of this century, their prince, Shah Zemaun, was a formidable bugbear to the Indian Council, and nothing was thought of for a time but an invasion of the Afghans. In one of the sudden revolutions, however, so common in semi-barbarous states, this shah was taken captive, and his eyes punctured with a lancet—a summary act of deposition in the East, for a blind man cannot reign. Two of his brothers competed for the vacant throne; and notwithstanding the efforts of a famous king-making vizier, Futteh Khan, the prize fell for a time to the lot of him who is so well known to English readers by the name and style of Shah Soojah. But his incapacity was soon manifest. Sometimes a king, sometimes a bandit, and sometimes a fugitive subsisting by the sale of his jewels, his cause at length became altogether hopeless; and after being robbed of his last treasure, the Koh-i-Noor—as has already been detailed in this Journal*—he took refuge in the British territory.

Futteh Khan, the king-making vizier, had twenty brothers; but one of the younger fry he treated with especial neglect. 'The son of a woman of the Kuzzilbash tribe, looked down upon by the high-bred Douranee ladies

of his father's household, the boy had begun life in the degrading office of a sweeper at the sacred cenotaph of Lamech. Permitted, at a later period, to hold a menial office about the person of the powerful Wuzer, he served the great man with water, or bore his pipe; was very zealous in his ministrations; kept long and painful vigils; saw everything, heard everything in silence; bided his time patiently, and when the hour came, trod the stage of active life as no irresolute novice. A stripling of fourteen, in the crowded streets of Peshawur in broad day, as the buyers and the sellers thronged the thoroughfares of the city, he slew one of the enemies of Futteh Khan, and galloped home to report the achievement to the Wuzer. From that time his rise was rapid. The neglected younger brother of Futteh Khan became the favourite of the powerful chief, and following the fortunes of the warlike minister, soon took his place among the chivalry of the Douranee Empire.'

The name of this youth is well known in the annals of our time: he was Dost Mahomed, a gay, bold, frank, daring character, who rose from the excesses of his early years into something resembling a hero of romance. One of these excesses was committed when he had taken by assault the Palace of Herat. It consisted in tearing the jewelled waistband from the person of the wife of one of the royal princes—a terrible outrage in the eyes of these barbarous soldiers of the farther East, who, even when covered with blood, and loaded with rapine, cast down their eyes before the females of their enemies' household. In this case, the profaned garment was sent by the lady to her brother, the son of the then Afghan king, and a bloody vengeance followed, not upon the author of the outrage, but on the king-making vizier, who, falling into the hands of the prince whom he had himself placed upon the throne, was literally hacked to pieces. Dost Mahomed now rose like a rocket. The base and feeble remains of legitimacy seemed to die away of its own weakness, and the despised younger son of the king-making vizier soon reigned supreme at Cabool. Let us note that this was in 1826. The new king, says Mr Kaye, 'had hitherto lived the life of a dissolute soldier. His education had been neglected, and in his very boyhood he had been thrown in the way of pollution of the foulest kind. From his youth, he had been greatly addicted to wine, and was often to be seen in public reeling along in a state of degrading intoxication, or scarcely able to keep his place in the saddle. All this was now to be reformed. He taught himself to read and to write, accomplishments which he had before, if at all, scantily possessed. He studied the Koran, abandoned the use of strong liquors, became scrupulously abstemious, plain in his attire, assiduous in his attention to business, urbane and courteous to all.' In 1833, Shah Soojah, issuing from the British territory, made an abortive attempt to recover his kingdom; but Runjeet Singh, the ruler of the Sikhs, was more successful in wresting from him Peshawur, a province of Afghanistan, and Dost Mahomed, both in rage and terror, began to look around him for a foreign alliance. His grand aim was to secure the friendship of the British; but this was scornfully refused. The governor-general, with exquisite irony, replied to his overture: 'My friend, you are aware that it is not the practice of the British government to interfere with the affairs of other independent states' and a British envoy to Cabool, while refusing everything that was important for him to ask, kindly cautioned him to abstain from connecting himself with any other power.

Such was the position of affairs in Afghanistan when the government of India, in 1838, was roused to a sense of what seemed immediate danger by the movements in Central Asia. On the one hand, there was a *de facto* king, who had reigned twelve years, who was now struggling in the grasp of the ruler of the Punjab, and eagerly soliciting the alliance of the British; while

* See No. 291.

the Russians and Persians, leagued before Herat, were already negotiating for a footing in his country. On the other hand, there was a deposed exile, who had tried repeatedly, and in vain, to recover his throne, whose whole life had been a tissue of misfortunes and feebleness, and who now lived on the charity of the Company in their own territory. The obvious policy was to secure the independence of Afghanistan and aid her resources. How to do this? To embrace the proffered alliance of Dost Mahomed, or force Shah Soojah upon the country, and prepare for the reception of the Persians and Russians, by kindling a civil war? The latter was the course determined on! A league was formed, known in the history of our time as the Tripartite Treaty—including Runjeet Singh, Shah Soojah, and the British government. By this document, it was agreed that certain large portions of the Afghan territory, including Peshawar, should belong for ever to Runjeet Singh; that the maharajah should likewise possess the passes both of the Sutlej and the Indus, with power to bar the way at his pleasure; that the Afghans and Sikhs should mutually exchange military assistance when required; and that the friends and enemies of any of the three high contracting parties should be the friends and enemies of all.

There was not a word in this treaty, it will be seen, of a British war in Afghanistan; but the Indian government soon came to enlarge its views, and instead of merely patting Shah Soojah on the back, and setting him upon his countrymen, it determined to take the field in such force as would instantaneously settle the whole affair. The celebrated Simlah manifesto was accordingly drawn up, in which the governor-general gave 'his most exquisite reasons,' unpolitely stigmatised by a great portion of the Indian press as a tissue of falsehoods. With this, however, we have nothing to do; our business is with the fact, that before this proclamation had obtained general currency, information had been received that the siege of Herat was raised, and the Persian army on its retreat. This was awkward. The occasion of the intended British invasion of Afghanistan was at an end. No matter. A large and brilliant army was already assembled on the banks of the Indus, and the war must go on! Many persons from the first considered the result doubtful; and Shah Soojah himself had his misgivings, when he found that he was to be forced by Christian bayonets upon a nation of bigoted Mohammedans!

But although the change in the state of affairs in Central Asia made no change in the belligerent resolves of the Indian government, it determined them to reduce the size of the army, and so make a little war instead of a great one. Scarcely had the Army of the Indus, as it was called, begun its march through Scinde, when it was beset with difficulties. 'Between Sukkur and Shikarpoor the camels had dropped down dead by scores. But there was a worse tract of country in advance. The officers looked at their maps, and traced with dismay the vast expanse of sandy desert, where no green pasture met the eye, and no sound of water spoke to the ear. But the season was favourable. Escaping the arid and pestilential blasts of April and May, and the noxious exhalations of the four succeeding months, the column advanced into Cutch. The hard, salt-mixed sand crackled under their horses' feet, as the general and his staff crossed the desert, on a fine bright night of early March—so cool, that only when in a full gallop the riders ceased to long for the warmth of their cloaks. The distance from Shikarpoor to Dadur is a hundred and forty-six miles. It was accomplished by the Bengal column in sixteen painful marches. Water and forage were so scarce, that the cattle suffered terribly on the way. The camels fell dead by scores on the desert; and further on, the Beloochee robbers carried them off with appalling dexterity. When the column reached a cultivated tract of country, the green crops were used

as forage for the horses. The *ryots* were liberally paid on the spot; but the agents of the Beloochee chiefs often plundered the unhappy cultivators of the money that had been paid to them, even in front of the British camp.' The Bolan Pass was more formidable. 'The stream of the Bolan river was tainted by the bodies of the camels that had sunk beneath their loads. The Beloochee freebooters were hovering about, cutting off our couriers, murdering stragglers, carrying off our baggage and our cattle. Among the rocks of this stupendous defile, our men pitched their tents, and toiled on again day after day, over a wretched road, covered with loose flint-stones, surmounting, at first by a scarcely perceptible ascent, and afterwards by a difficult acclivity, the great Brahoo chain of hills. The Bolan Pass is nearly sixty miles in length. The passage was accomplished in six days. They were days of drear discomfort, but not of danger. A resolute enemy might have wrought mighty havoc among Cotton's regiments: but the enemies with which now they had to contend were the sharp flint-stones, which lamed our cattle; the scanty pasturage, which destroyed them; and the marauding tribes, who carried them off. The way was strewn with baggage, with abandoned tents and stores; and luxuries, which a few weeks afterwards would have fetched their weight twice counted in rupees, were left to be trampled down by the cattle in the rear, or carried off by the plunderers about them.'

These disagreeables were surmounted; Soojah was installed at Candahar; Ghuznee was captured in gallant style—when fifty prisoners were hacked to pieces by orders of the shah; Dost Mahomed was beaten wherever he shewed himself; and, finally, our victorious army arrived at Cabool. Glorious victories are always highly appreciated in England. The chief actors in this expedition were rewarded with titles of earl, baron, baronet, and knight; and 'all went merry as a marriage-bell.' Not, however, but that there were moments of misgiving among the conquerors at Cabool. Dost Mahomed, though beaten, was not subdued, and his repeated small successes made him almost formidable. But even this was at an end, and the Dost surrendered himself prisoner.

The British force remained in Cabool two years, where officers and men alike misconducted themselves, as soldiers always do in a conquered country. The exasperation of the natives became more and more manifest: Akbar Khan, a son of Dost Mahomed, hovered about the country, the evil genius, as it is supposed, of the rising storm; and at length an insurrection broke out in the city. In this tissue of surprising blunders, perhaps none is more remarkable than the facts, that the general selected to command an army so critically placed was a poor old man, feeble in body and mind, and that the wives and children of many of the officers were present with their husbands and fathers, as if the causeless invasion of a country, and the massacre of thousands of its inhabitants, had been a party of pleasure! The moment of retreat at length came; snow covered the ground; the dreary passes of Khoord-Cabool were before them; and as they turned their backs upon the city, they were saluted with farewells volleys of musket-bullets.

The story of this fatal retreat has been often told. The result was communicated in the following manner to the British troops shut up in Jelalabad: 'At last, on the 13th of January, when the garrison were busy on the works, toiling with axe and shovel, with their arms piled and their accoutrements laid out close at hand, a sentry on the ramparts, looking out towards the Cabool road, saw a solitary white-faced horseman struggling on towards the fort. The word was passed; the tidings spread. Presently the ramparts were lined with officers, looking out, with throbbing hearts, through unsteady telescopes, or with straining eyes tracing the road. Slowly and painfully,

as though horse and rider both were in an extremity of mortal weakness, the solitary mounted man came reeling, tottering on. They saw that he was an Englishman. On a wretched, weary pony, clinging, as one sick or wounded, to its neck, he sat or rather leant forward; and there were those who, as they watched his progress, thought that he could never reach, unaided, the walls of Jelalabad. A shudder ran through the garrison. That solitary horseman looked like the messenger of death. Few doubted that he was the bearer of intelligence that would fill their souls with horror and dismay. Their worst forebodings seemed confirmed. There was the one man who was to tell the story of the massacre of a great army. A party of cavalry were sent out to succour him. They brought him in wounded, exhausted, half-dead. The messenger was Dr Brydon, and he now reported his belief that he was the sole survivor of an army of some 16,000 men!*

From this wholesale butchery, which we are not disposed to detail, the women and children, the general, and the husbands of the ladies, were rescued by Akbar Khan. They were held for a time by the son of Dost Mahomed in a sort of captivity; where some of them had leisure to write narratives of their adventures, while others, with an inconsistency common and entertaining in melodramatic pieces, amused themselves with fun and frolic!

And what became of Shah Soojah? 'Rising early on the morning, he arrayed himself in royal apparel, and, accompanied by a small party of Hindostanees, proceeded under a salute, in a chair of state, towards his camp, which had been pitched at Soeah-Sungh. But Soojah-ool-dowlah, the son of the Newah, had gone out before him, and placed in ambush a party of Jezailchees. As the shah and his followers were making their way towards the regal tent, the marksmen fired upon them. The volley took murderous effect. Several of the bearers and of the escort were struck down, and the king himself killed on the spot. A ball had entered his brain. Soojah-ool-dowlah then rode up; and as he contemplated his bloody work, the body of the unhappy king, vain and pompous as he was to the very last, was stripped of all the jewels about it—the jewelled dagger, the jewelled girdle, the jewelled head-dress—and it was then cast into a ditch.'

It was of course impossible for the Company to suffer the blot upon their arms to remain: indeed, their safety in India required that no tarnish of defeat should rest permanently upon their name. The British troops at Candahar and Jelalabad were ordered to march upon Cabool, where, as an enduring mark of the retributory visit, in addition to pillaging the shops, setting fire to the houses, and murdering the unresisting inhabitants, they destroyed—not the fortress—but the *bazaar*, the great commercial depot of Central Asia!

The objects of the war were now accomplished. But Shah Soojah was dead. The king we had driven from the throne, however, was still alive: Dost Mahomed, therefore, was restored; and nothing remained to be done, since the grand drama had been brought to a conclusion, but to celebrate the happy *dénouement* by a *fete*. This, accordingly, came off at Ferozepore. 'Then there was feasting and festivity in the gigantic tents, hung with silken flags, on which, in polyglot emblazonments, were the names of the actions that had been fought; many complimentary effusions, in the shape of after-dinner harangues; and in the mornings grand field-days, more or less, according to the "skye influences." The year—a most eventful one—was closed with a grand military display. The plain was covered with British and Sikh troops, and in the presence of Pertaub Singh, the heir-apparent of Lahore; Dhyen Singh, the minister; the governor-general, the

commander-in-chief, and others of less note, some 40,000 men, with 100 guns, were manœuvred on the great plain. On this grand tableau the curtain fell; and the year opportunely closed in gaiety and glitter—in prosperity and parade.'

We have now concluded our task, but without having been able to convey even a faint idea of the stores of information that are contained in these valuable volumes. They are destined, however, to retain a permanent place among the books of reference which enrich our national literature, and contribute to its advancement.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN INSECTS.

HOWEVER useful insects may be in the general economy of nature, it is but too true that farmers and gardeners often find them a pest, and with each returning summer the pages of agricultural journals abound with remedies, offensive and defensive, against the obnoxious invaders. In such cases, it becomes desirable to know what remedial means are the most efficacious, and we are glad to find that the question has been taken up by persons competent to discuss it. Among these, Dr J. Davy has given the results of his inquiry in a paper, 'On the Effects of certain Agents on Insects,' which has just been published in the *Transactions of the Entomological Society*, and is well worth reproduction in a condensed form. The experiments were begun in the winter of 1850, the season, as will be remembered, being so mild that insects were readily met with. Their objects were threefold—to test the effects of temperature, of gases, and of vapours. In the former, recourse was had to extremes of heat and cold. A bee placed in a temperature of 32° became at first more active, but the next morning was found torpid, as if dead; a register-thermometer shewing that 25° had been the lowest temperature during the night. Transferred to a temperature of 52°, the bee revived in half an hour, and on the following day exhibited the same results under the same conditions. A fly which, on December 8, was lively on the wing, in a temperature of 52° indoors, was disinclined to move at 40°; and still more so, stirring only when touched, at 33°, but did not become torpid, as in the case of the bee, even at 23°, signs of life being distinctly visible. Several trials made with different species of flies all gave the same result—a remarkable power of sustaining life. The method adopted was to enclose the insects in a glass tube, and place them out of doors all night; and though the tube was frequently covered with frost, they soon revived in the warm temperature of a room. It is perhaps scarcely possible to estimate the degree of cold which insect life will bear without destruction, since many of these creatures survive the terrible winters of the arctic regions. Still, a knowledge of the effects of reduction of temperature will be valuable, as affording data by which to judge of the effects and probable duration of visitations of insects, and of the nature of the precautionary measures to be adopted. In an experiment of alternate temperature from 40° to 65° tried for five days on a bee, the creature at last 'ceased to give any sign of vitality.'

The influence of heat appears to be much more rapid than that of cold: a fly exposed to a temperature of 120°, died in two or three minutes; and 118° proved fatal to another; while a third, placed in a temperature increased gradually to 96°, remained alive for more than an hour. Others bore from 80° to 90° for two hours; and in one instance, a fly survived from 86° to 100° for several hours, but became uneasy with a slight rise, and died at 105°. A bee, taken on March 15, from a temperature of 45°, was exposed to 80° without any apparent diminution of activity; at 90° it ceased to buzz; and at 96°, ceased altogether to

* A sketch of this famous retreat will appear in a forthcoming volume of *Chambers's Pocket Miscellany*.

move, and did not revive. Although these results are too few to enable us to determine the laws with respect to the influence of temperature on insects, they may serve a purpose, in shewing that the effect is not that gradual one of hybernation, where activity and torpor succeed each other but slowly.

In the series of experiments with gas, it was found that flies placed in carbonic acid gas became instantly motionless, and died if left for any length of time. Some revived after an hour's immersion; others, after two or three hours—the revival being slow in proportion to the time of exposure to the gas. Somewhat similar results were obtained with flies and bees in hydrogen and azote. To try the effect of deprivation, a fly was shut up in a tube with but a small quantity of common air, on the 5th February, in a temperature varying from 52° to 60° during the whole time of the experiment. The insect manifested no uneasiness until the 25th day, and was found dead on the 28th. Another fly, enclosed in a similar tube, with a quantity of air not more than a few times its own volume, became languid on the second day, and motionless on the twelfth, but revived on being taken out.

Flies immersed in oxygen were found dead the second day, with a diminution of the quantity of the gas. Coal-gas produced almost immediate insensibility, with a few feeble attempts at revival, but in no case effectual. Sulphuretted hydrogen also proved especially fatal—an instant's immersion was sufficient to destroy life; though withdrawn at once, not one of the flies recovered. It was the same when the portion of gas diffused in the air of the tube was so minute as to be scarcely appreciable. On bees, too, the effect was similar; the deadly nature of the gas on their delicate organisation being invariably destructive. Like results were obtained with chlorine.

In the class of vapours, ammonia proved fatal in one case, and harmless in another; muriatic acid stupified in two, and killed in twenty-four hours. The vapour of nitric acid was equally fatal with sulphuretted hydrogen; and, in alcoholic vapour, at a temperature of 74°, 'for a few minutes the fly shewed increased activity; in a few more, it became nearly motionless; after about a quarter of an hour, it appeared to be torpid. Now, exposed to the air of the room, in a few minutes a slight motion of its feet was seen; after a couple of hours, it was nearly as active as before the experiment; two hours later, it was found dead.' The same effects, with slight variations, were produced on other flies. With ether, cessation of motion was almost instantaneous, followed, however, by revivification, except in one instance: brief immersion in chloroform did not prevent revival, but an exposure of eight minutes killed: camphor and turpentine were both fatal: with attar of roses, musk, or iodine, no ill effect was perceptible.

The experiments with prussic acid are worthy the attention of entomologists, with whom it is often a matter of importance to kill an insect with the least possible amount of injury. In these instances, the plan pursued was to charge a small tube with the acid, and place it inside that containing the insects. The vapour of 1-16th of a grain was sufficient to destroy bees and flies; and that of seven grains proved fatal to large beetles, and the largest kind of bees. Although as yet the investigation has taken but a limited range, it will be seen that it opens a wide field of research: the next step will be to group or class those agents which appear to have produced similar effects. It is remarkable, as Dr Davy observes, 'that most of the substances which, even in minute portions mixed with common air, prevent the slow combustion of phosphorus, as indicated by its shining in the dark, have the effect, on the insects on which they were tried, of suspending animation.'

He says further: 'Some of the results may not be undeserving notice for practical purposes—as those in the

instances of sulphuretted hydrogen, oil of turpentine, and camphor, in relation to the destruction of parasitical insects, whether infesting plants or minerals, or to the preservation of substances from the attacks of insects. To be applicable to the preservation of plants, of course it is necessary that the agents to be used should not exercise on them any materially injurious effects. This must be determined by experiments made expressly for the purpose. The few trials I have yet made on seeds seem to shew, that the steeping them in a solution in water of sulphuretted hydrogen has not prevented their germination. The seeds tried were mignonette, cress-seed, and that of a *Nemophila*: analogy—namely, that of steeping the seed of the cerealia in a solution of the white oxide of arsenic, is in favour of the same conclusion. Further, for the preservation of articles, whether of clothing or furniture, it is hardly less necessary that the substances to be employed should have no offensive odour. Judging from the effects of attar of roses, and from what we know of scented woods not being liable to be attacked by insects, the probability is, that any volatile oil of agreeable perfume will answer the purpose required, and prove a true instance of the *utile et dulce* combined.

'As carbonic acid gas, and some of the other agents mentioned, produce merely a temporary torpor, it may be a question whether this gas, or simple immersion in water, may not be advantageously substituted for the fumes of burning sulphur, destructive of life, at the yearly gathering of honey; the former, indeed, may be said to be in use in the Levant, where the smoke of the fire of leaves, in which the carbonic acid generated may be considered as chiefly operative, is employed to stupify the bees preparatory to the spoiling of their hives.'

CHILDREN SUCKLED BY WOLVES.

This subject is one which will not be unwelcome to those whose faith in the myths of Roman history has been dissipated by Niebuhr and others: they may still believe the story of Romulus and Remus and the wolf. The Honourable Captain Egerton, in a communication from India, says: 'Colonel Sleeman told me one of the strangest stories I ever heard relating to some children, natives of this country (Oude), carried away and brought up by wolves. He is acquainted with five instances of this, in two of which he has both seen the children and knows the circumstances connected with their recapture from the animals. It seems that wolves are very numerous about Cawnpore and Lucknow, and that children are constantly carried off by them. Most of these have, of course, served as dinners for their captors, but some have been brought up and educated by them after their own fashion. Some time ago, two of the king of Oude's sowars (mounted gendarmes), riding along the banks of the Goomptje, saw three animals come down to drink. Two were evidently young wolves, but the third was as evidently some other animal. The sowars rushed in upon them, captured the three, and to their great surprise found that one was a small naked boy. He was on all-fours, like his companions; had callosities on his knees and elbows, evidently caused by the attitude in moving about; and bit and scratched violently in resisting the capture. The boy was brought up in Lucknow, where he lived some time, and may, for aught I know, be living still. He was quite unable to articulate words, but had a dog-like intellect—quick at understanding signs, and so on. Another *enfant trouvé*, under the same circumstances, lived with two English people for some time. He learned at last to pronounce the name of a lady who was kind to him, and for whom he shewed some affection; but his intellect was always clouded, and more like the instinct of a dog than the mind of a human being. There was another more wonderful, but hardly so well-authenticated, story of a boy who never

could get rid of a strong wolfish smell, and who was seen, not long after his capture, to be visited by three wolves, which came evidently with hostile intentions, but which, after closely examining him—he seeming not the least alarmed—played with him, and some nights afterwards brought their relations, making the number of visitors amount to five—the number of cubs which composed the litter from which he had been taken. There is no account of any grown-up person having been found among the wolves. Probably, after a certain time, the captives may have got into a set of less scrupulous wolves, not acquainted with the family: the result is obvious.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINE.

The electro-magnetic machine invented by Professor Page, has from time to time been noticed in our Journal, and we have now to give a further account of this interesting mechanism, as furnished by an American periodical. It appears that several of these machines have lately been submitted to critical examination by competent authority at Washington, and with very favourable conclusions. The principle has already been explained—namely, the alternate rising and falling of an iron rod within a helix through which an electro-magnetic current is made to pass: when the current is on, the rod rises, and remains, as it were, self-suspended, equidistant from all parts of the surrounding helix; and falls as soon as the current ceases by breaking contact with the battery. The 'rod' of one of the machines submitted to the examination weighs 850 lbs.: no sooner, however, was contact made, than it rose into its position. 'Dr Page then stood on the top of the rod, which not only sustained his weight, in addition to its own, but he pushed with his hands against the ceiling, increasing the downward pressure on the rod, which was only acted upon as a powerful spring would have been, but still maintaining its perpendicular position concentric to the inner surface of the helices. I held,' says the reporter, 'an iron rod in my hand, with the end of which I touched that of the suspended rod. I could not detach it by pulling or jerking, and could only alter its position so as to cause the annular space to become eccentric instead of concentric. The instant the battery was disconnected, the rod fell to the floor with its full force.'

By moving the wires from the battery up and down outside the pile of helices, it was clear that an upward and downward movement of the rod would follow, 'and that a shackle-bar attached from this oscillating rod, and to a crank, would convert this reciprocating motion into a continuous one.' To this contrivance the name of 'Jumper' was given, of which one was exhibited, the helices weighing 800 lbs., and the rod 626 lbs.; and by the means above mentioned, it has been converted into a working-engine, with a twelve-inch crank, and a fly-wheel of four and a half feet in diameter. 'On the outside of the helices,' to quote the description, 'was placed a line of pieces of metal, so arranged as to render the attachment with the battery and its necessary alternations performable by the engine itself. Before starting the engine, I tied an arm of the fly-wheel, at one-third greater distance from the centre than the length of the crank, to an upright beam of twelve inches diameter, which formed part of the frame of the engine. The cord used was the better kind of bed-cord, of great strength, nearly three-eighths of an inch thick. This was passed twice round the fly-wheel arm and post before being tied, and with pieces of sole-leather intervening, to prevent the cord being cut by the corners of the post. Such a fixture, I am confident, would have held a five horse-power steam-engine from starting, with full pressure of steam on the piston, and no previous motion. Not so, however, with this engine, for the breaking of the cord and contact with the battery occurred at the same instant

of time, leaving an impression in the beam to the depth of the cord, despite the protection of the sole-leather.' The engine continued to work in the most satisfactory manner; and Dr Page attached a circular-saw, which was used in wood, to a depth of six inches, and at a speed such as could be anticipated from the power which we afterwards found the engine to possess.

Careful experiments made to test the power of the engine, shewed it to be equal to seven horse nearly; and the estimate for consumption of acid and use of zinc is twenty cents for each horse-power per day of twenty-four hours. The escape of acid vapours from the batteries is an evil that will have to be guarded against, to prevent the pernicious effects produced in several electro-plating establishments, where the health of the workmen has been seriously injured by the liberated gases. This defect being overcome, Professor Page's electro-magnetic engine may become highly valuable in engineering and manufacturing processes. To quote the conclusions of the report—'the cost will be less than that of a steam-engine of the same power: the weight will be but one quarter, if boilers and contents be taken into account: the expense of firemen and engineers is dispensed with: buildings, and stocks of goods, and vessels may be more cheaply insured than when steam-engines are used, as there could be no risk from explosion or fire: the expenses are only active while the machine is positively in action, whereas an ordinary steam-engine continues its expenses whenever the fire is burning.

'Dr Page's engine, if used ten times during the day, of six minutes each time, would have but one hour's expenses for the day; whereas a steam-engine, under similar circumstances, would be subject to nearly or quite the full expenses of fuel for twenty-four hours, or equal to the expenses of continuous work.'

THE SCIENCE OF COLOUR IN DRESS.

Unfortunately for our health and comfort, the teachings of science are too often disregarded, if they interfere with our habits. Science, when not practically applied, loses its value; it wants fixedness, stability. Its application is its embodiment; without it, it is a mere figment of the brain. Its business is to inform the mind, and remove erroneous impressions; and its highest aim is usefulness. The popular belief with respect to dress, that a black dress is warmer, both in winter and summer, than a white one, is erroneous. The truth is that, the material being the same, a black dress is cool in winter and warm in summer—while a white one is warm in winter and cool in summer; that is to say, the one is cool when we require warmth, and warm when we require to be cooled; while the other is warm when we are cool, and cool when we are warm, and thus answers the purpose of dress, which is, to protect the body from the influence of the weather.

Science teaches that dark colours absorb heat, and part with it much more rapidly than light ones; black and white being the two extremes. How strange that this knowledge has not been applied to dress! If the bowls of two spoons, the one polished, and the other smeared with soot, be held near a fire, it will be found that the blackened one becomes hot much sooner than the other; and if now they be both made hot by holding them against the bars of the grate, and then removed from the fire, and suspended in the air, it will be seen that the blackened one will get cool much sooner than the other. It is true that the difference in this case is chiefly due to the polish on one of the spoons, but it is not altogether due to it. Again: if hot water be poured into two vessels, the one white and the other black, the water in the latter will cool before the other. So likewise if two persons, one dressed in black and the other in white—all other conditions being the same—were to go from the cold external air into a heated room, the one in black would

feel the heat sooner than the other, and on leaving the room would feel the cold sooner; consequently, would be more likely to take cold than the other. It is therefore evident that a light-coloured dress is more conducive to health and comfort than a dark one, since it prevents the external heat or cold from too suddenly reaching the body, and prevents the body from too suddenly parting with its heat; and thus, that it keeps it in a more equable temperature.

We may now understand the reason why animals in the polar regions are white—their whiteness preserves the heat of their bodies much better than any other colour. So likewise the earth, in consequence of the whiteness of snow, is prevented from parting with its heat. It is not so much by snow protecting the earth from the external cold, that it does such valuable service, as by its preventing the radiation of the internal heat. This whiteness of snow, and of the polar animals, must not be looked upon as the result of blind chance: it strikingly exemplifies the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

The above observations are peculiarly applicable to the case of men engaging in arctic expeditions. I do not know what dress they usually wear, but it is quite clear that a white woollen one would be the most appropriate; and if it had a gloss upon it, it would be so much the better. This they might have learned from observing the animals in those regions.

DIBDIN'S SAILOR-SONGS.

In a recent article in this Journal,* we gave our opinion of practical sea-life, and incidentally alluded to the songs of Dibdin. The paper excited some interest; and we may, therefore, venture to say a little more about these celebrated songs, concerning which the public in general has always had, and still has, a very erroneous impression.

We commence with an assertion which will startle many—namely, that Dibdin's songs never were, are not, and never can be, popular with sailors. About six years ago—if we recollect rightly as to date—the Lords of the Admiralty, considering that Dibdin's songs had always been 'worth a dozen pressgangs,' as the common saying is, ordered that twenty of the best songs should be printed on strong paper, and presented to every man and boy in the royal navy. This act, however, is not so much to be regarded as a strong evidence of the private opinion of the nautical magnates in question—but the chief of them is invariably a *landman*—as of their deference to the force of public estimation on the subject of the songs. Let it not be thought, from the tenor of our subsequent remarks, that we ourselves are at all prejudiced against Dibdin. So far is it the reverse, that we were brought up from childhood 'in belief' of that gifted lyricist: our father repeated to us in early life his finest songs, and we have never ceased to regard him with sincere admiration. He was a man of true genius in his peculiar walk, and it has been well and truly said of him, that, 'had he written merely to amuse, his reputation would have been great; but it stands the higher, because his writings always advocate the cause of virtue: charity, humanity, constancy, love of country, and courage, are the subjects of his song and of his praise.'

Dibdin himself was not a sailor, and his knowledge of sea-life, of seamen, and of sea-slang, is generally attributed to the instructions of his brother, the master of a ship. This brother was subsequently lost at sea, and Dibdin is said to have written *Poor Tom Bowling* as his elegy. Dibdin's sea-lore was, therefore, altogether second-hand and theoretical; and his songs, on the whole, present an idealised and exaggerated embodiment of the characteristics, life, and habits of seamen; but it is

wonderful how accurately and skilfully he introduces allusions to sea-manceuvres, and how very rarely he errs in nautical technicalities. They were written in war-time, when the nation was excited to a pitch of frenzied enthusiasm by a succession of unparalleled naval victories—when a prince of the blood trod the quarter-deck, and Nelson was 'Britannia's god of war.' Their popularity with *landsmen* was then incredible. Everybody sang Dibdin's sea-songs, deeming them a perfect mirror of sea-life and seamen's character. The truth is, he has exaggerated both the virtues and the follies of sailors to an absurd degree; and his blue-jacketed heroes are no more to be accepted as a fair type of sailors, than are Fenimore Cooper's Chingachgook and Leatherstocking as types of the Red Men and trappers of North America. Herein, we conceive, is the primary cause of Dibdin failing to enlist strongly the sympathies of real blue-water tars; and the very same reason, with some modifications, prevents all prose works, descriptive of sea-life, from being favourably received by practical mariners. We have heard the 'sailing' portions of the finest works of Cooper and others scoffed at by seamen; and the very best book on sea-life ever written, Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, is held in no sort of esteem by the very men for whose benefit the author avows he wrote it, and whose life he has so vividly, and, as we think, faithfully described. Every sailor we have questioned concerning that book—and there are few sailors who have not read it—declared that he 'thought nothing of it;' and that all his messmates laughed at it as much as himself. They say that Dana 'makes too much' of everything, and that he gives false and exaggerated notions of life on shipboard. We personally deny this; but sailors, as a body, are such prosaic people, that they will make no allowance whatever for the least amplification of bald matter of fact. If the author dilates at all on his own feelings and impressions, they chuckle and sneer; and if he errs in the least—or the compositor for him—in his nautical details, they cry out that he is a know-nothing, a marine, a horse-jockey, a humbug. To please seamen, any book about their profession must be written precisely in the lucid and highly-imaginative style of a log-book—their sole standard of literary excellence.

Sailors are shrewd and sensitive enough in some respects. They do not like to be flattered, and cannot bear to be caricatured; and they feel that Dibdin has—unconsciously—been guilty of both towards them. According to his songs, sailors lead a life of unalloyed fun and frolic. He tells us nothing about their slavery when afloat, nothing about the tyranny they are frequently subjected to; and in his days, a man-o'-war was too often literally a floating pandemonium. He makes *landsmen* believe that Jack is the happiest, most enviable fellow in the world: storms and battles are mere pastime; lopped limbs and wounds are nothing more than jokes; there is the flowing can to 'sweet-hearts and wives' every Saturday night; and whenever the ship comes to port, the crew have guineas galore to spend on lasses and fiddles. In fine, both at sea and ashore, according to his theory, jolly Jack has little to do but make love, sing, dance, and drink—grog being 'his sheet-anchor, his compass, his cable, his log;' and in the *True British Sailor*, we are told that 'Jack is always content.' Now, Jack knows very well this is all 'long-shore palaver, and he gives a shy hail to such palpable lime-twigs. 'Let the land-lubbers sing it!' thinks he; 'I'll none on't!'

Dibdin takes the first sip of his *Flowing Can* with the ominous line—

'A sailor's life's a life of wo!'

But what follows?—

'Why, then, he takes it cheerily!'

A pleasant philosophy this; but we happen to know

* See The 'Romance' of Sea-Life, No. 414 of the Journal.

that sailors do *not* take cheerily to 'a life of wo'—they would be more than men if they did. He talks coolly about times at sea when 'no duty calls the gallant tars.' We should very much like to know on board what 'old barkey,' and in what latitude and longitude, this phenomenon happened, and would have no particular objection to sign articles for a voyage in such a *Phoenix* of a ship; for in all the vessels we ever were acquainted with, there was never such a thing heard of, as 'nothing to do.' As to 'Saturday nights' exclusively devoted to pledging 'sweethearts and wives' over a flowing can in the fore-castle, we are sorry to say, we regard that as little better than a poetic myth.

Doubtless, at the time Dibdin's songs were written, sailors sang them to a considerable extent, for the public enthusiasm would in a way compel Jack to acquiesce in these eulogies on himself; but the said Jack never took them fairly to heart—how could he, when every voyage he made must have given the lie to many of these glowing pictures of life at sea? And from that time to the present, Dibdin's songs have gradually been forgotten among seamen, till, at this day, we question whether there is a foremast-Jack afloat who can sing half-a-dozen of them; and, probably, not many men aboard merchantmen know more than one or two songs of the hundred in question, although they may recollect fragments of several.

Dibdin's songs might be 'worth a dozen pressgangs' for manning the navy in war-time, and, for aught we can predicate to the contrary, they may be so again; but we reiterate our conviction, that they never caused sailors to ship aboard a man-o'-war. Landsmen might volunteer by scores through the influence of such stirring, patriotic ditties; but seamen, who 'knew the ropes,' would never be induced to ship through their agency.

Dibdin does ample justice to the bravery, the generosity, the good-humour, the kind-heartedness of sailors; and, as a class, they deserve his encomiums. His songs abound with just and noble sentiments, and manly virtues were never more constantly and strikingly enunciated by any author. We dearly love Charles Dibdin for this; and as a writer of popular lyrics, we class him as the very first England has ever produced. In this department of literature, we consider he holds the same place in England as Burns does in Scotland; Béranger, in France; Freiligrath, in Germany; and Hans Christian Andersen, in Denmark.

The reader will now ask: 'What songs do sailors sing?' We answer, that their favourite *sea-songs** are the most dismal, droning doggerel it is possible to conceive; and yet they relish them mightily, because they are stern matter of fact, and in most instances are descriptive of a battle, a chase, a storm, or a shipwreck—subjects appealing powerfully to their sympathies. The following may be taken as a tolerably fair specimen of the style of the genuine 'sailors' songs:—

'It was the seventeenth day of May, in the year 'ninety-six,

Our *taut* frigate the *Ajax*, she from Plymouth did set sail;

Eight days out, com'd a squall from north-east by north,
And then by four bells, morning-watch, it did freshen to a gale.'

Perhaps the most universally popular song among seamen is *Rule Britannia*; but in general they do little more than sing the chorus, and the way in which a crew of tars, when half-seas-over, will monotonously draw out 'Britons never, never, never shall

be slaves!'—repeating it over and over again, as if they never could have too much of a good thing—is highly amusing. We believe that a decided majority of the songs sang in the fore-castle are not *sea-songs* at all, but purely land-songs; and, strange to say, the most popular of these are sentimental ditties, such as were, a score of years ago, drawing-room favourites! It is very rich to hear 'ancient marinere,' rough as bears, hoarsely quavering, *I'd be a butterfly!* or, *O no! we never mention her;* or, *The days we went a-gipsying, long time ago!* They are also very partial to songs about bandits and robbers.

Well, after all, we have often, when in a tight craft, tossing amid howling billows, complacently repeated—and perchance shall again—the closing lines of *The Sailor's Consolation*, which, we believe, but are not certain, Dibdin wrote—

'Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!'

'SEWED MUSLINS.'

UNDER the above technical name is produced in Glasgow a manufacture little known beyond the sphere of those immediately engaged in the business, the importance of which, however, as a means of employment to the poorer Scotch and Irish peasantry, renders it deserving of more attention than it has hitherto received. Sewed muslins include all those articles which are composed of muslin with a pattern embroidered on it by the hand—such as collars, sleeves, chemisettes, &c. together with the long strips of embroidery used, like laces, for trimming dresses, petticoats, &c. and called, technically, trimmings. The manufacture of these articles in the form in which they are now used was for a long period peculiar to France, and that country alone supplied all the rest of the world with the limited quantities which the high cost permitted to be consumed. An embroidered collar, thirty-five years ago, was an article of luxury only attainable by the rich, while the far greater part either dispensed with it altogether, or contented themselves with one of plain muslin or cheap net. Soon after that period, the rudiments of the manufacture began to be established at Glasgow, where for some time it made but moderate progress, and was confined to the production of a very low class of goods, leaving still to the French all the finer and more tasteful departments of the trade. During the last ten years, however, the progress has been very rapid; and now it supplies abundantly, with cheap and good embroidery, the whole British and American demand, to the almost total exclusion of both French and Swiss work.

The process by which a perfect piece of embroidery, delicately worked in a graceful pattern, and as white as snow, is produced, is far more complicated than might be imagined. The simple plan by which industrious ladies work a single collar on a traced pattern, with clean hands in a pure atmosphere, will not do when hundreds of thousands of collars are to be made, at the lowest rate, by poor children, in smoky hovels. In order to understand the matter clearly, it may be as well to transport ourselves to one of the large establishments in Glasgow, in whose extensive, well-lighted lofts the whole mechanism of the manufacture may be seen at work.

In the highest room, where the best light is obtained, we find a number of men, seated at small tables at the windows, engaged in drawing patterns. These are the designers, whose business it is to produce a constant and rapid succession of new patterns, either original or adapted from the French designs, which lie scattered on their tables. They are a very intelligent class, possessing considerable originality, and, what is even more important, thoroughly understanding the art of

* We must explain that the *working-songs* of seamen—or such as they sing when heaving at the pawl—windlass, catting the anchor, and other heavy pieces of work—are of a different class altogether, and consist chiefly of a variety of appropriate choruses to lively and inspiring tunes. These songs sound well, and are worth anything on shipboard, for they stimulate the men far more than grog would do with only a dead, silent heave or haul.

practical adaptation of costly designs to the necessities of the manufacture, without which the ingenious sketches of the French would be valueless. It is proper to add, that their powers of invention are steadily increasing year after year, and that the time is probably not remote when they will be independent of the Parisian designers.

The patterns sketched by them are transferred by the ordinary process to lithographic stones; and on entering the adjoining room, we find a large number of lithographic presses at work, some of great size. The unbleached muslin here receives the impression of the outline pattern, as paper is printed in the ordinary press; and the substitution of stones for the wooden blocks formerly used, has greatly cheapened and facilitated this process. The carved blocks were expensive to cut, and useless when the pattern was finished: the pattern is now put on the stone with great economy, and, the requisite number being struck off, is erased to make room for another.

The printed webs are now carried from the press-room to the floor below, where the green warehouse is situated—the common receptacle of the unbleached muslin going out to the working, and of the sewed goods coming in. The former are now made up into parcels, and sent off to the agents who are employed in the working districts to give out the work to the sewers, from whom they are again returned into the same department when sewed. We see them lying heaped in every direction, so saturated with dirt, that the pattern is hardly distinguishable from the muslin, looking and smelling as if no purative process could ever render them clean and sweet. The interval which elapses between the goods leaving the green warehouse and returning to it varies, with the nature of the goods, from a fortnight to six months; although occasionally pieces remain out much longer, and sometimes drop in after the lapse of years; while a per-centage are never returned at all, a loss which constitutes an item in the cost of the remainder. About three-quarters, at least, of all the embroidery is worked in Ireland; the remaining quarter being sewed in the south-western counties of Scotland. In Ireland, the sewing districts, at first confined to a very limited space in the neighbourhood of Donaghadee, have gradually spread, until the whole north, and even a portion of the western wilds of Connaught, have been covered with the agents of the Scotch and Irish manufacturers. There is every prospect that their extension will not stop here. It is requisite that the work should be performed at a very small cost; and from the position and habits of the Irish, they are able to work cheaper than the Scotch. The nature of the employment is also peculiarly fitted to them. It can be performed in their own cottages at leisure times, or by children, not otherwise useful. No cleanliness is required, as it matters not how dirty the piece is when finished; and the payments are prompt and in ready money. The remuneration is small, especially to children learning, and varies, according to the skill and industry of the worker, from 6d. to 5s. a week; but this is paid in cash immediately on the completion of the piece. It is easy to see what an important addition may thus be made to the means of a poor cotter, by the labour of the young children and girls, who would probably otherwise have no employment whatever.

The goods being fairly back in the green warehouse, the next process is to discharge the load of dirt contracted in the smoky mud-hovel, and restore the original snowy hue of the cotton. For this purpose they are sent out to what is termed a bleachfield, although those who should visit such a place in hopes of seeing a verdant lawn, strewn with the white folds of muslin waving in the summer breeze, would be grievously disappointed. A bleachfield is simply a huge steam wash-house, with red brick walls and a tall

chimney vomiting smoke, with not a particle of turf about it. Here, amidst volumes of steam, and the unceasing splash of water, the mirky mass is subjected to repeated agitations in hot and cold solutions, by means of revolving hollow wheels, inside of which the embroidery is tossed and tumbled for many days. A little chlorine is at last used, with much care, to complete the bleaching; and after a term, varying from ten days to three weeks, the goods are once more returned to the manufacturer, of a pure white, starched and dressed as may be required. We shall find them by walking from the green warehouse into the darning and ironing rooms where the final process of examination and finishing goes on, and whence they are turned out in a complete state into the saleroom, on the lowest floor of the establishment, to be disposed on long mahogany polished counters for sale. The extreme economy and method of this long process may be imagined when we are shewn very pretty collars, the entire cost of which—designing, sewing, muslin, bleaching, and profit—only amounts to 3d., yet including a rather elaborate pattern; while a yard of good serviceable edging is produced for 2½d.

The entire amount of the manufacture must of course be conjectural, but it has been estimated at about three-quarters of a million sterling a year. The principal part is sold in Glasgow, but a part of the Irish production is disposed of in Belfast. If we take, as the price of the work, two-thirds of the gross sum, the remaining third being cost of muslin, expenses, charges, and profit, we shall have £500,000 as the sum annually distributed, in ready money, in small sums over the south of Scotland and the north of Ireland—a most important addition to the resources of the rural population of those districts. In addition to this, a large class of workers, male and female, are employed in Glasgow in the preparation and in the finishing of the goods—as designers, lithographers, weavers, clerks, darners, ironers, and patterners. These are all well paid—some very highly; and the young women composing the three latter classes are remarkably well-to-do, prosperous class.

The growth of the manufacture has been much accelerated by the export-trade to the United States, where its superior cheapness and intrinsic excellence have induced a large consumption. Could we prevail on the French government to relax the prohibition which now bars its entrance into that country, a new and wide field would be opened for its extension, even at a pretty high duty; as the French manufacture, in its present state, is quite inadequate to supply the demand for cheap embroidery there. Even as it is, a good deal is smuggled in, and may be recognised by the experienced eye adorning the windows of the shops in Paris. An increased demand must tell immediately in favour of Ireland, the only place affording an increased supply of labour; and on this account, the prosperity and extension of the trade in sewed muslins must be an object of interest to all who desire the amelioration of the condition of the Irish peasant.

AN AMERICAN CONFESSES A FAULT.

THE Americans are said to be grievously addicted to —: we would rather avoid the word. Travellers have spread the imputation; but travellers are known to speak from prejudice, and their report did not appear to be altogether trustworthy. At length, strange to say, the charge of being intolerable—must we say it?—*spitters* is made by one of themselves, and of course there can be no more said on the subject: the fact is confessed. This marvellously candid, but painful acknowledgment, occurs in the recently-published work, *Sketches of European Capitals*, by W. Ware,

M.D., the well-known author of those charming historical romances, *Letters from Palmyra*, *Aurelian*, &c. We trust that Dr Ware will not be ostracised on the score of taste or patriotism by his countrymen, for his extraordinary audacity in telling them of a fault, and, what is more, in drawing an unfavourable comparison between them and Englishmen on this most delicate subject. The following are his remarks:—

'An Englishman, I believe, rarely chews, and, compared with the American, rarely smokes; but whether he does not secretly practise both these abominations, I am not prepared to say. But with both these provocatives, if it be so, one thing he never does—is to spit. That fact draws a line of demarcation between the Englishman and the American, broader and deeper a thousandfold than any other in politics, government, laws, language, religion. *The Englishman never spits*; or, if he does, he first goes home, shuts himself up in his room, locks his door, argues the necessity of the case; if necessary, performs the disagreeable duty, and returns to society with a clear conscience. The American spits always and everywhere; sometimes when it is necessary; always, when it is not. It is his occupation, his pastime, his business. Many do nothing else all their lives, and always indulge in that singular recreation when they have nothing else to do. Sometimes, in a state of momentary forgetfulness, he intermits; but then, as if he had neglected a sworn duty, returns to it again with conscience-smitten vigour. He spits at home and abroad, by night and by day, awake and asleep, in company and in solitude, for his own amusement and the edification of a spitting community; on the freshly-painted or scoured floor, on the clean deck of a ship or steam-boat, on parlour floors—covered whether with ingrained Brussels, Wilton, or Turkey—even there he voids his rheum; upon the unabsorbent canvas, so that one may see, where numbers congregate, the railway cars to run in more ways than one; the pulpits and pews of churches are not safe; the foot-pavement of the streets, the floors of all public places—of exchanges, hotels, of Congress halls—are foul with it; and in railway cars it must always be necessary for a lady to shorten her garments, as if about to walk in the deep mud of the street, or the snow and water of spring, if she would escape defilement to either her dress or her slippers. As the power of direction of these human missiles is by no means unerring, notwithstanding so much practice, one's own person, and all parts of his person, are exposed to the random shots of this universal foe of American civilised life; and often he finds, on different parts of his dress, proofs abundant of the company he has kept. The only single spot absolutely secure is a man's face—and that would not be, were it not for the fear of a duel. That there is not the shadow of exaggeration in this description, coarse as it is, and coarse as it has been my intention to make it, all Americans, and all travellers who have ever been within an American hotel, steam-boat, or rail-car—all will testify. And the result of it all is, I suppose, that we are the freest and most enlightened people on the face of the earth! But for one, republican as I am in principle, I think, on the whole, I would prefer the despotism of Austria, Russia, or Rome, to the freedom, if I must take with it the spit, of America. It is vice enough to tempt one to forswear home, country, kindred, friends, religion; it is ample cause for breaking acquaintance, friendship, for a divorce; in a word, it is our grand national distinction, if we did but know it. There are certainly parts of the country comparatively, but only comparatively, free from this vice. Here at the north, there is much less than at the west and the south, though here enough of it to disgust one with his nose. In proportion as general refinement prevails, the custom abates. At the south, no carpets, no rooms, no

presence, affords protection.* Here, in the best rooms, the best society, there is partial exemption, though not often enough from the presence of that ingenious, fearful patent—the brazen, china, or earthen box. Would that my country could be induced to pause in this its wonderful career! Pity some public effort could not be made by way of general convention, or otherwise, for the abatement of this national mischief—certainly as worthy of attention as very many of our political and moral reforms. The advice of the London surgeon, Abernethy, to an American sea-captain, was at any rate useful to us all, and pregnant with good medical philosophy. "Keep your saliva in your mouth to help to digest your food with," said he, "and do not spit it all over my carpet." Very wholesome counsel. And, seriously, who can say how much the pallid face, the proverbial indigestion of our country, even consumption itself, may not be owing to this constant drain, which deprives the stomach of a secretion which nature provided for the most important purposes in the manufacture of the blood, and which she certainly did not provide to be wasted and thrown about in the manner of the Anglo-American?'

There is so much frankness and sorrow in this confession of a national sin against good manners, that the least thing we can do is to assure Dr Ware, that he takes much too favourable a view of the habits of the English in the matter in question. That among the highly-educated, the refined, and in what is called 'good society' generally, no one is guilty of the crime he speaks of, is quite true; but we take leave to say that inferior grades of people—the bulk of those walking the street, for example—are about as guilty of it as are the Americans; and it must doubtless be from this source that our transatlantic brethren have been contaminated. This hint as to the origin of a bad practice may perhaps suggest amendment in those departments of our population where it is required. Might not something also be done in the way of school instruction?

'THE MAGNETOSCOPE.'

In No. 415 of this Journal, we printed a paper with the above title, merely as one likely to excite interest, but warning the reader that we did not ourselves vouch for its statements. This caution appears to have been very necessary; for Dr Madden—the substance of whose lecture was given in the article—now declares, that 'very shortly after its delivery, he, in common with many others, detected a serious fallacy in the whole series of experiments; and that, by prosecuting his inquiry in this new direction, he ascertained that not one of the hitherto recorded experiments can be looked upon as proving the existence of *magnetic currents* at all.' The pendulations, it seems, are caused solely by 'slight mechanical impulses, unconsciously or half consciously conveyed to the instrument by the luckless experimentalist.'

VILLAGE CLEANING.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that sanitary arrangements are required only for London and other large cities. Few small towns or even villages are exactly what they should be as regards health. Villages, indeed, by having no jurisdiction, are in many cases far more unhealthy than populous towns. We could point out a village of a few hundred inhabitants—a pretty place to look at, at a distance—where there is much mortality among infants and others in consequence of foul gutters and bad drainage. In a small pamphlet, forming an appeal to the ratepayers of Keswick on this subject, there occur the following

* 'Let six such Americans meet round a stove, in a bar-room, or parlour, or hotel drawing-room, of a morning—of the six, four will spit before speaking a word; one will bid good-morning first, and spit afterwards; the sixth will make a remark somewhat at length upon the weather, and, by way of compensation for extraordinary retention, spit twice or thrice.'

observations respecting the state of a place called Braithwaite, which we candidly believe might apply to a hundred other villages in England, and more particularly Scotland:—The village of Braithwaite, for example, contains, in proportion to its population, more dirt, disease, and death than any decent town. It is one of the most romantic and filthy villages in England, and yet it might easily be made one of the cleanest and neatest. There are lanes, alleys, and courts in almost all small towns and villages, in which the mortality is greater far than that of our great towns; nay, in hamlets, and isolated farm-houses in this, as in many other country districts, there is often more sickness in proportion to the population than in cities; and I could point out within a circuit of a few miles, localities in which, during the last few years, scrofula, small-pox, measles, and typhus fever have left their ravages; and which, with proper care and cleanliness, night, I firmly believe, have escaped. But that disease, and especially infectious disease, haunts all ill-drained, ill-cleaned, and ill-ventilated places in both town and country, there are now few intelligent persons that require to be convinced; and the question has come to be with the well-informed part of the public, as it has long been the question with medical men—has not the time now arrived to *compel* those who harbour the filth and the contagion that carry off one-half of mankind, to expel those enemies to the human race! The innumerable statistical inquiries of the last ten years on this subject, all go to prove that dirt, squalor, close air, and stagnant water, are the causes of one-half the mortality of mankind in civilised countries. The majority of thinking people of all classes—and these, though a small minority of mankind, are the directors of every great social movement—are coming to see that we must proceed with this sanitary business at once; and that, if not by mild means, then by a little wholesome compulsion, we must oblige the owners of property haunted by death and contagion, to yield to the demands of society. If a man may not harbour a ferocious bull-dog in his alley, is he to keep a noisome ditch running at large there?—and if he may not hold a main of fighting cocks, is he to keep cholera and typhus in his house! For my part, I cannot see, if a justice of the peace can stop a man from knocking me down with a bludgeon, why he should not be authorised to interfere to save me from a typhus fever; and if he can prevent boys from endangering the lives of passengers by firing guns on the high roads, why he should not also be enabled to forbid the open sewers and other nuisances, which, if not so noisy, are even more dangerous. A railway company pays heavily for the lives and limbs of passengers sacrificed by the neglect or rashness of its officials—should not a town be equally liable for the losses caused by a public violation of the laws of health! We move slowly in this neighbourhood, disliking changes, and hold strongly, while the rest of the world is advancing, to the old ideas; yet even Wordsworth's consecration of this sentiment to Cumberland—

"Hail usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old!"

can scarcely apply to bad drainage and ventilation. We should think not. There is a scandalous deficiency in the ordinary institutes of the country on this important subject of town and village cleaning!

NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

Sir C. Napier put down the practice of suttee, which, however, was rare in Scinde, by a process entirely characteristic; for, judging the real cause of these immolations to be the profit derived by the priests, and hearing of an intended burning, he made it known that he would stop the sacrifice. The priests said it was a religious rite which must not be meddled with—that all nations had customs which should be respected, and this was a very sacred one. The general, affecting to be struck with the argument, replied: 'Be it so. This burning of widows is your custom: prepare the funeral pile. But my nation has also a custom: When men burn women alive, we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My

carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned when the widow is consumed. Let us all act according to national customs!' No suttee took place then or afterwards.—*Sir C. Napier's Administration of Scinde.*

BY THESEA.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN tired of towns, and pining sore
For change to healthful ground,
Thou turn'st from crowds—still at the core
Feeling thy heart's worst wound—
When thou hast knocked at every door,
Yet no admittance found:
At every door where Pleasure in
Glides, with a sunny grace,
But which thine own bale barreth up
From thee—then seek a place
Where gates of stone and brass are none
To frown thee in the face!

The woods have walks, where thou mayst find
A balm to salve thy grief;
And in and out where waters wind,
Are sources of relief:
In which, if thou wilt bathe the mind,
Thou'lt have no comfort brief,
But peace—that falleth like the dew!
For everything that shews
God's sunshine speaketh marvels true
Of mercy and repose,
And joy, in rural scenes, beyond
All that the loud world knows!

Yet more, than wood or woodland rill
Can give of keen delight,
We glean from ocean-margins, till
The spirit—at the sight
Of all its range of changeful change—
Becometh, like it, bright!
Bright when the sunlight on it falls,
Or grave and grand when, dark,
The shadowy night lets down its pall
Upon each human ark;
And every surge seems but to urge
Extinction of life's spark!

A change, an always active change,
An everness of grace,
Of grace and grandeur, takes its range
Over the ocean's face:
As in a book for thoughts men look,
Thoughts in it we can trace!
A thought to turn us from ourselves
And all our petty cares—
A thought to move the spirit's love
To God, and God's affairs;
And thereby give to all that live
The sympathy that spares—

That spares our brother man from blame,
And pities him when o'er
His nature come such clouds of shame
As menaced us before:
God only can the sea-swell tame,
The mental peace restore!
Look on the ocean, then, and feel
Its turmoil and its calm
Arouse or tranquillise thy mind—
A stimulant or balm;
A thunder-tone to make thee think,
Or, gently soothing psalm!

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TIME'S REVIEW OF CHARACTER.

ROBESPIERRE.

SOME characters are a puzzle to history, and none is more so than that of Robespierre. According to popular belief, this personage was a blood-thirsty monster, a vulgar tyrant, who committed the most unheard-of enormities, with the basely selfish object of raising himself to supreme power—of becoming the Cromwell of the Revolution. Considering that Robespierre was for five years—1789 to 1794—a prime leader in the political movements in France; that for a length of time he was personally concerned in sending a hundred and fifty heads to the scaffold per diem; and that the Reign of Terror ceased immediately on his overthrow—it is not surprising that his character is associated with all that is villainous and detestable. Nevertheless, as the obscurities of the great revolutionary drama clear up, a strange suspicion begins to be entertained, that the popular legend respecting Robespierre is in a considerable degree fallacious; nay, it is almost thought that this man was, in reality, a most kind-hearted, simple, unambitious, and well-disposed individual—a person who, to say the least of it, deeply deplored the horrors in which considerations of duty had unhappily involved him. To attempt an unravelment of these contradictions, let us call up the phantom of this mysterious personage, and subject him to review.

To understand Robespierre, it is necessary to understand the French Revolution. The proximate cause of that terrible convulsion was, as is well known, an utter disorder in all the functions of the state, and more particularly in the finances, equivalent to national bankruptcy. That matters might have been substantially patched up by judicious statesmanship, no one doubts; but that a catastrophe, sooner or later, was unavoidable, seems to be equally certain. The mind of France was rotten; the principles of society were undermined. As regards religion, there was a universal scepticism, of which the best literature of the day was the exponent; but this unbelief was greatly strengthened by the scandalous abuses in the ecclesiastical system. It required no depth of genius to point out that the great principles of brotherly love, humility, equality, liberty, promulgated as part and parcel of the Christian dispensation eighteen centuries previously, had no practical efficacy so far as France was concerned. Instead of equality before God and the law, the humbler classes were feudal serfs, without any appeal from the cruel oppressions to which they were exposed. In the midst of gloom, Rousseau's vague declamations on the rights of man fell like a ray of light. A spark was communicated, which kindled a

flame in the bosoms of the more thoughtful and enthusiastic. An astonishing impulse was almost at once given to investigation. The philosopher had his adherents all over France. Viewed as a species of prophet, he was, properly speaking, a madman, who in his ravings had glanced on the truth, but only glanced. Among men of sense, his ornate declamations concerning nature and reason would have excited little more attention than that which is usually given to poetic and speculative fancies.

Amidst an impulsive and lively people, unaccustomed to the practical consideration and treatment of abuses, there arose a cry to destroy, root up; to sweep away all preferences and privileges; to bring down the haughty, and raise the depressed; to let all men be free and equal, all men being brothers. Such is the origin of the three words—liberty, equality, and fraternity, which were caught up as the charter of social intercourse. It is for ever to be regretted that this explosion of sentiment was so utterly destructive in its character; for therein has it inflicted immense wrong on what is abstractedly true and beautiful. At first, as will be remembered, the revolutionists did not aim at establishing a republic, but that form of government necessarily grew out of their hallucinations. Without pausing to consider that a nation of emancipated serfs were unprepared to take on themselves the duties of an enlightened population, the plunge was unhesitatingly made.

At this comparatively distant day, even with all the aids of the recording press, we can form no adequate idea of the fervour with which this great social overthrow was set about and accomplished. The best minds in France were in a state of ecstasy, bordering on delirium. A vast future of human happiness seemed to dawn. Tyranny, force, fraud, all the bad passions, were to disappear under the beneficent approach of Reason. Among the enthusiasts who rushed into this marvellous frenzy, was Maximilian Robespierre. It is said by his biographers, that Robespierre was of English or Scotch origin: we have seen an account which traced him to a family in the north, of not a dissimilar name. His father, at all events, was an advocate at Arras, in French Flanders, and here Maximilian was born in 1759. Bred to the law, he was sent as a representative to the States-General in 1789, and from this moment he entered on his career, and Paris was his home. At his outset, he made no impression, and scarcely excited public notice. His manners were singularly reserved, and his habits austere. The man lived within himself. Brooding over the works of Rousseau, he indulged in the dream of renovating the moral world. Like Mohammed

contriving the dogmas of a new religion, Robespierre spent days in solitude, pondering on his destiny. To many of the revolutionary leaders, the struggle going on was merely a political drama, with a Convention for the *dénouement*. To Robespierre, it was a philosophical problem; all his thoughts aimed at the ideal—at the apotheosis of human nature.

Let us take a look at his personal appearance. Visionaries are usually slovens. They despise fashions, and imagine that dirtiness is an attribute of genius. To do the honourable member for Artois justice, he was above this affectation. Small and neat in person, he always appeared in public tastefully dressed, according to the fashion of the period—hair well combed back, frizzled, and powdered; copious frills at the breast and wrists; a stainless white waistcoat; light-blue coat, with metal buttons; the sash of a representative tied round his waist; light-coloured breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. Such was his ordinary costume; and if we stick a rose in his button-hole, or place a nosegay in his hand, we shall have a tolerable idea of his whole equipment. It is said he sometimes appeared in top-boots, which is not improbable; for this kind of boot had become fashionable among the republicans, from a notion that as top-boots were worn by gentlemen in England, they were allied to constitutional government. Robespierre's features were sharp, and enlivened by bright and deeply-sunk blue eyes. There was usually a gravity and intense thoughtfulness in his countenance, which conveyed an idea of his being thoroughly in earnest. Yet, his address was not unpleasing. Unlike modern French politicians, his face was always smooth, with no vestige of beard or whiskers. Altogether, therefore, he may be said to have been a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, animated with proper self-respect, and having no wish to court vulgar applause by neglecting the decencies of polite society.

Before entering on his public career in Paris, Robespierre had probably formed his plans, in which, at least to outward appearance, there was an entire negation of self. A stern incorruptibility seemed the basis of his character; and it is quite true that no offers from the court, no overtures from associates, had power to tempt him. There was only one way by which he could sustain a high-souled independence, and that was the course adopted in like circumstances by Andrew Marvel—simple wants, rigorous economy, a disregard of fine company, an avoidance of expensive habits. Now, this is the curious thing in Robespierre's history. Perhaps there was a tinge of pride in his living a life of indigence; but in fairness it is entitled to be called an honest pride, when we consider that the means of profusion were within his reach. On his arrival in Paris, he procured a humble lodging in the Marais, a populous district in the north-eastern faubourgs; but it being represented to him some time afterwards, that, as a public man, it was unsafe to expose himself in a long walk daily to and from this obscure residence, he removed to a house in the Rue St Honoré, now marked No. 396, opposite the Church of the Assumption. Here he found a lodging with M. Duplay, a respectable but humble cabinet-maker, who had become attached to the principles of the Revolution; and here he was joined by his brother, who played an inferior part in public affairs, and is known in history as 'the Younger Robespierre.' The selection of this dwelling seems to have fallen in with Robespierre's notions of economy; and it suited his limited patrimony, which consisted of some rents irregularly paid by a few small farmers of his property in Artois. These ill-paid rents, with his salary as a representative, are said to have supported three persons—himself, his brother, and his sister; and so straitened was he in circumstances, that he had to borrow occasionally from his landlord. Even with all his pinching, he did not

make both ends meet. We have it on authority, that at his death he was owing L.160; a small debt to be incurred during a residence of five years in Paris, by a person who figured as a leader of parties; and the insignificance of this sum attests his remarkable self-denial.

Lamartine's account of the private life of Robespierre in the house of the Duplays is exceedingly fascinating, and we should suppose is founded on well-authorised facts. The house of Duplay, he says, 'was low, and in a court surrounded by sheds filled with timber and plants, and had almost a rustic appearance. It consisted of a parlour opening to the court, and communicating with a sitting-room that looked into a small garden. From the sitting-room a door led into a small study, in which was a piano. There was a winding-staircase to the first floor, where the master of the house lived, and thence to the apartment of Robespierre.'

Here, long acquaintance, a common table, and association for several years, 'converted the hospitality of Duplay into an attachment that became reciprocal. The family of his landlord became a second family to Robespierre, and while they adopted his opinions, they neither lost the simplicity of their manners nor neglected their religious observances. They consisted of a father, mother, a son yet a youth, and four daughters, the eldest of whom was twenty-five, and the youngest eighteen. Familiar with the father, filial with the mother, paternal with the son, tender and almost brotherly with the young girls, he inspired and felt in this small domestic circle all those sentiments that only an ardent soul inspires and feels by spreading abroad its sympathies. Love also attached his heart, where toil, poverty, and retirement had fixed his life. Eléonore Duplay, the eldest daughter of his host, inspired Robespierre with a more serious attachment than her sisters. The feeling, rather predilection than passion, was more reasonable on the part of Robespierre, more ardent and simple on the part of the young girl. This affection afforded him tenderness without torment, happiness without excitement: it was the love adapted for a man plunged all day in the agitation of public life—a repose of the heart after mental fatigue. He and Eléonore lived in the same house as a betrothed couple, not as lovers. Robespierre had demanded the young girl's hand from her parents, and they had promised it to him.

"The total want of fortune," he said, "and the uncertainty of the morrow, prevented him from marrying her until the destiny of France was determined; but he only awaited the moment when the Revolution should be concluded, in order to retire from the turmoil and strife, marry her whom he loved, go to reside with her in Artois, on one of the farms he had saved among the possessions of his family, and there to mingle his obscure happiness in the common lot of his family."

'The vicissitudes of the fortune, influence, and popularity of Robespierre effected no change in his simple mode of living. The multitude came to implore favour or life at the door of his house, yet nothing found its way within. The private lodging of Robespierre consisted of a low chamber, constructed in the form of a garret, above some cart-sheds, with the window opening upon the roof. It afforded no other prospect than the interior of a small court, resembling a wood-store, where the sounds of the workmen's hammers and saws constantly resounded, and which was continually traversed by Madame Duplay and her daughters, who there performed all their household duties. This chamber was also separated from that of the landlord by a small room common to the family and himself. On the other side were two rooms, likewise attics, which were inhabited, one by the son of the master of the house, the other by Simon Duplay, Robespierre's secretary, and the nephew of his host.

'The chamber of the deputy contained only a wooden bedstead, covered with blue damask ornamented with white flowers, a table, and four straw-bottomed chairs. This apartment served him at once for a study and dormitory. His papers, his reports, the manuscripts of his discourses, written by himself in a regular but laboured hand, and with many marks of erasure, were placed carefully on deal-shelves against the wall. A few chosen books were also ranged thereon. A volume of Jean Jacques Rousseau or of Racine was generally open upon his table, and attested his philosophical and literary predilections.'

With a mind continually on the stretch, and concerned less or more in all the great movements of the day, the features of this remarkable personage 'relaxed into absolute gaiety when in-doors, at table, or in the evening, around the wood-fire in the humble chamber of the cabinet-maker. His evenings were all passed with the family, in talking over the feelings of the day, the plans of the morrow, the conspiracies of the aristocrats, the dangers of the patriots, and the prospects of public felicity after the triumph of the Revolution. Sometimes Robespierre, who was anxious to cultivate the mind of his betrothed, read to the family aloud, and generally from the tragedies of Racine. He seldom went out in the evening; but two or three times a year he escorted Madame Duplay and her daughter to the theatre. On other days, Robespierre retired early to his chamber, lay down, and rose again at night to work. The innumerable discourses he had delivered in the two national assemblies, and to the Jacobins; the articles written for his journal while he had one; the still more numerous manuscripts of speeches which he had prepared, but never delivered; the studied style so remarkable; the indefatigable corrections marked with his pen upon the manuscripts—attest his watchings and his determination.

'His only relaxations were solitary walks in imitation of his model, Jean Jacques Rousseau. His sole companion in these perambulations was his great dog, which slept at his chamber-door, and always followed him when he went out. This colossal animal, well known in the district, was called Brout. Robespierre was much attached to him, and constantly played with him. Occasionally, on a Sunday, all the family left Paris with Robespierre; and the politician, once more the man, amused himself with the mother, the sisters, and the brother of Eléonore in the wood of Versailles or of Issy.' Strange contradiction! The man who is thus described as so amiable, so gentle, so satisfied with the humble pleasures of an obscure family circle, went forth daily on a self-imposed mission of turbulence and terror. Let us follow him to the scene of his avocations. Living in the Rue St Honoré, he might be seen every morning on his way, by one of the narrow streets which led to the rooms of the National Assembly, or Convention, as the legislative body was called after the deposition of Louis XVI. The house so occupied, was situated on a spot now covered by the Rue Rivoli, opposite the gardens of the Tuileries. In connection with it, were several apartments used by committees; and there, by the leading members of the House, the actual business of the nation was for a long time conducted. It was by the part he played in one of these formidable committees, that of 'Public Safety'—more properly, public insecurity—that he becomes chargeable with his manifold crimes. For the commission of these atrocities, however, he held himself to be entirely excused; and how he could possibly entertain any such notion, remains for us to notice.

The action of the Revolution was in the hands of three parties, into which the Convention was divided—namely, the Montagnards, the Girondists, and the *Fédérés*. The last mentioned were a comparatively harmless set of persons, who acted as a neutral body,

and leaned one way or the other according to their convictions, but whose votes it was important to obtain. Between the Montagnards and the Girondists there was no distinct difference of principle—both were keen republicans and levellers; but in carrying out their views, the Montagnards were the most violent and unscrupulous. The Girondists expected that, after a little preliminary harshness, the Republic would be established in a pacific manner; by the force, it may be called, of philosophic conviction spreading through society. They were thus the moderates; yet their moderation was unfortunately ill manifested. At the outset, they countenanced the disgraceful mobbings of the royal family; they gloried in the horrors of the 10th of August, and the humiliation of the king; and only began to express fears that things were going too far, when massacre became the order of the day, and the guillotine assumed the character of a national institution. They were finally borne down, as is well known, by the superior energy and audacity of their opponents; and all perished one way or other in the bloody struggle. Few pity them.

We need hardly recall the fact, that the discussions in the Convention were greatly influenced by tumultuary movements out of doors. At a short distance, were two political clubs, the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, and there everything was debated and determined on. Of these notorious clubs, the most uncompromising was the Jacobins; consequently, its principal members were to be found among the party of the Montagnards. During the hottest time of the Revolution, the three men most distinguished as Montagnards and Jacobins were Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. Mirabeau, the orator of the Revolution, had already disappeared, being so fortunate as to die naturally, before the practice of mutual guillotining was established. After him, Vergniaud, the leader of the Girondists, was perhaps the most effective speaker; and till his fall, he possessed a commanding influence in the Convention. Danton was likewise a speaker of vast power, and from his towering figure, he seemed like a giant among pigmies. Marat might be termed the representative of the kennel. He was a low demagogue, flaunting in rags, dirty, and venomous: he was always calling out for more blood, as if the grand desideratum was the annihilation of mankind. Among the extreme men, Robespierre, by his eloquence, his artifice, and his bold counsels, contrived to maintain his position. This was no easy matter, for it was necessary to remain firm and unfaltering in every emergency. He, like the others at the helm of affairs, was constantly impelled forward by the clubs, but more so by the incessant clamours of the mob. At the Hôtel de Ville sat the Commune, a crew of blood-thirsty villains, headed by Hebert; and this miscreant, with his armed sections, accompanied by paid female furies, beset the Convention, and carried measures of severity by sheer intimidation. Let it further be remembered that, in 1793, France was kept in apprehension of invasion by the Allies under the Duke of Brunswick, and the army of emigrant noblesse under the command of Condé. The hovering of these forces on the frontiers, and their occasional successes, produced a constant alarm of counter-revolution, which was believed to be instigated by secret intriguers in the very heart of the Convention. It was alleged by Robespierre in his greatest orations, that the safety of the Republic depended on keeping up a wholesome state of terror; and that all who, in the slightest degree, leaned towards clemency, sanctioned the work of intriguers, and ought, accordingly, to be proscribed. By such harangues—in the main, miserable sophistry—he acquired prodigious popularity, and was in fact irresistible.

Thus was legalised the Reign of Terror, which, founded in false reasoning and insane fears, we must, nevertheless, look back upon as a thing, at least to a

certain extent, reconcilable with a sense of duty; inasmuch as even while signing warrants for transferring hundreds of people to the Revolutionary Tribunal—which was equivalent to sending them to the scaffold—Robespierre imagined that he was acting throughout under a clear, an imperious necessity: only ridding society of the elements that disturbed its purity and tranquillity. Stupendous hallucination! And did this fanatic really feel no pang of conscience? That will afterwards engage our consideration. Frequently, he was called on to proscribe and execute his most intimate friends; but it does not appear that any personal consideration ever stayed his proceedings. First, he swept away Royalists and aristocrats; next, he sacrificed the Girondists; last, he came to his companion-Jacobins. Accusing Danton and his friends of a tendency to moderation, he had the dexterity to get them proscribed and beheaded. When Danton was seized, he could hardly credit his senses: he who had long felt himself sure of being one day dictator by public acclamation, and to have been deceived by that dreamer, Robespierre, was most humiliating. But Robespierre would not dare to put him to death! Grave miscalculation! He was immolated like the rest; the crowd looking on with indifference. Along with him perished Camille Desmoulins, a young man of letters, and a Jacobin, but convicted of advocating clemency. Robespierre was one of Camille's private and most valued friends; he had been his instructor in politics, and had become one of the trustees under his marriage-settlement. Robespierre visited at the house of his *protégé*; chatted with the young and handsome Madame Desmoulins at her parties; and frequently dandled the little Horace Desmoulins on his knee, and let him play with his bunch of seals. Yet, because they were adherents of Danton, he sent husband and wife to the scaffold within a few weeks of each other! What eloquent and touching appeals were made to old recollections by the mother of Madame Desmoulins. Robespierre was reminded of little Horace, and of his duty as a family guardian. All would not do. His heart was marble; and so the wretched pair were guillotined. Camille's letter to his wife, the night before he was led to the scaffold, cannot be read without emotion. He died with a lock of her hair clasped convulsively in his hand.

Having thus cleared away to some extent all those who stood in the way of his views, Robespierre bethought himself of acting a new part in public affairs, calculated, as he thought, to dignify the Republic. Chaumette, a mean confederate of Hebert, and a mouth-piece of the rabble, had, by consent of the Convention, established Paganism, or the worship of Reason, as the national religion. Robespierre never gave his approval to this outrage, and took the earliest opportunity of restoring the worship of the Supreme. It is said, that of all the missions with which he believed himself to be charged, the highest, the holiest in his eyes, was the regeneration of the religious sentiment of the people: to unite heaven and earth by this bond of a faith which the Republic had broken, was for him the end, the consummation of the Revolution. In one of his paroxysms, he delivered an address to the Convention, which induced them to pass a law, acknowledging the existence of God, and ordaining a public festival to inaugurate the new religion. This fête took place on the 8th of June 1794. Robespierre headed the procession to the Champ de Mars; and he seemed on the occasion to have at length reached the grand realisation of all his hopes and desires. From this *coup de théâtre* he returned home, magnified in the estimation of the people, but ruined in the eyes of the Convention. His conduct had been too much that of one whose next step was to the restoration of the throne, with himself as its occupant. By Fouché, Tallien, Collot-d'Herbois, and some others, he was now thwarted in all his schemes. His wish was to close the Reign of Terror and allow the new

moral world to begin; for his late access of devotional feeling had, in reality, disposed him to adopt benign and clement measures. But to arrest carnage was now beyond his power; he had invoked a demon which would not be laid. Assailed by calumny, he made the Convention resound with his speeches; spoke of fresh proscriptions to put down intrigue; and spread universal alarm among the members. In spite of the most magniloquent orations, he saw that his power was nearly gone. Sick at heart, he began to absent himself from committees, which still continued to send to the scaffold numbers whose obscure rank should have saved them from suspicion or vengeance.

At this juncture, Robespierre was earnestly entreated by one of his more resolute adherents, St Just, to play a bold game for the dictatorship, which he represented as the only means of saving the Republic from anarchy. Anonymous letters to the same effect also poured in upon him; and prognostics of his greatness, uttered by an obscure fortune-teller, were listened to by the great demagogue with something like superstitious respect. But for this personal elevation he was not prepared. Pacing up and down his apartment, and striking his forehead with his hand, he candidly acknowledged that he was not made for power; while the bare idea of doing anything to endanger the Republic amounted, in his mind, to a species of sacrilege. At this crisis in his fate, therefore, he temporised: he sought peace, if not consolation, in solitude. He took long walks in the woods, where he spent hours seated on the ground, or leaning against a tree, his face buried in his hands, or earnestly bent on the surrounding natural objects. What was the precise tenor of his meditations, it would be deeply interesting to know. Did the great promoter of the Revolution ponder on the failure of his aspirations after a state of human perfectibility? Was he torn by remorse on seeing rise up, in imagination, the thousands of innocent individuals whom, in vindication of a theory, he had consigned to an ignominious and violent death, yet whose removal had, politically speaking, proved altogether fruitless?

It is the more general belief, that in these solitary rambles Robespierre was preparing an oration, which, as he thought, should silence all his enemies, and restore him to parliamentary favour. A month was devoted to this rhetorical effort; and, unknown to him, during that interval all parties coalesced, and adopted the resolution to treat his oration when it came with contempt, and, at all hazards, to have him proscribed. The great day came, July 26 (8th Thermidor), 1794. His speech, which he read from a paper, was delivered in his best style—in vain. It was received with yells and hootings; and, with dismay, he retired to the Jacobins, to deliver it over again—as if to seek support among a more subservient audience. Next day, on entering the Convention, he was openly accused by Tallien and Billaud-Varennes of aspiring to despotic power. A scene of tumult ensued, and amid cries of *Down with the tyrant!* a writ for his committal to prison was drawn out. It must be considered a fine trait in the character of Robespierre the younger, that he begged to be included in the same decree of proscription with his brother. This wish was readily granted; and St Just, Couthon (who had lost the use of his legs, and was always carried about in an arm-chair), and Le Bas, were added to the number of the proscribed. Rescued, however, from the gendarmes by an insurrectionary force, headed by Barras, Robespierre and his colleagues were conducted in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Here, during the night, earnest consultations were held; and the adherents of Robespierre implored him in desperation, as the last chance of safety for them all, to address a rousing proclamation to the sections. At length, yielding unwillingly to these frantic appeals, he commenced writing the required address; and it was while subscribing his name to this seditious document.

that the soldiers of the Convention burst in upon him, and he was shot through the jaw by one of the gendarmes. At the same moment, Le Bas shot himself through the heart. All were made prisoners, and carried off—the dead body of Le Bas not excepted.

While residing for a short time in Paris in 1849, we were one day conducted by a friend to a large house, with an air of faded grandeur, in the eastern faubourgs, which had belonged to an aged republican, recently deceased. He wished me to examine a literary curiosity, which was to be seen among other relics of the great Revolution. The curiosity in question was the proclamation, in the handwriting of Robespierre, to which he was in the act of inscribing his signature, when assaulted and made prisoner in the Hôtel de Ville. It was a small piece of paper, contained in a glass-frame; and, at this distance of time, could not fail to excite an interest in visitors. The few lines of writing, commencing with the stirring words: '*Courage, mes compatriotes!*' ended with only a part of the subscription. The letters, *Robes*, were all that were appended, and were followed by a blur of the pen; while the lower part of the paper shewed certain discolourations, as if made by drops of blood. And so this was the last surviving token of the notorious Robespierre! It is somewhat curious, that no historian seems to be aware of its existence.

Stretched on a table in one of the anterooms of the Convention; his head leaning against a chair; his fractured jaw supported by a handkerchief passed round the top of his head; a glass with vinegar and a sponge at his side to moisten his feverish lips; speechless and almost motionless, yet conscious!—there lay Robespierre—the clerks, who, a few days ago, had cringed before him, now amusing themselves by pricking him with their penknives, and coarsely jesting over his fall. Great crowds, likewise, flocked to see him while in this undignified posture, and he was overwhelmed with the vilest expressions of hatred and abuse. The mental agony which he must have experienced during this humiliating exhibition, could scarcely fail to be increased on hearing himself made the object of unsparing and boisterous declamations from the adjoining tribune.

At three o'clock in the afternoon (July 28), the prisoners were placed before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and at six, the whole were tied in carts, the dead body of Le Bas included, and conducted to execution. To this wretched band were added the whole family of the Duplays, with the exception of the mother; she having been strangled the previous night by female furies, who had broken into her house, and hung her to the iron rods of her bedstead. They were guiltless of any political crime; but their private connection with the principal object of proscription was considered to be sufficient for their condemnation. The circumstance of these individuals being involved in his fate, could not fail to aggravate the bitterness of Robespierre's reflections. As the dismal cortege wended its way along the Rue St Honoré, he was loaded with imprecations by women whose husbands he had destroyed, and the shouts of children, whom he had deprived of parents, were the last sounds heard by him on earth. Yet he betrayed not the slightest emotion—perhaps he only pitied the ignorance of his persecutors. In the midst of the feelings of a misunderstood and martyred man, his head dropped into the basket!

These few facts and observations respecting the career of Robespierre, enable us to form a tolerably correct estimate of his character. The man was a bigot. A perfect Republic was his faith, his religion. To integrity, perseverance, and extraordinary self-denial under temptation, he united only a sanguine temperament and moderate abilities for the working-out of a mistaken principle. Honest and zealous in his purpose, his

conduct was precisely analogous to that of all religious persecutors—sparing no pain or bloodshed to accomplish what he believed to be a good end. Let us grant that he was a monomaniac, the question remains as to his general accountability. If he is to be acquitted on the score of insanity, who is to be judged? Not so are we to exempt great criminals from punishment and obloquy. Robespierre knew thoroughly what he was about; and far as he was misled in his motives, he must be held responsible for his actions. Before entering on the desperate enterprise of demolishing all existing institutions, with the hope of reconstructing the social fabric, it was his duty to be assured that his aims were practicable, and that he was himself authorised to think and act for the whole of mankind, or specially commissioned to kill and terrify into his doctrines. Instead of this, there is nothing to shew that he had formed any distinct scheme of a government to take the place of that which he had aided in destroying. All we learn is, that there hovered in his mind's eye some vague Utopia, in which public affairs would go on very much of themselves, through the mere force of universal Benevolence, liberated from the bosom of Nature. For his folly and audacity in nourishing so wild a theory, and still more for the reckless butcheries by which he sought to bring it into operation, we must, on a review of his whole character, adhere to the popular belief on the subject. Acquitted, as he must necessarily be, of the charge of personal ambition, he was still a monster, only the more dangerous and detestable for justifying murder on the ground of principle.

W. C.

INFANT SCHOOLS IN HUNGARY.

THE Austrian government has for some years been exerting itself, in connection with the clergy, for the improvement and spread of education in all the provinces of the empire, being anxious to do all in their power to save the country from those excesses which are so often found in connection with ignorance. As an Englishman, living in friendly intercourse with members of the imperial family, and many persons high in the administration, I am happy to avow my thorough conviction, that such, pure and simple, is the object held in view in the establishment of schools throughout the empire, and above all, in that of the infant schools, which are now planted in every place where there exists a sufficiency of population. I have all along taken a deep interest in these little seminaries in the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary, and am highly sensible of the liberal and humane principles on which they are conducted.

Each contains from two to three hundred children, between one and a half and five years of age, all of them being the offspring of the humbler classes, and many of them orphans. All are instructed in the same room, but classed apart; that is, the girls occupy one half of the apartment, and the boys the other, leaving an avenue between them, which is occupied by the instructors. The boys are under the superintendence of a master, and the girls under that of a mistress. Both, however, teach or attend to the various necessities of either, as circumstances may require. Infants too young to learn, and those who are sent, either because they are orphans, or because the extreme poverty of the mother obliges her to do outwork, are amused with toys and pictures, all, however, of an instructive nature, and which the elder children delight to exhibit and explain to them in their own quaint little ways. I have frequently seen an infant, scarcely able to walk, brought in for the first time, and left on one of the benches of the school-room, surrounded by those already initiated. The alarm its new position occasioned to the little creature, at thus suddenly finding itself abandoned by the only person with whom it was familiar, in the midst of a multitude of unknown

faces, can easily be imagined. A flood of tears was the first vent to its feelings, accompanied by a petulant endeavour to follow its parent or nurse. It was immediately, however, surrounded by a score of little comforters, who, full of the remembrance of past days, when their fears and their sadness were in like manner soothed and dissipated, would use a thousand little arts of consolation—one presenting a toy or picture, another repeating what has almost become a formula of kindly re-assurance, till smiles and sunshine would succeed to tears and clouds upon that little brow, and confidence and content to fear and mistrust. I have often seen the day thus pass with neophytes as a dream, only to be broken when the parent or nurse, returning to take them home, found them in the centre of a little joyous group, the gayest of the gay!

One, after all, cannot wonder at this change, when he contrasts the scenery of the interior of an infant school with that of the generality of poor homes. The child, making, as it were, its first voyage in life, has here been introduced, not merely to a society conducted on principles of gentleness and kindness, but to a fairy-land of marvels for the fascination of its intellectual faculties. From the ceiling to the *dado*—the wainscotted space at the base, for in Hungary this old arrangement is still maintained in its fullest form—the walls are covered with pictures of scripture scenes and objects in natural history; while the *dado* itself, terminating above in a shelf, exhibits busts, stuffed animals, and pots of flowers—the whole place, indeed, being a kind of museum, specially adapted for the enjoyment as well as instruction of the young. At first, filled with wonder and delight, the infant begins to study the meaning and character of these objects: after a short attendance, you find they can tell the names of many, and speak many things regarding them. One day, while attending a Bohemian infant school, which was dismissing, and as I was examining some of the birds upon the shelf, a little hand was insinuated into mine, as if to get it warmed—as is often done by children—when, looking down, I beheld a bright, intelligent face, apparently eager to make some communication. ‘Tuzok, tuzok!’ (‘Bustard, bustard!’) said a little voice. Encouraged by my smile, there was immediately added: ‘*Ex tuzok, ez mazzar honban, tiszta fétöl jönn;*’ (‘That is a bustard from Hungary, from the river Teiss.’) Another little one, attracted by this observation, pointed to the elephant, and said in German: ‘*Und der ist elefant: er kommt von weiten, von ausland—von morgenland!*’ (‘And that is the elephant: it comes from far, from a foreign land—from the morning-land!’)—that is, the East!

The children learn the first rudiments of religion, duty and obedience to their parents and teachers, spelling, &c. After the expiration of the time allotted to them here, they are sent to the normal schools, where they are instructed in all the various branches of education which are necessary to fit them for any situation or profession for which their several talents seem to have destined them.

All parents of the lower classes are *compelled* by law to send their children to school at a certain age. If they are in easy circumstances, they contribute a small sum monthly towards the expenses of the establishment. Those who are unable to pay the full sum, pay the half or a part; others, again, such as a great portion of day-labourers with large families, and who cannot even supply their children with necessary food and clothing, pay *nothing*: it is merely necessary for these to be furnished with a certificate of their incapacity to pay for the education of their children, and the state takes the whole charge of their instruction on itself.

We have already spoken of the deep interest we have taken in the progress of the infant schools. We visit them frequently, and attend all the examinations. On entering, it is scarcely possible to recognise in clean,

orderly inmates, the dirty, ragged, quarrelling, scratching, screaming children of the back-streets, which, however, they were only a short time ago. All is changed: the miserable hut, the narrow street, and muddy lane, for a pretty room full of pleasant objects; the timid look and distrustful scowl, for sunny cheerfulness and open confidence. There is no unkind distinction among the lower classes in this country, and by this I mean the whole of the Austrian states. There being only two classes—the nobles and the commons—none of the commons despise each other, however poor or humble their situation may be. The barefooted orphan, kept and educated by charity or the state, is not an object of contempt or ridicule to the child of the prosperous artisan, who stands clothed in its little snow-white frock and pink ribbons beside its less fortunate companion. Neither is any distinction made on account of religion. The infant schools of the empire are for the children of all the poor—Catholic, Lutheran, evangelical, &c.; and the two belonging to Presburg, to which we here particularly allude, contain from sixty to seventy of the latter in every two hundred.

I was present at an examination of one of our Presburg seminaries in September last. A number of girls and boys, from three to five years of age, with a very few a little older, who had come in comparatively late, were subjected to the usual questioning in the various branches of their very elementary erudition. Some of the queries proved beyond the powers of the generality of the children; but this led to no expression of dejection or awkwardness. They evidently all endeavoured to do their very best. It was interesting to observe, that so far from pining to see a cleverer neighbour answer what they had failed in, they seemed to feel a triumph when, after a general difficulty, it was at length found that *some one* could give the right answer—showing that they might have a feeling of emulation as to the honour of the school, but none as between one pupil and another. On several occasions, when some unusually intelligent little creature would come from a back-form, and solve a question which had bewildered those in front, there was a sensible expression of delight over the whole school.

In a far-off corner sat a little boy, poorly dressed, and of pallid countenance, but with a keen and intelligent eye, which had attracted my notice from the beginning. The more difficult the questions grew, his eye was fixed with the keener gaze on the face of the master. Several times I observed a puzzled child cast backwards to him a look, as expressing the assurance that *he* was able to solve all difficulties. At length, on a slight motion of the master's hand, the little brown boy was seen to dart from his obscure recess, and pass rapidly across the forms, while his companions eagerly made way for him, clapping their hands as in anticipation of some brilliant achievement. In an instant, the boy stood before the master, his dark eye full of anxious expression, but quite devoid of doubt or anxiety. All our attention was at once directed to the half-clothed, barefooted child, to whom the questions were now put, and by whom they were answered with a promptitude and precision most wonderful. And who, what was he, that little brown boy? Some did not care to ask, and others said: ‘Who would have thought that that little beggar-boy would have been so smart!’ But God has chosen the vile things (to man) of this earth to become a bright and shining light to the world. We asked who that little boy was, and the master smiled, shook his head, and said: ‘Oh, I scarcely know myself: it is a little boy the police have sent us in lately from the streets. It is not above three weeks since he came, but he is a good and very clever child—very desirous to learn, and never forgets anything!’

I was affected by this trivial circumstance, reflecting how many little brown boys like this there must be in

various countries called civilised, who, for want of a refuge where love and light are predominant, remain the outcasts of the streets, and become the prey of vice and ignorance.

THE LOSING GAME.

[The following story is by no means a piece of mere invention. The principal points were narrated to me by a very intelligent young North-Sea fisherman, who had frequently heard the legend from a grizzled old sailor on board the smack in which he was an apprentice. The veteran used to tell the story as having happened to himself; and he had told it so often, that he firmly believed it, and used to get into a passion when any of the crew dared to doubt or laugh. I have, of course, licked the rough outlines of the story or anecdotes into something like shape; but the main incidents are repeated to this day by the sailors of the 'Barking Fleet,' as the squadron of handsome smacks are called, which, hailing from the town of Barking, in Essex, pursue the toilsome task, in all seasons, and almost in all weathers, of supplying the London market with North-Sea turbot, soles, and cod. The story is told in the first person, as Dick Hatch himself might have narrated it.]

Nine forty years ago, mates, when I was as young and supple as the boy Bill, there—though I was older than him by some years—I was serving my apprenticeship to the trade aboard the sloop *Lively Nan*. There were not such big vessels in the trade then, mates, as now; but they were tight craft, and manned by light fellows; and they did their work as well as the primest clipper of the Barking Fleet. Well, the *Lively Nan* was about the quickest and most weatherly of the whole fleet; and she had a great name for making the quickest runs between the fishing-grounds and the river. But it wasn't owing so much to the qualities of the smack, as to the seamanship of the skipper. A prime sailor he was, surely. There wasn't another man sailed out of the River Thames who could handle a smack like Bob Goss. When he took the tiller, somehow the craft seemed to know it, and bobbed up half a point nearer to the wind; and when we were running free with the main-sheet eased off, and the foresail shivering, her wake would be as straight as her mast; only, he was a rare fellow for carrying on, was old Captain Goss! We would be staggering under a whole main-sail, when the other smacks had three reefs in theirs; and it was odds but we had one line of reef-points triced up; our neighbours would be going at it under storm-trysail and storm-jib. He worked the *Lively Nan* hard, he did, old Captain Goss. Sweet, and wholesome, and easy as she was—for she would rise to any sea, like as comfortable as a duck—Old Goss all but drove her under. Dry jackets were scarce on board the *Lively Nan*. If there was as much wind stirring as would whirl round the rusty old vane on the topmast head, 'Carry on, carry on!' was always the captain's cry; and away we would bowl, half-a-dozen of the lee-streaks of the deck under water.

Well, mates, Old Goss was a prime sailor; but he was a strange sort of man. To see him in a passion, was something you wouldn't forget in a hurry; and you wouldn't have known him long without having the chance. Most of us can swear a bit now and then; but you ought to have heard Captain Goss! He used even to frighten the old salts, that had common oaths in their mouths from morning till night. He was worse than the worst madman in Bedlam when his blood was up; and even the strong, bold men of the crew used to cower before him like as the cabin-boy. And yet, mates, he was but a little, maimed man, and more than sixty years old. He had a regular monkey-face; I never saw one like it—brown, and all over puckers, and working and twitching, like the sea where the tide-currents meet. He had but one eye, and he wore a big black patch over the place where the other had been; but that one eye, mates, would screw into you like a gimlet. Well, Captain Goss was more than fifty when he came down to

Barking, and bought the *Lively Nan*, and made a carrier* of her; and nobody knew who he was, or where he came from. There was an old house at Barking then, and I have heard say that its ruins are there yet. The boys said that Guy Fawkes—him they burn every 5th of November—used to live there; and the story went that it was haunted, and that there was one room, the door of which always stood ajar, and nobody could either open or shut it. Well, mates, Old Captain Goss wasn't the sort of man to care much about Guy Fawkes or goblins; so he hires a room in this old house—precious cheap he got it!—and when he was ashore, you could see a light in it all night; and if you went near, you might listen to Old Goss singing roaring songs about the brisk boys of the Spanish main, and yelling and huzzaing to himself, and drinking what he called his five-water grog. Five-water grog, mates—that was one of his jokes. It was rum made hot on the fire; and he could drink it scalding and never wink: and he would drink it till he got reg'lar wild. He was never right-down drunk, but just wild, like a savage beast! And then he would jump up, and make-believe he was fighting, and holler out to give it to the Spanish dogs, and that there were lots of doubloons below. I've gone myself with other youngsters, to listen at the door; and once when he was in the fit, yelling and singing, and laughing and swearing, all at once, I'm jiggered if he didn't out with a brace of old brass-mounted ship's pistols, and fire them right and left in the air, so that we cut and run a deal faster than we came. Of course the report soon got about that Captain Goss was an old pirate, or at the best an old buccaneer; and the Barking folks used to tell how many crews he had made walk the plank, and how there was blood-marks on his hands, which he used to try to cover with tar. But no one dared to say a word of this to him; and as he was a prime sailor, and even kind after his fashion, when he had taken first a reg'lar quantity of his five-water grog, he never wanted hands. At sea, he was often wild enough with liquor; but he no sooner put his hand on the tiller, than he seemed all right: and the *Lively Nan* walked through it like smoke. I'm jiggered, mates, if that old fellow couldn't sail a ship asleep or awake, drunk or sober, dead or alive.

Well, then, such was my old captain, Bobby Goss; and now I'll tell you what happened to him. One evening, in the autumn-time, and just when we were beginning to look out for the equinoctials, the *Lively Nan* was lying with her anchor a-peak—for we didn't mean to stay long—in Yarmouth Roads. There were three men on board, and one boy with myself; they called him Lawrence. I forget his other name, for I aint seen him for many a year. Well, the men had all turned in for'ards, and we two were left to wait for the captain, who had gone ashore; and after he came back, to take our spells at an anchor-watch till daylight, when we were to trip, and be off to the Dogger. The weather was near a dead calm, and warm for the time of year. The *Lively Nan* was lying with her gaff hoisted half-way and the peak settled down, so that we mightn't lose any time in setting the sail in the morning; and Lawrence and I were lying in the fore-castle, with our pipes in our mouths, watching the shore, to see if the captain was coming off, and seeing the sun go down over the sand-hills and the steeples and the wind-mills of Yarmouth. There weren't many vessels in the Roads; but the Yarmouth galleys, that go dodging about among the sands, were stretching in for the beach with the last puff of the evening breeze; and the herring-boats could be seen going off to their ground like specks out upon the sea. Then presently it got dark, and the town-lights of Yarmouth came sparkling out, the harbour-light the biggest, and away to the

* The smacks used to convey the fish from the trawlers to the Thames are called 'carriers.'

south'ard, the Lowstoft Light-house. But, after all, there aint much amusement in watching lights, and we both of us wanted to turn in; but till the captain came, there was no warm blankets for either. So we got wondering what Old Goss was doing at Yarmouth, and what was keeping him, and whether he'd come aboard drunk or sober, and whether he'd blow us up, and whether he'd rope's-end us, which was as likely as not, or perhaps more. Well, so hour after hour passed, and the night was so calm we could hear the chimes of the Yarmouth clocks, and the water going lap-lap against the sides of the *Lively Nan*, and the rudder going cheep-cheep as the sway of the sea stirred it. At last, says Lawrence: 'It's reg'lar dull here; let's go below.'

'What's the use?' says I: 'there's no light, and the hands are all fast asleep.'

'No,' says he; 'to the captain's cabin I mean. There's a lamp there; and we can hear the oars of the boat, and be on deck again, and no one the wiser.'

Well, mates, I had some curiosity to get a glimpse of the captain's cabin, where I very seldom went, and never stayed long: so down we went, lighted up the lamp, and looked about us. There wasn't much, however, to see. It was a black little hole, with a brass stove and lockers, and a couple of berths, larboard and starboard, and a small picture of a fore-and-aft rigged schooner, very low in the water, and looking a reg'lar clipper; and no name to her. Well, mates, all at once I caught sight of a pack of cards lying on a locker. 'Here's a bit o' fun,' says I; 'Lawry, let's have a game;' and he agreed. So down we sat, and began to play 'put.' A precious greasy old lot of cards they were; and so many dirt-spots on them, that it required a fellow with sharp eyes to make out the dirt from the Clubs and Spades. However, we got on somehow. When one was ready to play, he knocked the table with his knuckles, as a signal to the other; and for hours and hours we shuffled and dealt and knocked until it was late in the night, which I ought to have told you was Saturday night. At last, just as we ended a game, and when we were listening if a boat was coming, before beginning another, we heard the Yarmouth clocks ring twelve.

'Put up the cards,' says Lawrence; 'I'll not play more.'

'Why not?' says I.

'Because,' says he, and he stammered a little—'because it's Sunday.'

Well, mates, I had forgotten all my notions of that kind, and so I laughed at him. But it was no use.

'Them,' says he, 'that plays cards on a Sunday, runs a double chance of death on Monday.'

His mother had told him this, and so he refused out-and-out to go on. 'Well,' says I, 'I aint afraid, and I'd play if I had a partner.'

Mates! the cards were lying in a pack, and the words were hardly out of my mouth, before they slipped down, and spread themselves out upon the table! Lawrence gave a loud screech, and jumped up. 'Oh!' says he, 'it's the Old Un with us in the cabin!' and up the companion he tumbled, and I at his heels; and rushed for'ard as hard as we could pelt, and cuddled under the foresail—which was lying on the deck—all trembling and shaking, and our teeth chattering.

'I told you what it would be,' says Lawrence.

'I'll never play cards again,' says I, 'on a Sunday!'

Just at that minute we heard oars, and then a hail: 'The *Lively Nan*, ahoy!' It was Old Goss's voice, and it was so thick, we knew he wasn't sober. So we slunk out, all trembling and clinging to each other. The lamp was burning up the cabin skylight, but we were afraid to look down. But if we didn't look, we could not help hearing; and sure enough there was the rap of knuckles on the table, as if Somebody was impatient

that his partner didn't play. Well, we were more dead than alive when the captain came alongside in a shore-boat, and tumbled up the side, abusing the boatmen for the price he had to pay them. He had a lantern, and noticed the state we were in at once.

'Now, then,' says he, 'you couple of young swabs, what are ye standing grinning there for, like powder-monkeys in the aguer? What's come over you, ye twin pair of snivelling Molly Coddles?' We looked at each other, but we were afraid to speak. 'What is it?' he roared again, 'or I'll make your backs as hot as a roasted pig's!' And on this, Lawrence reg'larly blubbered out: 'The devil, sir; the devil is in the cabin playing at double dummy "put"!''

You should have heard Old Goss's laugh at this. They might have heard it ashore at Yarmouth. Just as it stopped, the sound of the knuckles came up through the skylight.

'Who's below?' says the captain.

'No one,' says I.

'But Davy Jones,' says Lawrence.

'Then,' says the captain, with an oath that was enough to split the mast, 'I'll play with him! It's not been the first time, and it mayn't be the last. Go for'ard, you beggars' brats, and don't disturb us;' and he went down the companion.

But we did not go for'ard. No; we stretched ourselves on the deck, and peeped down the skylight. We could only see faintly, but we did see the captain sitting, holding his hand of cards, and another hand opposite, all spread out, but no fingers holding it, and no man behind it. There was a rap on the table, and I am sure it was not the captain that struck it.

'Very well,' says he; 'wait till I've thought. You're so confounded sharp.'

Then he played, and there was a dark shadow on the table—we did not know what, but it made our hair stand on end.

'Play fair, Old Un!' says the captain. 'There goes king of trumps. Ha! that's what I thought! Of course, the devil's own luck—it's a proverb. Well, never say die. There!' and he played again.

But we could stand it no longer. We scrambled to our legs, and the next minute were down in fo'castle, rousing the men. They were sleepy enough, you may be bound; but we almost lugged them out of the hammocks. 'Turn out, turn out, shipmates, for God's sake: the devil's aboard this ship, and he's playing cards with the captain in the cabin.' At first, mates, the hands thought we had gone mad; but we both of us told in a breath what we had seen; and so in a minute or two we all went aft, creeping like cats along the deck. But there was no need. We heard Old Goss's voice raging like a fury.

'You're a cheat, Old Un,' he was yelling out. 'You cheat all mankind: you've cheated me. Come, play; double or quits on the first turn-up. What's that? Nine of Spades! Seven of Spades! What! no trumps? I say, don't you mind the old craft under the line? That's her opposite you; so, play away.'

'Mates,' says an old salt—his name was Bartholomew Cook—'mates,' says he, 'this is a doomed ship, and I won't ship for another v'y'ge.'

'Nor I,' 'nor I,' says several, as we crept along.

'He's only mad with drink,' whispered the mate. 'It's all five-water grog.'

'Is it?' said Bartholomew. 'Look down there!'

The men crept to the skylight, and peeped; and so did I. What we saw, not a man forgot the longest day he lived. The captain was dealing the cards furiously; his face working and swelling; his hair bristling up; his good eye gleaming, and the patch off the other, the blind one, which was shining, too, as it were, like a rotten oyster in the dark.

'Play!' roars Goss at last; and then he paused, as if he was thinking of his next card. The table was

rapped. He played; and then quick and furious the cards came down; the captain all the while raving, shouting, and foaming at the mouth.

'Against me—against me—against me! Avaunt! A man's no match for ye. Ye have all! Lost again! No; here—stop. On the next card, I stake myself—my ship—my'—

'Stop!' shouted old Bartholomew. He had been standing at the foot of the companion, and he burst into the cabin. 'Stop, Captain Goss, in the name of God!'

Goss turned round to him. His face was so like the Evil One's that we did not look for any other. Then a brass-mounted pistol—a shot—and rolling smoke: all passed in a minute. Then the captain flung a card upon the table, and with a yell like a wild beast, shouted out: 'Lost!' fell over the cards, extinguished the lamp; and we neither heard nor saw more, till there came a shuffling on the companion, and Bartholomew crawled out with his face all blackened by the powder, and the blood trickling from his cheek, where the ball had grazed it. We all went for'ard, mates, and had a long palaver, and resolved to go ashore at daybreak, and leave a doomed captain and a doomed ship. But we didn't know our man. In the gray of the morning, we heard the handspike rattle on the hatch, and we tumbled up one after the other. The captain was there, looking much as usual, but only paler.

'Man the windlass,' says he.

'We're going ashore, sir,' says Bartholomew firmly.

'How?' says the captain.

'In the boat,' says Bartholomew.

'Are you?' says Goss: 'look at her!' He had cut her adrift, and she was a mile off.

'And now,' says Goss, 'I was drunk last night, and frightened you—playing tricks with cards. Don't be fools; do your duty, and defy Davy Jones. If not'— And then he flung open his pea-coat, and we saw four of the brass-mounted pistols in his belt. But, mates, his one eye was worse than the four muzzles, and we slunk to our work, and obeyed him. The easterly breeze came fresh, and we were soon bowling away nor'ard. The captain stood long at the helm, and we gathered for'ard. 'We're lost!' said Bartholomew; 'we're lost men! We're bought and sold!'

'Bartholomew,' shouts the captain, 'come and take the helm!' He went aft, mates, like a lamb; and the captain walked for'ards, and looked at us, one after another; and the one eye cowed us. We were not like men; and he was our master. When he went below, we grouped together, and looked out to windward. It was getting black—black; the wind was coming off in gusts; and the *Lively Nan* began to dance to the seas that came rolling in from the eastward. 'The equinoctial!' we says one to another. In an hour more, mates, all the sky to windward was like a big sheet of lead; with white clouds, like feathers, driving athwart it—the clouds, as it were, whiter than the firmament. You know the meaning, mates, of a sky like that; and accordingly, by nightfall, we had it; and the *Lively Nan*, under close-reefed main-sail and storm-jib, was groaning, and plunging, and diving in the seas—the wind blowing, mates, as if it would have wrenched the mast out of the keelson. Many a gale have I been in, before and since, but that was the worst of all. Well, mates, we thought we were doomed, but we did our work, silent and steady; and we kept the smack under a press of canvas that none but such a boat could bear, to claw her off the lee-shore—off them fearsome sands that lie all along Lincolnshire. Captain Goss was as bold and cool as ever, and stood by the tiller-tackle, and steered the ship as no hand but his could do.

It was the gloaming of the night, mates, when the gale came down, heavier and heavier—a perfect blast, that tore up the very sea, and drove sheets of water into the air. We were a'most blinded, and clung to

cleats and rigging—the sea tumbling over and over us; and the poor, old smack at length smashed down on her beam-ends. All at once, the mast went over the side; and as we righted and rose on the curl of a sea-way, Bartholomew sung out, loud and shrill: 'Sail, ho!' We looked. Right to windward, mates, there was a sort of light opening in the clouds; something of the colour of the ring round the moon in dirty weather, and nigh as round; and in the middle of it was a smack, driving right down on us, her bowsprit not a cable-length from our broadside. She looked wondrous like the *Lively Nan* herself, and some of us saw our own faces clustered for'ard, looking at ourselves over the bow!

As this notion was passed from one to another, we cried out aloud, that our hour was come. Captain Goss was in the middle of us. 'Hold your baby screeches,' says he. 'You'll be none the worse; it's me and the smack she has to do with.' Even, as he spoke, she was on us. Some fell on their knees, and others clenched their fists and their teeth; but instead of the crash of meeting timber, we heard but a rustle, and the shadow of her sails fitted, as it were, across us; and as they passed, the wind was cold, cold, and struck us like frost; and the next minute the *Lively Nan* had sunk below our feet, and we found ourselves in the roaring sea, struggling among the wreck of the mast. The smack was gone, and the strange ship gone, and the gale blowing steady and strong. One by one, mates, we got astride of the mast, and lashed ourselves with odds and ends of broken rope; and then we began, as we rose and fell on the sea, to look about and muster how many we were. The crew, including the captain, was seven hands, but we were sure there were eight men sitting on the mast. It was too dark to see faces; but you could see the dark figures clinging to the spar.

'Answer to your names, mates,' says Bartholomew, who somehow took the lead. And so he called over the list till he came to the captain.

'Captain Goss?'

'Here,' says the captain's voice.

We now knew there was somebody behind him who was not one of the crew. It was too dark, however, to see distinctly, and Goss interrupted our view such as it was.

'Who is the man on the end of the mast, Captain Goss?' says Bartholomew.

'You might be old enough to guess that!' replied the captain, and his voice was husky-like, but quite clear; and it never trembled. 'Some men call him one thing, some another; and we of the sea call him Davy Jones.'

Mates, at that we clustered up together as well as we could, and fixing our eyes on what was passing at the other end of the mast, we hardly attended to the seas that broke over and over us. At last, we saw Captain Goss, by the light of the beds of bursting foam, fumbling for something in his breast.

'Is it a Bible you have there?' cried Bartholomew.

The captain didn't answer, but pulled out the thing he was trying for; and we guessed somehow, for we could hardly see, that it was the greasy pack of cards.

'Double or quits!' he shouted, 'on all I've staked;' and in another instant there was one horrid, unearthly screech, like what we heard in the cabin before, and the mast, as it were, tipped the heel of it, the cross-trees rising many feet above the water. Whether or no it was the motion of the waves that had tossed it, no man can say; but when the mast rolled again with the next sea, the heel came up empty: Captain Goss and his companion were gone!

'Thank God,' says Old Bartholomew, 'for Jonah is in the sea.' In less than half an hour, mates, we were tossed ashore, without a bruise or scratch. We walked the beach till daylight, and then we saw that the mast had disappeared. None ever saw more a

timber or a rope's-end of the *Lively Nan*. She had been staked and won; but the greasy cards, mates, lay wet and dank upon the beach, and we left them to wither there among the sea-weed.

PARTNERSHIP IN COMMANDITE.

It is a general prejudice, that a subject like the law of partnership is a matter for the legal profession only, or, at most, for the consideration of capitalists embarked in partnership business. But it is, in truth, a subject of great interest to the public at large, and especially to that valuable portion of the community who possess ability and character, and have a little property—but not much—at stake in the soundness of our institutions. This class have, however, of late begun to shew a visible interest in the subject—an interest which, had it existed earlier, might have prevented any of the anomalies of which we complain from increasing to their present excess.

The political economists have ever admitted the great influence of combined capital: they have pointed to many valuable operations, such as gas-works, water-works, railways, &c. which can be performed by combined capital, but are beyond the capacity of individual capitalists. They have also admitted the efficacy of a division or combination of labour; whether it be that of the mechanic, or of some higher grade, such as the designer and projector. The views of the older school of political economists would be in entire concurrence with anything that would facilitate such combinations, where several men with skill or money take their parts; as, for instance, where one is the buyer of raw materials, another keeps the accounts, another draws patterns, and another acts as salesman. On the other hand, some novel speculators go so much farther, that they would revolutionise society, and, by force, compel it to be organised into co-operative sections. It infers no sympathy with these wild schemes of destruction, and artificial reconstruction, to desire that our law should give facility for co-operation and combination—nay, that it should give to it every encouragement consistent with other interests, and with civil liberty.

But our law, unfortunately, instead of doing thus, has set heavy impediments in the way of co-operation; we might speak more strongly, and say, that it has prepared pitfalls, in which any person guilty of having joined in a co-operative scheme, may at once find himself overwhelmed, as a punishment for his offence. Invest part of your savings in a company in which you have reliance; assist a young man, of whose capacity and honesty you think well, by investing money in his business; and some day you may find yourself ruined for having done so.

Those readers who have turned any attention to this subject, will at once see that we refer to the law of unlimited responsibility in partnerships. Except when the company proceeds under an act of parliament, a charter, or patent, limiting the responsibility, every partner is responsible for the debts and obligations of the concern, to the last farthing he possesses. Very often, a young man of enterprise and ability, acting as manager, overseer, or in some other respectable capacity, receives a small share in the profits to encourage him to exertion: he has no control over the management: some leading man plunges, to serve himself, into dangerous speculations, and there is a bankruptcy. The young man has done nothing but good service all along

to the partnership, and to its creditors, and all who have had dealings with it; yet, if he have saved a trifle, it is swept away with the effects of the real speculators. Take another case equally common: A young man commences business alone, or in company with others: they have intelligence, ability, and honesty, but little capital. A capitalist, who, perhaps, conducts some larger business of his own, might, ingrafting kindness on prudential considerations, be inclined to embark with them to a certain extent; but he finds, that instead of a prudential step, nothing could be more thoroughly imprudent. He will have to embark not only the small sum he destined for the purpose, but his whole fortune. Dealers who have transactions with the young partners, will know that a man of fortune is 'at their back,' as it is termed, and will give them credit and encouragement accordingly. Without being conscious of any dishonesty, the firm will be led to trade, not on the capital which their friend has advanced, but on the capital which he possesses. Of course, they do not intend that he should lose his fortune, any more than that they themselves should lose their business and pecuniary means. But these things happen against people's intentions and inclinations; and the friend who wished to aid them with a moderate and cautious advance, is ruined; while those who were giving reckless credit, and who encouraged dangerous speculations, are paid cent. per cent. It is the fear of such a consummation as this that generally makes the well-intending friend abstain from ultimately committing himself with those with whom he would have fain co-operated.

It is quite right that trading companies should not trade on false resources, and be able to laugh at their creditors by placing out of the reach of the law the funds with which they have speculated. Yet this can be done under the present system; and there is a class of men in the commercial world, banded together by peculiar ties and interests, who are said to accomplish it on a large and comprehensive scale. It is thus carried out: A penniless man starts in business, supplied with abundant capital by his friends: they may demand 6, 7, or 10 per cent. for the use of it; and if they manage, which they may, to avoid the residue of the law of usury, they are safe from the law of partnership. The new man, by his prompt payments and abundant command of capital, works himself into good credit. It is an understanding, that when he has been thus set afloat, the money advanced by his friends is to be gradually repaid. He is then left to swim or sink. If the former be his fate, it is well for all parties; if the latter, his friends will not be the sufferers: their capital is preserved, and they can play the same game over again, in some other place, with the hope of an equally happy result.

The same modifications of the law which would free partnership of its terrors would be only naturally accompanied with safeguards to protect the public against such schemes as these. In France, America, and many other countries, there is a system of partnership, with limited responsibility, known by the name of 'Partnership in *Commandite*.' Even with us, limited responsibility is by no means unknown. It is, however, granted capriciously and unsystematically, without those checks and regulations which, if there were a general system, would be adopted to make it safe and effective. 'I wish,' said Mr Duncan, a solicitor, when examined before the Select Committee on the Law of Partnership, 'to draw

the attention of the committee first to this simple fact—that all the railway, gas, and water and dock companies, and all the telegraph companies, as a matter of course, have limited liability. It is impossible to trace why they have got it, but they have got it as a habit, and for any extent of capital they desire. Whether a project be to make a railway from one small place to another, or to provide gas to supply any town, great or small, all those companies, as a matter of course, come to the legislature and ask for, and obtain, limited liability. They are commercial companies, and one cannot trace the reason why they should have limited liability a bit more than any other company—but it is so.

Here we have at least a precedent, which is of importance in a country like this, so truly conservative in the sense of adhering to anything that is fixed law or matter of traditional business routine. Now, in these concerns, where there is often so much wild speculation and mismanagement, no one is responsible beyond the subscribed stock; yet while we hear enough of the stockholders themselves losing their property, we seldom, scarcely ever, hear of the creditors who deal with them, in contracting for their works or otherwise, losing. The reason is, because the extent to which they can pay is known, and the people who deal with the company calculate accordingly. Unlimited liability existing in some indefinite parties, while it too often ruins these parties themselves, is a bait for that indefinite credit which produces their ruin, and sometimes leaves the careless creditor unpaid, even when he has taken the last farthing from the unfortunate partner.

In the commandite partnerships, however, the restriction of liability does not apply to all the shareholders, as in the case of our great joint-stock companies. Full responsibility alights only on those partners who take it upon them, who have an interest in the profits measured by their responsibility, and who are known to the world to be so responsible. With regard to those whose responsibility is said to be limited, it would be more accurate to say, that they have no responsibility at all: there is a fixed sum which they have invested in the concern—they may lose it, but it is there already; and there is nothing for which they have, properly speaking, to be responsible. The method adopted in France may be described thus:—There is a private act or contract, in which are given the names of the partners, and the sums contributed by them. The names of the *gérants*, or those who, as ostensible conductors of the business, are to be responsible to the whole extent of their property, are then published. With regard to those who put in money without incurring farther responsibility, it is only necessary to publish the sums contributed by them: no farther information regarding them would be of any use, unless to their fellow-partners, who would perhaps like to know if the concern is patronised by men of sense, and they may satisfy themselves by looking at the deed of partnership. Now, there is perfect fairness in all this. The public know the persons who agree to take the full responsibility; they know also the amount of money put into their hands by other parties. In deciding whether they shall deal or not with this body, they are not perplexed by mysterious visions of possible rich unknowns who may be brought in for the company's obligations. We cannot see that such an arrangement is in the least unfair, and we are convinced that it would be productive of great good. The subscribers with limited responsibility, or *commanditaires*, as they are called, are not cut off from all control over the management of their funds: it is their own fault if they join a commandite company where they are not allowed to inspect the books, and check rashness or extravagance.

It seems to be frequently the case, that a set of able

workmen, in the kind of artistic manufactures for which France is celebrated, become the *gérants* of such companies. This, we believe, is a form in which whatever element of good may happen to lie in the co-operative theories of a recent school of Socialists will be found. The commercial witnesses before the select committee, spoke of ribbons and other ornamental manufactures, which were only produced in perfection in establishments where the energies of the designers were roused by the possession of a share in the business, and in its management, as *gérants*. Coinciding with these practical witnesses, the theorists on political economy who were consulted on the occasion—such as Mr Babbage and Mr J. S. Mill—held that many inventions that might be patented and used, and many ingenious discoveries made by men of the operative class, were lost to the world by the defective state of the law. They would often get those who, richer than themselves, have reliance on their judgment, to aid them in carrying out their inventions or improvements, were it not for the law of unlimited responsibility.

We can even anticipate, from anything that will facilitate fruitful investment by the working-classes, a still wider—we might say, a political effect. The chief defect in our otherwise sound social system, is the want of fusion between the class of employers and employed. As some other countries are subject to the more serious evil of being without a middle-class between the aristocracy and the common people, so we want a sub-grade, as it were, between the middle and the working classes. It is too much the practice to consider them as separated from each other by interests, tastes, and feelings. It is, on the contrary, the real truth that their interests are indissolubly united; but if there were a less broad line separating them from each other, this would be more apparent. The true way to fill up the gap happily for all parties, is not for the middle-class to descend, but the working-class to rise. Nothing could better accomplish this, than imparting to them facilities for entering into business on a small scale on their own account. The hopelessness with which the workman looks at the position of the employer, as that of a great capitalist, would then be turned into hope and endeavour.

It is often said, that the operative classes shew an unfortunate indisposition to advance onwards, and abandon their uniform routine of toil: the answer to this is—try them. They have adopted the means at their command in other countries. Mr Davis, an American gentleman, gave the select committee an animated view of the ambitious workmen of the New England states, where, he said, 'nobody is contented with his present condition—everybody is struggling for something better.' Now, to be discontented with one's condition, in the shape of folding the arms, and abusing the fate that has not sent chance prosperity, is a bad thing; but the discontent—if such it can be justly called—which incites a man to rise in the world by honest exertions, is in every way a good thing. Mr Davis said, he has been told that, in Lowell, some of the young women hold stock in the mills in which they work. Imagine a factory-girl holding stock in a mill!

We believe that unlimited responsibility was really founded on the old prejudices against usury or interest; and as these prejudices are fast disappearing, we may hope speedily to see this relic of their operation removed. Towards this end, let the operatives everywhere meet to consider this question, so important to their interests; and, as we believe they will generally see the propriety of furthering a law to establish commandite partnerships, let them petition the House of Commons accordingly. Whether the classes with capital will move in the matter, is doubtful; for they are not the parties to be chiefly benefited. The best way is not to trust to them on the subject; but for the working-classes to take the thing into their own hands,

and spare no exertion to procure an act of parliament of the kind we speak of. We feel assured, that such an act would do more to inspire hope among artisans, and to put them in the way of fortune, than any other law that could be mentioned.

RECENT FIRE-PANICS.

THE panic created by a cry of fire in theatres, churches, and other public buildings, may be said to cause a considerably greater number of deaths than the flames themselves. Few persons, indeed, are burnt to death, means of escape from conflagration being usually found; whereas, the number suffocated and bruised to death by mere panic, is lamentably large. The following is the account of a most disastrous fire-panic, which we gather from a paper in an American Journal of Education.

In the city of New York there is a school, known as the 'Ninth Ward School-house,' Greenwich Avenue. The house is built of brick, and consists of several floors, access to which is obtained by a spiral staircase. The bottom of the staircase is paved with stone, and ten feet square in extent. Standing in the centre of this landing-place, we look up a circular well, as it may be called, round which the stair winds with its balustrade. The school is attended by boys and girls, in different departments, under their respective teachers. It was in this extensive establishment, numbering at the time 1233 boys and 600 girls, that the panic occurred, and it broke out in a singular and unexpected way.

One day last December, Miss Harrison, a teacher in the female department, who had been for some days indisposed, was suddenly, and while performing her duties in the school, seized with a paralysis of the tongue. The spectacle of their teacher in this distressing condition, naturally suggested to the children that she was faint, and required water. At all events, the word *water* was uttered. It was repeated. It became a cry; and the cry excited the idea of fire. A notion sprang up that the school was on fire. That was enough. The floor was in an uproar; and the noise so created in one department was communicated to the others. The whole school was seized with panic! Now commenced a rush towards the various doors. Out of each poured a flood of children, dashing wildly to the staircase. The torrent jammed up, and unable to find outlet by the stair, burst the balustrades, and down like a cataract poured the maddened throng into the central well, falling on the paved lobby beneath. The scene was appalling. 'Before the current could be arrested, the well was filled with the bodies of children to the depth of about eight feet. At this juncture, the alarm reached the Ninth Ward Station-house, the fire-bell was rung, and a detachment of the police hurried to the scene. Here a new difficulty presented itself. The afternoon session of the school having commenced, the main outer-doors, which open upon the foot of the stairs, had been closed. Against these the affrighted children were wedged in masses, and as the doors open inward, it was some time before relief could be given them. The police fortunately effected an entrance by a rear-door, but for which timely help, many more of the children would probably have been suffocated.

'Much commendation is due to the teachers for their presence of mind. Miss M'Farland, one of the assistants in the primary department, finding the children of her department becoming alarmed, placed herself in the doorway, and exerted her utmost strength to arrest them as they endeavoured to rush from the room; and although several times thrown down and trampled upon, she still persisted in her efforts, until, finally, she was so much injured, as to be compelled to relinquish the post. So impetuous was the rush, however, that five of the teachers were forced over the balusters, and fell with

the children into the well. The sterner discipline exercised over the boys' departments prevented them generally from joining in the rush. Only three of the pupils in the upper male department were among the killed. Some of the boys jumped out of the windows, and one of them had his neck broken by the fall. As soon as they gained admittance, the police took possession of the premises, and commenced handing out the children from their perilous position. Those that were on the top were but slightly injured; but as soon as these had been removed, the most heart-rending spectacle presented itself. Some among the policemen were fathers, whose own children were there. They worked manfully, and body after body was taken out: many of them lifeless at first, came to when they once more breathed the fresh air; but many were beyond aid, and death was too plainly marked upon their pallid features. Some were injured by the fall, and lay writhing in agony; some moaned; while others shrieked with pain; and others, again, when released, started off for home, apparently unconscious of the awful scene through which they had passed. The bodies of the dead and wounded were mostly taken to the Ninth Ward Station-house, which is near the school. In a few minutes, news of the accident spread through the neighbourhood, and mothers came rushing to the scene by scores. Occasionally, a mother would recognise the lifeless form of a child as it was lifted from the mass, and then the piercing cry of agony that would rend the air! One after another, the bodies of the dead were removed; and at length litters were provided, and the wounded were carried away also. Nearly one hundred families either mourned the loss of children, or watched anxiously over the forms of the wounded.'

The coroner's jury which sat on this case of wholesale destruction of life, decided that no blame could be imputed to any of the teachers in the school, and that the deaths were a result of accident. At the same time, they strongly condemned the construction of the stair, and the unfitness of the balustrades to withstand pressure. The whole case suggests the impolicy of giving spiral staircases to buildings of this class: in all such establishments, the stairs should be broad and square, with numerous landing-places.

Strangely enough, the sensation caused by the above catastrophe had not subsided, when another case of destruction of life occurred in New York from a similarly groundless fear of fire. This second disaster is noticed as follows in the newspapers:

'Monday night (January 12), between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, a frightful calamity occurred at 140 Centre Street, in a rear building owned by the Commissioners of Emigration, for the reception of the newly-arrived emigrants. The building is five storeys high, and each floor appropriated for the emigrants—the upper rooms principally for the women, and the lower part for the men. In this place, six human lives were lost, and perhaps as many more may yet die from the injuries sustained. It seems that between nine and ten o'clock, the City Hall bell rang an alarm of fire in the fifth district, and some of the women on the upper floors called out "fire," which instantly created a panic of alarm on each floor among them, and a general rush was made for the stairway, which being very contracted, they fell one on the top of each other, creating an awful state of confusion. So terrified were some, that they broke out the second and third storey windows, and sprang out, falling with deadly violence in the yard below. The screams and cries of the affrighted women and children soon called the aid of the police; and Captain Brennen, aided by his efficient officers, rendered every assistance in his power, and succeeded, as quickly as possible, in extricating the injured as well as the dead from the scene of calamity. Six dead bodies were conveyed to the station-house, and eight persons were conveyed to the city hospital with broken arms and bodily injuries,

some of whom are not expected to survive. Many others were injured, more or less, but not deemed sufficiently so to be sent to the hospital. Those killed are all children, except one, who is a young woman about twenty years of age. They were all suffocated by the number of persons crowded on them. The scene at the Sixth Ward Station-house presented a woful sight, the mothers of the deceased children bewailing over them in the most pitiful manner. At the time the alarm was given, there were about 480 emigrants in the building, the larger proportion women and children, who were up stairs; and in forcing their way down stairs, the balusters gave way, thus precipitating them down in a very similar manner to the unfortunate children at the Ninth Ward School-house. There was, it seems, no cause for the alarm of fire any more than the bells rang an alarm; which alarm did not refer to that district, but was misconstrued by the emigrants to be in their building. Alderman Barr was quickly on the spot, rendering every assistance in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the poor unfortunate emigrants.

The details of these two calamities arising from sheer panic will not be useless, if they serve to shew the extreme danger and folly of giving way to a terror of fire in crowded buildings. Let us impress upon all the necessity for so disciplining their nerves, that on hearing a call of fire in a church, theatre, or other place of assemblage, they may act with calmness and common sense; those nearest the door going out, and the others quietly following. It is in the highest degree improbable—not to say impossible—that in such places fire, before its discovery, can gain such a height as to cut off, unaided by panic, the escape of a single man, woman, or child in the house. We should remember, that not merely on the first discovery of fire, but when the building is actually in flames, the firemen are at work within the walls; and that these men are protected by no immunity but that arising from their own courage and self-possession.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

February 1852.

PROFESSOR FARADAY's lecture, with which, according to use and custom, the Friday evening course at the Royal Institution was opened, has been the most noteworthy topic of scientific gossip since my last. The subject, 'Lines of Magnetic Force,' is one not easily popularised, otherwise, I should like to give you an abstract of it. One requires to know so much beforehand, to comprehend the value and significance of such a lecture. The learned professor's experiments, by which he demonstrated his reasonings were, however, eminently interesting to the crowded auditory who had the good fortune to listen to him. He promises to give us, before the close of the season, another, wherein he will make use of that telescope of the mind—speculation, and tell us much of what his ever-widening researches have led him to conclude concerning magnetism; a science on which he believes we are shortly to get large 'increments of knowledge.' Mr Wheatstone, too, having produced a paper resuming his stereoscopic investigations, had the honour of reading it before the Royal Society as their Bakerian Lecture, as I prognosticated a month or two since. Of course in this practical age the inquiry is put—Of what use is the stereoscope or pseudoscope? With respect to the former, it is said that artists will find it very serviceable in copying statuary groups; and a suggestion has already been made, to adapt it to the purposes of microscopic observation, as the objects examined will be seen much more accurately under the extraordinary

relief produced by the stereoscope, than by the ordinary method. And it may interest astronomers to know, that Mr Wheatstone believes it possible, by means of the same instrument, to perfect our knowledge of the moon's surface and structure. For instance: he proposes to take a photographic image of the moon, at one of the periods of her libration, and a second one about fifteen months afterwards, at the next libration, which, as you know, would be in the opposite direction to the first. The two images being then viewed in a stereoscope, would appear as a solid sphere, in which condition we should doubtless get such an acquaintance with the surface of our satellite as can be obtained by no other means. The reason for taking the images with so long an interval between is, that although each one represents the same object, each must be taken at a different angle; and for an object so distant as the moon, the difference caused by the libration would, it is believed, be sufficient for the desired result. In the small pictures, however, the difference of angle is so slight, that to the unpractised observer they appear precisely alike; it is, nevertheless, essential to the effect that the variation, though minute, should exist. With respect to the pseudoscope—which makes the outside of a teacup appear as the inside, and the inside as the outside; which transforms convexity into concavity, and the reverse; and a sculptured face into a hollow mask; which makes the tree in your garden appear inside your room, and the branches farthest off come nearest to the eye; and which, when you look at your pictures, represents them as sunk into a deep recess in the wall,—with respect to this instrument, its practical uses have yet to be discovered. But as your celebrated countryman, Sir David Brewster, is working at the subject, as well as Mr Wheatstone, we shall not, so say the initiated, have to wait long for further results.

Besides these lectures, a course is being delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology, recently opened in Jermyn Street, by eminent professors, as you may judge from the fact of De la Beche, Forbes, and Playfair being among them. Some of the most promising of the pupils at the School of Design are allowed to attend these lectures gratis. At the same institution, an attempt is to be made to do what has long been done in Paris—namely, to admit working-people to the best scientific lectures free of cost. Now, therefore, is the time for the working-men of the metropolis to shew whether they wish for knowledge and enlightenment or not. They have only to present themselves at the Museum, pay a registration-fee of sixpence, conform to the rules, and so qualify themselves for the course of six lectures. It is a capital opportunity; and I, for one, hope that hundreds of the intelligent working-men of London will avail themselves of it. They, on their part, may find government education not unacceptable; and government, on the other hand, encouraged by a successful experiment, may feel inclined to extend its benefits. If a clear-headed lecturer on political economy could also be appointed, perhaps in time our industrial fellow-countrymen might come to understand that strikes are always a mistake, and the masters, that fair play is a jewel.

Notwithstanding the stir about invasion and amateur rifle-clubs, other matters do get talked about—as, for instance, the astronomer-royal's communication to the Society of Antiquaries on the place of Cæsar's landing at his invasion of Britain. The learned functionary settles it to his own satisfaction by tide-calculations: he has also been holding an interesting correspondence with a lady on the geography of Suex, as bearing on the Exodus of Scripture. And this reminds me that Dr J. Wilson has written a paper, published in the proceedings of the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, to decide a long debated question—the identification of the Hazor of Kedar, referred to in Jeremiah—'Concerning Kedar, and concerning the kingdoms of

Hazor, which Nebuchadrezzar king of Babylon shall smite,' &c. The doctor, after careful research and reasoning, believes the ruins known as Hadhar or Hatra, not far distant from Nineveh, to be the remains of the denounced city. Layard and Ainsworth have both visited and described the place, as many readers will remember. Those interested in the progress of research in Biblical countries, will be gratified to know that Dr Robinson has left the United States for another tour in the Holy Land. Now that Christians are more tolerated in Turkey than in some other countries nearer home, travelling in the East will perhaps be facilitated.

Talking of travel: the Legislative Council at Sydney have granted L.2000, to fit out an expedition to search for Leichardt; Captain Beatson, with his steamer, is about to start for Behring's Strait to look for Franklin; Lieutenant Pim has returned from St Petersburg—the emperor would not permit him to go to Siberia; and last, supplies of money and goods have been sent out to Drs Barth and Overweg, in Central Africa, to enable them to pursue their discoveries; and the British resident at Zanzibar has been instructed to assist them. We may thus hope, before long, to add to our knowledge both of the torrid and frigid zones.

To touch upon a home topic: we are told that governments are rather afraid of their own bill for intermental interments passed last session, which may account for none of its provisions having yet been carried out. The project now is to supersede that bill by another, which is to extend the practice of cemetery interment. This looks like a want of faith in sanitary principles. On the other hand, the sale of the lazaretto at Marseilles, with a view to construct docks on its site, is a proof that the French government can do something in the way of sanitary reform. It is, in fact, quite time that the superstitious notions about infection, and the vexations of quarantine, should give place to sounder views and more rational methods. Meantime, as meteorologists say, we are coming to the cycle of hot summers, it behoves us more than ever to bury the dead far from towns. The Registrar-General tells us that, on the whole, we are improving, and it is not less an individual than a national duty to forward the improvement. According to the return just published for the quarter ending December last, the births in 1851 amounted to 616,251, the largest number ever registered, being an excess of 5 per cent. over former returns. The deaths were 385,938, leaving a surplus which increases the population of England and Wales to more than 18,000,000. In the same quarter, 59,200 emigrants, chiefly Irish, left the kingdom. With respect to marriages, which also exceed in number those of former years, the Registrar repeats what he has often said before, that marriages increase 'when the substantial earnings of the people are above the average; and the experience of a century, during which the prosperity of the country, though increasing, has been constantly fluctuating, shews that it is prudent to husband the resources of good times against future contingencies. Workmen, if they are wise, will not now squander their savings.' Are we to infer from this, that a bad time is coming?

I have at times given you some of our post-office statistics, let me now send you a few from America. The postmaster-general reports to Congress, that in the year ending last June there were within the United States 6170 mail-routes, comprising a length in the aggregate of 196,200 miles; of post-offices, 19,796; of mail-contractors, 5544. The distance travelled in the year over these routes was 53,272,252 miles, at a cost of 3,421,754 dollars, or rather more than six cents per mile per annum. On more than 35,000,000 of these miles the service is performed by coaches, and 'modes not specified;' the remainder by railway and steam-boat. There were six foreign mail-routes on which the annual

transportation was estimated at 615,206 miles. The gross receipts of the post-office department for the year amounted to 6,786,493 dollars, being an increase of nearly a million over the preceding year. If, after this, we can only get Ocean Penny Postage, we will give the republican postmaster work to do that shall add some score of pages to his report.

You will perhaps remember my telling you, some time ago, of the discussion that had been going on in the United States respecting a prime meridian. Something has now come of it. The committee appointed by Congress to consider the subject, have recommended 'that the Greenwich zero of longitude should be preserved for the convenience of navigators; and that the meridian of the National Observatory—at Washington—should be adopted by the authority of Congress as its first meridian on the American continent, for defining accurately and permanently territorial limits, and for advancing the science of astronomy in America.' This decision, though it may disappoint those who consider it derogatory to the national honour to reckon from the meridian of Greenwich, is nevertheless the true one. In connection with it, the Americans intend to bring out a nautical almanac.

Another topic from the same quarter is, that Professor Erni of Yale College has been making an interesting series of experiments on fermentation—a process of which the original cause has never yet been satisfactorily explained, and is still a moot-point with chemists. They tell us it is one by which complex substances are decomposed into simpler forms, as some suppose, by chemical action; others, by development of fungi, different in different substances. Among the experiments, it was observed that the yeast of cane-sugar solution produced no fermentation whatever when poisoned with a small quantity of arsenious acid; with oil of turpentine, and creasote, similar negative results were obtained. The introduction of cream-of-tartar along with the arsenic neutralised its effect, but not so with the other two; and, singularly enough, the appearance of the liquor always shewed when the poisoning was complete; 'the nitrogenous layer on the cell-membrane seeming to have undergone a change similar to that produced by boiling.' Judging from the results, Professor Erni believes 'that alcoholic fermentation is caused by the development of fungi. He could never trace the process without observing at the very first evolution of carbonic acid, the formation of yeast-cells, although it is very difficult to decide certainly which precedes the other.' His own opinion is in favour of the commencement by the yeast-cells.

Another noteworthy subject, is Dr W. J. Burnett's paper to the American Association, 'On the Relation of the Distribution of Lice to the Different Faunas,' in which he endeavours to demonstrate, that the creation of animals was a multiplied operation, carried on in several localities, and that they do not derive from one original parent stock. Different animals have different parasites; but, as he shews, the same species of animal has the same parasite, wherever it may be found. According to Latreille, the *pediculus* found in the woolly heads of African negroes 'is sufficiently distinct from that of the Circassian to entitle it to the rank of a distinct species;' from which, and similar instances, the doctor concludes: 'Whatever may be urged in behalf of the hypothesis of the unity of the animal creation, based upon the alleged metamorphic changes of types, it is my opinion that the relations of their parasites, and especially the lice which are distributed over nearly all of them, must be considered as fair and full an argument as can be advanced against such hypothesis, for it is taking up the very premises of the hypothesis in opposition.' Dr Burnett will perhaps find Sir Charles Lyell ready to break a lance with him on the point at issue.

Something interesting to workers in metal has been

brought before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia—it is a method of giving to iron the appearance of copper, contrived by Mr Pomeroy of Cincinnati, who thus describes it—rather laboriously, by the way:—

'Immerse the iron in dilute sulphuric acid, for the purpose of cleansing the surface of the article which is to be coated; and thus cleansed, submit the iron to a brisk heat to dry it; when dry, immerse the article in a mixture of clay and water, and again dry it so as to leave a thin coating of the clay on its surface: it is then to be immersed in a bath of melted copper, and the length of time requisite for the iron and copper to form a union, will depend on the thickness of the article under operation. The object of the clay is to protect the copper from oxidation during the process of alloying or coating, and to reduce it to the required thickness it is passed between rollers. The result of this annealing process will be a smooth surface, fully equal to the brightness of pure copper.' Let me add to this, as a finish to transatlantic matters, that a Mr Allan, at St Louis, having observed that in washing-machines only the linen on the outside of the heap was perfectly cleansed, has patented a new machine, which comprises a chamber or tub with a narrowed neck, in which a plunger is inserted; and this, 'with the clothes wrapped around it, passes through the narrowed neck of the chamber, and pressing forcibly on the water confined within, drives it violently through the body of the clothes, carrying the dirt with it.'

Science is not idle in France, notwithstanding the social perturbations: some of our engineers are talking about the trials of electro-magnetic locomotives recently made on one of the railways in that country, and are rather curious as to what may be the result. To travel without the whiz and roar of steam would be a consummation devoutly desired by thousands of travellers. And among the topics from the Académie, there is one important to the naval service—M. Normandy's apparatus for converting sea-water into fresh water. Briefly described, it is a series of disks, placed one above the other, communicating by concentric galleries, and placed in a vapour-bath at a pressure a little above that of the atmosphere. 'The sea-water,' says the inventor, 'circulating in the galleries heated by the surrounding vapour, gives off a certain quantity of vapour, which, mingling with the atmospheric air, introduced by a tube from the outside, finally condenses as perfectly aerated fresh water in a refrigerator, which is also in communication with the atmosphere. No other means of agitation or percolation is so efficacious or economical.' The apparatus, which is free from the defect of depositing salt while distillation is going on, is rather more than three feet in height, and eighteen inches diameter. It will yield two pints of water per minute, at an expenditure of about 2½ lbs. of coal for each 45 lbs. of water.

Next, Monsieur Rochas proposes a method for preserving limestone monuments and sculptures for an indefinite period. This material, as is well known, is very liable to disintegrate, and the remedy is to silicify it. Specimens of limestone so prepared were exhibited to the Académie, but without any explanation of the process. We know that brick and stone have been coated with glass in a few instances, to insure their preservation; and that at Professor Owen's suggestion, some decomposing ivory ornaments, sent over by Mr Layard, were restored by boiling in gelatine; but M. Rochas aims at something still greater—nothing less than the silicifying of a number of crumbling limestone statues which have been lately discovered by a Frenchman who is exploring the temple of Serapis at Memphis. They will then be strong enough to bear removal.

Naturalists may learn something from Monsieur Falcoy, who states that a solution of sulphate of zinc is an effectual preservative of animals or animal substances, intended for anatomical examination—it may be

used to inject veins, and the effects last a considerable time. Another consideration is, that it is harmless: dissecting-instruments left in the solution for twenty-four hours were not at all injured.

A WORD TO GENTEEL EMIGRANTS.

THE tide of emigration is rushing so powerfully through the land, that not only labourers and artisans are swept away in its stream, but many of the gentry of the country are beginning to join in the movement, and wonder what they are to do with their young 'olive branches,' 'unless they emigrate to Australia, and found a new home and plant a new family there.' Many of the class have taken this step, and many more are lingering on the brink; and endless and anxious are the inquiries constantly made for the reports transmitted by those adventurous spirits who have led the way to new worlds of enterprise. For the working-classes, all has hitherto been favourable; but for the class above them—the professional man, and the small capitalist—the accounts are not, on the whole, encouraging. 'The labour-market is never overstocked; but,' says a correspondent of a later date, 'I pity the professional men, the doctors and lawyers, who come out, and the clerks, few of whom are wanted, and who find provisions and house-rent much dearer than at home, and to whom the privations they undergo must be great hardships. Men used to the everyday luxuries of a London life, delicate women bred up in habits of expense and idleness, have a severe ordeal to go through on their arrival in that land of work.' The change of climate, and the discomfort of their hastily-raised log-cabin, often entered upon when not half dried, frequently produce fevers, which, at home, would require a long succession of nursing, medical attendance, and afterwards change of air; but with only a *help*, absent whenever it pleases her, often with no medical advice within reach, a damp and cold house half furnished, an uncertain supply of even common necessities, and a total absence of all luxuries, it is really surprising that recovery takes place at all. Now, it unfortunately happens, that the previous education of all these emigrants has been directly adverse to that which would have been desirable for such an after-life. Young ladies and gentlemen are taught dependence as a duty of civilised life. Children are naturally independent and active, and would gladly use their activity in helping themselves. How proud is a child to be allowed to do any of the servant's work! and how awful the rebuke that follows the attempt; till at last, poor human nature is cramped, shackled, and gagged.

Hard, then, seems the destiny that removes these pampered children of European society from their luxurious necessities—the valet, the lady's-maid, and all the other appendages—and leaves them wholly to their own resources, with their self-inflicted ignorance, and their blundering attempts to remedy it.

I have, therefore, to propose to all who intend to emigrate, that they should—before taking a step involving so great an outlay, and the breaking-up of their life here—submit themselves to an ordeal of six or twelve months, in order to ascertain whether, in truth, their bodies and minds are fitted for the situation they are entering upon. Let any gentleman who is thinking of settling in Canada or Australia, take a *labourer's* cottage in a distant county—a few pounds will supply one infinitely superior in comfort and healthfulness to the log-cabin of the bush that is to be his ultimate destination—let him take a little land and a bit of garden in a good farming county; engage one farm-servant (unless he has sons able to take his place), and a rough country-girl to do the coarse work

of the house. The ladies of the family must, of course, perform all the rest: wash all the fine linen, iron, make the beds, sweep the rooms, superintend and assist in the cooking, the dairy, care of the poultry and the pigs; for, of course, such appendages must be indispensable in such an establishment. The gentlemen will work on the farm, cultivate the garden, and gain all the experience they can in manual trades, carpentering and cabinet-making; and thus by degrees the whole family will have their bodies and minds strengthened, and their habits formed for their new work; or they will discover, as many have done when too late to draw back, that the effort is beyond their powers—that the tastes and habits of social life are too closely entwined with their whole being, to leave them the power to withdraw from them at will.

This may seem a forbidding picture, but I can assure them it is very far superior in comfort to the realities they will find in the bush. It is true, that this retirement will effectually withdraw them from their magic circle of friends and luxuries; but let us for a moment compare the two steps, migration and emigration, and ask ourselves if the experiment above mentioned be not worth the trial. In the one, we give up, probably for life, our country, our friends, and generally a part of our family, with all the comforts of a state of law and civilisation; we enter upon a certain and constant life of labour, after a long, tedious voyage; and, if in mature age, bear about with us a never-ceasing yearning for home, which retains its place in our hearts with all the heightened colours with which memory invests it. In the other, we must, it is true, separate ourselves from our long list of acquaintances, and be absent from the dinner-party and the ball; but all our interest in social life will be kept up: we can see at least a weekly newspaper; and although we may have descended a few steps in the social scale, we shall not be obliged to make the acquaintance of convicted felons.

Another view of this plan may be taken. Suppose ten, or twenty, or thirty persons of narrow means were to associate for the purpose of taking some large, old-fashioned house in the country—many such may be found—and agree upon a joint scheme of cheap living and independent labour, plain and economical dress, plain furniture, and a simple but wholesome table: would not this be better than all the risks and privations of expatriation? The Americans do not emigrate—they migrate; and there are spots in any of these three kingdoms, as wild, as solitary, and as healthful, as can be found in the regions of the Far West. But we do not, however, suggest migration as a substitute for genteel emigration—although we suspect it would in many cases prove so—but merely as a step towards it—a school of trial, or training, or both.

COLOURS IN LADIES' DRESS.

Incongruity may be frequently observed in the adoption of colours without reference to their accordance with the complexion or stature of the wearer. We continually see a light-blue bonnet and flowers surrounding a sallow countenance, or a pink opposed to one of a glowing red; a pale complexion associated with a canary or lemon yellow, or one of delicate red and white rendered almost colourless by the vicinity of deep red. Now, if the lady with the sallow complexion had worn a transparent white bonnet; or if the lady with the glowing red complexion had lowered it by means of a bonnet of a deeper red colour; if the pale lady had improved the cadaverous hue of her countenance by surrounding it with pale green, which, by contrast, would have suffused it with a delicate pink hue; or had the face

‘Whose red and white,
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,’

been arrayed in a light-blue, or light-green, or in a

transparent white bonnet, with blue or pink flowers on the inside—how different, and how much more agreeable, would have been the impression on the spectator! How frequently, again, do we see the dimensions of a tall and *embonpoint* figure magnified to almost Brobdingnagian proportions by a white dress, or a small woman reduced to Lilliputian size by a black dress! Now, as the optical effect of white is to enlarge objects, and that of black to diminish them, if the large woman had been dressed in black, and the small woman in white, the apparent size of each would have approached the ordinary stature, and the former would not have appeared a giantess, or the latter a dwarf.—*Mrs Merrifield in Art-Journal.*

SITTING ON THE SHORE.

The tide has ebbed away;
No more wild surgings 'gainst the adamant rocks,
No swayings of the sea-weed false that mocks
The hues of gardens gay:
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;
No lucid pools reflecting heaven's broad brow—
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The bare gray rocks sit lone;
The shifting and lies spread so smooth and dry
That not a wave might ever have swept by
To vex it with loud moan;
Only some weedy fragments blackening thrown
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been,
But Desolation's self is grown serene.

Afar the mountains rise,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine; wheeling round and round about
Seaward, a white bird flies;
A bird! Nay, seems it rather in these eyes
An angel; o'er Eternity's dim sea,
Beckoning—‘Come thou where all we glad souls be.’

O life! O silent shore
Where we sit patient! O great Sea beyond,
To which we look with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more!—
Would we were disembodied souls, to soar,
And like white sea-birds wing the Infinite Deep!—
Till then, Thou, Just One, wilt our spirits keep.

THE PALO DE VACA, OR COW-TREE OF BRAZIL.

This is one of the most remarkable trees in the forests of Brazil. During several months in the year when no rain falls, and its branches are dead and dried up, if the trunk be tapped, a sweet and nutritious milk exudes. The flow is most abundant at sunrise. Then, the natives receive the milk into large vessels, which soon grows yellow and thickens on the surface. Some drink plentifully of it under the tree, others take it home to their children. One might imagine he saw a shepherd distributing the milk of his flock. It is used in tea and coffee in place of common milk. The cow-tree is one of the largest in the Brazilian forests, and is used in ship-building.

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THE CHARITABLE CHUMS' BENEFIT CLUB.

THE 'Mother Bunch' public-house stands modestly aside from the din, traffic, and turmoil of a leading London thoroughfare, and retires, like a bashful maiden, from the gaze of a crowd to the society of its own select circle. It is situated in a short and rather narrow street, leading from an omnibus route running north from the city to nowhere in particular—or, if particulars must be given, to that complicated assemblage of carts, cabs, and clothes-lines; of manure heaps and disorganised pumps; of caged thrushes, blackbirds, and magpies; of dead dogs and cats, and colonies of thriving rats; of imprisoned terriers and goats let out on parole; of shrill and angry maternity and mud-loving infancy; and of hissing, curry-combing grooms and haltered horses, to which Londoners have given the designation of a *Mews*. Mr Peter Bowley, the landlord of the 'Mother Bunch,' was the late butler of the late Sir Plumberry Muggs; and having succeeded, on the demise of the baronet, to a legacy of £500, and finding himself unable any longer to resist the charms of his seven years' comforter and counsellor, the cook, supplemented as they were by the attractions of a legacy of the like amount, he had united his destiny and wealth with hers in one common cause. The name of Sir Plumberry Muggs, even though its worthy proprietor was defunct, was still of sufficient influence to procure a licence for his butler; and within a few months of his departure, Mr Bowley had opened the new Inn and Tavern for the accommodation of Her Majesty's thirsty liegés. He had congratulated himself upon the selection of the site, and upon the suitability of the premises to the requirements of a good trade; and his heart swelled within him, as he sat at the head of his own table, on the occasion of the house-warming, dispensing with no niggard hand the gratuitous viands and unlimited beer, which were at once to symbolise and inaugurate the hospitality of his mansion. He had a snug bar curtained with crimson drapery, for the convenience of those who, declining the ostentation of the public room, might prefer to imbibe their morning-draught with becoming privacy. He had a roomy tap-room, where a cheerful fire was to blaze the winter through, and a civil Ganymede minister to the wants of the humblest guest. There was a handsome parlour hung round with sporting-prints, with cushioned seats and polished mahogany tables, where the tradesmen of the neighbourhood might take their evening solace after the fatigues of business; and, more than all this, he had an immense saloon on the first floor above, calculated for social conviviality on the largest scale, and furnished with mirrors, pictures, and an old grand-piano, a portion of the *lores* of the deceased Sir Plumberry Muggs.

Mr Bowley, however, soon made the displeasing discovery, that it is one thing to open an establishment of the kind—which had already swallowed up two-thirds of his capital—and another thing to induce the public to patronise it. Notwithstanding the overflow which had gathered at his house-warming, and the numberless good wishes which had been expressed, and toasts which had been drunk to his prosperity, yet the prosperity did not come. Of the hundred and fifty enthusiastic well-wishers who had done honour to his entertainment, squeezed his hand, and sworn he was a trump, not a dozen ever entered the house a second time. Do what he would, Bowley could not create a business; and the corners of his mouth began visibly to decline ere the experiment had lasted a couple of months. He made a desperate effort to get up a Free-and-easy; he had the old piano tuned, and set an old fellow to play upon it with open windows; exhibited a perpetual announcement of 'A Concert this Evening;' and himself led off the harmony, to the tune of *Tully-ho*, at the top of his voice. It was all of no avail. The half-dozen grooms who joined in feeble chorus did not pay the expense of the gas; and he found the Free-and-easy, without abettors, the most difficult thing in the world. So he gave it up, and fell into a brown study, which engrossed him for a month. He had visions of Whitecross Street before his eyes; and poor Mrs Bowley sighed again, and sighed in vain, after the remembrance of Sir Plumberry's kitchen, and its vanished joys. The only symptom of business was the gathering of half-a-dozen nightly customers, who sipped their grog for an hour or two in the parlour; and one of these, moreover, had never paid a farthing since he had patronised the house. There were twenty grogs scored up against him, besides a double column of beers. Mr Bowley will put an end to that, at anyrate; so he signals the bibulous debtor, and having got him within the folds of the crimson curtains, he politely informs him, that credit is no part of his system of doing business, and requests payment. Mr Nogoe, the convivial defaulter, who is a gentleman of fifty, who has seen the world, and knows how to manage it, is decidedly of Bowley's opinion—that, as a general rule, credit is a bad plan; inasmuch as, so far as his experience goes in the public line, to afford it to your customers, is the first step towards losing it yourself. But he feels himself free to confess, that he is at the present moment under a cloud, and that it would be inconvenient to him to liquidate his score just then, though, of course, if Bowley insists, &c. While Bowley is pausing to consider which will be the best way to insist, Mr Nogoe carelessly leads the conversation to another topic, and begins to descant upon the marvellous capabilities of

the 'Mother Bunch' for doing a first-rate trade; and hints mysteriously at the splendid thing that might be made of it, only supposing that his friend Bowley knew his own interest, and went the right way to work. The landlord, who is now all ear, and who knows his own interest well enough, pours out to his guest a glass of his favourite 'cold without,' and seating himself opposite him at the little table, encourages him to be more explicit. A long private and confidential conversation ensues, the results of which are destined to change the aspect of affairs at the 'Mother Bunch.' We shall recount the process for the information of our readers.

Next morning, Mr Bowley is altogether a new man; brisk, cheerful, and active, he has a smile for everybody, and a joke and a 'good-morning' even for the cobbler, who has the cure of soles in that very questionable benefice, the Mews. He visits his tap-room guests, and informs them of a plan which is in operation to improve the condition of the labouring-classes, of which they will hear more by and by. He is profoundly impressed with the sublime virtues of charity, benevolence, brotherly love, and, as he terms it, all that sort of thing. Day after day, he is seen in close confab with Mr Nogoe, who is now as busy as a bee, buzzing about here, there, and everywhere, with rolls of paper in his hand, a pen behind his ear, and another in his mouth, and who is never absent an hour together from the 'Mother Bunch,' where he has a private room much frequented by active, middle-aged persons of a rather seedy cast, and where he takes all his meals at the landlord's table. The first-fruits of these mysterious operations at length appear in the form of a prospectus of a new mutual-assurance society, under the designation of 'The Charitable Chums' Benefit Club;' of which Mr Nogoe, who has undertaken its organisation, is to act as secretary and chairman at the preliminary meetings, and to lend his valuable assistance in getting the society into working order. Under his direction, tens of thousands of the prospectuses are printed, and industriously circulated among the artisans, labourers, small tradesmen, and serving-men in all parts of the town, both far and near. Promises of unheard-of advantages, couched in language of most affectionate sympathy, are addressed to all whom it may concern. The same are repeated again and again in the daily and weekly papers. A public meeting is called, and the names of intending members are enrolled; special meetings follow, held at the large room of the 'Mother Bunch;' the enrolled members are summoned; officers and functionaries are balloted for and appointed; rules and regulations are drawn up, considered, adopted, certified, and printed. Mr Nogoe is confirmed in his double function as secretary and treasurer. Subscriptions flow in; and, to Bowley's infinite gratification, beer and spirits begin to flow out. The Charitable Chums, though eminently provident, are as bibulous as they are benevolent; for every sixpence they invest for the contingencies of the future tense, they imbibe at least half-a-crown for the exigencies of the present. The society soon rises into a condition of astonishing prosperity. The terms being liberal beyond all precedent, the Charitable Chums' becomes wonderfully popular. A guinea a week during sickness, besides medical attendance, and ten pounds at death, or half as much at the death of a wife, are assured for half the amount of subscription payable at the old clubs. The thing is as cheap as dirt. The clerk has as much as he can do to enregister the names of new applicants, and keep accounts of the entrance-money. By way of keeping the society before the public, special meetings are held twice a month, to report progress, and parade the state of the funds. Before the new society is a year old, they have nearly one thousand pounds in hand; and Bowley's house, now known far and wide as the centre and focus of the Charitable Chums, swarms with that provident

brotherhood, who meet by hundreds under the auspices of 'Mother Bunch,' to cultivate sympathy and brotherly love, and to irrigate those delicate plants with libations of Bowley's gin and Bowley's beer. The Free-and-easy is now every night choke full of wide-mouthed harmonists. The 'Concert this Evening' is no longer a mere mythic pretence, but a very substantial and vociferous fact. The old grand-piano, and the old, ragged player, have been cashiered, and sent about their business; and a bran-new Broadwood, presided over by a rattling performer, occupies their place. Bowley's blooming wife, attended by a brace of alcoholic naiads, blossoms beneath the crimson drapery of the bar, and dispenses 'nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,' and 'noggins of mar,' and 'three-outers,' to the votaries of benevolence and 'Mother Bunch;' and the landlord is happy, and in his element, because the world goes well with him.

When Whitsuntide is drawing near, a general meeting of the club is convened, for the purpose of considering the subject of properties. A grand demonstration, with a procession of the members, is resolved upon: it is to come off upon Whit-Monday. In spite of the remonstrance of a mean-spirited Mr Nobody—who proposes that, by way of distinguishing themselves from the rest of the thousand-and-one clubs who will promenade upon that occasion, with music, flags, banners, brass-bands, big drums, sashes, aprons, and white wands, they, the Charitable Chums, shall walk in procession in plain clothes, and save their money till it is wanted—and in spite of five or six sneaking, stingy individuals, so begrudgingly minded as to second his proposition, and who were summarily coughed down as not fit to be heard, the properties were voted; and the majority, highly gratified at having their own way, gave *carte-blanche* to their officers to do what they thought right, and for the credit of the society. Accordingly, flags and banners of portentous size, together with sashes, scarfs, and satin aprons, all inlaid with the crest of the Charitable Chums—an open hand, with a purse of money in it—were manufactured at the order of the secretary, and consigned in magnificent profusion to the care of Mr Bowley, to be in readiness for the grand demonstration. A monster banner, bearing the designation of the society in white letters upon a ground of flame-coloured silk, hung on the morning of the day from the parapet of Bowley's house, and obscured the good 'Mother Bunch,' as she swung upon her hinges, in its fluttering folds. The procession, which went off in irreproachable style, was followed by a dinner at Highbury Barn, at which above a thousand members sat down to table; and after which, thanks were voted to the different officers of the club; and, in addition thereto, a gold snuff-box, with an appropriate inscription, was presented to Mr Nogoe, for his unparalleled exertions in the sacred cause of humanity, as represented by their society.

The jovial Whitsuntide soon passed away, and so did the summer, and the autumn was not long in following; and then came the cold winds, and fogs, and hoar-frost of November. The autumn had been sickly with fevers, and Dr Dosem, the club's medical man, had had more cases of typhus to deal with than he found at all pleasant or profitable, considering the terms upon which he had undertaken the physicking of the Charitable Chums. He was heard to say, that it took a deal of drugs to get the fever out of them; and that, though he worked harder than any horse, he yet lost more of his patients than he had fair reason to expect. With nearly fifteen thousand members, the deaths in the club became alarmingly frequent. Nogoe, as he took snuff out of his gold box, shrugged his shoulders at the rapid disappearance of the funds, as one ten-pound cheque after another was handed over to the disconsolate widows. His uneasiness was not at all alleviated by the reception of a bill of two hundred

and fifty pounds for properties, &c. among which stood his snuff-box, set down at thirty-five guineas, upon which he knew, for he had tried, that no pawnbroker would lend ten pounds. He called a special council of all the officers of the club, and laid the state of affairs before them. The first thing they did, was to pass a vote for the immediate payment of the property bills; a measure which is hardly to be wondered at, if we take into account that they were themselves the creditors. The treasurer handed them a cheque for the amount; and then, apprising them that there was now, with claims daily increasing, less than two hundred pounds in hand, which must of necessity be soon exhausted, demanded their advice. They advised a resumé of prospectuses and advertisements; which being carried into effect at the cost of a hundred pounds, brought a shoal of fresh applicants, with their entrance-money, and for the moment relieved the pressure upon the exchequer.

But when the November fogs brought the influenza, and a hundred of the members were thrown upon their backs and the fund at once; when it became necessary to engage additional medical assistance; and when, in spite of unremitting energy in the departments of prospecting, puffing, and personal canvassing, the money leaked out five times as fast as it came in, then Mr Nogoe began to find his position peculiarly unpleasant, and anything but a bed of roses. With 'fourscore odd' of sick members yet upon the books—with five deaths and three half-deaths unpaid—and the epidemic yet in full force, he beheld an unwholesome December threatening a continuation of sickness and mortality, and a balance at the banker's hardly sufficient to pay his own quarter's salary. Again he calls his colleagues together, and states the deplorable condition of affairs. The representatives of the five deceased members, whom Nogoe has put off from time to time on various ingenious pretences, having become aware of the meeting, burst in upon their deliberations, and after an exchange of no very complimentary remonstrances, backed by vehement demands for immediate payment, are with difficulty induced to withdraw, while the committee enter upon the consideration of their cases. Nogoe produces his budget, from the examination of which it appears, that if they are paid in full, there will remain in the hands of the bankers, to meet the demands of the 'fourscore odd' sick members, the sum of 4s. 7d. What is to be done? is now the question. A specification of three hours, during which every member of the committee is heard in his turn, helps them to no other expedient than that of a subscription for the widows, and a renewed agitation, by means of the press and the bill-sticker, to re-establish the funds by the collection of fresh fees and entrance-money. The subscription, the charge of which is confided to a deputy, authorised to collect voluntary donations from the various lodges about town, turns out a failure: the widows, who want their ten pounds each, disgusted at the offer of a few shillings, flock in a body to the nearest sitting magistrate, and clamorously lay their case before his worship, who gravely informs them, that the Charitable Chums' Benefit Society being duly enrolled according to Act of Parliament, he can render them no assistance, as he is not authorised to interfere with their proceedings.

In the face of this exposure, the agitation for cramming the society down the throats of the public goes on more desperately than ever. By this means, Mr Nogoe manages to hold on till Christmas, and then pocketing his salary, resigns his office in favour of Mr Dunderhead, who has hitherto figured as honorary Vice-Something, and who enters upon office with a gravity becoming the occasion. Under his management, affairs are soon brought to a stand-still. Notwithstanding his profound faith in the capabilities of the Charitable Chums, and

his settled conviction that their immense body must embrace the elements of stability, his whole course is but one rapid descent down to the verge, and headlong over the precipice, of bankruptcy. The dismal announcement of 'no effects,' first breathed in dolorous confidence at the bedsides of the sick, soon takes wind. All the C. C.s in London are aghast and indignant at the news; and the 'Mother Bunch' is nightly assailed by tumultuous crowds of angry members, clamorous for justice and restitution. The good lady who hangs over the doorway, in nowise abashed at the multitude, receives them all with open arms. Indignation is as thirsty as jollity, and to their thirst at least she can administer, if she cannot repair their wrongs. Nogoe has vanished from the locality of the now thriving inn and tavern of his friend Mr Peter Bowley, and in the character of a scapegoat, is gone forth to what point of the compass nobody exactly knows. The last account of him is, that he had gone to the Isle of Man, where he endeavoured to get up a railway on the Exhaustive Principle, but without effect. As for that excellent individual, Bowley, he appears among the diddled and disconsolate Chums in the character of a martyr to their interests. A long arrear of rent is due to him, as well as a lengthy bill for refreshments to the various committees, for which he might, if he chose, attach the properties in his keeping. He acorns such an ungentlemanly act, and freely gives them up; but as nobody knows what to do with them, as, if they were sold, they would not yield a farthing each to the host of members, they remain rolled up in his garret, and are likely to remain till they rot, the sole memorials of a past glory.

The Charitable Chums' Benefit Society has fulfilled its destiny, and answered the end of its creation. It has made the world acquainted with the undeniable merits of 'Mother Bunch,' and encircled that modest matron with a host of bibulous and admiring votaries; it has elevated Bowley from the class of struggling and desponding speculators, to a substantial and influential member of the Licensed Victuallers' Company: it has at once vastly improved the colour of his nose and the aspect of his bank-account; and while he complacently fingers the cash which it has caused to flow in a continual current into his pocket, he looks remarkably well in the character of chief mourner over its untimely fate.

LA ROSIÈRE.

ABOUT twelve miles from Paris is situated the pretty vernal hamlet of Maisons Laftite. It hangs around the Château Laftite—a princely residence, formerly the property and dwelling of the well-known banker of that name, but for many years past in other hands. In front of the château, a broad avenue of greensward strikes straight away through a thick forest, extending many miles across the country; and parallel with the front of the building is an avenue still broader, but not so long—La Grande Allée—wherein the various *fêtes* of the hamlet are celebrated, and which, moreover, forms a principal scene in the following narrative.

Before the Revolution of 1793, the name of Gostillon was familiar as a daily proverb to the people of Maisons. There were three or four branches of the family living in the neighbourhood, and well known as industrious and respectable members of the peasant class. When the earthquake comes, however, the cottage is as much imperiled as the palace; so the events which brought Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to the block, and sent panic into every court in Europe, also broke up and dispersed the humble house of Gostillon. In the awful confusion of the times, some were slain upon barricades; some sent hither and thither with the army, to perish in La Vendée or elsewhere; and some fled to seek safety and peace in foreign lands. Thus it came to pass, that at length there were only three females in

Maisons—a widow and her two daughters—bearing the once common name. Mme Veuve Gostillon managed to obtain a living by cultivating a small garden—the flowers and fruit from which she sold in the markets of Paris—and by plying her needle. Her daughters were named Julia and Cecilia, and there was the somewhat remarkable difference of eight years between their ages.

Just as Julia had reached her fourteenth year, and little Cecilia her sixth, a terrible misfortune happened to the industrious widow: a stroke of paralysis deprived her of the use of her limbs, and rendered her unable longer to maintain herself and little family by the labour of her hands. A time of severe distress ensued for this remnant of the once numerous and hearty family of the Gostillons; but it was only for awhile. Julia—shrewd, spirited, and industrious—worked night and day to perform the labour heretofore the portion of her parent, and to liquidate the extraordinary expenses of the poor widow's sad illness, and the derangement consequent thereupon. Steady assiduity seldom fails of success. It was not long before she had the satisfaction of finding matters proceeding in a somewhat straightforward manner—doctor's bills paid; arrears of rent, such as they were, made up; and the little business in flowers, fruit, and needle-work proceeding smoothly and satisfactorily. There is much attractiveness in the virtue and good-behaviour of youth; and Julia, handsome, intelligent, modest, and sweet-tempered, soon became the favourite of all who knew her.

The peasantry of France have, from ancient times, maintained the custom of publicly demonstrating their esteem of any young female member of a community, who, in her progress from childhood to adolescence, or rather to womanhood, may have given evidence of the possession of any unusual amount of amiability and cleverness. Young girls who are deemed worthy of public recognition as examples of virtue and industry, are waited upon by the villagers on a fête-day, led forth, seated on a throne of flowers, crowned with roses, blessed by the *curé*, and presented with the honourable title of *La Rosière*. The custom is graceful and poetical; and the world hardly presents a more charming spectacle—at once so simple and so touching—as the installation of a *rosière* in some sequestered village of France. The associations connected with it are pure and bright enough for a Golden Age. All who take part in the little ceremony are humble people, living by their labour; the queen of the day is queen by reason of her industry and virtue; they who do her such becoming and encouraging homage, old and young, lead lowly and toilsome lives, and yet have the innate grace thus to evince their reverence for the best qualities of human nature. The pageantry of courts, and pompous crowning of kings and queens, grand and splendid as they are, have not such spiritual fragrance as these village queen-makings; soft glimmerings and shinnings-through of the light of a better world—a world with which man, let conventionality disguise him as it may, always has some sympathies.

For three years, the exemplary Julia had continued to support her helpless parent and little sister, when, in accordance with this custom, the good folks of the hamlet determined to shew their appreciation of her estimable qualities at the next fête, by crowning her with roses, and enthroning her with the usual ceremony in the Grande Allée. In the meantime, Victor Colonne, son of the steward of the château, happened to pay a visit to the poor widow's cottage; and thereafter he came again, and again, and again, courting Julia Gostillon.

But Victor and Julia were not made for each other. He was thriftless, idle, dissolute—the small *roué* of the neighbourhood: she was careful, industrious, virtuous. He was good-looking—of a dark, saturnine beauty,

insidiously impressive, like the dangerous charms of a tempter; she was radiant and lustrous with the sweet graces of modesty, innocence, and intelligence. Julia, however, young and susceptible, was for a time pleased with his attentions. Persuasive powers of considerable potency, and personal attractions of no mean sort, were not exerted and prostrated at her feet entirely in vain. Ingenuous, trustful, and inexperienced, she listened to the charmer with a yielding and delighted ear, and was happy as long as she perceived nothing but sincerity and love. It was but for a time, however. The Widow Gostillon liked not her daughter's lover. Of more mature perception, of sharper skill in reading character than her child, she conceived a deep distrust of the airy smile and studied gallantry of Victor Colonne. She took counsel with matrons old and circumspect as herself; made herself acquainted with Victor's history; watched his looks, listened to his words narrowly and scrutinisingly; and, day by day, felt more and more strongly that she liked him not—that there was mischief in his restless eye and soft musical voice. She communicated her fears to Julia, told her the history of her suitor, and bade her be on her guard. Julia was startled and distressed. These suspicions checked the brightness and little glory of her life, and settled wanly and hazily on her soul, like damp breath on a mirror. But they served as points of departure for daily thoughts. Looks and words were watched, and weighed, and pondered over with wistful studiousness; and while Victor believed his conquest to be achieved, his increasing assurance and gradual abandonment of disguise were alienating him from the object of his pursuit. Julia had accompanied him on different occasions to the château; been presented to his father; and had been seen, admired, and kindly spoken to by the Comtesse Meurien and her daughters. Victor had lost no opportunity of strengthening his suit by stimulating her ambition and pride; but it was without avail. Though pleased for a time, she soon discovered that he was cold, heartless, and even dissolute. The intimacy betwixt them was fast relapsing into indifference, and, on her side, into dislike, when a certain *dénouement* of Master Victor's notorious love-makings, accompanied by disgraceful circumstances, determined her to put an end to it, once and for all.

'So you are determined?' exclaimed he with ill-restrained anger, as she repeated her resolve to him for the fourth or fifth time.

'Yes: I will have nothing more to say to you,' replied she firmly.

'Then my father and his reverence the *curé* may lose all hopes of me!' returned he bitterly. 'I have done much ill—I own it: I have won no one's esteem: I have been idle, irregular, profligate. But wherefore? Because I have had no one to care for me. Since my mother died, I have been left to myself, with no kind hand to guide me, no kind tongue to warn me: what wonder that youth should go astray?'

'No one to care for you!' exclaimed Julia, not without a tinge of sarcasm. 'Do not your father and monsieur the *curé* do their utmost for you?'

'The one reproves, and the other prays for me,' said Victor, with a derisive smile; then turning to Julia, with a face in which penitence, respect, and affection were well simulated, he exclaimed: 'but thou, dear Julia, art the sovereign of my soul! in whose hand my fate is placed. It is for you to shape my destiny: will you award me love or perdition? At your bidding, no honourable deed shall be too high to mark my obedience.'

'Then return to Marie Buren, and redeem the promise you made her,' exclaimed Julia warmly.

'Nay, sweet Julia, if my priestess bids me turn away from heaven, I am justified in protesting. Hope is the spring whence good and great works flow. Bid me despair, and you bid me seek ruin.'

'Pooh! pooh!' exclaimed the young girl with contempt. 'I am plain Julia Gostillon, who loves frankness and honour. You have neither one nor other, and so I love you not; and again and again I repeat it, I will have nothing more to say to you.'

Though the persevering Victor continued the colloquy, and exerted himself to the utmost, sparing neither vows nor tears, Julia remained firm. At last, seeing that his case was hopeless, he changed his tone into one of sorrowful resignation—declared that honest frankness was a great virtue, and that it was well they had discovered that their affection was not reciprocal; and, in conclusion, begged the wearied Julia to accompany him that night to the château for the last time, for the purpose of explaining to his father, who might, otherwise be troubled with suspicions, that their courtship was broken off by mutual consent. After much persuasion, Julia consented, and accordingly paid her last visit to the château that same evening.

A few days after this occurrence, the 15th of June arrived, the day of the fête. On the preceding evening, unknown to the good Julia, a score of light-hearted girls were weaving garlands of flowers, and preparing the crown of roses, in the house of neighbour Morelle; in that of neighbour Bontemps another gay party were industriously ornamenting a wooden throne with coverings, hangings, and cushions of brightest-coloured flowers; and half the people of the hamlet were thinking of Julia, and preparing bouquets, pincushions, caps, and various little trifles, to present to her on the morrow.

In due course the morrow came. The summer sun had not risen many hours, when troops of bright-eyed girls, lustrous with rosy cheeks, braided hair, snow-white gowns, and streaming ribbons, went, tripping beneath the trees, towards the cottage of Widow Gostillon. After them came bands of youths and boys, and anon men and matrons, and the elders of the place, till nearly all the little community was gathered round the house. Early as it was, Julia had risen, and was at work. She had had her own pleasant anticipations of the fête—though she had not heard that a *rosière* was to be crowned, much less that the honour was in store for herself—and had intended, by commencing some hours earlier than usual, to have done her work so much the sooner, that she might share the pleasures of the festival day. But all thoughts of work were quickly banished by her eager visitors, who, touched even by the fact, that they had found her busy at the time when all were holiday-making, embraced her, praised her, bade her prepare for coronation, wept, laughed, chatted, clapped their hands, jumped, danced, and made such a bustle, that Widow Gostillon, in some consternation, cried out from her chamber to know what was the matter. And the poor widow wept, too, when she discovered what was going on—wept solemnly in thinking over Julia's fidelity to herself, her industry, cleverness, self-denial, sweetness, and, as a proud mother might, of her beauty. And presently the neighbours brought forth the poor invalid in her chair, and placed her on a pleasant spot beneath the trees, whence she might behold the installation. Then Julia retired with those appointed to be her attendants—her tiring-women, the ladies of her court; and when, some time after, she came forth, blushing and trembling, and with happy tears upon her face, wearing her simple holiday dress of white muslin, ornamented, in charming style, with wreaths of roses, the cries of 'Vive la *rosière*!' might have been heard a long way off.

A little while, and sounds of music and of many voices filled the Grande Allée. The long rows of booths and *marquées*, dancing-rooms, gymnasiums, toy-tables, *bazon* tables, fruit-stalls, &c. &c. were surrounded by busy crowds: all was activity and cheerfulness. In a large open space in the midst, a short distance from the front of the château, the flowery throne, gorgeous

in variety and vividness of colours, was set up on a dais on the greensward. The band of celebrants, with Julia and her train in their midst, advanced. Little Cecilia walked by her sister's side, hand in hand, in proud surprise. Before them, an aged peasant marched solemnly, bareheaded save for his silver hair, carrying the crown destined for Julia; and with him, also bareheaded, the curé. A benediction, accompanied by a prayer that the metaphorical ceremony might have some influence in attracting the youthful people present to the practice and pursuit of virtue, having been uttered by the priest, Julia was handed to the throne, and the crown of roses was placed upon her head by the white-haired veteran. A sweet chorus was then chanted—*Vive, vive la *rosière*!*—in the melodious verses of which the signification of the ceremonial and the praises of the fête-queen were recited.

Thus far matters had proceeded happily, when the attention of the gay party was attracted by the apparition of a commissaire of police, who, marching up with the aspect of a man having important and disagreeable business to perform, exclaimed: '*Eh, bien!* we are merry to-day! Accept my best wishes for your enjoyment. Can you tell me, friends, where I am likely to find a fair *demoiselle*—one Julia, daughter of *Mme* Veuve Gostillon?'

'*Voilà, monsieur!*' cried several, much surprised. 'Our *rosière* is she!'

'Ah, what a fate is mine!' muttered the worthy commissaire, much affected, as he looked at the beautiful and rose-wreathed Julia. 'If I had ten thousand francs, I would give them all to be spared this work: but duty is duty. Courage! all may yet be well. Friends,' continued he, raising his voice, 'excuse me if I interrupt you some few minutes. I would not do it were I not bound to. It will be necessary for *Mlle* Julia to accompany me to her home. I trust we shall not be absent long.' He raised his cap, offered his arm; and Julia, amazed and frightened, descended from her throne, and conducted him to the cottage.

'Pardon, mademoiselle,' said he, when they stood inside; 'I am instructed to search this house.' Julia, puzzled, confounded, bowed assent.

The commissaire proceeded, with a hasty hand, as if he wished to get the work quickly over, to ransack drawers and boxes. Whenever one or the other had been searched in vain, he clapped his hand to his breast and muttered: 'God be thanked!' and appeared as if his mind were in some measure relieved of a burden which oppressed it. At length he arrived at Julia's chamber—here, as elsewhere, drawers and boxes seemed to present no signs of the object sought for: the thanksgivings of the commissaire were frequent; his cheerfulness appeared to be returning. Presently, however, he proceeded to turn out the contents of Julia's little reticule-basket: first came a pocket-handkerchief, on the corners of which flowers had been wrought by Julia's needle. 'Very pretty!' remarked the commissaire. Then appeared a number of slips of rare plants, recently collected. 'Ah! you are a botanist?' said the commissaire.

'They are from the conservatory of the Comte Meurien, at the château: I meant to have planted them to-day,' said Julia.

'Who gave them to you?'

'*Mme* Lavine, the *femme de chambre*.'

'Ah, *diable!* I hope you have nothing else from that château?'

'I have nothing else,' replied Julia, blushing, and somewhat discomposed, as she remembered Victor.

'What is the matter?—why are you agitated?' demanded the commissaire, regarding her fixedly.

'It is nothing,' said poor Julia, much distressed by his stern and scrutinising look.

'Nothing? I fear it is something! Alas! I begin to lose hope.'

'Hope of what?' asked Julia wonderingly.

'Of your innocence!' replied the commissaire sternly.

'Mon Dieu! What do you mean?'

'Ah, restez tranquille, pauvre demoiselle; nous verrons toute-suite.' And with a shrug, he continued his investigation of the contents of the reticule-basket. It contained a great variety of little knick-knacks, which, with much patience, the commissaire turned out and examined, one by one. At length he came to a little parcel, the paper-envelope of which appeared to be part of an old letter, and was thickly covered with writing. It was one of Victor's letters. Julia blushed again.

'What have we here?' demanded the constable.

'I forget what there is inside,' said Julia. 'I hardly knew it was there.'

'Let us see.'

He opened two or three wrappers—the portion of the letter formed the outside one, the others being blank white paper—and there fell out, descending upon the table with a sharp jingle, a pair of gold bracelets, ornamented with pearls and turquoises, a superb coral necklace, and a diamond ring.

'Mademoiselle!' exclaimed the commissaire, whose face appeared to lose all flexibility of expression the moment the discovery was made, presenting now merely the stern, impassible, mechanical look of an officer on duty, 'these are the identical articles for which I have been searching for the last three days. Will you be good enough to change your dress as quickly as possible, and prepare to accompany me to the office of M. Morelle, magistrate of this district?'

At this juncture, the Widow Gostillon was conveyed back to her cottage by some of her neighbours, with little Cecilia by her side. Entering Julia's chamber, her young friends found her in a swoon, from which the commissaire was assiduously endeavouring to recover her. A scene of a most painful character ensued. Without afflicting the reader with a recital of the agonised and indignant protestations of Julia—the anger and affright of Widow Gostillon—the sorrow, sympathy, and amazement of the villagers—suffice it to say, that the commissaire, in the course of the morning, conducted Julia into the presence of the magistrate.

It appears that the articles of bijouterie found in Julia's reticule had been missed from the chamber of M^{lle} Antoinette Meurien the very morning after Julia visited Victor's father at the château. The young lady had seen them on her toilette early the preceding evening, and had not worn them for some days, so that she could not have lost them whilst walking or riding. It was evident they had been abstracted. A search was instantly commenced. The domestics were examined, and their rooms and boxes searched, but without either finding the property or fixing suspicion on any one of them. The police were then apprised of the robbery. The servants of the household underwent a second and official examination, but all earnestly declared their innocence. It being ascertained, however, that Julia had visited the house the night on which the property was lost, an order was issued, commanding that her residence be searched, and that she be brought before the authorities. Among the witnesses who proved Julia's visit to the château was Victor Colonne. In mingled affliction and indignation, he answered the questions put to him, and declared that she who had but lately been the object of his ardent affection was the very soul of honour and purity. A lengthened examination elicited from him that he had conducted Julia to the chamber of M^{lle} Antoinette, for the purpose of shewing her the superb manner in which it was furnished and decorated. She had stepped up to the toilette, he admitted, and had surveyed herself, as was very natural, in the glass, but it was only for a

moment; he was close to her all the time, and indeed they hardly remained in the chamber two minutes: they entered, looked round, and retired, and that was all. It was true, he did not keep his eyes on his companion all the time; but had she taken anything, he could not have failed seeing the act.

A general impression prevailed among the people at the château that Julia was innocent; that it was impossible for one so virtuous and intelligent to commit so disgraceful and rash a theft. Indeed, the tide of suspicion had been fast turning against Victor himself, when it received a new direction by the discovery of the missing articles in Julia's reticule. Another examination ensued, the distracted Julia, as has been stated, being herself brought into the presence of the magistrate. In intense affliction, she declared her innocence: that she knew not how the articles had got into her reticule; she had not put them there; did not know they were there; had, indeed, never touched them at all. The portion of the letter in which they had been wrapped was handed to her, and she was questioned concerning it. 'It was part of a letter,' she said, 'which had been addressed to her by Victor Colonne.' She remembered receiving it; but by what means it came to be applied to its present purpose, she did not at all know. M. Morelle sternly bade her tell the truth, and conceal nothing; it would be better for her. In great agony, she earnestly reiterated what she had said. It was useless; the evidence against her was too strong to be shaken by merely her own denial. Moreover, the commissaire of police, in delivering his evidence, laid much emphasis upon the embarrassment and distress she had evinced whilst he was searching the little basket in which the articles were found.

The case was on the point of being decided against her, when, by what may be termed a providential interposition, the tables were suddenly turned, and she was rescued from the jail, from infamy, and perhaps from death! A young girl, one of the domestics at the château, having examined the portion of the letter which formed a link in the circumstantial evidence, produced from her pocket another fragment, which exactly fitted to the first, and made the letter complete! With much curiosity, and indeed excitement, all listened eagerly to what she had to say. She stated that the fragment she produced, which formed the remainder of the torn letter wrapped round the stolen articles, she had picked up in the garden of the château, where it had been dropped by Victor. Julia's reticule had been left on a seat under a tree; the witness saw Victor open it, and take out a letter. He did not know she was at hand; indeed, could not see her. He tore the letter into two pieces: he appeared agitated. One piece of the letter dropped to the ground, the other he did something with which she could not perceive, and replaced in the reticule. When he was gone, she picked up the fragment which had fallen; and seeing it was part of a love-letter, full of warm protests, &c. she put it into her pocket, intending, she said, to joke him about it. A few minutes more, Julia came by, took up her reticule, and went home, declining Victor's company, though he requested permission to escort her.

Hereupon, Victor was immediately submitted to a severe re-examination. Aghast at the disclosure just made; abashed at the many angry eyes directed towards him; harassed by the searching questions of the magistrate, and the sense of guilt, his assurance and hypocrisy completely deserted him; and, after equivocating and protesting for some time, he sullenly confessed all. Discarded by Julia: he had attempted to effect her ruin!

The good little Julia was almost as much overcome by the overwhelming emotions which now possessed her, as she was at the miserable position in which malignity had so lately placed her. Whilst Victor was

being conveyed to the jail, where he was to suffer the punishment due to his villainy, Julia was conducted home to her now rejoicing parent, amidst the congratulations, caresses, and praises, of troops of friends. The day after her acquittal, the throne was again set up in the Grande Allée, and the ovation to her industry and virtues was completed in triumphant fashion. The Meurien family, feeling deeply the injury she had suffered, gave their presence at her inauguration, and afterwards did many a friendly act for her. She is now as industrious and charming, and as much respected as ever, though no more Julia Gostillon, but Madame Vichel—being the wife of a thriving herbalist of that name. As for Victor, he has not been seen at Maisons since.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

EARLY MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

A RAMBLE in search of wild-flowers in January would be pretty much 'labour in vain;' at least so far as that one special object was concerned. I do not mean to say that all nature is dead at that season, for there are mosses, lichens, and fungi to be found in abundance; but flowers, in the ordinary meaning of the word, are not to be found, unless we consider those brilliant frostwork flowers which we sometimes find as such. It was a season unusually cold for Devonshire, when, with a merry party of boys and girls, I sallied forth to see how nature looked decked in her robe of virgin white. Hill and valley were one sheet of 'innocent snow;' and every twig, leaf, and blade of grass; every spray of the furze and heath; and every broad, drooping leaf of that beautiful fern the hart's tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*), was coated with hoarfrost, and sparkling in the rosy sunbeams like the flowers in a magic garden. At Sherbrook Lake, where a rivulet of clear water usually flows along the bottom of the ravine down to the sea, there was now a hard mass of ice, on which our boys rushed for a passing slide; and above, where the deeper water lies under the shadow of the brushwood, the frost had been busy performing its frolic feats—

'And see where it has hung th' embroidered banks
With forms so various that no powers of art,
The pencil, or the pen, may trace the scene!
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairyland. The crystal drops,
That trickle down the branches, fast congealed,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorned before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam; there, embossed and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.'

From the beautiful beacon cliff—to which we eagerly toil through the snow, and up and down the slippery hill-sides—we behold the sea as still and smiling as in summer, and as clearly reflecting the exquisite blue of the vault above; but each of the many little rills which the long rains preceding the frost had caused to flow over the face of the red cliffs, is now a stationary thread of silver, spell-bound by the enchaining frost; and icicles, or, as old-fashioned people call them, *aglets*, of three or four feet long, ornament the overhanging ledges, prone to fall to the beach—far, far below—when a thaw releases them from their present stations. But

the air is so very keen that nothing but the briskness of our walk, and the enlivenment of an occasional spell of snow-balling, in which the seniors are tempted to join the juniors, prevent our stagnating into 'pellucid pillars' ourselves. So much, then, for our January ramble. The season of which I have now to speak was most different. After unusual cold, especially after snow, it is not uncommon to see an early spring appear, and so it was now, as Spenser says—

'The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossoms bore;'

and so warm was it one day towards the end of February, and the air so sweet, that I resolved on having 'Jack' and sallying forth in search of wild-flowers—not flowers of frostwork, but real spring jewels.

On this excursion, I thought it expedient to take Fanny, which, though a somewhat stubborn little beast of burden; yet so bent was I on seeing the sweet spring-like hedges and banks, that I agreed to endure Fanny; and at the given time on her I mounted, and after much persuasion, got her under-weight: the boy George bringing up the rear.

And now on we go, Fanny rather tiresome, and George rather merciless; for when she will poke her head into the hedge, and stand stock-still to eat, or, worse still, suddenly push up against a stone-wall, to the imminent danger of crushing my foot to pieces, he thumps and pushes her till the echoes in Echo Lane reverberate with the unpoetical sound. However, on we go by degrees, and find the banks everywhere rich with fresh springing grass and deep full beds of moss, with every here and there the pale lemon-tinted petals of the primrose just peeping through the partial openings in their shrouding mantles of green; and there, above us, hangs that which I had hoped to find—the catkins of the hazel, which have been hailed by children for centuries under the names of 'Pussy-cat's tails,' or 'Baa-lamb's tails;' and a more interesting flower for examination as we pass onwards we can scarcely have, for its structure is very peculiar and beautiful. We will gather a good bunch of these pretty pendent tassel-like clusters; and see! as we break off the stems, what a shower of gold-dust is scattered over us, and flies in all directions through the air! So abundant is this yellow pollen beneath the scales of the catkins, that we shall find, if we place them in our moss-basket, that the table below them will be coated with it in the course of an hour or two. The common hazel or nut-tree affords a fine illustration of the structure of that division of plants to which most of our common European trees belong, and which, from its including the oak, is called 'the oak-tribe.' I shall not, however, expatiate on the hazel, the pride of our old copse-banks, but look beneath its long slender branches, and there, lurking modestly, do I see that pretty little yellow flower, the lesser celandine (*Ficaria verna*). Every one knows this little early blossom by sight, if not by name. Its root is formed of numerous clustering tubercles, or oblong knobs, with fibres. This root is sometimes washed by the rain until these tubercles appear above ground, when, as London tells us, 'ignorant people have sometimes been led to fancy that it rained wheat.' The celandine has slightly-branched stems, two or three inches in height, on which grow alternate stalked heart-shaped leaves, sheathed at the base, where they sometimes contain one or two knobs like those of the root. The flowers, which are terminal and solitary, are much like a butter-cup—of a golden yellow, and exceedingly shining within, and tinged with green on the outsides. 'After the flowre decays,' says Gerard,

'there springeth up a little fine knop or headful of seede.' This head of seed alone is left by about May to mark where the plant grew; and even this soon dries up and disappears. Wordsworth has thrown an interest about this plant, which it would not otherwise have possessed, by his elegant little poem called *The Lesser Celandine*.

Here and there, also, in the more sheltered spots, we find a blossom or two of the pretty pink herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*), with its hairy red stems, and divided leaves, and star-shaped blossoms of bright rose-colour; or an early plant of the ground-ivy (*Glechōma hederacea*) gemming the ground with its purple, lobate flowers on the sunny bank beneath the underwood, luring one for a moment to believe that the sweet purple violets were already come: vain hope! which not only the season but the place forbids; for though I have found white violets near the scene of these excursions, in the south of England, yet I believe the sweet-scented purple do not grow in that neighbourhood. In a late ramble, there was a spot which I was eager to reach; for there I knew that I should find

'Chaste snow-drop, venturous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years.'

This pretty well-known flower, sometimes called Fair Maid of February (*Galanthus Nivalis*), belongs to the same natural order as the daffodil and narcissus—the *Amaryllideæ*. Gerard calls it 'the timely flourishing bulbous violet,' and thus graphically describes it: 'It riseth out of the ground,' says he, 'with two small leaves flat and crested, of an overworne greene colour, betweene the which riseth up a small and tender stalk of two hands high; at the top whereof cometh forth of a skinny hood a small white floure of the bignesse of a violet compact of six leaves, three bigger and three lesser, tipped at the points with a light greene; the smaller one fashioned into the vulgar forme of a heart, and prettily edged about with greene; the other three leaves are longer and sharp-pointed. The whole floure hangeth downe his head by reason of the weak footstalk whereon it groweth. The root is small, white, and bulbous.' It is one of the earliest flowers which appear, and may often be seen bursting through the snow, the virgin white of its petals by no means shamed by the lustrous purity of its cold bed. It has no calyx; six stamens; the filaments short and hair-like; the anthers oblong, with a bristly point, and one pistil, the style being cylindrical, and longer than the stamens. The capsule, which is nearly globular, contains three cells, in which are numerous globular seeds. It is found in orchards, meadows, and the sides of hedges, and named from two Greek words signifying 'milk' and 'a flower.'

And now we reach the orchard: but how am I to get in? There is nothing for it but a scramble up that bank round the root of that old oak, whose gnarled boles will afford me footing, and it will be easy to descend on the other side; and so, with a few slips, I contrived to land in safety among the long, tangled grass, and broken branches of apple-trees, richly clothed with lichens, mosses, and fungi, in a spot which looked as if untrodden by human foot for years. But that could not really have been so, for no doubt the old trees had borne their usual crop of ruddy apples, which had been duly housed. The value of an apple-orchard in Devonshire—that land of delicious cider—is not a trifle, and our farmers do not leave their orchards untrodden and uncared-for. This was, however, sufficiently wild. But now for my snow-drops: there they wave in thousands—

'Like pendent flakes of vegetating snow—
The early heralds of the infant year—'

in every stage of beauty, from the hint that a tiny

spot of green and white, bursting through the dark earth, might give, to the fully-developed blossoms, hanging lightly on its graceful stalks, robed in its vestal garb of white, and shedding its own peculiar fragrance on the pure air. I gathered large supplies—enough to make me the envy of all the lovers of spring-flowers whom I met; enough to fill my moss-basket, and vases, and glasses without end for myself; and enough to send a feeling of spring brightness and joy into the hearts of two or three invalids, to whose sick-rooms I sent some of these pretty messengers.

Somewhat dragged with the wet grass, and muddled with the slippery hedge-bank, I at last returned to the lane where I had left Fanny. However, there was no one but George to notice my appearance, and he was too much taken up with the basket of fine roots which he had procured (be sure always to take a trowel and basket with you on such expeditions), to care how I looked; and, besides, as 'no man is a hero to his valet,' so no lady is a fine lady to her donkey-boy; and homewards we turned, threading our way between the over-arching trees, not as yet shewing sign of leaf; but their richly-tinted bark, varied by mosses and lichens of different hues, and partly mantled with ivy, now in full berry, looked almost as beautiful, as the sunbeams fell on them, and the blue sky shone between, as they do in their summer verdure.

On we jogged, Fanny well pleased to be on her homeward course; until at last, coming to a cross-way which would have either led us straight home or taken us thither by a little circuit, I, lured by the desire of seeing whether the daffodils began to shew blossom, resolved on the latter road, not duly considering that perhaps she had decided on the former. But so it was; and, notwithstanding sundry stripes, her will remained unsubdued, as she presently evinced. After we had gone a little way up a lovely sunny lane—slowly indeed, for she was evidently as perverse as she could be, yet with much enjoyment on my part—I was gazing upwards at some delicate white clouds, which a light breeze wafted across the face of the sky, or watching some bird in its flight, when suddenly I felt the jogging onwards cease, a slight undulating motion, and found that my feet were on the ground. Fanny had lain down in the dust, and I had but to rise as I would from a low chair to be standing quietly by her side. George dared to grin, and there were two or three country-people who happened to be passing at the time, who were convulsed with laughter at my expense—a laughter in which I could not but heartily join. How much has fancy to do with such things! How grand is the idea of a camel or an elephant meekly kneeling down to receive or deposit its load! how dignified I should have felt had I thus descended from one of those noble animals! whilst this mode of being deposited by a poor little donkey made us all laugh! Truly, 'there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous,' and my adventure certainly smacked of the latter. But Fanny had conquered; and, as if with one stroke to confirm her victory, and to rejoice over it, she suddenly turned over on her back, cracked the girths of the old saddle, and rolled over and over in the dust with all four legs up in the air. This was too much for endurance; so, leaving George to readjust the saddle as best he might, and bring home our basket of spoils, I turned back, and sauntered homewards with my bunch of 'timely-flouring bulbous violets' in my hand. At Kersbrook I discovered a new treasure—one which, however, I afterwards found to be common, although it was then unknown to me—and it was some time before I could make out what it was. I took it for a saxifrage, but could find nothing under that head which exactly answered to it. It was, I at last discovered, the golden saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*) or opposite-leaved scungreen, nearly allied to the saxifrage, and of

the natural order saxifrage, but not one of them. I found it fringing the side of the brook between the wall and the water. It grows about four or five inches high, with branched stems bearing very succulent, kidney-shaped leaves opposite each other—the radicle leaves on long foot-stalks, whilst those of the stem-leaves are much shorter. The flowers, which are of a bright greenish-yellow, grow in small umbels; and the whole plant has a yellowish hue. The uppermost flower in general bears ten stamens, whilst the next boasts of but eight each. Its capsules are two-beaked, one-celled, and two-valved, the seeds numerous and roundish. It is named from *chrysol*, 'gold,' and *splen*, 'the spleen.' There is another specimen much like this, of which I have spoken, *Chrysosplenium alternifolium*; but it is larger, handsomer, and less common. In the Vosges this plant is much used—as our own water-cress is in England—for a salad, under the name of *Cresson de Roche*. There is a little flower, elegant and singular in appearance, though, as its name indicates, not one of much splendour, which resembles the golden saxifrage, in the peculiarity of having a different number of stamens in its crowning floret from those of the lower ones: this is the green moschatel (*Adoxa moschatellina*), *adox* signifying 'inglorious.' The flowers are pale-green, in a terminal head of five florets, the upper of which is four-cleft, and has eight stamens, the other being five-cleft, with ten stamens in each. Its fragile stem and delicate compound leaves, and the early season at which its blossoms, give attraction to this little plant, and make it a favourite with me. The butter-cups are not yet in bloom; but the daisies! Oh, what store of daisies is on every bank and in every field, and what troops of baby children, with their little baskets, sitting on the green turf and picking them! I do love the daisy; and indeed I much fear that I should have been found taking part with that 'merry troop' of 'ladies decked with daisies on the plain,' of which we read in Dryden's elegant fable of *The Flower and the Leaf*, rather than with those wiser and more renowned who 'chose the leaf':—

'A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay
They saw; and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay:
And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song—"the daisy is so sweet."'

The structure of the daisy has been noticed in a former paper, and its appearance needs no description. But there is one other flower which I meet with that must not escape us, and that is that noble plant, the butter-bur (*Tussilago petasites*), named from a Greek word signifying a broad covering. Its leaves, the largest produced by any British plant, are sometimes from two to three feet across, and form a shelter for poultry and small animals from the rain. It is a composite flower of the sub-order *Tubulifloræ*. The large club-shaped bunch of flower comes before the leaves are more than partially developed, and are of a pale-purple tint, and of a most delicious fragrance, not unlike the heliotrope. When these die off, the magnificent leaves form quite a beautiful object in the landscape. Artists are fond of introducing them into the foreground of their sketches, and very ornamental they are; but they should be careful not to place them where nature never designed they should grow, among dry hill and rock scenery, or on the sea-coast—for they are only to be found growing in moist and shadowed places, and usually in the vicinity of a brook, to which they form a very apposite adornment.—But here we are at home, and there stands Fanny at my door with her load of treasure, George having trotted her home by a

shorter cut than that which I had followed; and unless Jack or Sam can honour me with their company the next time I go flower-picking, I shall surely, as the Scotch say, 'ride upon shanks naiggie.'

AN EVENING IN WESTMINSTER.

IN a drizzly afternoon at the close of January, we met by appointment at a house in Westminster with a gentleman, who had kindly undertaken to introduce us to a very remarkable institution in that part of the metropolis. A walk of a few minutes through the flashy streets brought us to a wide gateway, like the entrance to a brassfounder's yard. We soon found ourselves in a narrow court, encumbered with building materials and surrounded with plain brick structures, which appeared to have either been recently erected, or to be undergoing some changes designed to adapt them to new purposes. Everything looked plain and homely, even to rudeness; but we, nevertheless, knew well that a heart of humanity and noble intention beat under the rough exterior of the place.

Rather less than four years ago, the teacher of a ragged school in Westminster encountered, in the course of his professional exertions, three or four boys who had hitherto been thieves, but now expressed a desire to leave their evil courses. Having some reason to repose faith in their professions, and being humbly anxious to assist them in so good a purpose, he received them into a poor garret-lodging, hired and paid for out of his own resources. He supported them there, taught and trained them, making himself their friend as well as their mentor, and in time he succeeded in getting them passages to America, where they have since prospered. Mr Nash—for such is the name of this philanthropist of humble life—continued his benevolent exertions and sacrifices, till various gentlemen, hearing of what he was doing, came to his assistance. A little money being then collected, it was found possible to take in a greater number of boys. In short, Mr Nash became the head of a little institution for the reclaiming of criminal and vagrant youths, which has finally become located in the yard we have described, under the name of the London Colonial Training Institution and Ragged Dormitory. It is still a kind of family arrangement of Mr Nash's own, taking its character mainly from his benevolent and self-sacrificing efforts, although drawing pecuniary support from the public, and ostensibly graced with a list of honorary office-bearers, with the Earl of Shaftesbury at their head.

There is a prepossessing simplicity in the whole affair. We found the ground-floor of the new building used as a school and public room, and the two upper floors as dormitories—nothing but brick walls whitened, brick and deal floors—no luxury, but cleanliness and good ventilation. The beds were mere bags of straw laid on the floor. Three plain meals per day are given. The strictest regulations are maintained; but there is no restraint. The inmates can leave the institution if they please. Their coming is entirely voluntary; and, to make sure of their being thoroughly in earnest, they are not admitted to the humble privileges of the place, till they have lived a fortnight upon a pound of bread a day, sleeping all the time upon bare boards. In the outer buildings, the boys are trained to carpentry, tailoring, and shoemaking. A few are instructed in printing: in their little office, we found one ordinary press, besides a small one for taking proofs. They can

execute shop-bills and placards for the tradesmen in the neighbourhood, and we received a copy of an annual report which had been printed very neatly by them. In work, schooling, religious exercises, and walks out of doors on the ordinary days of the week, the time passes usefully and not disagreeably. At the end of a year, they are, if not provided with employment at home, sent to some of the colonies with a small outfit, generally at the expense of some benevolent individual. Lord Shaftesbury has been particularly liberal in furnishing means for their shipment. The inmates feel that they may now have a hope in the world. They hear of companions who are prospering in America, and they work cheerfully on in the faith of getting there also. Very few fail in their course, or act dishonestly towards the institution. When one or two lately left it, taking away things not belonging to them, the others set out in search of them, caught them, and handed them over to the police. This shews how their hearts are interested in the institution. They feel that Mr Nash acts towards them in pure kindness, and they are anxious to make a suitable return. And kindness really is the sole principle at work in the place. One good man rules these sixty outcasts of society without guard or assistance; without the use of punishment, beyond a temporary restriction of meals; without, it may be said, any force whatever, but that of his benevolent intentions.

At the time of our visit, the establishment contained about sixty inmates. We felt a peculiar interest in visiting the room of probation. There had been four youths in it in the morning; but one had withdrawn, not being able to stand the severity of the test. The three remaining youths stood up in their wretched attire, and we questioned them in succession. They had all been thieves, and all of them had passed through several convictions—one through no less than twenty-two. We asked this last youth how he had come to think of retreating to the Colonial Training-School. He said, that he knew he could not go on much longer without being transported: he dreaded this fate. Some companions who had been in the school, but deserted it, told him of it. They praised the institution, as one where every kindness was shewn to unfortunate youths, notwithstanding that they had themselves proved unworthy of its benefits. He therefore came, determined to suffer whatever might be inflicted upon him, rather than go back to his wicked courses. We learned that he had been for several years a pickpocket, residing in a low lodging-house at 1s. 9d. a week; sometimes well off, sometimes otherwise, but always harassed by the terrors of punishment. According to his account of the boys who live in this manner, there are some who enjoy its freedom, and would not abandon it; but there are many who would much rather turn from it, if an opportunity were afforded them. We afterwards spent some time in the school-room amongst the boys; heard them sing a hymn, and, at the request of the governor, addressed a few words to them, chiefly suggestive of hope respecting their future career. During the whole time, their behaviour was marked by perfect propriety; we did not observe even an indecorous look in the whole company.

We bade adieu to Mr Nash, with a deep sense of his heroic philanthropy, and of the value of the lesson which he is giving as to the means of reclaiming the desert places of society. As far as the funds supplied to him permit, he is transforming the juvenile delinquents of the London streets into respectable citizens, having already redeemed a hundred and fifty-six, and either provided for them in England, or despatched

them to the colonies. One may well suppose, that in the process of reformation much must depend upon the special character of the person who exercises the reforming discipline. A mere routine of school exercises, of scripture readings, of hymn singing, would go little way with minds so vitiated by bad habits, if there were not a particular effort made by the disciplinarian to make all work thoroughly into the moral nature of the pupils, so as to produce a real renewal of feeling and spirit. Even to rouse the unfortunate being from the idea with which he is apt to start, that he is only called upon to enter on a new career which will be better for him in a worldly point of view, and to elevate him to the superior and only vitally serviceable idea, that he must love goodness for its own sake, and for the love of the Author of all goodness, is no light task. We can, therefore, imagine scarcely any position calling for a more peculiar combination of qualities than that of the conductor of this extraordinary seminary. It is a strong testimony to the suitability of Mr Nash for his functions, that they were entered upon under the impulse of his own mind. We have further proof of it in the good effects of his teaching, for the histories of many young men who have passed through his hands can be traced from authentic documents. One who emigrated to the United States so lately as March 1850, already reports that he is earning there L.3, 12s. per week, and has just married a young woman who had saved 800 dollars; another of his pupils is now acting as a missionary in Australia. They write to their former governor in the most grateful terms, and with strong expressions of hope regarding their own future. It is interesting to think of all this good being done by individual exertion and self-devotion. No government interferes: there is no certain fund to be depended on. A simple MAN, sensible of humane obligations towards the unfortunate, comes forward and puts himself in direct intercourse with them. They might mistake the views of a government, or of a set of parish authorities; they might lean unduly upon any formally-appointed fund. They cannot mistake the designs of a mere human being like themselves, or become spoiled by indulgence in so poor a retreat. The gratitude due by society to such a man is incalculable.

It is gratifying to think that Mr Nash does not stand alone in his disinterested course. There is a Mr Ellis, a shoemaker in Albany Street, Regent's Park, who, under the impulse of religious feeling for the unfortunate, has taken a number of delinquents into his care, with a view to reforming them. Four years ago, he began with two, to whom he assigned certain rations. The first movement was an act of self-denial on their part. In order to secure the admission of a companion, who could not otherwise have been provided for, they agreed that their rations should be divided with him; and on these terms he was admitted. Soon after, the number was increased to fifteen; and with this number Mr Ellis has gone on most successfully. The boys have been industrious, and only one has been guilty of any offence. The prosperous man of the world, who thinks himself entitled to use all his own for his own sole gratification, will hear of these things with incredulity, and pity Ellis and Nash as enthusiasts, who foolishly sacrifice themselves for a whim; but we greatly doubt if the worldling's proudest or most luxurious hour gives one-half the true satisfaction which these men enjoy in the midst of their ragged adherents, under the blessed hope of rescuing them from destruction in this world and the next.

The subject of juvenile delinquency is beginning to attract a good deal of attention, for it is now clearly seen that the root of most of the predatory crime by which the country is afflicted lies here, and till the root is struck at, the branches will continue to flourish. It appears that for some years the number

of juvenile criminals has been on the increase; auguring, of course, an ultimate increase in the number of adult offenders. Some vigorous measure for the reduction of juvenile delinquency is felt to be now required. Amidst all the alarms which it is exciting, and amidst the expressions of hopelessness which we often hear from those who give little attention to the subject, it is gratifying to find, that there are some glimpses of what appears to be the right course to be taken. First, one great point is very clearly established—that it really is possible to reclaim juvenile criminals. It cannot, however, be done by punishments of any kind. It is to be done by kindness, religious influence, and industrial occupation, along with the holding forth of a hope of transition into a better course of life. Those who may be incredulous on this point, had better acquaint themselves with the facts of the case. It is too little known, that there has been a society at work for the last sixty years in England, for the reform of juvenile offenders. It has a farm at Red Hill, near Reigate, from which about forty youths go out every year to agricultural labour and humble trades, in which the great bulk of them do well. The similar institution at Mettray, near Tours, produces similar results on a greater scale. And the simple truth at the bottom of the whole affair is, that young thieves are, in general, deserted or orphan children, or children driven forth to destitution by vicious parents: criminal through circumstances, and finding no true happiness in their wicked kind of life, a large proportion of them *desire to reform*, and will suffer not a little in order to obtain admission to respectable society.

It has lately been shewn, that society has a strong interest of a pecuniary nature in the reformation of juvenile delinquents. A boy or youth continually going about as a pickpocket or petty larcenist, is a destructive animal of somewhat formidable character. To get quit of him at last by transportation, costs at the least calculation £150. Now, he can be put through the twelvemonth's course of reformation in such a school as that which we have described, and deported as a free emigrant to Australia (where he is welcomed), for £25. Thus, even in an economical light, the reforming of the youth is a great gain. Magistrates are everywhere impressed with the hopelessness of a mere judicial treatment of these hapless children. They come back to the dock at almost regular intervals; severity is of no avail with a poor wretch who, on being discharged from jail, finds all honest employment denied to him. It is by reform alone that we can rid ourselves of this moral pest, by which our country is disgraced.

There is but one difficulty in the case, and that is one involving profound social questions. Shall we see criminal children taken care of, and treated kindly, while many of the children of the honest poor are so ill off? Shall we not, by taking these children under our care, and so relieving parents and others of their responsibility towards them, sap the principles of the industrious poor, leading them to desert or cast off their children, whom they will now be sure of seeing cared for by others? We must admit that there is much force in these queries; but it would be wrong to allow them altogether to deter us, where the reasons on the other side are so urgent. It may be possible, by keeping to such individual efforts as those of Mr Nash, or to those of little unobtrusive societies, to prevent much of the evil apprehended. And it may also be practicable, as we find is proposed, to arrange that there shall be a legal claim upon parents for the expenses incurred in reforming their criminal offspring. Thus none who are not themselves destitute, could safely leave their children to the chances of a criminal life. It is also most desirable, that the state should limit its interference to grants of money in proportion to the sums advanced by private or local effort, and to the enforcing of a law for the detention of vagrant and criminal children

where it may be necessary. Under such precautions, we think most of the advantages might be obtained, with a much less admixture of evil than many would now be disposed to expect.*

'MEN OF THE TIME.'

A NEAT little volume, well filled with information, has made its appearance under this title;† the object being to present sketches of living notables—men who, in their several walks of life, tread in advance of the general multitude in this and other countries; and from whose actions we may learn the character and aims of the passing era. The idea of gathering together materials of this kind, and laying the result in an accessible form before the public, is a good one. All will depend, however, on the manner of execution. The attempt before us, being the first of its kind, is perhaps necessarily imperfect, and we may expect some improvements should the work realise the expectations of its publisher. For example, we miss the names of various men of note, to whom England owes many acknowledgments—such as Dr Neill Arnott, Mr Edwin Chadwick, Archibald Alison, &c.—and in several instances, also, the sketches actually given are very deficient in attainable facts; while there occur notices of individuals whose names can scarcely be said to be known to the public. With these imperfections, the work is a handy biographic compendium, full of amusing particulars, that cannot fail to be useful in the way of reference. To provincial libraries, the book will be a cheap and agreeable accession. As a specimen of the manner of execution, we present the following scraps of quotation:—

'Brooke, Rajah Sir James, is a Somersetshire man, born on the 29th of April 1803, at Combe Grove, near Bath. His father was engaged in the civil service of the East India Company; and when of sufficient age, the future rajah was sent to India as a cadet, and, on the Burmese war breaking out, went to the scene of operations; entered upon active military service; and whilst storming a stockade, received a bullet in his chest. This wound kept him for awhile balanced between life and death, but a strong constitution stood him in good stead, and he was able to reach England on furlough, to seek the full restoration of his health. When sufficiently strong, he set out on a tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, the languages, as well as manners and condition of which he studied; but the longest leave of absence will expire at last, and we find our hero, in due course, again setting out for the East; failing, however, to reach it at once, for the ship in which he sailed was wrecked on the Isle of Wight. In his next vessel, he was more fortunate, and safely reached India, to resume his duties; but finding a long official correspondence requisite to explain why a shipwreck should have delayed an officer's return, he resigned the service of the East India Company, and in 1830 sailed from Calcutta for China. "In this voyage," says Captain Keppel, in his *Expedition to Borneo*, "while going up the China seas, he saw for the first time the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—lands of vast importance and unparalleled beauty—lying neglected and almost unknown. He inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the Eastern Isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research. To carry to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant-vessel, the blessings of civilisation, to suppress piracy, and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects;

* The reader will find excellent matter on this subject in Mary Carpenter's recent volume on Reformatory Schools, and in a 'Report of the Proceedings of a Conference on the Subject of Preventive and Reformatory Schools, held at Birmingham on the 9th and 10th of December 1851.'

† Bogue, London: 1852.

and from that hour the energies of his powerful mind were devoted to this one pursuit. Often foiled—often disappointed, with a perseverance and enthusiasm which defied all obstacle, he was not until 1838 enabled to set sail from England on his darling project.” Having procured and manned a yacht, he set out on his expedition to the Eastern seas, in spite of all sarcasms from croakers; and ‘when the news came home that he had truly engaged in the suppression of the Malay sea-robbers, and had been rewarded by the cession to him, by a grateful native prince, of the territory and governorship of Sarawak—a tract embracing about 3000 square miles of country, with a sea-board of about fifty miles—said croakers began to think the adventurous undertaking not so wild after all. The steps by which he became rajah of Sarawak may be here recounted. When in his vessel, the *Royalist*, he reached the coast of that country, he found its ruler engaged in the suppression of one of the rebellions frequent in uncivilised regions. His aid was solicited by the Rajah Muda Hassim, and that aid being given, secured the triumph of the authorities. Muda being soon afterwards called by the sultan to the post of prime-minister, suggested the making the English captain his successor at Sarawak—a step eventually taken. The newly-acquired territory was swampy and ill cultivated by the native Dyaks, who varied their occupations, as tillers of the land, by excursions amongst neighbouring villages, in search of heads. To rob the native of a neighbouring town of his cranium, was regarded in much the same light as the capture of a scalp would be amongst North American savages. Brooke saw at once that no improvement could arise whilst murder was regarded not only as a pleasant amusement, but to some extent as a religious duty. He declared head-hunting a crime punishable by death to the offender. With some trouble and much risk he succeeded to a great extent in effecting a reform. Attacking at the same time another custom of the country—that of piracy—he acted with such vigour, that a class of well-meaning people at home, stimulated to some extent by the private enemies of Brooke, accused him of wholesale butchery. The fact that the destruction of pirates was rewarded by the English executive by the payment of what was called “head-money,” justly increased the outcry. To kill one pirate entitled the crew of a ship-of-war to a certain prize in money—to kill a thousand, entitled them to a thousand times the amount. This premium on blood was wrong in principle, and the result of a wholesale slaughter of Eastern pirates by order of Brooke, led to the very proper abolition of the custom of paying this “head-money.” The men who are entitled to the praise of securing this amelioration of our naval system were not, however, content with the triumph of the just portion of their case; they sought to brand the rajah as a cruel and greedy adventurer—in which attempt they fortunately failed. It is surely unjust to test the acts of a man living and ruling amongst savages by the strict usages of action acknowledged and found most proper for guidance in civilised communities. When, after his first appointment, Rajah Brooke returned to see his friends and to take counsel in England, he was welcomed very warmly. He was made Knight of the Bath; invited to dine with the Queen; found his portrait in the print-shops, and his biography in the magazines and newspapers. The government recognised his position; ordered a man-of-war to take him to the seat of his new settlement; gave him the title of Governor of Labuan, with a salary of £2000 a year, with an extra £500 a year as a consular agent, and afforded him the services of a deputy-governor, also on a good salary—the hope being that the result of all this would be the opening of a new emporium for British trade.’ To this notice might be added an

expression of deep regret that there should be any controversy as to the real nature of Sir James Brooke’s operations in the East. This scandal ought surely to be put an end to by some distinct investigation and avowal one way or the other.

The above notice of Sir James Brooke naturally suggests a recollection of his relentless accuser, Joseph Hume, and we turn up the account of that personage.

‘Hume, Joseph, a Radical Reformer, whose history adds another memorable example of perseverance raising its possessor from a humble station to distinction. He was born at Montrose, in the year 1777. While he was still young, his father, the master of a small trading-vessel of that port, died, leaving his widow to bring up a numerous family. Mrs Hume, it is related, maintained herself and her children by means of a small earthenware business, and placed Joseph in a school of the town, where he received an education which included instruction in the elements of Latin. With such scanty stores of knowledge, he was apprenticed to a surgeon of Montrose, with whom he served three years. Having attended the prescribed lectures to the medical classes in the university of Edinburgh, he was admitted, in 1796, a member of the College of Surgeons in that city. India was at that time a favourite, and, indeed, almost the only field for the young who had no other fortune than their talents and enterprise. To India, accordingly, Mr Hume went, and entered as a surgeon the naval service of the East India Company. He had not been there three years, before he was placed on the medical establishment of Bengal. Here, while increasing his professional reputation, he had the opportunity of watching the whole operation of the machinery of the Company’s service. His quick eye soon detected the deficiencies of the greater number of the Company’s servants in command of the native language, an acquirement so valuable in possessions such as ours. He determined to acquire a knowledge of the dialects of India, not doubting that a sphere of larger utility and greater emolument would open before his efforts. The Mahratta war breaking out in 1803, Mr Hume was attached to Major-general Powell’s division, and accompanied it on its march from Allahabad into Bundelcund. The want of interpreters was now felt, as Hume had expected, and the commander was glad to find among his surgeons a man capable of supplying the deficiency. He continued to discharge his new duties without resigning his medical appointment, and managed to combine with both the offices of pay-master and post-master of the troops. His ability to hold direct intercourse with the natives continued to be of immense service to him, and enabled him to hold simultaneously a number of offices with most varied duties, such as nothing but an unwearied frame and an extraordinary capacity could have enabled any one person to discharge. At the conclusion of the peace, he returned to the presidency, richer by many golden speculations, for which a period of war never fails to offer opportunities. In 1808, having accomplished the object for which he left his native land, he came to England, and, after an interval of repose, determined upon making a tour of the country, the better to acquaint himself with the condition of its inhabitants.’ After making this tour, and visiting various continental countries, he returned to England, where he devoted himself to a political career; and since 1812, he has for the most part had a seat in the House of Commons. His parliamentary history since 1818 has been that of a reformer of abuses and enemy of monopoly, and he is respected even by those who differ from him in opinion.

Our next specimen is—

‘Thackeray, William Makepeace, author, was born in India, in 1811. He is of good family, and was originally intended for the bar, of which he is now a member. He kept seven or eight terms at Cambridge,

but left the university without taking a degree, for the purpose of becoming an artist. After about three years' desultory practice, he devoted himself to literature, abandoning the design of making a position as a painter, and only employed his pictorial talents in illustration of his own writings. For a short time, he conducted a literary and artistic review, similar in plan to the *Athenæum*; but the new journal, although characterised by great ability, perished in competition with established rivals. He also, with the assistance of Dr Maginn, started a newspaper; but this was unsuccessful. His first distinction was won as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, *Punch*, and other periodicals of character. In the latter amusing periodical appeared his *Jeames's Diary*, a clever satire on the follies of the railway mania, exposing the hollow foundation upon which railway fortunes and reputations were made. His *Snob Papers*, published in the same manner, have since been collected and reprinted with great success. His satire is as keen as that of Fielding. His *Paris Sketch-Book* appeared in 1840. His *Irish Sketch-Book*, with numerous engravings drawn by the author, was published in 1845. In the next year, appeared his *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*; and in 1847, the first numbers of *Vanity Fair* appeared, in the proper name of their author. This, Thackeray's first fully-developed novel, has been followed by *Arthur Pendennis*, completed in 1851. His Christmas-book, entitled *The Kickshaws on the Rhine*, was attacked by a writer in the *Times*; whereupon Mr Thackeray replied, in a very unmistakable way, in a preface to the second edition of the work. The critic fared very badly in the contest. The charge made against Mr Thackeray is, that he abuses the characters of the literary class with a view apparently of catering to public prejudice. We believe that any such imputation is entirely unfounded; and that Mr Thackeray's observations on the infirmities of authors are due to an honest exposition of his subject. Mr Thackeray has lately imparted much delight by delivering lectures on the literary personages of last century; and in this very act has gracefully raised the public estimation of living authorcraft.

We may extract the following passages respecting the early career of Mr Dickens:—

'Dickens, Charles, the most popular writer of his time, was born in February 1812, at Landport, Portsmouth. His father, the late Mr John Dickens, in the earlier part of his life, enjoyed a post in the Navy Pay Department, the duties of which required that he should reside from time to time in different seaports: now at Plymouth, now at Portsmouth, and then at Sheerness. "In the glorious days" of the war with France, these towns were full of life, bustle, and character; and the father of "Boz" was at times fond of dilating upon the strange scenes he had witnessed. One of his stories described a sitting-room he once enjoyed at Blue-town, Sheerness, abutting on the theatre. Of an evening, he used to sit in this room, and could bear what was passing on the stage, and join in the chorus of *God save the King*, and *Britannia rules the Waves*—then the favourite songs of Englishmen. The war being at an end, amongst those who left the public service with a pension was the father of our novelist. Coming to London, he subsequently found lucrative employment for his talents on the press as a reporter of parliamentary debates. Charles Dickens may, therefore, be said to have been in his youth familiarised with "copy;" and when his father, with parental anxiety for his future career, took the preliminary steps for making his son an attorney, the dreariness of the proposed occupation fell so heavily upon the mind of the future author, that he induced his father to permit him to resign the law, and join the parliamentary corps of a daily newspaper. His first engagement was on the *True Sun*, an ultra-liberal paper, then carrying on a fierce struggle for existence, from

the staff of which he afterwards passed into the reporting ranks of the *Morning Chronicle*. On this paper, he obtained reputation as a first-rate man—reports being exceedingly rapid, and no less correct. In the columns of the *Chronicle* he soon gave proof of other talents than those of a reporter; for in the evening edition of that journal appeared the *Sketches of English Life and Character*, afterwards collected into the two well-known volumes of *Sketches by Boz*, published respectively in 1836 and 1837. These at once attracted considerable notice, and obtained great success; and the publisher of the collected edition, anxious to make the most of the prize which had fallen to his lot, gladly came to an arrangement with Mr Dickens and Seymour, the comic draughtsman—the one to write and the other to illustrate a book which should exhibit the adventures of a party of Cockney sportsmen. Hence the appearance of *Pickwick*, a book which made its author's reputation and the publishers' fortune. After the work had commenced, poor Seymour committed suicide, and Mr Hablot K. Browne was selected to continue the illustrations, which he did under the signature of "Phiz." Meanwhile, Mr Dickens had courted and married the daughter of Mr George Hogarth, then, and now, a musical writer; a man of considerable attainments, and who, in his earlier days, whilst a writer to the *Signet* in Edinburgh, enjoyed the intimate friendship of Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and the other literary notables at that day adorning the Modern Athens. The great success of *Pickwick* brought down upon its author demands from all sides for another work, and "Boz" agreed to write *Nicholas Nickleby*, to be published in monthly parts. In the prefatory notices, which give additional value to the cheap and elegant reprint of the works of Dickens, we are indulged with slight glimpses of his own recollections, personal and literary. It is unnecessary to note the titles of Mr Dickens's subsequent works, of which have justly obtained popularity. He has latterly entered on a path not dissimilar to our own, and in this he has our very best wishes. The cause of social melioration needs a union of hearts and hands.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S BOOK OF SYNONYMS.

ACCURACY of language is one of the things which, in ordinary speech and writing, is but indifferently observed. The reason, perhaps, is to be sought, not in any general indifference to correctness or precision, but rather in the want of some recognised authority, or specific rules or principles, to which the use of words, apparently synonymous, yet of slightly different signification, might be distinctly and easily referred. It is in regard to the finer shades of meaning, the subtle touches of expression, the application of words to phrases where the strictest exactness and perspicuity are required, that an ordinary English style is apt to become loose and shadowy; and it is precisely here that we are entitled to expect the severest, chastest form of utterance. Coleridge used to complain of general confounding of the word 'notion' with 'idea' and was often at great pains to point out the distinction between the two, as also between many other words similarly misused. Archdeacon Hare, too, has remarked upon the common misapplication of such words as 'education' for 'instruction,' 'government' for 'administration,' 'the church' for 'the priesthood' or 'ministry,' and indeed holds that such a confounding of terms leads to serious practical misunderstanding and confusions.* Any one, upon reflection, will perceive that in the common use of these and numberless other words, there is often a signal lack of clearness and

* See *Gleanings at Truth*. First series.

precision, and will hardly fail to notice that the error proceeds from a want of due attention to the nice and peculiar meanings of words which are vaguely presumed to have the same signification.

As a help to those who may wish to attain a somewhat more than common correctness of style and language, Archbishop Whately has recently published a small work on *English Synonyms*;* and the rapidity with which the first edition has been disposed of, leads us to infer that the public is to some extent prepared to take an interest in the subject. The second edition, 'revised and enlarged,' is now before us, and it is thought that a brief glance at its contents may not be unacceptable to some of our present readers.

The word 'synonym,' as the archbishop observes, is, in strict reality, a misnomer. 'Literally, it implies an exact coincidence of meaning in two or more words, in which case there would be no room for discussion; but it is generally applied to words which would be more correctly termed *pseudo-synonyms*—that is, words having a shade of difference, yet with a sufficient resemblance of meaning to make them liable to be confounded. And it is in the number and variety of these that, as the Abbé Girard well remarks, the richness of a language consists. To have two or more words with exactly the same sense, is no proof of copiousness, but simply an inconvenience. A house would not be called well furnished from its having a larger number of chairs and tables of one kind than were needed, but from its having a separate article for each distinct use. The more power we have of discriminating the nicer shades of meaning, the greater facility we possess of giving force and precision to our expressions. Our own language possesses great advantages in this respect; for being partly derived from the Teutonic, and partly from the Latin, we have a large number of duplicates from the two sources, which are, for the most part, though not universally, slightly varied in their meaning.

'These slight variations of meaning,' he proceeds, add to the copiousness of the English language, by affording words of more or less familiarity, and of greater and less force. This may easily be understood, if we consider that the branch of the Teutonic, spoken in England during the Anglo-Saxon period, never became extinct, but that three-fourths of the English language at present consist of words altered or derived from that ancient dialect; that these words usually express the most familiar ideas—such as *man, house, land, &c.*; and that the French terms gradually introduced, being those of a more highly civilised people, were adapted to express the more refined ideas. This is true even of physical objects; thus, for instance, most of the names of the animals used for food are still Teutonic—such as *ox, sheep, swine, &c.* The Anglo-Saxons, like the modern Germans, had no objection to say *ox-flesh, sheep-flesh, swine's-flesh*; but the Norman conquerors, introducing a more refined cookery, introduced with it French words for the flesh of the animal; hence we have *beef, mutton, pork, &c.*'

It has not been the author's design to notice *all* the synonyms in the language—that, as he remarks, would be an almost endless undertaking; 'but merely, after excluding technical terms, and words which do exactly coincide, to select a few of those groups of words which are in most frequent use, and are most liable to be confounded.' His purpose, perhaps, will be more distinctly shewn, if we add a few more sentences from the preface.

'Many persons,' says he, 'imagine that two words must either coincide precisely in their meaning, so as to be, in the primary and strict sense of the word, "synonymous," or else stand for two (more or less)

distinct things. Indeed, it would often be regarded as almost a truism to assert this; but those who maintain such an opinion overlook the fact, that two words, without exactly coinciding in sense, may nevertheless relate to one and the same thing, regarded in *two different points of view*. An illustration of this is afforded in the relation which exists between the words, "inference" and "proof." Whoever justly infers, proves; and whoever proves, infers; but the word "inference" leads the mind from the premises which have been assumed, to the conclusion which follows from them; while the word "proof" follows a reverse process, and leads the mind from the conclusion to the premises. We say: "What do you infer from this?" and "How do you prove that?"* Another illustration may be quoted in the synonyms, "expense" and "cost." The same article may be expensive and costly; but we speak of *expense* in reference to the means of the purchaser; of *cost*, in reference to the actual value of the article.'

This work does not profess to deal much with *etymologies*; the author thinking that any very strict attention to the *derivation* of words, in connection with synonyms, would only tend to confuse the subject. The history of the origin and growth of words must undoubtedly throw light upon their meanings; but he, nevertheless, holds the two questions to be completely distinct and separable; and thinks that, in an inquiry into the *actual* and *present* meaning of a word, the consideration of what it originally meant may frequently lead us into error. A few suggestive remarks are given upon this matter.

'Our question is, not what *ought* to be, or formerly was, the meaning of a word, but what it *now* is; nor can we be completely guided by quotations from Shakspeare or Milton, or even from Addison or Johnson. Language has undergone such changes, even within the last sixty or seventy years, that many words, at that time considered pure, are now obsolete; while others—of which the word "mob" is a specimen—formerly slang, are now used by our best writers, and received, like pardoned outlaws, into the body of respectable citizens.' The standard, accordingly, to which the author refers in the work before us, is the sense in which a word is used by the purest writers and most correct speakers of our own days.

The synonyms are arranged or classed according to the parts of speech to which they belong—namely, into particles, nouns, adjectives, and verbs. The uses of all the words are well defined, and sufficiently illustrated by examples; a table of contents and a complete index are also added, rendering reference to any word as easy as looking for it in a dictionary. The table of contents, indeed, will be found to serve most of the purposes of a vocabulary of synonyms: a glance at it will frequently give you all the words of similar signification to the particular one for which you may happen to require an equivalent. From the part of the book relating to *verbs*, we take the following; the words under notice being, *To teach, instruct, inform, educate*:—

'Of these words, the first two are often used synonymously, but they have also a distinct meaning. "Teaching," strictly speaking, when distinguished from instruction, is applied to the practice of an art or branch of knowledge: instruction, to the theory. A child is, correctly speaking, *instructed* in the grammar of a language, and *taught* to speak the language. Thus, teaching may be merely mechanical; while "instruction" implies a degree of understanding in the pupil, as well as in the master. A child who has been *taught* to learn lessons by rote, without understanding them, will find difficulty in comprehending *instruction* in the principles of what he has learned: hence, we speak of *teaching* a brute, but never of *instructing* it.

* *A Selection of English Synonyms*. Second Edition. Parker, London: 1853.

* See Whately's *Logic*, book iv., chap. 3, § 1, in which the above is illustrated by the difference between the road from London to York and the road from York to London.

'Information,* again, is distinguished from instruction, in relation to the truths conveyed by it. Matters of fact, made known to one who could not have known them before, are called information: instruction elicits new truths out of subject-matter *already* existing in the mind—(see Whately's *Logic*, book iv. § 1.)

'A traveller gives us information respecting foreign countries; a metaphysician instructs us in the principles of moral science—principles drawn from facts already known to us. The two processes may take place at the same time: a child in learning a lesson receives both information and instruction: he is taught things he never knew before, and also taught to apply and make use of what he does know already. In fact, pure mathematics is the only branch of instruction which includes no information, as the propositions are all based on principles previously assumed. In short, a person who is informed, *knows* something he did not before; one who is instructed, *understands* something he did not before; one who is taught, can *do* something he could not do before.

'Education is more comprehensive than any of the other words before us. It includes the *whole course* of moral and intellectual teaching. One who gives occasional lessons is not said to *educate*. To *educate* (agreeably to its derivation, from "e-duco," not "in-duco"), includes the *drawing out* of the faculties, so as to teach the pupil *how to teach himself*; which is one of the most valuable of arts.

'Moral training, considered *by itself*, is called "teaching;" this constitutes no exception to the rule laid down, as its object is to enable us, not to *know*, but to *do* what is right.—(P. 32-34.)

'Few words, perhaps, are more apt to be misapplied than the string of adjectives treated of in the section next quoted—namely, *benevolent, beneficent, charitable, munificent, liberal, bountiful, philanthropic*.

'Benevolent and beneficent, together with their conjugates, have curiously diverged from their original meaning. Etymologically, "benevolent" implied merely *wishing well* to others, and "beneficent" *doing well*; now, "benevolent" includes both kinds of feelings and actions, and "beneficent" is restricted to acts of kindness on a great scale, and generally performed by some one of exalted station and character: hence, we speak of the "beneficence" rather than the "benevolence" of the Creator. It may perhaps be said to follow from this, that "benevolent" draws our attention more to the character of the agent; "beneficent," to that of the act performed—retaining, so far, a tinge of their etymology.

'"Charitable" (when not used in reference to a mild and candid judgment of others) seems to be restricted to one kind of benevolence—that which consists in *alms-giving*.

'"Munificent" resembles "beneficent," in referring always to favours on a large scale, and conferred by superiors; but there is this important difference, that "beneficent" always implies some real and essential good done, while "munificent," as its derivation implies, may be applied equally to any *gift*, whether really useful or not. One who makes a present of jewellery or pictures to a friend, is munificent, but would not be called "beneficent." If he raised a distressed family from starvation, the word "beneficent" would be more appropriate. But one who gives largely to the public, or to some institution, is called *munificent*. It seems to convey the idea of splendour. No one can be called munificent who does not give on a large scale.

'Any one who is ready to give *freely*, as the etymology implies, on whatever scale, is "liberal." "Bountiful," again, is stronger than "liberal," and implies giving in

abundance; it also differs from "liberal" in being restricted to *giving*; while "liberal" is applied to an easy style of expenditure in general; to the reverse, in short, of "stingy," or "miserly." Many people live in a *liberal* style, who are very far from being "bountiful." Bountiful always seems to imply, giving out of an ample store.

'"Philanthropic," as its etymology indicates, implies benevolence solely in reference to the *human race*, and always to masses, not to individuals. One who devises some plan to benefit numbers, is called "philanthropic;" but we should not talk of "philanthropically giving a loaf to a hungry child."—(P. 83-85.)

As space is beginning to press, our last extract must be short: it relates to words often enough employed indiscriminately—*imagination, conception, fancy*. "Imagination" and "fancy" are frequently confounded together, but are, nevertheless, very distinct in their signification. In the first place, "imagination" implies more of a *creative* power than "fancy;" it requires a greater combination of various powers, and is therefore a higher exercise of genius. "Fancy," on the other hand, is more an employment of ingenuity and taste, though it also requires inventive power. Secondly, "imagination" implies a longer flight; "fancy," rather a succession of short efforts: the one is a steady blaze; the other, a series of sparkles. An epic poem would require an exercise of the first; a ballad, or other lighter production, of the last: hence, we may see that the difference between the two is, in some measure, one of subject-matter; for the same power which we call "fancy" when employed in a melody of Moore, would be called "imagination" in the works of Dante or Milton. In short, the efforts of "fancy" bear the same relation to those of "imagination" that the carving and polishing of a gem or seal does to sculpture.

'In the third place, *wit* may come into works of "fancy," and could not be admitted into the province of "imagination." The same with what are called *conceits*.

'"Conception" has something in common with imagination, but it implies more decidedly a creative power, and is referred to something tangible and real; whereas, in efforts of fancy and imagination, there is always a consciousness of unreality. The province of "conception" is that which has a real existence: hence, the productions of painters, sculptors, and musicians, are called "conceptions." "Conception" also denotes something framed and originated in our *own* mind; whereas the imagination or fancy may be acted on merely from without. The poet or writer of fiction exercises his own conceptions, but awakens the imagination of his readers.'

These quotations will give as general a notion of the work as can be conveyed by a few extracts. To those among our readers who may be in quest of such a book, we can decidedly recommend it as one that is certain to be useful. It is by far the best of the kind that we have ever happened to meet with; and we think that if it were universally studied and consulted, the result would be a great improvement of expression, both in common speech and literature.

'CHAPTER ON CATS.'

In No. 419 of this Journal, an article with the above heading mentions among the exports from New York to New Granada 100 *cats*. Wherever our contributor may have picked up his intelligence, the original source is the *New York Herald*; but, unluckily, a paper of a more practical character—if we may judge from its title—*The Dry-Goods Reporter*, gives the custom-house entry in full, in which the change of a single vowel makes a prodigious difference. The entry is this: '100 *cots*—125 dollars—to Granada.'

* The nouns are used here instead of the verbs for convenience's sake, as they precisely correspond.

A MARINER'S WIFE.

'An me, my dream!' pale Helen cried,
With hectic cheeks aglow:
'Why wake me! Hide that cruel beam!
I'll not win such another dream
On this side heaven, I know.

'I almost feel the leaping waves,
The wet spray on my hair,
The salt breeze singing in the sail,
The kind arms, strong as iron-mail,
That held me safely there.

'I'll tell thee:—On some shore I stood,
Or sea, or inland bay,
Or river broad, I know not—save
There seemed no boundary to the wave
That chafed and moaned away.

'The shore was lone—the wave was lone—
The horizon lone; no sail
Broke the dim line 'twixt sea and sky,
Till slowly, slowly one came by,
Half ghostlike, gray and pale.

'It was a very little boat,
Had neither oars nor crew;
But as it shoreward bounded fast,
One form seemed leaning by the mast—
And Norman's face I knew!

'He never looked nor smiled at me,
Though I stood there alone;
His brow was very grave and high,
Lit with a glory from the sky—
The wild bark bounded on.

'I shrieked: "Oh, take me—take me, love!
The night is falling dread."—
"My boat may come no nearer shore;
And, hark! how mad the billows roar!
Art thou afraid!" he said.

"'Afraid! with thee?"—"The wind sweeps fierce
The foamy rocks among;
A perilous voyage waiteth me."
"Then, then, indeed, I go with thee,"
I cried, and forward sprung.

'All drenched with brine, all pale with fear—
Ah no, not fear; 'twas bliss!
I felt the strong arms draw me in:
If after death to heaven I win,
'Twill be such joy as this!

'No kiss, no smile, but aye that clasp—
Tender, and close, and brave;
While, like a tortured thing, upleapt
The boat, and o'er her deck there swept
Wave thundering after wave.

'I looked not to the stormy deep,
Nor to the angry sky;
Whether for life or death we wrought,
My whole world dwindled to one thought—
Where he is, there am I!

'On—on—through leaping waves, slow calmed,
With salt spray on our hair,
And breezes singing in the sail,
Before a safe and pleasant gale,
The boat went bounding fair:

'But whether to a shore we came,
Or seaward sailed away,
Alas! to me is all unknown:
O happy dream, too quickly flown!
O cruel, cruel day!

Pale Helen lived—or died: dull time
O'er all that history rolls;
Sailed they or sunk they on life's waves?—
I only know earth holds two graves,
And heaven two blessed souls.

REMITTANCES TO AND FROM EMIGRANTS.

Within the past few years, a system of foreign exchanges has been perfected in this country, by which the smallest sum of money can be remitted either way across the Atlantic, with perfect security and the greatest dispatch. Drafts are drawn as low as 1s. sterling, which are cashed in any part of Great Britain or the United States. This, to emigrants who wish to bring over their money without fear of loss, or to residents here who wish to remit small sums to their relatives or friends in Europe, to enable them to come to this country, is of vast importance, as it guarantees them against loss; that is, when the drafts are good. This is, therefore, the great point at issue. To obtain drafts of undoubted credit and security is the first thing to be considered. There are dozens of drawers on both sides of the Atlantic, all of whom have their friends, who place more or less confidence in the character of the bills drawn. We have no doubt they are all sound and solvent. We know nothing now to the contrary. The drafts can be obtained in any city in the Union, for any amount, from 1s. sterling upwards, drawn upon some place in Europe; and drafts can be obtained in various European cities payable in any city of the United States.—*Abridged from the New York Herald.*

FOREST-TREES.

In contemplating the length of life of one of the reverend and hoary elders of the forest, we are apt to forget that it is not to be measured by the standard of man or of the higher animals; for it is really not the measure of an individual existence, but, as it were, of the duration of an empire or a nation. A tree is a populous community, presided over by an oligarchy, of which the flowers are the aristocracy, and the leaves the working-classes. The life of the individual members of the commonwealth is brief enough, but the state of which they are members, has often a vast duration; and some of those whose ages we have referred to, could they take cognisance of human affairs, would look with contempt upon the instability and irregularity of human governments and states, as compared with the unchanging order and security of their own.—*Professor Forbes in Ari-Journal.*

WHISKY AND MISERY.

Whisky and misery, whichever be cause, whichever be effect, always go together. There has been, as is well known, a failure of the potato-crop, and consequently a famine, in the West Highlands and Hebrides. In the island of Mull, about £3000 of money raised in charity was spent in the year ending October 10, 1848, for the eleemosynary support of the people. In the same space of time, the expenditure of the people on whisky was £6099! We do not know how much had previously been spent on whisky in that island; but we may judge from the fact ascertained regarding Skye. In the year ending October 10, 1850, the sum paid in the latter island for whisky was £10,855—considerably more than double the amount expended in relief by the *Destitution Fund*, and more than double the consumption of the same district in 1845, the year before the distress commenced! 'That is,' says the *Quarterly Review*, which quotes the facts from excellent authority, 'the increased consumption of whisky exactly tallies with the extraneous aid received; in other words, the whole amount of charitable assistance went in whisky!'

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THE DINNER-BELL.

Is one of Webster's magnificent speeches, he remarks that so vast are the possessions of England, that her morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of its martial airs. There is another musical sound, within the British islands themselves, which does not as yet quite traverse the whole horary circle, but bids fair to do so in the course of time, and to this we must direct the attention of the American secretary, as a fitting subject for a new peroration. We allude to the Dinner-bell. At noon, in the rural districts of England, this charming sound is heard tinkling melodiously from farm or village factory; at one, in the more crowded haunts of industry, the strain is taken up ere it dies; and by the time it reaches Scotland, a full hungry peal swells forth at two. At three till past four there is a continuous ring from house to house of the small country gentry; and at five this becomes more distinct and sonorous in the towns, increasing in importance till six. From that time till seven and half-past, it waxes more and more fashionable in the tone, till at eight it stops abruptly: not like an air brought to a conclusion, but like one broken off accidentally, to be by and by resumed.

The dinner hours of the labouring-class are no doubt regulated according to business, and perhaps receive some modification from national character. An Englishman, for instance, is said to work best after his meal, and accordingly his dinner makes its appearance sometimes as early as noon, but never later than one; while a Scotchman, who is fit for anything when half-starved, is very properly kept without solid food till two o'clock. As for the smaller gentry, who scorn to dine at workmen's hours, and yet do not pretend to the abnegation of the great, they may follow their own fancy without doing any harm to others; but the case is different as regards the hours assigned to *dinner-parties*, for these affect the health and comfort of the whole body of the gentry together.

We are no enemy to dinner-parties; on the contrary, we think we have not enough of them, and we never shall have enough, till some change takes place in their constitution. We are a small gentleman ourselves, who dine at the modest hour of four, and what is the use to us of a six or seven o'clock invitation? We accept it, of course, being socially disposed, and being, moreover, philosopher enough to see that such meetings are good for men in society: but so far as the meal itself goes, it is to us either useless or disagreeable. If we have dined already, we do not want another dinner; and if we have not dined, our appetite is lost from sheer

want. It is vain to say, Let us all dine habitually at six—seven—eight o'clock. Few of us will—few of us can—none of us ought. Nature demands a solid meal at a much earlier hour; and true refinement suggests that the object of the evening reunion should not be the satisfaction of the day's hunger. Only half of this fact is seen by the classes who give the law to fashion, and that half consists of the grosser and coarser necessity. They have already, more especially at their country seats, taken to the tiffin of the East, and at a reasonable hour make a regular dinner of hot meats, and all the usual accessories, under the name of lunch. So complete is this meal, that the ladies, led away no doubt by association, meet some hours afterwards in mysterious conclave, to drink what our ancestors called 'a dish of tea;' and having thus diluted the juices of their stomachs for the reception of another supply of heavy food, they descend to dinner!

The evening dinner is, therefore, a mere show-dinner, or something worse. But it is still more objectionable on the score of taste than on the score of health. We find no fault with the elegances of the table, in plate, crystal, china, and so forth; but an English dinner is not an elegant meal. The guests are supposed, by a *polite* fiction, to have the hunger of the whole day to satisfy, and provision is made accordingly. Varieties of soup, fish, flesh, fowl, game, rich-made dishes, load the board spread for a group of well-dressed men and women, known to have already dined, and who would affect to shudder at so heavy a meal, if it was termed supper. There is a grossness in this arrangement which is strangely at variance with the real advancement of the age in refinement; but it has likewise a paralysing effect both upon the freedom and delicacy of social intercourse. These show-dinners are too costly to be numerous. Even a comparatively wealthy man is compelled to look closely to the number of his entertainments. He scrutinises the claims of his acquaintance; he keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners with them; and if now and then he invites a guest for the sake of his social qualities, he sets him down in the bill of cost. This does away with all the finer social feelings which it should be the province of such meetings to foster and gratify, and adds a tone of moral vulgarity to the material vulgarity of the repast.

Is it impossible to bring about a reform in this important matter? Difficult, not impossible. Dinner-giving is not an integral part of the monarchy, and it might therefore be touched—if not too rudely—without a political revolution. The grand obstacle would be the unsettled claims. A has given B a show-dinner,

and it is the duty of B to return it. Invitation for invitation is the law of the game. How, then, stands the account? Would it be necessary to institute a dinner-insolvency court, where all defaulters might take the benefit of the act? We think not. No creditor in his senses would refuse a handsome composition; and if it could be shewn—as it might in the present case—that the composition was in real, though not ostensible value, equivalent to the debt, hesitation would vanish. Before proceeding to shew this, we shall present what may be called the common-sense statement of the whole case:—

Mankind in their natural state dine at noon, or at least in the middle of the working-day. It is the middle meal of the day—the central of three. In our artificial system of society, it has been postponed to a late hour of the afternoon, so as either to become the second of two meals, or, where lunch is taken, the third of three. The change is not consistent with hygienic principle; for, if lunch be not taken, the interval between breakfast and dinner is too great, and in that case hunger tempts to make the meal too heavy for the exhausted powers of the stomach: if, on the contrary, lunch be taken, dinner becomes an absurdity, as in that case a meal so elaborate and heavy is not required, and cannot healthfully be partaken of at so late an hour. Nevertheless, in a plan of life which devotes the eight or nine hours after breakfast either to business or to out-door amusements, it is needless to think of reviving the old meridian dinner for any but ladies and other stay-at-home people; nor even for them, seeing that they must be mainly determined in their arrangements by those leading members of the family who have to spend that part of the day away from home.

There is a need for some reform which would at once accommodate the busy, and save the multitude from the disadvantages of heavy six-and-seven-o'clock dinners. This might be effected by arranging for only a supper at six or seven o'clock—that is, some lighter meal than dinner—leaving every one to take such a lunch in the middle of the day as he could find an opportunity of eating. Let this supper be the meal of family reunions—the meal of society. Composed of a few light tasteful dishes, accompanied by other indulgences, according to taste or inclination, and followed by coffee, it would be a cheerful and not necessarily unhealthful affair. As a meal to which to invite friends, being cheaper, it would allow of more society being indulged in than is compatible with the monstrous presentments of meat and drink which constitute the modern company dinner. It would be practically a revival of those nice supper-parties which our grandfathers indulged in after the hours of business, and of the pleasantness of which we have such glowing accounts.

That this is really the common-sense view of the question, can hardly be doubted. By bringing the cost within reasonable limits, the plan proposed relieves the entertainment from moral vulgarity; and by avoiding all suggestion of a meeting for the gratification of mere physical hunger, it relieves it from material vulgarity. We have laughed too heartily at the dinner of the ancients in 'Peregrine Pickle,' to wish to lead back the age to a classic model; and yet on all subjects connected with taste, there are some things to be learned from that people whose formative genius is still the wonder of the world. The meal of society among the Greeks consisted of only two courses, or, to

speaking more strictly, of one course and a dessert; and the first or solid course was in all probability made up of small portions of each kind of food. The more vulgar Romans added in all cases a third, but occasionally a fourth, fifth, sixth, even a seventh course; and at the fall of the empire, barbarian taste uniting with the *blase* luxury of Rome, heaped viand upon viand, and course upon course, till the satire of a later poet became mere common-place:—

'Is this a dinner, this a genial room?

No; 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb!'

This extravagance has gradually given way in the course of civilisation. We have no more meals consisting of a score of courses; no more gilded pigs, fash, and poultry; no more soups, each of three or four different colours: but as yet we are only in the midst of the transition, and have not got back even to the comparative refinement of the Greeks. At the end of their first course, the more earthly part of the entertainment was already over. Then the guests washed their hands; then they were presented with perfumes and garlands of flowers; and then they drank wine, accompanied with the singing of the *pæan* and the sound of flutes. Such adjuncts, with us, would for the most part be out of place and time; but some of them might be taken metaphorically, and others entirely changed—such as the libation to the gods—to suit a new religious feeling, and a new form of manners. The modern *cæna* might thus be made to surpass that of the ancients in refinement and elegance; and it would include, as a matter of course, some of the amusements—varying from a song to a philosophical discussion—which gave the charm to their symposia.

As for the symposium, we shall have nothing to do with that vexed subject, further than just to hint—for we should be loath to exclude from the benefit of our proposed reform a certain numerous and respectable class of the community—that in ancient times it had no necessary connection with the dinner at all. A little wine-and-water was drunk during the dessert—never during the first course—and then the meal was over. The symposium was literally a drinking-party, given, for the sake of convenience, after the dinner-party; but so far from forming a part of the latter, the guests were sometimes different. It was, in fact, in this respect, like the evening company we occasionally find assembled in the drawing-room on getting up from our show-dinners.

But such references to the customs of bygone ages are introduced merely to shew, that among the most accomplished people of history, the social meal was looked upon as a field for the display of taste, not of that barbarian magnificence which consists in quantity and cost. The *cæna* of the moderns should far excel that of the Greeks in elegance, refinement, and simplicity. We have all history for our teacher; we have a finer system of morals; we have a purer and holier religion; and a corresponding influence should be felt in our social manners. When the object of the feast is no longer the satisfaction of mere physical hunger, it should be something intended to minister to the appetites of the mind. When the dinner is no longer the chief thing, some trouble will doubtless be taken with the assortment of the company. Simultaneously with the business of eating and drinking, we shall have anecdote, jest, song, music, smiles, and laughter,

to make us forget the business or troubles of the day ; and in the morning, instead of arranging our debtor and creditor account of invitations, we shall throw in the evening's gratification to strike the balance, and then make haste to begin a new score.

TWO KINDS OF HONESTY.

SOME few years ago, there resided in Long Acre an eccentric old Jew, named Jacob Benjamin : he kept a seed shop, in which he likewise carried on—not a common thing, we believe, in London—the sale of meal, and had risen from the lowest dregs of poverty, by industry and self-denial, till he grew to be an affluent tradesman. He was, indeed, a rich man ; for as he had neither wife nor child to spend his money, nor kith nor kin to borrow it of him, he had a great deal more than he knew what to do with. Lavish it on himself he could not, for his early habits stuck to him, and his wants were few. He was always clean and decent in his dress, but he had no taste for elegance or splendour in any form, nor had even the pleasures of the table any charms for him ; so that, though he was no miser, his money kept on accumulating, whilst it occurred to him now and then to wonder what he should do with it hereafter. One would think he need not have wondered long, when there were so many people suffering from the want of what he abounded in ; but Mr Benjamin, honest man, had his crotchets like other folks. In the first place, he had less sympathy with poverty than might have been expected, considering how poor he had once been himself ; but he had a theory, just in the main, though by no means without its exceptions—that the indigent have generally themselves to thank for their privations. Judging from his own experience, he believed that there was bread for everybody that would take the trouble of earning it ; and as he had had little difficulty in resisting temptation himself, and was not philosopher enough to allow for the varieties of human character, he had small compassion for those who injured their prospects by yielding to it. Then he had found, on more than one occasion, that even to the apparently well-doing, assistance was not always serviceable. Endeavour was relaxed, and gratuities, once received, were looked for again. Doubtless, part of this evil result was to be sought in Mr Benjamin's own defective mode of proceeding ; but I repeat, he was no philosopher, and in matters of this sort he did not see much farther than his nose, which was, however, a very long one.

To public charities he sometimes subscribed liberally ; but his hand was frequently withheld by a doubt regarding the judicious expenditure of the funds, and this doubt was especially fortified after chancing to see one day, as he was passing the Crown and Anchor Tavern, a concourse of gentlemen turn out, with very flushed faces, who had been dining together for the benefit of some savages in the Southern Pacific Ocean, accused of devouring human flesh—a practice so abhorrent to Mr Benjamin, that he had subscribed for their conversion. But failing to perceive the connection betwixt the dinner and that desirable consummation, his name appeared henceforth less frequently in printed lists, and he felt more uncertain than before as to what branch of unknown posterity he should bequeath his fortune.

In the meantime, he kept on the even tenor of his way, standing behind his counter, and serving his customers, assisted by a young woman called Leah Leet, who acted as his shopwoman, and in whom, on the whole, he felt more interest than in anybody else in the world, inasmuch that it even sometimes glanced across his mind, whether he should not make her the heiress of all his wealth. He never, however, gave her the least reason to expect such a thing, being himself

incapable of conceiving, that if he entertained the notion, he ought to prepare her by education for the good-fortune that awaited her. But he neither perceived this necessity, nor, if he had, would he have liked to lose the services of a person he had been so long accustomed to.

At length, one day a new idea struck him. He had been reading the story of his namesake, Benjamin, in the Old Testament, and the question occurred to him, how many amongst his purchasers of the poorer class—and all who came to his shop personally were of that class—would bring back a piece of money they might find amongst their meal, and he thought he should like to try a few of them that were his regular customers. The experiment would amuse his mind, and the money he might lose by it he did not care for. So he began with shillings, slipping one in amongst the flour before he handed it to the purchaser. But the shillings never came back—perhaps people did not think so small a sum worth returning ; so he went on to half-crowns and crowns, and now and then, in very particular cases, he even ventured a guinea ; but it was always with the same luck, and the longer he tried, the more he distrusted there being any honesty in the world, and the more disposed he felt to leave all his money to Leah Leet, who had lived with him so long, and to his belief, had never wronged him of a penny.

'What's this you have put into the gruel, Mary ?' said a pale, sickly-looking man one evening, taking something out of his mouth, which he held towards the feeble gleams emitted by a farthing rush-light standing on the mantel-piece.

'What is it, father?' inquired a young girl, approaching him. 'Isn't the gruel good ?'

'It's good enough,' replied the man ; 'but here's something in it : it's a shilling, I believe.'

'It's a guinea, I declare!' exclaimed the girl, as she took the coin from him and examined it nearer the light.

'A guinea!' repeated the man ; 'well, that's the first bit of luck I've had these seven years or more. It never could have come when we wanted it worse. Shew it us here, Mary.'

'But it's not ours, father,' said Mary. 'I paid away the last shilling we had for the meal, and here's the change.'

'God has sent it us, girl! He saw our distress, and he sent it us in His mercy!' said the man, grasping the piece of gold with his thin, bony fingers.

'It must be Mr Benjamin's,' returned she. 'He must have dropped it into the meal-tub that stands by the counter.'

'How do you know that?' inquired the man with an impatient tone and a half-angry glance. 'How can you tell how it came into the gruel? Perhaps it was lying at the bottom of the basin, or at the bottom of the sauce-pan. Most likely it was.'

'O no, father,' said Mary : 'it is long since we had a guinea.'

'A guinea that we knew of; but I've had plenty in my time, and how do you know this is not one we had overlooked ?'

'We've wanted a guinea too much to overlook one,' answered she. 'But never mind, father ; eat your gruel, and don't think of it : your cheeks are getting quite red with talking so, and you won't be able to sleep when you go to bed.'

'I don't expect to sleep,' said the man peevishly ; 'I never do sleep.'

'I think you will, after that nice gruel!' said Mary, throwing her arms round his neck, and tenderly kissing his cheek.

'And a guinea in it to give it a relish too!' returned the father, with a faint smile and an expression of archness, betokening an innor nature very different

from the exterior which sorrow and poverty had incrustured on it.

His daughter then proposed that he should go to bed; and having assisted him to undress, and arranged her little household matters, she retired behind a tattered, drab-coloured curtain which shaded her own mattress, and laid herself down to rest.

The apartment in which this little scene occurred, was on the attic storey of a mean house, situated in one of the narrow courts or alleys betwixt the Strand and Drury Lane. The furniture it contained was of the poorest description; the cracked window-panes were coated with dust; and the scanty fire in the grate, although the evening was cold enough to make a large one desirable—all combined to testify to the poverty of the inhabitants. It was a sorry retreat for declining years and sickness, and a sad and cheerless home for the fresh cheek and glad hopes of youth; and all the worse, that neither father nor daughter was 'to the manner born'; for poor John Glegg had, as he said, had plenty of guineas in his time; at least, what should have been plenty, had they been wisely husbanded. But John, to describe the thing as he saw it himself, had always 'had luck against him.' It did not signify what he undertook, his undertakings invariably turned out ill.

He was born in Scotland, and had passed a great portion of his life there; but, unfortunately for him, he had no Scotch blood in his veins, or he might have been blessed with some small modicum of the caution for which that nation is said to be distinguished. His father had been a cooper, and when quite a young man, John had succeeded to a well-established business in Aberdeen. His principal commerce consisted in furnishing the retail-dealers with casks, wherein to pack their dried fish; but partly from good-nature, and partly from indolence, he allowed them to run such long accounts, that they were apt to overlook the debt altogether in their calculations, and to take refuge in bankruptcy when the demand was pressed and the supply of goods withheld—his negligence thus proving, in its results, as injurious to them as to himself. Five hundred pounds embarked in a scheme projected by a too sanguine friend, for establishing a local newspaper, which 'died ere it was born'; and a fire, occurring at a time that John had omitted to renew his insurance, had seriously damaged his resources, when some matter of business having taken him to the Isle of Man, he was agreeably surprised to find that his branch of trade, which had of late years been alarmingly declining in Aberdeen, was there in the most flourishing condition. Delighted with the prospect this state of affairs opened, and eager to quit the spot where misfortune had so unrelentingly pursued him, John, having first secured a house at Ramsay, returned to fetch his wife, children, and merchandise, to this new home. Having freighted a small vessel for their conveyance, he expected to be deposited at his own door; but he had unhappily forgotten to ascertain the character of the captain, who, under pretence that, if he entered the harbour, he should probably be wind-bound for several weeks, persuaded them to go ashore in a small boat, promising to lie to till they had landed their goods; but the boat had no sooner returned to the ship, than, spreading his sails to the wind, he was soon out of sight, leaving John and his family on the beach, with—to recur to his own phraseology—'nothing but what they stood up in.'

Having with some difficulty found shelter for the night, they proceeded on the following morning in a boat to Ramsay; but here it was found that, owing to some informality, the people who had possession of the house refused to give it up, and the wanderers were obliged to take refuge in an inn. The next thing was to pursue, and recover the lost goods; but some weeks elapsed before an opportunity of doing so could be found; and at length, when John did reach Liverpool,

the captain had left it, carrying away with him a considerable share of the property. With the remainder, John, after many expenses and delays, returned to the island, and resumed his business. But he soon discovered to his cost, that the calculations he had made were quite fallacious, owing to his having neglected to inquire whether the late prosperous season had been a normal or an exceptional one. Unfortunately, it was the latter; and several very unfavourable ones that succeeded, reduced the family to great distress, and finally to utter ruin.

Relinquishing his shop and his goods to his creditors, John Glegg, heart-sick and weary, sought a refuge in London—a proceeding to which he was urged by no prudential motives, but rather by the desire to fly as far as possible from the scenes of his vexations and disappointments, and because he had heard that the metropolis was a place in which a man might conceal his poverty, and suffer and starve at his ease, untroubled by impertinent curiosity or officious benevolence; and, above all, believing it to be the spot where he was least likely to fall in with any of his former acquaintance.

But here a new calamity awaited him, worse than all the rest. A fever broke out in the closely-populated neighbourhood in which they had fixed their abode, and first two of his three children took it, and died; and then himself and his wife—rendered meet subjects for infection by anxiety of mind and poor living—were attacked with the disease. He recovered; at least he survived, though with an enfeebled constitution, but he lost his wife, a wise and patient woman, who had been his comforter and sustainer through all his misfortunes—misfortunes which, after vainly endeavouring to avert, she supported with heroic and uncomplaining fortitude; but dying, she left him a precious legacy in Mary, who, with a fine nature, and the benefit of her mother's precept and example, had been to him ever since a treasure of filial duty and tenderness.

A faint light dawned through the dirty window on the morning succeeding the little event with which we opened our story, when Mary rose softly from her humble couch, and stepping lightly to where her father's clothes lay on a chair, at the foot of his bed, she put her hand into his waistcoat-pocket, and, extracting therefrom the guinea which had been found in the gruel the preceding evening, she transferred it to her own. She then dressed herself, and having ascertained that her father still slept, she quietly left the room. The hour was yet so early, and the streets so deserted, that Mary almost trembled to find herself in them alone; but she was anxious to do what she considered her duty without the pain of contention. John Glegg was naturally an honest and well-intentioned man, but the weakness that had blasted his life adhered to him still. They were doubtless in terrible need of the guinea, and since it was not by any means certain that the real owner would be found, he saw no great harm in appropriating it; but Mary wasted no casuistry on the matter. That the money was not legitimately theirs, and that they had no right to retain it, was all she saw; and so seeing, she acted unhesitatingly on her convictions.

She had bought the meal at Mr Benjamin's, because her father complained of the quality of that she procured in the smaller shops, and on this occasion he had served her himself. From the earliness of the hour, however, though the shop was open, he was not in it when she arrived on her errand of restitution; but addressing Leah Leet, who was dusting the counter, she mentioned the circumstance, and tendered the guinea; which the other took and dropped into the till, without acknowledgment or remark. Now Mary had not restored the money with any view to praise or reward: the thought of either had not occurred to

her; but she was, nevertheless, pained by the dry, cold, thankless manner with which the restitution was accepted, and she felt that a little civility would not have been out of place on such an occasion.

She was thinking of this on her way back, when she observed Mr Benjamin on the opposite side of the street. The fact was, that he did not sleep at the shop, but in one of the suburbs of the metropolis, and he was now proceeding from his residence to Long Acre. When he caught her eye, he was standing still on the pavement, and looking, as it appeared, at her, so she dropped him a courtesy, and walked forwards; while the old man said to himself: 'That's the girl that got the guinea in her meal yesterday. I wonder if she has been to return it!'

It was Mary's pure, innocent, but dejected countenance, that had induced him to make her the subject of one of his most costly experiments. He thought if there was such a thing as honesty in the world, that it would find a fit refuge in that young bosom; and the early hour, and the direction in which she was coming, led him to hope that he might sing *Eureka* at last. When he entered the shop, Leah stood behind the counter, as usual, looking very staid and demure; but all she said was, 'Good-morning;' and when he inquired if anybody had been there, she quietly answered: 'No; nobody.'

Mr Benjamin was confirmed in his axiom; but he consoled himself with the idea, that as the girl was doubtless very poor, the guinea might be of some use to her. In the meantime, Mary was boiling the gruel for her father's breakfast, the only food she could afford him, till she got a few shillings that were owing to her for needle-work.

'Well, father, dear, how are you this morning?'

'I scarce know, Mary. I've been dreaming; and it was so like reality, that I can hardly believe yet it was a dream;' and his eyes wandered over the room, as if looking for something.

'What is it, father? Do you want your breakfast? It will be ready in five minutes.'

'I've been dreaming of a roast fowl and a glass of Scotch ale, Mary. I thought you came in with the fowl, and a bottle in your hand, and said: "See, father, this is what I've bought with the guinea we found in the meal!"'

'But I couldn't do that, father, you know. It wouldn't have been honest to spend other people's money.'

'Nonsense!' answered John. 'Whose money is it, I should like to know? What belongs to no one, we may as well claim as anybody else.'

'But it must belong to somebody; and, as I knew it was not ours, I've carried it back to Mr Benjamin.'

'You have?' said Glegg, sitting up in bed.

'Yes, I have, father. Don't be angry. I'm sure you won't when you think better of it.'

But John was very angry indeed. He was dreadfully disappointed at losing the delicacies that his sick appetite hungered for, and which, he fancied, would do more to restore him than all the doctors' stuff in London; and, so far, he was perhaps right. He bitterly reproached Mary for want of sympathy with his sufferings, and was peevish and cross all day. At night, however, his better nature regained the ascendancy; and when he saw the poor girl wipe the tears from her eyes, as her nimble needle flew through the seams of a shirt she was making for a cheap warehouse in the Strand, his heart relented, and, holding out his hand, he drew her fondly towards him.

'You're right, Mary,' he said, 'and I'm wrong; but I'm not myself with this long illness, and I often think if I had good food I should get well, and be able to do something for myself. It falls hard upon you, my girl; and often when I see you slaving to support my useless life, I wish I was dead and out of the way; and then

you could do very well for yourself, and I think that pretty face of yours would get you a husband perhaps.' And Mary flung her arms about his neck, and told him how willing she was to work for him, and how forlorn she should be without him, and desired she might never hear any more of such wicked wishes. Still, she had an ardent desire to give him the fowl and the ale he had longed for, for his next Sunday's dinner; but, alas! she could not compass it. But on that very Sunday, the one that succeeded these little events, Leah Leet appeared with a smart new bonnet and gown, at a tea-party given by Mr Benjamin to three or four of his intimate friends. He was in the habit of giving such small inexpensive entertainments, and he made it a point to invite Leah; partly because she made the tea for him, and partly because he wished to keep her out of other society, lest she should get married and leave him—a thing he much deprecated on all accounts. She was accustomed to his business, he was accustomed to her, and, above all, she was so honest!

But there are various kinds of honesty. Mary Glegg's was of the pure sort; it was such as nature and her mother had instilled into her: it was the honesty of high principle. But Leah was honest, because she had been taught that honesty is the best policy; and as she had her living to earn, it was extremely necessary that she should be guided by the axiom, or she might come to poverty and want bread, like others she saw, who lost good situations from failing in this particular.

Now, after all, this is but a sandy foundation for honesty; because a person who is not actuated by a higher motive, will naturally have no objection to a little peculation in a safe way—that is, when they think there is no possible chance of being found out. In short, such honesty is but a counterfeit, and, like all counterfeits, it will not stand the wear and tear of the genuine article. Such, however, was Leah's, who had been bred up by worldly-wise teachers, who neither taught nor knew any better. Entirely ignorant of Mr Benjamin's eccentric method of seeking, what two thousand years ago Diogenes thought it worth while to look for with a lantern, she considered that the guinea brought back by Mary was a waif, which might be appropriated without the smallest danger of being called to account for it. It had probably, she thought, been dropped into the meal-tub by some careless customer, who would not know how he had lost it; and, even if it were her master's, he must also be quite ignorant of the accident that had placed it where it was found. The girl was a stranger in the shop; she had never been there till the day before, and might never be there again; and, if she were, it was not likely she would speak to Mr Benjamin. So there could be no risk, as far as she could see; and the money came just apropos to purchase some new attire that the change of season rendered desirable.

Many of us now alive can remember the beginning of what is called the sanitary movement, previous to which era, as nothing was said about the wretched dwellings of the poor, nobody thought of them, nor were the ill consequences of their dirty, crowded rooms, and bad ventilation at all appreciated. At length the idea struck somebody, who wrote a pamphlet about it, which the public did not read; but as the author sent it to the newspaper editors, they borrowed the hint, and took up the subject, the importance of which, by slow degrees, penetrated the London mind. Now, amongst the sources of wealth possessed by Mr Benjamin were a great many houses, which, by having money at his command, he had bought cheap from those who could not afford to wait; and many of these were situated in squalid neighbourhoods, and were inhabited by miserably poor people; but as these people did not fall under his eye, he had never thought of them—he had only thought of their rents, which he

received with more or less regularity through the hands of his agent. The sums due, however, were often deficient, for sometimes the tenants were unable to pay them, because they were so sick they could not work; and sometimes they died, leaving nothing behind them to seize for their debts. Mr Benjamin had looked upon this evil as irremediable; but when he heard of the sanitary movement, it occurred to him, that if he did something towards rendering his property more eligible and wholesome, he might let his rooms to a better class of tenants, and that greater certainty of payment, together with a little higher rent, would remunerate him for the expense of the cleaning and repairs. The idea being agreeable both to his love of gain and his benevolence, he summoned his builder, and proposed that he should accompany him over these tenements, in order that they might agree as to what should be done, and calculate the outlay; and the house inhabited by Glegg and his daughter happening to be one of them, the old gentleman, in the natural course of events, found himself paying an unexpected visit to the unconscious subject of his last experiment; for the last it was, and so it was likely to remain, though three months had elapsed since he made it; but its ill success had discouraged him. There was something about Mary that so evidently distinguished her from his usual customers; she looked so innocent, so modest, and withal so pretty, that he thought if he failed with her, he was not likely to succeed with anybody else.

'Who lives in the attic?' he inquired of Mr Harker, the builder, as they were ascending the stairs.

'There's a widow and her daughter and son-in-law, with three children, in the back-room,' answered Mr Harker. 'I believe the women go out charring, and the man's a bricklayer. In the front, there's a man called Glegg and his daughter. I fancy they're people that have been better off at some time of their lives. He has been a tradesman—a cooper, he tells me; but things went badly with him; and since he came here, his wife died of the fever, and he's been so weakly ever since he had it, that he can earn nothing. His daughter lives by her needle.'

Mary was out; she had gone to take home some work, in hopes of getting immediate payment for it. A couple of shillings would purchase them coal and food, and they were much in need of both. John was sitting by the scanty fire, with his daughter's shawl over his shoulders, looking wan, wasted, and desponding.

'Mr Benjamin, the landlord, Mr Glegg,' said Harker.

John knew they owed a little rent, and was afraid they had come to demand it. 'I'm sorry my daughter's out, gentlemen,' he said. 'Will you be pleased to take a chair?'

'Mr Benjamin is going round his property,' said Harker. 'He is proposing to make a few repairs, and do a little painting and whitewashing, to make the rooms more airy and comfortable.'

'That will be a good thing, sir,' answered Glegg—'a very good thing; for I believe it is the closeness of the place that makes us country folks ill when we come to London. I'm sure I've never had a day's health since I've lived here.'

'You've been very unlucky, indeed, Mr Glegg,' said Harker. 'But you know, if we lay out money, we shall look for a return. We must raise your rent.'

'Ah, sir, I suppose so,' answered John with a sigh; and how we're to pay it, I don't know. If I could only get well, I shouldn't mind; for I'd rather break stones on the road, or sweep a crossing, than see my poor girl slaving from morning to night for such a pittance.'

'If we were to throw down this partition, and open another window here,' said Harker to Mr Benjamin, 'it would make a comfortable apartment of it. There would be room, then, for a bed in the recess.'

Mr Benjamin, however, was at that moment engaged in the contemplation of an ill-painted portrait of a girl, that was attached by a pin over the chimney-piece. It was without a frame, for the respectable gilt one that had formerly encircled it, had been taken off, and sold to buy bread. Nothing could be coarser than the execution of the thing, but as is not unfrequently the case with such productions, the likeness was striking; and Mr Benjamin, being now in the habit of seeing Mary, who bought all the meal they used at his shop, recognised it at once.

'That's your daughter, is it?' he said.

'Yes, sir; she's often at your place for meal; and if it wasn't too great a liberty, I would ask you, sir, if you thought you could help her to some sort of employment that's better than sewing; for it's a hard life, sir, in this close place for a young creature that was brought up in the free country air: not that Mary minds work, but the worst is, there's so little to be got by the needle, and it's such close confinement.'

Mr Benjamin's mind, during this address of poor Glegg's, was running on his guinea. He felt a distrust of her honesty—or rather of the honesty of both father and daughter; and yet being far from a hard-hearted person, their evident distress and the man's sickness disposed him to make allowance for them. 'They couldn't know that the money belonged to me,' thought he; adding aloud: 'Have you no friends here in London?'

'No, sir, none. I was unfortunate in business in the country, and came here hoping for better luck; but sickness overtook us, and we've never been able to do any good. But, Mary, my daughter, doesn't want for education, sir; and a more honest girl never lived!'

'Honest, is she?' said Mr Benjamin, looking Glegg in the face.

'I'll answer for her, sir,' answered John, who thought the old gentleman was going to assist her to a situation. 'You'll excuse me mentioning it, sir; but perhaps it isn't everybody, distressed as we were, that would have carried back that money she found in the meal: but Mary would do it, even when I said that perhaps it wasn't yours, and that nobody might know whose it was; which was very wrong of me, no doubt; but one's mind gets weakened by illness and want, and I couldn't help thinking of the food it would buy us; but Mary wouldn't hear of it. I'm sure you might trust Mary with untold gold, sir; and it would be a real charity to help her to a situation, if you knew of such a thing.'

Little deemed Leah that morning, as she handed Mary her quart of meal and the change for her hard-earned shilling, that she had spoiled her own fortunes, and that she would, ere night, be called upon to abdicate her stool behind the counter in favour of that humble customer; and yet so it was. Mr Benjamin could not forgive her dereliction from honesty; and the more he had trusted her, the greater was the shock to his confidence. Moreover, his short-sighted views of human nature, and his incapacity for comprehending its infinite shades and varieties, caused him to extend his ill opinion farther than the delinquent merited. In spite of her protestations, he could not believe that this was her first misdemeanour; but concluded that, like many other people in the world, she had only been reputed honest because she had not been found out. Leah soon found herself in the very dilemma she had deprecated, and the apprehension of which had kept her so long practically honest—without a situation, and with a damaged character.

As Mary understood book-keeping, the duties of her new office were soon learned, and the only evil attending it was, that she could not take care of her father. But determined not to lose her, Mr Benjamin found means to reconcile the difficulty by giving them a room behind the shop, where they lived very comfortably,

till Glegg, recovering some portion of health, was able to work a little at his trade.

In process of time, however, as infirmity began to disable Mr Benjamin for the daily walk from his residence to his shop, he left the whole management of the business to the father and daughter, receiving every shilling of the profits, except the moderate salaries he gave them, which were sufficient to furnish them with all the necessaries of life, though nothing beyond. But when the old gentleman died, and his will was opened, it was found that he had left everything he possessed to Mary Glegg; except one guinea, which, without alleging any reason, he bequeathed to Leah Leet.

DECIMAL SYSTEM OF COINAGE.

THE pounds, shillings, and pence which served for the simple reckonings of our fathers, have entailed upon us a highly complicated system of accounts since we have become a great commercial people. Steam-engines, locomotives, and electric telegraphs have multiplied our transactions a hundredfold, but no adequate labour-saving machinery has been introduced into the counting-house, where the value of these transactions has to be recorded and adjusted. The simple and scientific method of computation by what is called the decimal system, is used at this moment, we are told, by more than half the human race. Not only has it been by law established in most of the countries of Europe, but throughout the great empires of China and Russia; it is penetrating the Ottoman Empire; it has obtained a footing in Persia and Egypt; and it is universal in the United States of America, whence it has made its way into several other transatlantic states. Among ourselves, the thing is approved and admired in the abstract, but we dread the trouble it would give us to fall into a method to which we are unaccustomed; and we apprehend, on very insufficient grounds, that much confusion would arise during the transition. Moreover, it is to be feared that out of a spirit of prejudice or contradiction, many would not, even under the penalties of law, adopt the change. At this moment, as is well known, certain classes of people persist in selling corn and other articles by old local measures, although at the risk of prosecution. Thus, in Scotland, we still hear of firloths, bolls, and mutchkins, notwithstanding that these antiquated measures were abolished upwards of twenty years ago. In short, it would appear that the change of popular denominations in weights, measures, and moneys, is one of the things which the law, in ordinary circumstances, has great difficulty in reaching.

This difficulty, however, ought not to be deemed insuperable. The boon given to society by the decimal system is worth struggling for. On this account, it appears highly desirable that the people at large should be made thoroughly acquainted with its principles, and be able to weigh the advantages against the difficulties of such a change. Some years ago, the subject was pretty fully discussed in several literary and commercial periodicals; and recently, Mr Taylor's little work* has presented it in a more permanent form. Our own pages appear particularly suitable for giving wide circulation to a familiar and popular exposition of the subject.

The ancients used certain letters to represent numbers, and we still employ the Roman numeral characters as the most elegant way of expressing a date in typography or sculpture; but every one must

see what a tedious business the calculation of large sums would be according to this cumbrous system of notation: nor is it easy to say whereabouts our commercial status, to say nothing of science, would have been to-day, had it never been superseded. The Romans themselves, in computing large numbers, always had recourse to the abacus—a counting-frame with balls on parallel wires, somewhat similar to that now used in infant-schools.

It was a great step gained, and a most important preparation for clearing away the darkness of the middle ages by the light of science, when between the eighth and thirteenth centuries the use of the characters 1, 2, 8, &c. was generally established in Europe, having been received from Eastern nations, long accustomed to scientific computations. The great advantage of these numbers is, that they proceed on the decimal system—that is, they denote different values according to their relative places, each character signifying ten times more accordingly as it occupies a place higher. Thus 8, in the first place to the right, is simply 8; but in the next to the left, it is 80; in the third, 800; and in the fourth, 8000. Yet we do not require to grasp these large numbers in our thought, but deal with each figure as a simple unit, and subject it to every arithmetical process without even adverting to its real value. To some, it may seem superfluous to explain a matter so familiar; but we have met with many who know pretty well how to use our system of notation mechanically, yet do not know, or rather have not thought of the beautifully simple principle on which it proceeds—that of decimal ascension.

Now, we want to see the same principle applied to the gradations of our money, weights, and measures. Instead of our complicated denominations of money—namely, pounds, each containing twenty shillings, these each divisible into twelve pence, and these again into four farthings—we want a scale in which ten of each denomination would amount to one of that immediately above it, as in our notation. And instead of our complicated system of weights and measures, we want one similarly graduated system—each measure and weight rising ten times above the former. All calculations of prices would then be made by simple multiplication. What a gala-day for school-boys when the pence and shilling table would be abolished by act of parliament, and there would no longer be the table of avoirdupois-weight to learn, nor troy-weight, nor apothecaries', nor long-measure, nor square-measure, nor cloth-measure, nor liquid-measure, nor dry-measure, but one decimal scale of weights and measures would suffice for every commodity, and there would only be their names to get by heart in order! Every one sees that there would be an astonishing simplification in this system of reckoning by tens—that the study of arithmetic would be immensely facilitated, and the business of the counting-house divested of puzzling calculations. Let us see whereabouts we are in the way towards its attainment.

About ten years ago, a parliamentary commission on the subject of weights and measures, advised the adoption of a decimal scale, but recommended as a preliminary step, the decimation of the Coinage. Regarding it as important, however, that great deference should be paid to existing circumstances, and that the present relative notions of value, so deeply rooted in the public mind, should be disturbed as little as possible, they pointed out the facilities existing in our present coinage for a re-arrangement on the decimal plan. They said that the pound might be preserved precisely on the present footing, and thus would be maintained in name the price of everything above twenty shillings in value. They remarked that the farthing, which is the 960th part of L.1, might be set down as the 1000th, which would be a variation of 4 per cent. only—somewhat less than that to which

* The Decimal System; as applied to the Coinage and Weights and Measures of Great Britain. Groombridge and Sons: 1851.

copper is liable from fluctuation of price. We have thus the units at the one end of the scale, and the thousands at the other; it remains only to interpose the tens and hundreds between them, by introducing a florin as the tenth of a pound, and a cent—equal to $\frac{1}{20}$ of a shilling—equal to the tenth of the florin. Adopting these views, the following would be the new and simple scale of money—reckoning:—ten millets, 1 cent; ten cents, 1 florin; ten florins, L.1.

Nothing was done, however, in following up these recommendations, till the subject was brought before the House of Commons by Dr John Bowring, in 1847. The consequence of his appeal was, that a coin denominated a florin, and representing the tenth of a pound, was struck, and put in circulation. It was, however, considered 'an unfortunate specimen of Royal Mint art,' and the issue was discontinued, though a few specimens still linger unforbidden among us. The matter is thus at a stand-still, and may probably not be agitated again till the people generally are more impressed with its importance, and disposed to urge it on the legislature.

The first thing wanted is obviously an abundant issue of acceptable florins. No matter though the coin be recognised by the ignorant as a two-shilling piece, rather than as the tenth of a pound; it is a decimal coin with which they may become familiar without disturbing their old ideas and modes of reckoning. The single step that would then remain to be taken is the decisive one—the introduction of the coin equivalent to one-tenth of a florin, accompanied by the withdrawal of the representatives of duodecimal division, and a legislative enactment that all accounts kept in public offices, or rendered in private transactions, should be in the decimal denominations.

The only difficulty which has appalled the advocates of the decimal system, is with respect to the cent-piece. It is said to be too small for a silver coin, too large for a copper, and mixed metals find no favour at the Mint. But if it is to be a denomination in accounts, it must have a representative coin, and a silver cent could be very little smaller than our present 3d.-piece. 'The great mass of the people,' says Mr Norton (a correspondent of the *Athenæum* on this subject), 'will not adopt an abstraction; you must give them something which they can see, handle, and call by name, if you wish them to take notice of it in their reckonings.' Mr Taylor, and some other writers, have proposed to evade this difficulty by passing over the cents altogether, and counting only by pounds, florins, and millets. The French, say they, have in theory a decimally graduated scale, yet they always reckon by francs, and cents, which are 100ths of francs; the intervening decime being ignored in practice. So, likewise, the Americans have the dollar, the dime (its tenth part), the cent (its hundredth), and the mill (its thousandth). 'It is now nearly thirty years,' says Mr John Quincy Adams, in his report to Congress in 1821, 'since our new moneys of account have been established. The dollar and the cent have become familiarised to the tongue, but the dime and the mill are so utterly unknown; that now, when the recent coinage of dimes is alluded to, it is always necessary to inform the reader that they are ten-cent pieces. Ask a tradesman in any of our cities what is a dime or a mill, and the chances are four in five that he will not understand your question.' This, however, we cannot help considering one of the greatest inconveniences of transatlantic and continental reckonings. We are accustomed to talk of amounts in as small numbers as possible; and one of the great advantages we see in decimal gradations is, that we should never have a number above 9, except in pounds. There is something not only troublesome but indefinite, in the idea of ten and twenty in comparison with one and two; and a French account in francs bewilders us when it amounts to thousands and millions. Probably the half and

quarter francs of France, and the half and quarter dollars of America, have been the means of exploding the decimals next below them; and on this ground we differ from those who plead for the continuance of our present shillings and sixpences, as half and quarter florins. The shilling is a coin so inseparably connected with 12 and 20, that no decimal system will obtain while it exists. It is useless to say, that it would be retained only as a circulation coin, and not as a denomination in accounts; for so long as we have it at all, we will certainly reckon from it and by it. For purposes of common barter, there ought to be a two-cent piece, a four-cent, and perhaps a seven-cent; and thus we shall be compelled to *think decimally*. 'If it is worth while to alter at all,' says Mr Taylor, 'ought we not to go the whole required length, and aim without timidity at the possession of a scale complete at once within itself, and so escape an indefinite prolongation of the purgatory of transition? In a change like the one under consideration, the work of pulling down an old system is far more difficult than that of building up another, and every prop must be removed before it will fall.'

With respect to the copper coins, there seems to be no hurry about disturbing them. It appears that the Dutch stiver and the French sou have maintained their place in spite of legislation. So, probably, would the English penny, and properly enough as a 4-millet piece. We fear our poor people would feel it to be an attempt to mystify them, were the government to withdraw this familiar coin and substitute a 5-millet piece, as some have recommended, for the sake of establishing a binary division of the cent. It would, doubtless, be considered desirable, as an ulterior measure, to have a more exact copper coinage, marked as one millet, two millets, and four millets; but when we have, without scruple, passed as the twelfth part of a shilling the Irish penny, which is really only the thirteenth part, we may, in the meantime, use our present copper money, which will differ only a twenty-fifth from the new value attached to it—a discrepancy of no consequence, except to the holders of large quantities, from whom the Mint would be bound to receive it back at the value it bore when issued. These coppers, however, ought not to be used beyond the value of the cent, for then would arise the confusion of dealing with the 100 millets in the florin, or what would popularly be termed an odd half-penny in every shilling. For the same reason, the adjustment of prices, in order to be equitable, should be calculated downwards from the pound and florin, not upwards from the penny. Thus, if a labourer's wages have been 1s. 3d. a day, his employer must not say that 15 pence are 60 farthings—that is, 6 cents; but 1s. 3d. is five-eighths of a florin, which amount to about 6 cents 2 millets.

Such is the plan which has been officially laid down for a decimal coinage, and such the steps needful to carry it out. The only scheme we have seen which materially differs from it is that of Mr H. Norton. He selects for the highest denomination the half-sovereign, and proposes to call it a ducat. The shilling, as now in use, would then be the second denomination; the third, he proposes, should be a cent, equal to about $\frac{1}{14}$ of a penny, and which, he says, would be fairly represented by our large unmilled pennies, if newly christened; the fourth denomination to be a 'rap,' the tenth of the cent, and somewhat less than half a farthing. The great advantage adduced in favour of this scale is, that it would be much more likely than the other to secure general adoption. The removal of the pound, he says, affects chiefly the higher and educated classes; it leaves the shilling, which is the staple and standard for the masses, and also the penny, with slight alteration, accompanied by the utter removal of the old one. It is also said, that a half-farthing piece would be a great boon to the poor, especially in Ireland. The

circumstances alleged in recommendation of this scale, are just what appear to us to be its defects. The continuance of the poor man's penny would not appear a boon if he found there were to be only ten of them for a shilling; especially as many small articles, which were a penny before, would probably be a penny still, the dealers not finding it convenient to adjust the fraction. We well remember the dissatisfaction of the poorer classes in Ireland at the equalisation of the currency in 1825. Hitherto, the native silver coins had been 5d. and 10d. pieces, a British shilling had been a thirteen-penny, and a half-crown, 2s. 8½d. This half-crown was the usual breakfast-money of gentlemen's servants—that is, their weekly allowance for purchasing everything except dinner. When the servant now went to the huckster's, and got, as heretofore, 6d. worth of bread, 9d. worth of tea, 4d. worth of sugar, and 5d. worth of butter, there was only 6d. of change to buy another loaf in the middle of the week, instead of 8½d., which was wont to afford, we will not say what, over and above. It is for a similar reason that we say, if there remain anything which can be either identified or confounded with a penny, it should be lowered rather than raised in value. Small prices are not easily adjusted, and the temptation in the other case lies on the side of the dealer not to alter them. It is more certain, for instance, that a baker will take care to divide 2s. worth of bread into twenty-five penny-loaves, when a penny comes to be the twenty-fifth of a florin, than that he will divide 1s. worth into ten only, if a penny become the tenth of a shilling. And it would be less hardship for the poor housekeeper to find her penny-loaf 1-25th smaller, if she could discern the reduction, than to get only ten for her shilling, even if they were a fifth larger. Besides, we should feel it to be a poverty-stricken thought, that our internal commerce should be reduced to barter in half-farthings' worths, and that our merchants and bankers should have no denomination above the value of 10s. for the enormous sums which figure in their books.

The subject of names is worth a remark or two. The commissioners recommended 'florins,' as affording facilities to foreigners for understanding our monetary system; and in this respect it has advantages. 'Cent' and 'millet' are easily enunciated, and they convey to the educated classes, whether at home or abroad, the relative value of the coins. We cannot say, however, but we would prefer a more familiar nomenclature than florins, cents, and millets. Mr Norton's suggestion, that the names should not only be capable of easy and rapid utterance, but that they should be of the same Teutonic origin as our shilling and penny, is worthy of serious consideration. Dr Bowring, who advocated a strictly decimal scale, suggested the names, 'queens' and 'victorias' for the two middle denominations, leaving pounds and farthings as they were. Now, if it be deemed proper to change the name of the unfortunate florin when it makes its reappearance, 'queen' would be a very pretty substitute; but 'victoria' would soon be mangled down to its first syllable. If this style of nomenclature be preferred, 'prince' would be a more suitable name for the little cent-piece. Mr De Morgan is for 'pounds, royals, groats, and farthings.' But 'royal' is not capable of rapid enunciation, and 'groat' is decidedly objectionable for designating ten farthings, as it is still sacred to fourpence in the English mind. Whatever the names, the full enunciation of them at first would appear stiff and solemn; but abbreviated modes of expression would soon be established. 'Four-two' would be understood as L.4, 2 (florins), while 'four and two' would convey four florins, two cents. When three denominations were used, it would be 'four-three-two,' there being little danger of a misunderstanding as to whether the 'four' were pounds or florins. So, in writing, it would only be necessary to write after any sum the name of the lowest denomination,

as 48, 3, 7c., which would be known as L.48, 3 florins, 7 cents; or, to add ciphers for all lower denominations, as 48300, which, whether pointed or not, would convey L.48, 3, 0, 0.

In a future paper, we will resume the subject of decimals, viewing it with reference to weights and measures; when its advantages will more fully appear, by the facility it affords for the calculation of prices.

WHY THE SCOTCH DO NOT SHUT THE DOOR.

NATIONS have curious and almost unaccountable peculiarities. One interlards conversation with shrugs, and another with expectoration; and a third, by way of indicating satisfaction, rubs its hands. The Scotch have a peculiarity of their own. When they quit a room, they do not shut the door, but merely draw it gently after them, so as to leave it unlatched. Some individuals may not be strictly attached to this practice; but on the whole the Scotch may, for the sake of distinction, be said to be an anti-door-shutting nation. Now, why such should be the case, becomes an interesting philosophical problem.

Much consideration have we spent in pondering on this national oddity, and are free to admit that the conclusions arrived at are not so satisfactory as could be wished. Nevertheless, in default of any better explanation of the phenomenon, what we have to say may possibly carry a degree of weight.

The reason why the Scotch do not shut the door is, as we imagine, highly characteristic. It is not that they are ignorant of the important fact, that doors are made for shutting. They are fully aware that latches are not mere ornamental attributes of doors—things stuck on not to be used. And it cannot be imputed to them, that they leave doors open for the sake of ventilation. In short, if strangers were to guess for a hundred years, they would fail to hit upon the real, true, and particular reason why the Scotch do not shut the door. One would naturally think, that as the act of shutting the door is the prerogative of the person who quits an apartment, it would not by so mindful a people be neglected. And neither it is. There is no neglect in the matter. The Scotch take a profound view of the subject. They institute a rigorous comparison between shutting and not shutting. True, they are not taught to do so, any more than Frenchmen are taught to make gestures. It is in them. They are born with a natural proneness to consider, as if it were a question of algebraic quantities, whether the satisfaction they might impart by shutting the door would not be more than counterbalanced by the dissatisfaction that might accrue from distinctly and unmistakably shutting it. Still, it seems strange how any displeasure could be incurred by the performance of what all the rest of mankind believe to be a mark of good-breeding. Strange, indeed! But it surely will be observed, that much depends on making a principle of a thing. And with respect to good-breeding, what if it can be placed in a double point of sight? It may be the etiquette in some countries to shut the door; but that proves nothing. In Europe, men uncover their heads on entering the presence of the great; in the East, they uncover the feet. Fashions are local. When the Scotch do not shut the door, they act conscientiously, according to ancient national usage. We may be certain that they have deliberately, arithmetically, and cautiously, weighed the question of shutting in its various and delicate bearings; and arrived at the clear conviction that, all things considered, it would be better not to shut!

Of course, the Scotch having, by innate logic, attained to a principle, they adhere to it as a thing which neither argument nor railery can upset. They have very properly resolved not to be reasoned, nor laughed, nor

edgelled out of their opinion. The door ought not to be shut! That is a truth as effectually demonstrated as any truth in mathematics; and such being the case, they will die rather than yield the point. Let it be understood, therefore, that in these observations we aim not in the slightest degree at proselytising our northern friends. They are a nation of anti-door-shutters, and that, on principle, they will remain to the end of the chapter.

It may, at the same time, be mentioned, that this acute people have no special objection to seeing a door shut, provided anybody else does it. Their principles apply only to shutting by their own hand. What might be very wrong in them, while quitting an apartment, would be proper enough for him who remains. He may rise and shut the door, if he feels inclined. It is his affair. Strictly speaking, he should appreciate the delicacy of feeling which has gracefully left the performance of this simple act to his own discretion. Yes, it is in this fine instance of steady principle that we see a discrimination of politeness exquisitely ingenious and beautiful. The English have the reputation of being a blunt, downright people; and their practice of shutting the door after them makes it certain they are so. When they draw to the door, turn the handle, and hear the latch click, they as good as say: 'There, the door is shut; the thing is done. I leave no doubt on the subject; I care not what you think of me; I have done my duty.' This is England all over—great, uncalculating, independent-minded England! The Scotch almost pity this daring recklessness of character. They are astonished at its boldness. It is action resting on no proper grounds. How differently they proceed! Treating it as belonging to the science of numbers, the following becomes the method of stating the question:—

Given that there is a door which may or may not be shut on quitting an apartment, let it be shewn by the rules of arithmetic whether it would be preferable to shut the said door or leave it open. Write down, first, the arguments for not shutting, according to their supposed value; then do the same for the arguments *per contra*; lastly, sum up both, and strike the balance. Thus—

FOR NOT SHUTTING.

Because the door is apt to slam, which would be exceedingly unpleasant, and might suggest the idea that you went out in a passion—valued as	4
If it did not slam, it might still make a creaking noise—valued as	2
Supposing it to make no noise at all, the impression is conveyed that you are going away never to return, whereas you have no such intention.	1
Chances of your causing a noise to disturb the company on opening the door when you return.	2
Probable loss of character by conveying the notion, that you are peremptory and abrupt in manners.	3
Giving the parties remaining the option of shutting or not, as suits their fancy.	2
That by leaving the door open, you do not commit yourself to a determinate act,	2
	16

FOR SHUTTING.

That a cold wind may not blow into the room; but this not probable, for it will be easy for those remaining in the apartment to rise and shut the door themselves.	1
That by a faint possibility you may give offence by leaving the door open.	1
That you may prevent persons outside overhearing what is said; this of small account, for people should not speak about things they do not wish to be repeated,	1
	3

Deducting 3 from 16, 13 remain. Result—balance of 13-19ths in favour of not shutting the door. Nothing, therefore, could be more clearly demonstrated than that the Scotch are strongly justified in leaving the door open when they quit an apartment. Doubts, indeed, may be entertained as to the values arbitrarily put on the respective items in the account: but to venture into this remote part of the inquiry would be to plunge us into the depths of metaphysics. Even supposing we were to make the matter as clear as the sun at noonday, there would still be sceptics. On shewing the above arithmetical calculation, for example, to an English lady, who has for a number of years studied Scotch character and manners, she, with a degree of bluntness that was exceedingly startling, gave it as her unqualified opinion, that the whole thing was a piece of nonsense; and that the only reason, as far as she could observe, why the Scotch do not shut the door, is that they have never been taught that it is consistent with good-manners to do so. The audacity of some people is really wonderful!

EDFOU AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE is something extremely pleasant in the general regularity with which the picture of Egypt unfolds itself on either hand like a double panorama as you descend the Nile. When moving in the opposite direction, against the perpetual current, you are sometimes compelled to creep slowly on, tugged by a tight-strained rope at the rate of seven or eight miles a day; whilst anon a wind rises unexpectedly, and carries you with bewildering speed through forty or fifty miles of scenery. But the masts being taken down, and the sails folded for the rest of the voyage, and the oars put out, you begin to calculate with tolerable certainty on the rate of progress; for though violent contrary winds do frequently blow during part of a day, it is almost always possible to make up for lost time in the hours that neighbour on sunset before and after. Well-seasoned Nile-travellers confirm our experience; and as we had rowed and floated within a calculated time from Assouan to Ombos, and from Ombos to Silsilis, so did we proceed to Edfou, and to the stations beyond, with few exceptions of obstinately adverse weather.

True, some portions of the view are missed during the hours of night-travelling; but these have most probably been seen during the ascent. Besides, though the scenery of the Nile is certainly not monotonous enough to weary the eye, yet there is a general sameness in its details, a want of those bold, original features which in other countries stamp the character of particular localities. Two parallel lines of mountains ever within sight of each other, now advancing towards the river through a sea of verdure in promontories, always nearly with the same level outline, now receding in semicircular sweeps; a narrow flat plain, loaded with crops and palm-groves, and intersected by canals and dikes, sometimes equally divided by a tortuous stream of vast breadth, but sometimes thrown, as it were, all to one side, east or west; occasionally a long line of precipices descending sheer into the very water; once only a regular defile with rocks on either hand; islands in the river, sandbanks, broad, winding reaches—such, in a few words, is a description of Egypt. It is the variety of colour produced by that mighty painter, the sun, that gives all the beauty to the landscape; and of this it is almost impossible to convey an idea. The chaste loveliness of the dawn, the majestic splendour of noon, and the marvellous glories of the sunset-hour—the

thousand hues that glow and tremble, and melt and mingle around through all the scenes of this great drama of light—words have not yet been invented to describe.

And then the night! Who can sit down and recall and count over the impressions which fly like a troop of fairies over the thrilling senses at that mystic hour, when the skirts of retiring day have ceased to flutter above the western hills, and the moon casts down her pale, melancholy glances on the silent scene, and the stars—our guardian angels, according to some—seem to stoop nearer and nearer to the earth as slumber deepens, as if to press golden kisses upon the eyelids of those whom they watch and love! In all countries these hours are beautiful; but in Egypt—let those who doubt come and witness all that we beheld, and which is indescribable, on the evening that we left the neighbourhood of Silailis on our way to Edfou—on that calm, placid river, over which brooded a silence interrupted only by the alternate songs of the crews of the two boats as they leisurely pulled with the current.

It was late in the afternoon of next day when we reached the landing-place; but we immediately set out to see the ruin, if ruin it can be called, for it is almost in perfect preservation. After traversing a broad extent of ground covered with rank grass and prickly plants, we came to the customary palm-grove, and then entered what romancers would probably call the 'good city' of Edfou. It is a considerable collection of huts, principally constructed of mud, clustering amidst mounds of rubbish at the base of the temple. The lofty propylæa, above a hundred feet high, I believe, were of course seen from far off, both during our walk and in ascending and descending the river. As is the case in nearly all other Egyptian buildings, the effect at a distance is anything but picturesque. From want of objects of comparison, the impression of great size is not produced; and nothing can be meaner in outline than two towers like truncated pyramids, pierced with small, square windows at irregular intervals. On a nearer approach, however, the surface-ornament begins to appear; and the central doorway, overhung by a rich and painted cornice, presents itself in its really grand proportions, but crushed, as it were, by the vast size of the twin towers, which now seem magnified into mountains. At Edfou the effect of this surprise is partly injured by the circumstances: first, the accumulation of huts through which you approach; and second, that of mounds of dirt which have risen nearly to the height of the doorway. However, when you come to the summit of these mounds, almost on a level with the lintel, and look down between the enormous jambs into a kind of valley formed by the great court, with its wonderful portico and belt of columns, it is difficult to conceive a more imposing scene.

The walls on all sides were covered with gigantic figures, quite wonderful to behold in their serene ugliness; but awakening no more human sympathy than the singular figures we saw on the Chinese-patterned plate stuck over the doorway in Nubia. The exaggeration that is usually indulged in with reference to Egyptian art is such, that if we were to attempt to describe these sculptured ornaments according to our own impressions, we should run the risk of being accused of caricature. We do not mean on this temple only, but on all the temples of Egypt. Now and then

a face of beautiful expression, though still with heavy features, is met with; but in general both countenance and figure are flat, out of proportion, and stiff in drawing, whilst the highest effort of colouring consists of one uniform layer, without tints or gradation. Perhaps amidst the many thousand subjects found in tombs and temples between Philæ and Cairo, one or two may be treated with nearly as much skill as was exhibited by the Italian painters before the time of Cimabue—except that scarcely an attempt even is made at grouping or composition. Nor must it be supposed that the Egyptian school was in course of development. They seem to have arrived at the highest excellence of which their intellect was capable. Their outlines, though in general excessively mean, are very firmly drawn; and they represent details with a laborious ingenuity worthy of the Chinese. Some enthusiastic antiquarians describe with great animation the scenes of public and domestic life which occur in such profusion; and, book in hand, we have admired and wondered at—not the genius of the artists, but that of their historians. How, in fact, do the Egyptians really proceed? They want to represent a hunt, for example: so they sketch a man with his legs extended like compasses, armed with a huge bow, from which he is in the act of discharging a monstrous arrow. Then close by they draw, without any attempt at perspective, a square enclosure, in which they set down higgledy-piggledy a variety of animals, some of them sufficiently like nature to allow their species to be guessed at. In one corner, perhaps, is a sprig of something intended for a tree, and intimating that all this is supposed to take place in a wood. This hieroglyphical or algebraical method of 'taking off' the occurrences of human life is applied with almost unvarying uniformity. Such was high art among the Egyptians; whom it is now the fashion to cry up at the expense of those impertinent Grecians, who presumed to arrive at excellence, almost at perfection, in so many departments.

However, the vast size of the figures on the front of the propylæa of Edfou does certainly, in spite of their awkwardness, produce an imposing effect, especially at the time we first beheld them, when the gray twilight had descended upon the earth, and night was already thickening beneath the heavy portico. We walked, or rather slid, down into the great court. It was surrounded with massive columns loaded with ornament, and looked grave in the extreme, in spite of the heaps of rubbish that encumbered it, and enabled us to ascend to the summit of the colonnade at one corner. The architecture of the Egyptians was certainly sublime. Their style anticipated and surpassed the Gothic in majesty, though certainly not in beauty. Their massive walls, Cyclopean columns, dim porticos, gloomy chambers, produce even now all the terrific impressions they could have desired. Perhaps the crumbling ruins which encumber the roof, the wretched remains of Christian buildings once erected on this temple as on a rock for security, rather heighten than diminish its effect. We walked round a vast wall still in perfect preservation, which encircles the windowless parallelogram formed by the temple, and reaches about half its height, leaving a narrow court like a moat all round; and we felt that these religious edifices had been fortresses likewise, and that temporal as well as spiritual terrors had of yore surrounded them. When shall we be able to wring forth the secret of that ancient time? When will its history cease to be a myth, its kings become real personages, its civilisation something better than a romance? As yet, nothing has been discovered except a string of disjointed facts, which scholars arrange each after his own fashion, and which no more resemble any other known series of

human actions than the accidental combination of the kaleidoscope does this living and breathing world. We want a key, and a key has not been found. So men go stumbling on through the inextricable labyrinth, and exhaust more ingenuity in vain speculations than would suffice to bring a variety of modern sciences to perfection.

It was perfectly safe to indulge in these thoughts, because even if any mighty antiquary had been at hand, he would have been obliged to confess that although some truth may have been brought to light, it is impossible to put one's finger upon it. For almost all men who have studied Egyptian antiquities differ entirely in their conclusions—all arrange dynasties in a different manner, and find more mistakes than discoveries in their predecessors. Well, thought we, let us leave them to their researches: if they do not find the pot of gold, they may cultivate the ground. For our part, we will hasten on to where yon pale gleam of yellow light is pouring between the propylæa and the body of the temple over the court-yard upon an enormous mountain of rubbish. It was the moon that had risen—not to enlighten the scene, but to render it more dim and mysterious, more full of strange shadows and illusions. On such occasions it is difficult even for the least imaginative to check a thought of what that pale, thoughtful-looking orb, which has watched the changing aspects of this scene for so many thousand years, could tell if it had a tongue! We gazed inquiringly at it; but as it rose higher and higher, and poured down more light on all objects around, it seemed to smile at our inquisitiveness, and to bid us turn less eager glances towards the dust and rubbish of old times, where perchance we may find a precious stone, perchance a bit of broken glass—but bend our eyes more steadfastly to the future, the centuries unborn, the inevitable, though not yet created infinite.

Edfou is situated at a little distance inland on the western bank of the Nile. As usual, the land in the neighbourhood of the river is high in comparison with that which is beyond—that is to say, there is a continual descending slope to the edge of the desert, where at this time of year there is, as it were, a succession of large ponds, water-channels, and marshes. It is impossible to reach the desert except by a long, elevated, tortuous dike, which begins near the town and terminates near the foot of a spur of the Libyan chain, some three or four miles distant. By the aid of the telescope we could distinguish in the niches of the rock a variety of dark spots resembling the entrances of grottoes; and, hearing that others had made the same observation, though without undertaking the fatigue of a visit, we determined to set out next morning, and combine a little sporting with antiquity-hunting.

Though the sun was not very high, it was sufficiently warm when we started, and we had good reason for anticipating a broiling ride. At this point there is not an atom of shade, not the semblance of a tree between the river and the stony desert. All the palm-groves cluster round the town of Edfou and the villages north and south. We were soon upon the dusty dike, which, as we proceeded, seemed to lift us higher and higher above the level plain, half bright-green, half sheeted with water, that lay in death-like repose, and reflected the sun's rays like a burnished mirror. It soon appeared that our anticipations of good sport were not to be disappointed: on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, as well as near at hand in the pools at the base of the *gisr* or dike, appeared innumerable birds, principally aquatic. Large flocks of paddy-birds, often called the white ibis, speckled the green of the fields; enormous pelicans stood hanging their enormous beaks, as if in drowsy contemplation, over distant pools; storks and herons, single, or arranged, as it were, in military array, accompanied them; and prodigious masses of white birds glittered in the sun on the verge

of the marshy plain. Then the water was alive with cormorants, geese, ducks, divers, teal, coot, that swam about in amazing numbers, or, startled at the slightest noise, flew generally at a cautious distance overhead. Birds of prey were of course likewise numerous—hawks, kites, vultures; and whole flights of large, black crows went by now and then, cawing vociferously. We could see also prodigious numbers of the *ghatta* or red-legged partridge flying northward or settling on the edge of the desert. It seemed as though a grand parliament of the feathered creation were about to be held.

When we reached the desert we found a small Coptic convent standing amidst the ruins of a much larger one near the head of the *gisr*. We visited it in the course of the morning, and were civilly received and conducted over the establishment. However, there was nothing particular to see. The grottoes we found to be of no interest whatever, being only a few feet deep, and containing neither sculptures nor inscriptions. At the base of the rocks were some oblong mouths of wells, but they were nearly filled with sand, so that, in an antiquarian point of view, we had reason to be disappointed. We passed some time on the plain, covered with *halfah*, a kind of coarse grass, to the north of the convent; succeeded in getting some partridges to add to our water-fowl; and returned in the afternoon with a donkey-load of game to the boat.

On the opposite side of the river there is some good ground for hare-shooting. We had been there before with success, and determined on a second visit. The scenery presented a curious contrast to that on the west bank—no dikes, no ponds, no marshy fields. The country extends from the bank in a high level plain, principally overgrown with halfah-grass, to the desert. Formerly there was scarcely any cultivation; all was abandoned to unprofitable thickets, that grew wild down to the river's margin. Now a good deal of *dhourra* is grown; and in January we saw the bright green blades of wheat coming up amongst the stubble. The castor-oil plant has been introduced, but as yet the unprofitable silk-tree and the wild bushes are far more common.

The change that has taken place is attributed to the fact, that a Frenchman, in the service of the pacha, has discovered coal-mines in the vicinity; and this is farther confirmed by the name bestowed on the mountains—Gebel et Fahm (Mountains of Coal.) But none of the valuable mineral has as yet made its appearance, and sceptics pretend that none ever will. We saw four or five large black heaps at a distance, and thought they might be the produce of the neighbourhood; but on drawing nigh they turned out to be charcoal manufactured in the desert, and brought down for sale by the Bedouins. There is a village of Ababde beneath the desert hills on the extreme verge of the plain; and the new cultivation seems entirely due to its inhabitants.

It was late in the evening when we this time came to the hare-ground; but we expected to take advantage of puss, as we had done once before, by moonlight. As we beat about among the bushes, myriads of drowsy sparrows, that had settled to rest on the boughs, rushed up with a tremendous noise, but sank down again almost instantaneously, to be once more disturbed. We started a few hares, but they glided away like shadows in the twilight, and we got no shots. Next morning we again tried our fortune; but it would appear as if the wary things had held a council of war, and decamped with bag and baggage. We found the sparrows lively and twittering, as though their night's rest had not been disturbed; hundreds of doves cooed securely on the boughs; and half a dozen mighty storks flew off from the midst of a dew-bespangled copse. But though we turned out the crews of two boats in default of dogs, not a hare shewed its ears; and we

gave up the search disappointed. It is remarked by old travellers on the Nile, that these animals constantly shift their quarters; not, indeed, in the course of a night, as we perhaps gratuitously supposed, but from season to season.

AN ENGLISH WORKMAN'S ACCOUNT OF A 'STRIKE' IN NEW YORK.

It was my second summer in New York: a residence of two years in that busy and enterprising city had enabled me to form juster views concerning the social policy of its inhabitants than those which had presented themselves to me on first landing; two years, if properly made use of, will serve to correct many fallacies, and to throw light on places and people. There is nothing like seeing with your own eyes, if you want really to know what the two latter are—whether they come up to your standard of comparison or otherwise. In several respects, chiefly material, I liked America better than England; the abundance and cheapness of provisions, for instance, and the ease with which fruits and other luxuries—to say nothing of books and newspapers—were procurable by the working-classes, presented, at that time at least, a striking contrast to the state of things in the 'old country.' I liked, too, at first, the sort of free-and-easy intercourse of the working-men with those, conventionally speaking, above them. Jack considered himself as good as his master, though not without occasional mortifications at not finding the sentiment reciprocated. The feeling, however, imparted a show of independence, rather captivating to one who was not a little imbued with 'old-country' radicalism. On the other hand, I had been astonished, not to say disconcerted, at finding—which I did more and more every day—how much mechanics are looked down upon in the United States. You have only to wear jacket and apron, and write yourself artisan, to be excluded from 'good' society as rigidly as if born under the caste-laws of India. Where there appears to be an equal chance for all to rise, those who have risen draw the line of demarcation with much greater severity than strangers are willing to believe.

Another point on which my notions were corrected was, that it was not so very easy to find work in New York as is commonly reported; and that, though wages were 20 per cent. higher than I had been accustomed to, the high price of clothing, lodging, &c. made it, notwithstanding, necessary for a man to be exceedingly careful of his expenditure, if he wished really to save money. There was no royal road to wealth on that side the Atlantic any more than on this.

Yet, among the facts which I liked, there was a set-off for this: it was the absence of those stupid trade-regulations which in England, and on the continent of Europe, hamper so annoyingly the movement of commerce, and complicate so vexatiously the relations between employers and employed. Few of these relics of feudal-age policy exist in the United States: a master takes as many apprentices as he pleases, perfectly regardless of anything his journeymen may think or say to the contrary. He believes, and not without reason, that while he pays them fair wages for their labour, they have no right to interfere with his mode of conducting his business. It was a relief to get clear of the traditional customs and usages of European workshops, and to feel that the way was clearer for rising out of the ranks. But there was one exception, in a large foundry and engine-factory into which I sometimes went to see an acquaintance: there the 'old-country' customs, as to drinking when new hands were taken on, prescribing coercive limitations, and so forth, were in full vigour. My shopmates were greatly amused one day by my account of what I had seen and heard in the factory, and our foreman exclaimed in language that would

have done credit to Sam Slick: 'Well! if them machinists aint the pigheadedest fellers I ever heerd tell of!—they must be Johnny Bulls!'

Such were some of my experiences of American life, and I was working on in my usual plodding way, when I found that there was still something to be learned. The journeymen cabinet-makers throughout the city took it into their heads that too great a share of the profits of trade went into the masters' pockets, and they determined, by demanding higher wages, to secure if possible an increased proportion for themselves. The masters being informed of the fact, maintained the contrary, and thereupon issue was joined. An 'old-price book' and a 'new-price book' came immediately to be talked about, with a fervour scarcely exceeded by that of the O. P. hostilities, well remembered by old playgoers in London; and among the men, a few ambitious spirits assumed the direction of affairs, and drew around them many willing helpers. Preliminary meetings were held to organise an opposition to the masters, and to take measures for the proper setting-forth and enforcement of the claims of the men, and the grounds on which the advance of wages was demanded. Deputations were appointed to wait on the employers, or 'bosses,' and shew reason why they should 'give in;' but the bosses would not give in, and declared themselves to be the best judges of their own business; that wages were as high as sale-prices would allow, and that a rise was out of the question. On hearing this, the men threatened a strike, to take place by a certain day, if their demands were not complied with.

From ten to twelve hands were employed in the shop where I worked—a rather heterogeneous assemblage. The foreman and one or two others were Americans, and the rest were Germans, French, and Irish—I being the only Englishman. Notwithstanding the diversity of nation, there was but little in sentiment, for with the exception of the apprentice, who was not a free agent, and myself, they all determined to 'turn out,' and many a taunt had I to bear for refusing to join them. Our boss was a man well to do in the world. Having of course heard of the threatened strike, he said: 'Well, you can do just as you like. There's no boss in the city pays better prices than I do, and they wout go up a cent the higher for all your striking.'

For my part, I was quite taken by surprise by the strike; it was the last thing I should have expected to see in America. But there it was, sure enough; and now that the boss had so unequivocally declared his sentiments, the shop became the more demonstrative in the expression of theirs. They were not going to be slaves for anybody; it was a free country; they had a right to higher wages, and higher wages they would have. The Britisher wasn't half a man; he was a sneak, who ought to have stayed in his own tyrannical country; and much more to the same effect. Consequently, on the day fixed, they just shewed themselves at the shop for a few minutes after breakfast, and then went off in a body to a great 'mass meeting,' called for the first day of the strike; and all the while emigrants from Europe were pouring into the city at the rate of ten or twelve hundred every week.

A first measure was to ascertain the numbers who had struck, how many were recusants, and in what shops they were working, with a view to devise means for procuring a total cessation of work in all the shops of the city. Advertisements of the proceedings speedily appeared in the daily papers, chiefly in those which, being sold at a cent apiece, circulated most largely among the working population. The masters were warned, that holding out on their part would be of little avail; and as for the 'misguided men' who persisted in working, they were invited to join the ranks of the insurgents, with promises of work at twelve

dollars a week, or the option of being stigmatised as unworthy members of society. Compared with the 'turn-outs,' the number of those who persisted in their labour was very small. As for myself, it seemed at first uncommonly dull to hear only the noise of my own tools, or of the apprentice's, echoing through the workshop. But the weather was fine; my 'job,' a 'secretary bookcase,' was one that I liked; and I kept on without a single misgiving as to the propriety of my determination.

After a few days spent in debates and discussions, and adjustment of differences between the old and new list of prices, deputations were sent round to all shops where the men had not joined the strike, and, among others, they visited me. For some reason—perhaps to avoid vexing the boss—they would not come up stairs, and requested me to meet them at the basement door. On going down, I saw some five or six well-dressed, intelligent-looking men—not a rare sight among the mechanics of New York—and then, they standing under the 'stoop,' and I leaning against a pile of maple-joists, one of them opened the business with a little dissertation on political and social economy, and the inherent right of men to band themselves together for the common good; after which, he inquired my reasons for continuing to work in opposition to the will of the majority. Those who have lived in America, and those only, will be able fully to comprehend the significance of these four words in italics. My answer was, that 'I had come to America to better myself, and could not afford to lose time.'

'But you need not lose time. There's a steam-boat fitting up down below at the dock; we can get you work on board of her at twelve dollars a week.'

'I don't know anything of steam-boat work; and if I did, it would not suit me to give up a steady place for one that must necessarily be uncertain.'

'You mean to say, then, that you will keep on working where you are?'

'I do.'

'You must be a fool to work for eight or nine dollars a week, when, by standing out, you could get twelve.'

'Not so sure of that; it is but a few who can make two dollars a day, and I am not one of them. Nine dollars is about a fair rate for what I can do.'

'That's no reason why you shouldn't try to better yourself by standing out. The bosses must give in, if all hands will only strike; and if it weren't for you European slaves and convicts, we'd soon carry our point.'

The term convict is a taunt frequently applied to Englishmen by working-people in the United States, and its introduction into the argument did not at all surprise me.

'I have little inclination,' I answered, 'to throw myself out of work just to enable you, and a dozen or two more, to get your twelve dollars a week. My first duty is, to take care of myself and my family. Our boss is a good fellow in the main, and I don't want to leave him; and, besides, there's another reason why I won't strike.'

'And what's that?'

'Because it won't succeed. You might as well try to stop the stream of the Hudson, as to keep up wages, while fifty or a hundred cabinet-makers are coming in every week from Germany, ready to work for twelve dollars a month.'

'That shews how much you know about it. In our great and free country, there's work for all Europe; so it's no use saying wages can't be kept up.'

'Whether or not,' I retorted, 'that's my opinion, and I shall stick to it till I find a better.'

On this, the opposite party delivered himself of a lengthy harangue, in which arguments were quoted from Adam Smith, De Tocqueville, and others, with considerable fluency; all intended, apparently, to convict

me of flagrant error, and prognosticate 'consequences.' I had not at that time read the works of these writers, and had only very youthful experience to oppose to such a weight of authority; and being, besides, one of those unfortunate individuals who cannot think of the right thing to say until twenty-four hours after the occasion has passed, I remained silent. My opponents mistook silence for assent, and left me, expressing a hope that they should see me at their committee-room next day.

The passage, at the entrance of which this scene had taken place, was separated from a turner's shop adjoining by a thin wooden partition, and the turner, who was a New Yorker, stopped his lathe to listen to our parley. When he heard me turn to go up stairs, he shouted: 'Hillo! Johnny Bull, they were rather too many for you. You must get up a little sooner in the mornin', if you want to circumvent Yankees! Look out for squalls, old fellow!'

'Words is only wind,' I replied, quoting one-half of a 'down-east' adage, as I ran up the stairs; he, however, before I got out of hearing, added the second half: 'but blows hurts.'

Three or four days passed away; trade was remarkably brisk, and a few of the bosses gave in—a fact announced with great exultation by the turn-outs, who now felt confident of victory, and urged their demands more strenuously than ever. But compliance was no part of the bosses' intentions, for no sooner were the arrears of unfinished work cleared off, than the hands found themselves again at liberty. This proceeding naturally irritated the struggle somewhat; and subscriptions for the support of those who, habituated to live from hand to mouth, had saved nothing, were called for with renewed importunity. The strike was beginning to feel the pressure of the laws of nature.

Now and then, one of my shopmates would drop in, and intimate that it would be dangerous for me to persist in having my own way; but I felt no whit inclined to yield, for, although I had seen the houses of intermarried blacks and whites devastated, and a bonfire made in the street with their furniture, I had but little apprehension of personal violence, and the boss protested that he would 'see me righted,' should any mischief befall. So it went on for a few days longer, when a second deputation waited upon me, and, less ceremonious than the first, they rushed noisily, and without notice, up the stairs, and crowded into my bench-room. There were about twenty of them; their spokesman looked clean and respectable, but the others were a dirty, out-at-elbows, tobacco-chewing crew, only to be described by that expressive American epithet, 'loafers'; and they eyed me with very sinister looks, while the leader began an appeal to my *esprit de corps*. It is scarcely necessary to repeat the argument that followed. Having nothing new to offer, I merely said, that I considered myself at full liberty to work for whatever amount of wages to me seemed satisfactory; that I would no more submit to any interference with that liberty, than to any tyranny over my conscience; and that all I claimed at their hands, was to be let alone. Cries of 'Hustle him out!' frequently interrupted me; and perhaps a proof that 'blows hurts' might have followed, but just as I finished, my boss came in, and commanded the party to leave his premises, with an assurance that he would not suffer me to be molested. The leader, who seemed as much ashamed of his followers as Falstaff was of his ragged regiment, immediately beat a retreat, and his troop with him; one or two, as they went out, declaring that they would 'hammer' me whenever they caught me in the street. I, however, went and came as usual, and for some reason—perhaps the boss's declaration in my favour—met with no annoyance.

What was the upshot? As emigrant cabinet-makers arrived, they were at once engaged, and set to work;

and at the end of six weeks, the strike came to an end. The turn-outs not only failed in carrying their point, but found themselves in a worse position than when they began, for numbers of them were no longer 'wanted,' and had to migrate to the country, or accept a lower rate of wages than before, besides the loss of the best part of the busy season. In our own shop, one American and two of the Germans were altogether dismissed, greatly to their mortification; and in this unexpected reverse, they began to perceive how they had been duped. I, on the other hand, having finished the first bookcase, was well advanced in a second; and had, besides, the satisfaction of knowing that the overplus of my six weeks' earnings was safely added to the 'nest-egg,' and of hearing my shopmates applaud my resolution, and wish that they had done likewise. Many were the conversations touching masters and men that grew out of the event, and, if permitted, I may perhaps take an opportunity of making our conclusions public.

One day, some two years after the strike, while walking down Washington Street, I met the leader of the second deputation aforementioned. 'I guess I have seen you before,' he said, laying a hand upon my shoulder. 'Didn't you work at C—'s? Ah! you were the toughest customer we had; but if we had all done as you did, it would have been better for us.'

THE DOCTOR VERSUS THE MEDICINE.

We have not taken any part in the controversy now raging between the Allopathists and Homœopathists; but we think it our duty to point out a signal benefit which appears to have resulted from it. Allopathy means simply 'another suffering,' and Homœopathy 'the same suffering;' from which the ingenious may conclude, that our regular doctors pretend to cure diseases by inducing other diseases, and the new school by inducing symptoms identical with those of the existing disease. But there is another difference between the schools. The one gives the medicine boldly by the grain, the other cautiously by the millionth part of a grain. Both sometimes fail; both sometimes cure. Which is right?

We cannot pretend to answer the question; but in practice we hold with the regular doctors. We do this because we are used to it. We may be said to have been born with their silver spoon in our mouths; and we should be terrified if the ghost of a grain went in instead. We have done our duty from our youth up by pills, boluses, and draughts: we can lay our hand, with a clear conscience, on our stomach, and avouch that fact. We have ever held our doctor in too much reverence to disobey him; and we revere him more and more every day, since we find him grappling closer and closer with the Homœopathists, and meeting them manfully on their own ground. 'We will not,' says he, 'give in to the absurdity of attempting to counteract a disease by a medicine that produces the same disease; but something good may be learned from your infinitesimal system. To that system you owe the fact that you are now at large: if you had given doses like ours of such medicines, you would have been in the hands of the turnkey or the mad-doctor long ago. Your cures have been effected by your giving so little as not to interrupt nature in any appreciable manner. But we will improve upon your placebos. If an infinitesimal dose is good, no dose at all is better—and, except in special cases, that shall henceforward be our system!'

Our readers may think this a jest; but it is actually the point at which, on the part of the Allopathists, the controversy has arrived. A very intelligent and intelligible paper by Dr C. Radcliffe Hall, of Torquay, has

appeared in the *Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal*, in which the subject is treated in a pleasant and profitable way. He is aware of the difficulty there will be in introducing the new system—of the surprised stare with which the patient will regard the doctor 'doing nothing'; and as confidence is an important part of the cure, the rule cannot be made absolute. 'But as often as it can be adopted it should. By degrees, the doctrine will work its way, that medical attendants are required to survey, superintend, and direct disease, to watch lest harm accrue unnoticed, to employ active remedies when required, or not to interfere at all, as seems to their own judgment best. Every case of successful treatment without medicines will assist to indoctrinate the public with this view. By learning how much nature can do without medicines, people will be able to perceive more correctly how much medicines, when they are necessary, can assist nature.'

The following is given as an example of a case of non-interference. 'A child, above the age of infancy, is chilly, looks dull around its eyes, has headache, pain in the back, quick pulse, and no appetite. It is not known that the digestive organs have been overtaxed. The case may prove—anything. A local inflammation not yet made manifest by local pain; the commencement of continued, or remittent, or exanthematous fever; in a word, there is scarcely any ailment of children of which this may not be the commencement. If, on careful examination, no local disease can be made out, we have no correct indication for special treatment. Give nature fair play. Put the child into a warm bed in a warm room, keep it quiet, stop the supplies of food, but not of water, and wait. When reaction takes place, if there be anything serious, it shews itself, and we then know what to attend to. Very frequently, the case is one of mere ephemeral febrile disorder, from exposure to cold; and in two or three days, the child is perfectly well again, without having taken either medicines or globules. But have we done nothing? When the heart was striving to restore the balance of the circulation, by adopting the recumbent posture, we gave it less work to do. The equable warmth of bed was soothing to the nervous system, and solicited the afflux of blood to the surface. By abstinence, we avoided ministering to congestion of the viscera, and introducing food which, as it could not be properly digested, would decompose and irritate the stomach and bowels.' Here the do-nothing doctor actually assisted nature; he took care that she should not be thwarted in her operations, and he stood by watching the case, like an attorney at the examination of a prisoner, who does nothing, but whose presence is essential to his client. If the usual counteracting remedies had been administered, a disease would have been induced, for which a process of convalescence would have had to be gone through. If the globules had been given simultaneously with the hygienic treatment described, Homœopathy instead of nature would have had the credit of the cure.

'In all chronic blood-diseases,' says Dr Hall, 'medicines are useful, but hygienic treatment'—the word is explained by the treatment of the above case—'must rank the first. In all acute blood-diseases, when mild and occurring in a previously healthy constitution, as they must run through a special course, and last for a certain time, cases will frequently do very well without any medicines. More frequently, a little medicine occasionally to meet a temporary requirement is serviceable; but in every case of this kind, however severe, the difficult point of medical judgment is, rather, when to do nothing, than what to do. Hygienic treatment is invariably necessary. Acting on the principle of the accoucheur, that nature is to be carefully watched, but that so long as she proceeds well, she is to be let alone, we shall meet with few cases of illness in which we cannot find opportunities to judiciously dispense with

medicines.' Another difficulty in adopting this system may be found in the doctor's fear, that if he dispenses with medicines, the patient may dispense with him; but we are of Dr Hall's opinion, that this is quite illusory. The only difference it will make will be, that patients will learn to trust more to the judgment of their medical attendant, and less to the efficacy of his medicines.

Hydropathy proceeds on the hygienic treatment, although doubtless in a somewhat rough manner. Air, exercise, rubbing, cold water, simple food—such are its substitutes both for medicines and globules; and we think the regular doctors might with great advantage take a leaf out of its book, as well as out of the book of homeopathy. With this reform, we would suggest—although with some timidity, for doctors are sensitive on the point—that a re-examination, on broad scientific principles, even of common diseases, would do some good. Doctors are too fond of systems of treatment, which are not made to fit the patient, but which the patient is expected to fit. Diseases run their course, and so do remedies; but it might be well to inquire what relation there is between the course of the one, and that of the other. The unvarying treatment of a disease looks odd to a thinking bystander. The same medicines are administered in case after case; the dose follows the symptom with the certainty of fate. The patient dies—the patient recovers. What then? The doctor has done his best—everything has been according to rule!

The following are the rules laid down for practitioners on the new system:—

'1. Never prescribe medicines when hygiene will do as well and can be enforced.

'2. Never permit the patient, or those around him, to expect more from medicines than medicines can perform.

'3. Never prescribe medicines, except avowedly as mere palliatives, when the period is gone by for them to be of ultimate service.

'4. Never conceal the *general* intention of the treatment; that is, whether it be adopted with a view to cure, or only to mitigate the disease, or merely to alleviate a symptom or symptoms.

'5. Never prescribe medicines more powerful than are necessary; or continue a powerful medicine longer, or repeat it oftener, than the disease actually requires.

'6. Never attribute to the medicine-giving part of the management of a successful case more than its due share of credit.'

We have called this a new system, but a new system is nothing without a name; and we therefore beg leave to suggest one, made up, like the others, of a Greek compound. First, we have Allopathy, another suffering; then Homeopathy, the same suffering; then Hydrophathy, water-suffering; and now let us have Anapathy, no suffering at all.

APPLICATION OF THE SIRENE TO COUNT THE RATE AT WHICH THE WINGS OF INSECTS MOVE.

The buzzing and humming noises produced by winged insects are not, as might be supposed, vocal sounds. They result from sonorous undulations imparted to the air by the flapping of their wings. This may be rendered evident by observing, that the noise always ceases when the insect alights on any object. The sirene has been ingeniously applied for the purpose of ascertaining the rate at which the wings of such creatures flap. The instrument being brought into unison with the sound produced by the insect, indicates, as in the case of any other musical sound, the rate of vibration. In this way it has been ascertained that the wings of a gnat flap at the rate of 15,000 times per second. The pitch of the note produced by this insect in the act of flying is, therefore, more than two octaves above the highest note of a seven-octave pianoforte.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

A WELCOME SACRIFICE.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

VAIN is the blood of rare and spotless herds,
Pastured in meads where blue Clitumnus shines;
Vain are sweet gums from lands that Indus girds,
Or diamonds sought in deep Brazilian mines;
Vain are Iberian fruits, and perfumed flowers,
Rich as a Grecian sunset's purest dyes,
If deemed, when worship claims thy holiest hours,
For HIM IN HEAVEN fit gift or sacrifice.

The flocks that roam on thrice ten thousand hills,
Each living thing that moves on shore and sea,
The gems and gold which gleam in caves and rills,
Saba's low shrub, and Lebanon's proud tree,
The fragrant tribes that spring on cliff and field,
That flush the stream, or fringe the smooth lake's brim,
Breathe, burn, and bloom, at His high will revealed,
And own with joy their Light and Lord in Him.

Our gains are Ills, and, laid before the Cross,
These must of our oblations form a part,
But oh! the choicest ores and gems are dross,
If brought without that pearl of price—THE HEART.
The poorest serf who fears a tyrant's nod,
Whose inmost soul hard bondage racks and wrings—
That toil-worn slave may send unseen to God
An offering far beyond the wealth of kings.

Come thou with breast from pride and passion freed,
Hands which no stain of guilt has ever soiled,
Feet swift and strong for every gentle deed,
Faith, hope, and truth, by sordid crowds unspoiled;
Come with a spirit full of generous love
For all beyond, and all below the skies:—
Make ready thou, for Him who reigns above,
The Christian's gift—A LIVING SACRIFICE.

'MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.'

An individual, signing himself 'A Protestant Dissenter,' has written to us, to remonstrate against one of the heroines of the tale in No. 424, with the above title, having been consigned by the author to the seclusion of a convent. As the same correspondent protests against the 'Visit to an English Monastery' in No. 413, as something calculated to introduce the wedge of Popery among our readers—the said article having given much offence to our Catholic readers, and terrified all our Protestant readers, but one, into thanking God for their own faith—perhaps it may be thought unnecessary for us to notice such a communication. But this is only one of the reproaches we receive almost daily, from all sides of the religious question. Our correspondents are not satisfied with the well-known fact, that while retaining our own opinions, we wilfully interfere with the opinions of no other man. Each secretly thinks we ought to side with him, and would have us sacrifice to this duty the usefulness of a journal which circulates freely among all denominations of religion, and inculcates the practical part of Christianity wherever it goes. We are tired of such correspondence—and there is the truth. Let it be understood once for all, that ours is no more a religious than it is a political mission. The supposed party tendency of expressions that occur here and there in our papers is the result of mere chance; it may be detected as often on one side as on another; and in no publication but our own does it rouse the acrimony of partisans. We give information connected with monasteries, churches, and conventicles, with equal impartiality; and if this is found otherwise than useful or amusing, it is the fault of those who convert facts into sentiments.

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THINGS IN EXPECTATION.

THE passing age is acknowledged to be remarkable in various respects. Great advances in matters of practical science; a vast development of individual enterprise, and general prosperity;—at the same time, strange retardations in things of social concern; a singular want of earnestness in carrying out objects of undeniable utility. Much grandeur, but also much meanness of conception; much wealth, but also much poverty. A struggle between greatness and littleness; intelligence and ignorance; light and darkness. Sometimes we feel as if going forward, sometimes as if backward. One day, we seem as if about to start a hundred years in advance; on the next, all is wrong somewhere, and we feel as if hurriedly retreating to the eighteenth century!

Upon the whole, however, we are ourselves inclined to look at the bright side of affairs; and in doing so, we are not without hope of being able to make some proselytes. Let us just see what are the prospects of the next twenty years—a long enough space for a man to look forward to in anything else than a dream. War, it is true, may intervene, or some other terrible catastrophe; but we shall not admit this into our hypothesis, which proceeds on the assumption, that although people may wrangle here and there, and here and there fly at each other's throats, still the bulk of civilised mankind will go on tranquilly enough to present no direct barrier to the advancing tide. Here is a list of a few trifles in expectation.

A line of communication by railway from England to the principal cities in India, interrupted only by narrow sea-channels, and these bridged by steam-boats. It will then be possible to travel from London to Calcutta in a week.

At the same time, there will be railways to other parts of Asia—Ispahan, Bagdad, Damascus, and Jerusalem. From the last-mentioned city, a line will probably proceed through the land of Edom, to Suez and Cairo; thence to Alexandria. This last portion is already in hand. Think of a railway station in the Valley of Jehoshaphat! As the course of the Jordan presents few 'engineering difficulties,' there might be a single line all the way from Nazareth to the Dead Sea, on which a steamer might take passengers to the neighbourhood of Petra. At a point near the shore of that mysterious sheet of water, a late traveller indicates the spot where Lot's wife was transformed into a pillar of salt. How interesting it would be to make this a stopping-place for tourists to view the adjacent scenery—rocky, wild, and scorched, as if fresh from the wondrous work of devastation!

It cannot be doubted that in a period much short of twenty years, railways will have penetrated from Berlin northwards to Russia; and therefore a communication of this kind through the whole of Europe, even to the shores of the Indian Ocean, will be among the ordinary things of the day.

As for communication by electric telegraph, where will it not be? Every town of any importance, from Moscow to Madras, will be connected by the marvellous wires. These wires will cross seas; they will reach from London to New York, and from New York to far-western cities—possibly to California. The sending of messages thousands of miles, in the twinkling of an eye, will be an everyday affair. 'Send Dr So-and-so on by the next train,' will be the order despatched by a family in Calcutta, when requiring medical assistance from London; and accordingly the doctor will set off in his travels per express, from the Thames to the banks of the Ganges. Spanning the globe by thought will then be no longer a figure of speech—it will be a reality. Science will do it all.

Long before twenty years—most likely in two or three—a journey round the world by steam may be achieved with comparative ease and at no great expense. Here is the way we shall go: London to Liverpool by rail; Liverpool to Chagres by steamer; Chagres to Panama by rail; Panama to Hong-Kong, touching at St Francisco; Hong-Kong to Singapore, whence, if you have a fancy, you can diverge to Borneo, Australia, and New Zealand; Singapore to Madras, Bombay, Aden, and Suez—the whole of the run to this point from Panama being done by steamer; Suez to Cairo, and Cairo to Alexandria (rail in preparation); lastly, by steamer from Alexandria to England. It is deeply interesting to watch the progress of intrusion on the Pacific. Already, within these few years, its placid surface has been tracked with steam-navigation; of which almost every day brings us accounts of the extension over that beautiful ocean. Long secluded, by difficulty of access from Europe, it is now in the course of being effectually opened up by the railway across the Isthmus of Panama. And the grandeur of this invasion by steam is beyond the reach of imagination. Thousands of islands, clothed in gorgeous yet delicate vegetation, and enjoying the finest climate, lie scattered like diamonds in a sea on which storms never rage—each in itself an earthly paradise. When these islands can be reached at a moderate outlay of time, money, and trouble, may we not expect to see them visited by the curious, and flourishing as seats of civilised existence? There is reason to believe, that the equable climate of many of them would prove suitable for persons affected with the complaints of northern

regions; and therefore they may become the Sanatoria of Europe. 'Gone to winter-quarters in the Pacific!'—a pleasant notice this of a health-seeking trip twenty years hence.

It may be reasonably conjectured, that this great and varied extension of journeying round the earth, and in all climates, will not be unaided by new discoveries in motive power. At present, we speak of steam; but there is every probability of new agents being brought into operation, less bulky and less costly, before twenty years elapse. Even while we write, men of science are painfully poring over the subject, and giving indications that in chemistry or electricity reside powers which may be advantageously pressed into the service of the traveller. Admitting, however, that steam will be retained as the prevailing agent of locomotion, we have grounds for anticipating improvements in its application, which will materially cheapen its use. As regards safety to life and limb, much will be done by better arrangements. In steam-voyaging, we may expect that means will be adopted to avert, or at least assuage, the terrible calamities of conflagration and shipwreck—better acquaintance with the principles of spontaneous combustion, and with the natural law of storms, being of itself a great step towards this important result.

One of the latest wonders in practical science, is a plan for cooling the air in dwellings in hot climates; by which persons residing in India, and other oppressively warm countries, may live habitually in an atmosphere cooled down to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, or the ordinary heat of a pleasant day in England. The very ingenious yet simple means by which this is to be effected, will form the subject of notice in our next number. Meanwhile, we may observe that the discovery is due to Mr C. Piazza Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland; and if perfectly successful in practice, of which there can be no reasonable doubt, it will have a most important effect in extending European influence over the globe.

The extension of the English language over the civilised world is a curiosity of the age. French, German, Italian, and other continental tongues, seem to have attained their limits as vernaculars. Each is spoken in its own country, and by a few fashionables and scholars beyond. But the language which pushes abroad is the English; and it may be said to be rooting out colonised French and Spanish, and becoming almost everywhere, beyond continental Europe, the spoken and written tongue. Long the Spanish enjoyed the supremacy in Central America; but it has followed the fate of the idle, proud, combative, and good-for-nothing people who carried it across the Atlantic, and is disappearing like snow before the sun of a genial spring. The sooner it is extinct the better. Already the English is the vernacular from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, wherever civilised settlements are formed. As large a population now speaks this nervous language in America as in Great Britain; and this is only an indication of its progress. By means of a rapidly-increasing population, the English language will in twenty years be spoken by upwards of fifty million Americans; and if to these we add all within the home and colonial dominion, the number speaking it at that period will not be short of a hundred millions. What an amount of letter-writing and printing will this produce! And, after all, how small that amount in comparison with what will be seen a hundred years hence, when many hundred millions of men are on the earth, English in speech and feeling, whatever may be their local and political distinctions! The gratification which one experiences in contemplating facts of this kind, transcends the power of language. To all appearance, our English tongue is the expression of civil and religious freedom—in fact, of common sense; and its spread over the globe

surely indicates the progress of civilised habits and institutions.

In referring to the qualities which are usually found in connection with the prevalence of English as a vernacular, we are led to anticipate prodigious strides in the popularisation of literature during the next twenty years. What, also, may we not expect to see done for the extension of epistolary correspondence? Inter-course by letter has advanced only one step of its progress, by the system of inland penny-postage. Another step remains to be effected: the system of carrying letters overseas on the same easy terms. That this Ocean Penny-Postage, as it is termed, will be carried out, at least as regards the larger British colonies, within a period much under twenty years, is exceedingly probable. When this grand achievement is accomplished, there will ensue a stream of intercommunication with distant lands, of which we can at present form no proper conception, and which will go far towards binding all parts of the earth in a general bond of brotherhood.

Such are a few of the things which we may be said to be warranted in looking for within a reasonably short period of time. Other things, equally if not more contributive to human melioration, are less distinctly in expectation. The political prospects of the continental nations are for the present under a cloud. With all the glitter of artistic and social refinement that surrounds them, the bulk of them appear to have emerged but little beyond the middle ages; and one really begins to inquire, with a kind of pity, whether they have natural capacities for anything better. The near proximity to England of populations so backward in all ideas of civil polity, and so changeable and impulsive in their character, cannot but be detrimental to our hopes of national advancement among ourselves; so true is it that peace and happiness are not more matter of internal conviction than of external circumstances.

Unfortunately, if there be something to lament in the condition of our neighbours, there is also something to humiliate on turning our attention homeward. In a variety of things which are required to give symmetry and safety to the social fabric, there appears to be an almost systematic and hopeless stoppage.

Nearly the whole of the law and equity administration of England seems to be a contrivance to put justice beyond reach; and whether any substantial remedy will be applied during the present generation may be seriously doubted.

It is universally admitted that, for the sake of the public health, interment in London and other large cities should be legally prohibited; and that various other sanitary arrangements in relation to these populous localities should be enforced. Yet, legislation on this subject seems to be beyond the grasp of statesmen.

The system of poor-laws throughout the United Kingdom is, with the best intentions, a cause of widely-spread demoralisation. These laws, in their operation, are, in fact, a scheme for robbing the industrious to support the idle. But where is the legislator who will attack and remodel this preposterous system?

The prevention of crime is another of our formidable social difficulties. Every one sees how young and petty criminals grow up to be old and great ones. It is admitted that the punishment of crime, after disorderly habits are confirmed, is no sufficient check; and that, if the evil is to be cured, we must go at once to its root. But when or how is this to be done? Again, there is a call for that scarcest of all things—statesmanship.

The bitterness of sectarian contention is another of the things which one feels to be derogatory to an age of general progress. No longer are men permitted to kill each other in vindication of opinion, but how

mournful to witness persecution by innuendo, vituperation, and even falsehood. Individuals and classes are seen bombarding each other in vile, abusive, and certainly most unchristian language, all ostensibly in the name of a religion which has for a fundamental principle, an utter repudiation of strife! Whether any amendment is to be looked for in this department of affairs within the next twenty years is exceedingly uncertain.

In the roll of disheartening circumstances in our social condition, it would be unpardonable to omit the enormities of intemperance, which, though groaned over day after day, remain pretty much what they have been for years; and it is to be feared, that so long as reformers confine themselves to attacking mere symptoms, instead of going to the foundation of the evil—a deficiency of self-respect, growing out of a want of instruction in things proper to be known, and for which the education of the country makes no provision—all will be in vain. How far there will prevail a more enlarged view of this painful subject, is not discoverable from the present temper of parties.

The legislative conservation of ignorance in the humbler classes of the community, to which reference has just been made, is surely a blot on our social economy. It is seemingly easier to girdle the globe with a wire, than to make sure that every child in Her Majesty's dominions shall receive the simplest elements of education. Within the sphere of the mechanic or the chemist, flights beyond the bounds of imagination may be pursued without restraint, and indeed with commendation; but anything in social economics, however philanthropic in design and beneficial in tendency, falls into the category of disputation and obstruction; and, worst of all, education, on which so much depends, is, through the debates of contending 'interests,' kept at a point utterly inadequate for the general enlightenment and wellbeing.

Thus, many matters of moment are either at a stand, or advancing by feeble and hesitating steps, and the distance to be ultimately reached remains vague and undefinable. At the same time, it is well to be assured that improvements, moral and social, are really in progress; and that, on the whole, society is on the move not in a retrograde direction. Even with a stone tied to its leg, the world, as we have said, contrives 'to get on some way or other.'

THE WRECKER.

On a certain part of the coast of Brittany, some years back, a gang of wreckers existed, who were the terror of all sailors. Ever on the look-out for the unfortunate vessels, which were continually dashed upon their inhospitable shores, their delight was in the storm and the blast; they revelled in the howling of fierce wind, and the lightning's glare was to them more delightful than the brightest show of fireworks to the dweller in large towns. Then they came out in droves, hung about the cliffs and rocks, hid in caverns and holes, and waited with intense anxiety for the welcome sight of some gallant ship in distress. So dreadful were the passions lit up in these men by the love of lucre, that they even resorted to infamous stratagems to lure vessels on shore. They would light false beacons; and strive in every way to delude the devoted bark to its destruction.

The village of Montreaux was almost wholly inhabited by men, who made wrecking their profession. It was a collection of miserable huts, built principally out of the broken materials of the various vessels driven on shore; and ostensibly inhabited by fishermen, who, however, rarely resorted to the deep, except when a long continuance of fine weather rendered their usual avocation less prosperous than usual. They consisted in all of about thirty families, wreckers, for the most

part, from father to son, and even from mother to daughter—for women joined freely in the atrocious trade. Atrocious indeed! for murder necessarily accompanied pillage, and it rarely happened that many of the crew and passengers of the unfortunate vessels escaped alive. Bodies were indeed found along the shore; but even if they exhibited the marks of blows, the sea and the rocks got the credit of the deed.

The interior of the huts of the hamlet presented a motley appearance. Their denizens were usually clothed in all kinds of costume—from the peculiar garments of Englishmen, to the turbans, shawls, and petticoats of Laacars, Malays, and others. Cases of spirits, chests of tools, barrels of flour, piles of hams, cheeses, curious arms, spy-glasses, compasses, &c. were thrust into coffers and corners; while all the villagers were in the habit of spending money that certainly was not coined in France. The state of the good people of Montreaux was one of splendid misery; for, with all their ill-gotten wealth, their improvidence and carelessness was such, that they often wanted necessities—so true is it that ill-gotten money is never well-spent money. A month of fine weather would almost reduce them to starvation, forcing them to sell to disadvantage whatever they still possessed.

This was not, however, the case with every one of them. A man dwelt among them, and had done so for many years, who seemed a little wiser and more careful than the rest of the community. His name was Pierre Sandeau. He was not a native of the place; but had long been established among them, and had at once shewn himself a worthy brother. He was pitiless, selfish, and cold. Less fiery than his fellows, he had an amount of caution, which made them feel his value; and a ready wit, which often helped them out of difficulties. His influence was soon felt, and he became a kind of chief. He was at last recognised as the head of the village, and the leader in all marauding expeditions. But the great source of his power was his foresight. He had always either money or provisions at hand, and was always ready to help one of his companions—for a consideration. In times of distress, he bought up all the stock on hand, and even sold on credit. In course of time, he had become rich, had a better house than the rest, and could, if he liked, have retired from business. But he seemed chained to his trade, and never gave any sign of abandoning his disgraceful occupation.

One day, however, he left Montreaux, and stayed away nearly a fortnight. When he came back, he was not alone: he was accompanied by a young and lovely girl—one of those energetic but sweet creatures, whose influence would be supreme with a good man. Madeleine Sandeau was eighteen—tall, well-proportioned, and exceedingly handsome; she was, moreover, educated. Her father had taken her from school, to bring her to his house, which, though so different from what she was used to, she presided over at once with ease and nature. Great was the horror of the young girl when she found out the character of the people around her. She remonstrated freely with her father as to the dreadful nature of his life; but the old man was cold and inexorable. 'He had brought her there to preside over his solitary house,' he said, 'and not to lecture him!' and Madeleine was forced to be silent.

She saw at once the utter futility of any attempt to civilise or humanise the degraded beings she associated with; and so she took to the children. With great difficulty, she formed a school, and made it her daily labour to instil not only words, but ideas and principles, into the minds of the young, unfledged wreckers. She gained the goodwill of the elders, by nursing both young and old during their hours of sickness, as well as by a slight knowledge of medicine, which she had picked up in a way she never explained, but which always made her silent and sad when she thought of it.

When a black and gloomy night came round, and the whole village was on foot, then Madeleine locked herself in her room, knelt down, and remained in prayer. Now and then she would creep to the window, look out, and interrogate the gloom. She never came forth to greet her father on his return from these expeditions. Her heart revolted even against seeing her parent under such circumstances, and towards morning she went to bed—rarely, however, to sleep.

On one occasion, after a cold and bitter day, the evening came on suddenly. Black clouds covered the horizon as with a funeral pall; the wind began to howl round the hamlet with fearful violence; and Madeleine shuddered, for she knew what was to be expected that night. Scarcely had the gale commenced, when Pierre rose, put on a thick pea-jacket and a sou'-wester, armed himself, and swallowing a glass of brandy, went out. He was the last to leave the village; all the rest had preceded him. He found them encamped in a narrow gorge, round a huge fire, carefully concealed behind some rocks. It was a cold, windy, wet night; but the wreckers cared not, for the wind blew dead on shore, and gave rich promise of reward for whatever they might endure.

A man lay on the look-out at the mouth of the gorge under a tarpaulin. He had a night-glass in his hand, with which he swept the dark horizon, for some time in vain. But the wind was too good to fail them, and the wreckers had patience.

It was really a terrible night. It was pitchy dark: not a star, nor one glimpse of the pale moon could be distinguished. The wind howled among the rocks, and cast the spray up with violence against the cliffs, which, however, in front of the gorge, gave way to a low sandy beach, forming the usual scene of the wreckers' operations. A current rushed into this narrow bight, and brought on shore numerous spars, boxes, and boats—all things welcome to these lawless men.

'A prize!' cried the look-out suddenly. 'A tall Indianman is not more than a mile off shore. She is making desperate efforts to clear the point, but she won't do it. She is ours, lads!'

'Give me the glass!' exclaimed Pierre rising. The other gave him the telescope. 'Faith, a splendid brig!' said the patriarch with a sinister smile—'the finest windfall we have had for many a season. Jean, you must out with the cow, or perhaps it may escape us.'

The cow was an abominable invention which Pierre had taught his comrades. A cow was tied to a stake, and a huge ship's lantern fastened to its horns. This the animal tossed about in the hope of disengaging himself, and in so doing presented the appearance of a ship riding at anchor—all that could be seen on such nights being the moving light. By this means had many a ship been lured to destruction, in the vain hope of finding a safe anchoring-ground. The cow, which was always ready, was brought out, and the trick resorted to, after which the wreckers waited patiently for the result.

The Indianman was evidently coming on shore, and all the efforts of her gallant crew seemed powerless to save her. Her almost naked masts, and her dark hull, with a couple of lanterns, could now plainly be distinguished as she rose and fell on the waters. Suddenly she seemed to become motionless, though quivering in every fibre, and then a huge wave washed clean over her decks.

'She has struck on the Mistral Rock,' said Pierre. 'Good! she will be in pieces in an hour, and every atom will come on shore!'

'They are putting out the boats,' observed Jean.

The wreckers clutched their weapons. If the crew landed in safety, their hopes were gone. But no crew had for many years landed in safety on that part of the coast: by some mysterious fatality, they had always perished.

Presently, three boats were observed pulling for the shore, and coming towards the sandy beach at the mouth of the gorge. They were evidently crammed full of people, and pulling all for one point. The boats approached: they were within fifty yards of the shore, and pulling still abreast. They had entered the narrow gut of water leading to the gorge, and were already out of reach of the huge waves, which a minute before threatened to submerge them. The wreckers extinguished the lantern on the cow's horn. There was no chance of the boats being able to put back to sea.

Suddenly a figure pushed through the crowd, and approached the fire near which Pierre Sandeau stood. It appeared to be one of the wreckers; but the voice, that almost whispered in the old man's ear, made him start.

'Father!' said Madeleine, in a low solemn voice, 'what are you about to do?'

'Fool! what want you here?' replied Pierre, amazed and angry at the same time.

'I come to prevent murder! Father, think what you are about to do? Here are fifty fellow-creatures coming in search of life and shelter, and you will give them death!'

'This is no place for you, Madeleine!' cried the other in a husky voice. 'Go home, girl, and let me never see you out again at night!'

'Away, Madeleine!—away!' said the crowd angrily.

'I will not away!—I will stay here to see you do your foul deed—to fix it on my mind; that day and night I may shout in your ears that ye are murderers! Father,' added she solemnly, 'imbrue your hands in the blood of one man to-night, and I am no child of yours. I will beg, I will crawl through the world on my hands, but never more will I eat the bread of crime!'

'Take her away, Pierre,' said one more ruffianly than the rest, 'or you may repent it.'

'Go, girl, go,' whispered Pierre faintly, while the wreckers moved in a body to the shore, where the boats were about to strike.

'Never!' shrieked Madeleine, clinging frantically to her father's clothes.

'Let me go!' cried Pierre, dragging her with him.

At that moment a terrible event interrupted their struggle. A man stood upright in the foremost boat, guiding their progress. Just as they were within two yards of the shore, this man saw the wreckers coming down in a body.

'As I expected!' he cried in a loud ringing voice. 'Fire!—shoot every one of the villains!'

A volley of small arms, within pistol-shot of the body of wreckers, was the unexpected greeting which these men received. A loud and terrible yell showed the way in which the discharge had told. One-half of the pillagers fell on the stony beach, the other half fled.

Among those who remained was Madeleine. She was kneeling by her father, who had received several shots, and lay on the ground in agony.

'You were right, girl,' he groaned; 'I see it now, when it is too late, and I feel I have deserved it.'

'Better,' sobbed Madeleine, 'better be here, than have imbrued your hands in the blood of one of those miraculously-delivered sailors.'

'Say you so, woman?' said a loud voice near her. 'Then you are not one of the gang. I knew them of old, as well as their infernal cut-throat gorge, and pulled straight for it, but quite prepared to give them a warm reception.'

Madeleine looked up. She saw around her more than fifty men, three women, and some children. She shuddered again at the thought of the awful massacre which would have occurred but for the sailor's prudence.

'My good girl,' continued the man, 'we are cold, wet, and hungry; can you shew us to some shelter?'

'Yes; but do you bid some of your men carry my father, who, I fear, is dying.'

'It is no more than he merits,' replied the man; 'but for your sake I will have him taken care of.'

'It is what I merit,' said Pierre, in a strange and loud tone; 'but not from your hands, Jacques.'

'Merciful God!' cried the sailor, 'whose voice is that?'

'You will soon know; but do as your sister bids you, and then we can talk more at ease.'

Madeleine cast herself sobbing into her brother's arms, who, gently disengaging her, had a litter prepared for his father, and then, guided by Madeleine, the procession advanced on its way. An armed party marched at the head, and in a quarter of an hour the village of Montreaux was reached. It was entirely deserted. There were fires in the houses, and lamps lit, and even suppers prepared, but not a living thing. Even the children and old women on hearing the discharge of musketry, had fled to a cave where they sometimes took shelter when the coast-guard was sent in search of them.

The delighted sailors and passengers spread themselves through the village, took possession of the houses, ate the suppers, and slept in the beds, taking care, however, to place four sentries in well-concealed positions, for fear of a surprise. Madeleine, her father, her brother, the ship's surgeon, and a young lady passenger, came to the house of old Sandeau, who was put to bed, and his wounds dressed. He said nothing, but went to sleep, or feigned to do so.

Supper was then put upon the table, and the four persons above mentioned sat down, for a few minutes in silence. Jacques, the captain of the East-Indiaman, looked moody and thoughtful. He said not a word. Suddenly, however, he was roused by hearing the young surgeon of the *Jeune Sophie* speak.

'Madeleine,' said he, in a gentle but still much agitated tone of voice, 'how is it I find you here—you whom I left at St Omer?'

'Is this, then, the Madeleine you so often speak of?' cried the astonished sailor.

'It is. But speak, my dear friend.'

'Edouard, I am here because yonder is my father, and it is my duty to be where he is.'

'But why is your father here?' continued the other.

'I am here,' said the old man, fiercely turning round, 'because I am at war with the world. For a trifling error, I was dismissed the command of this very *Jeune Sophie* twelve years ago. I vowed revenge, and you see the kind of revenge I have selected.'

'Dear father,' said Madeleine gently, 'see what an escape you have had!'

'Besides,' interposed Jacques, 'there was no occasion for revenge. M. Ponceau, who had adopted me, searched for you far and wide, to give you another ship. They dismissed you in a moment of anger. They proved this, by giving me the command of the *Jeune Sophie* as soon as I could be trusted with it.'

'What is done is done,' said Pierre, 'and I am a wrecker! I have done wrong, but I am punished. Jacques, my boy, take away Madeleine; I see this life is not fit for her. If I recover, I shall remain, and become the trader of the village.'

'No, father, you must come with us,' observed Jacques sadly. 'You and I and Madeleine will find some quiet spot, where none will know of the past, and where we ourselves may learn to forget. I have already saved enough to support us.'

'And your wife, sir?' said the young lady, who had not hitherto spoken.

'Leonie, you can never marry me now. You are no fit mate for the son of a wrecker.'

'Jacques,' interposed the young surgeon, 'neither you nor Madeleine has any right to suffer for the errors of your father. I made the acquaintance of your

sister at my aunt's school in St Omer. I loved her; and before I started on this journey, I had from her a half-promise, which I now call upon her to fulfil.'

'What say you, Madeleine?' said Jacques gravely.

'That I can never give my hand to a man whom I love too well to dishonour.'

'Madeleine, you are right, and you are a noble girl!' replied her brother.

'Children,' said the old man, with a groan, 'I see my crime now in its full hideousness; but I can at least repair part of the evil done. Now, listen to me. Let me see you follow the bent of your hearts, and be happy, and I will go where you will, for you will have forgiven your father. Refuse to do so, and I remain here—once a wrecker, always a wrecker. Come, decide!'

Madeleine held out her hand to Edouard, and Jacques to Leonie, his friend's sister, returning from the colony where her parents had died. The old man shut his eyes, and remained silent the rest of the evening.

Next day, conveyances were obtained from a neighbouring town, and the crew and passengers departed. The reunited friends remained at Montreaux, awaiting the recovery of Pierre, Jacques excepted, he being forced to go to Havre, to explain events to his owners. In ten days he returned. Old Sandeau was now able to be removed; and the whole party left Montreaux, which was then stripped by its owners, and deserted.

The family went to Havre. The father's savings as a captain had been considerable. United with those of Jacques, they proved sufficient to take a house, furnish it, and start both young couples in life. Edouard set up as a surgeon in Havre, his brother-in-law was admitted as junior partner into the house of Ponceau, and from that day all prospered with them. Old Sandeau did not live long. He was crushed under the weight of his terrible past; and his deathbed was full of horror and remorse.*

LOWELL MECHANICS' FAIR.

THERE are very few places in the world that bear the mark of progress so strongly as this town, destined, beyond all doubt, to be the Manchester of the United States, and to enter—indeed it is now entering—into active rivalry with the Old Country in her staple manufactures, cottons and woollens. In the year 1821, few visited the small, quiet village, of about 200 inhabitants, situated in a mountain-nook at a bend of the Merrimac, at a point where that stream fell in a natural cascade, tumbling and gushing over its rocky, shallow bed, quite unconscious of the part it was to play in the world's affairs. This village was twenty-five miles north-west of Boston, not on a high-road leading anywhere; but, nevertheless, it began to move on, as usual, by the erection of a saw-mill, as at that point it was found convenient to arrest the downward progress of the timber, and convert it into plank. And so it went on, and on, step by step, till it became the splendid town it is, so large as to have two railway depôts: one in the suburbs, and the principal one in the centre of the town—for the Yankees think the closer their railways are to the town the better.

Lowell now covers five square miles, with handsome, straight streets; the principal one, Merrimac Street, being a mile and a half in length, and about sixty feet wide, with footways twelve feet wide, and rows of trees between them and the road. The appearance of this street reminds the spectator of the best in France. The loom-power of a manufacturing place, I understand, is estimated by the number of spindles, and this works 850,000; the mills employ 14,000 males, and

* This legend is still told by the peasants of Brittany, who point out the site of Montreaux.

10,000 females; the number of inhabitants reckoned stationary, 12,000. It has lately been raised to the dignity of a city by a charter of incorporation, which, in the state of Massachusetts, can be claimed by any town when the number of its inhabitants amounts to 10,000: thus it appoints its officers, and manages its own affairs, as a body corporate and municipal.

The most striking feature of the social system here, is the condition of the mill-workers, of which, as it is so different from ours, I shall give you some particulars. The corporation of Lowell has built streets of convenient houses, for the accommodation of the workmen; and nine-tenths of these are occupied by the unmarried. These houses are farmed by the corporation to elderly females, whose characters must bear the strictest investigation, and at a rent just paying a low rate of interest for the outlay. They carry on the business under strict rules, which limit the numbers, and determine the accommodation of the inmates, two of whom sleep in one room. Females, whose wages are 12s. per week, pay 6s. 6d. per week for board and lodging; for males, the wages and cost of board are about 15 per cent. higher. These females are housed, fed, and dressed as well as the wives and daughters of any tradesman in Edinburgh or London. The hours of work at the mills leave them leisure; which some spend in fancy needle-work, so as to increase their income; and all, by arrangements among themselves, have access to good libraries. The amusements are balls, reading-rooms, lectures, and concerts; indeed, all the means of intellectual cultivation are placed within their reach, and full advantage is taken of them. There is an ambition to save money, which they nearly all do; those in superior situations, such as overlookers, have considerable sums in the savings-banks established by the companies owning the mills; the workers in each mill thus putting their weekly savings into the concern, from which they receive interest in money, and so having an interest in the well-doing of the mill itself, and a bond of attachment to its proprietors. In this manner, the capital of all is constantly at work, and provision is made for a possible slackness, which, however, has not yet befallen Lowell.

To this place, it is no longer a toilsome journey from Boston. Three-quarters of an hour, in a very commodious railway-carriage, brought me into the centre of the town, when a most interesting sight presented itself. The railway had been pouring in for the occasion upwards of 20,000 persons; and in the streets, all was bustle and harmony; thousands of well-dressed persons—some of the females elegantly so—moving in throngs here and there, all bearing the tokens of comfort and respectability. The occasion of the gathering is called the Mechanics' Fair, held for a fortnight, during some days of which all mill-work is suspended; the attraction consisting of a horticultural and cattle show, and an exhibition of the products of art and manufactures of the county, which is Middlesex.

The horticultural show was in the Town-hall, a large, handsome apartment, with long aisles of tables, covered with piles of fruits and vegetables; and such fruits! peaches, nectarines, apricots, and the choicest plums, all of open-air growth, and not surpassed by any I have seen—fully equal to the best hot-house productions of England. Vegetables also very fine, all equal to the finest, except the turnip, which in New England is small. The flowers as beautiful as in the Old Country, but much smaller; consequently, that part of the show was much inferior to our shows of the kind. In the evening of each day, the fruits are put up to auction, and a good deal of merriment is caused by this part of the entertainment. Those who supply the show are well paid, as each morning there is a fresh supply; thus proving that it is not the selected few that are exhibited, but the average produce of the county.

From thence I walked to the show of products of

industry. I found a building 600 feet in length, 40 feet wide, and two storeys high, crammed with such a variety of articles that it is extremely difficult to describe them, or, indeed, to reduce them to order in the mind. I do not propose to send you a catalogue, but to convey, as far as I can, the impression made upon me. The ground-floor is devoted to the exhibition of agricultural implements and machinery. I have no intention to enter into the question of our own patent laws, but I cannot refuse to acknowledge the superiority of the arrangements here. The greatest advantage is, that the right to an invention is so simply, cheaply, and easily secured, that there is no flinching or ill-feeling. Talking with a very intelligent person, who was kindly trying to give me definite ideas in this labyrinth of cranks and wheels, by shewing and explaining to me the movements of a most singular machine for making carding implements—I said: How is it, that with these wonders, the American portion of the Crystal Palace in London should have been so scant? Here is enough for almost an indefinite supply: the reaping-machine is but a unit.' 'True,' he replied, 'but we could get no guarantee for securing the patents; and if one man was simple enough to give the English his reaping-machine, it did not suit others to be robbed. We have little ambition about the matter: satisfied with what we have, we cannot afford to give away inventions for the sake of fine words.' This explained the whole to me.

The first store I looked over in this country was one in Boston, having an immense stock of agricultural implements, and tools for every mechanical purpose. I should know something of such matters, having whistled at the plough myself, and used most of the implements; and being therefore curious on the point, I looked in for the sake of old associations. I am positive that every article for agricultural and mechanical use is better made than with us, and more adapted to its purpose—tools especially. What has been said of the plough in London, is equally true of all other implements in use in America, from the most complicated to the most simple. The Englishman uses what his fathers used; the American will have the tool best adapted, whether existing before his time or not. In favour of this superiority in tools is the fine quality of the hard-woods used here. At the Fair I saw some coach and chaise wheels, of the most beautiful make, of hickory, which is as durable as metal-spokes, not thicker than the middle finger, but strong enough for any required weight, and with great flexibility; and from its extreme toughness, calculated for the wood-work of implements. The apartment on the ground-floor was entirely occupied by machines in motion, and each was attended by a person who explained, with the greatest civility and intelligence, the uses of the various parts of the machine, setting it going, or stopping it, as necessary: each had its crowd of listeners; and I could not but admire the patience and politeness of the lecturer, as he endeavoured to explain the wondrous capabilities of his own pet machine. It would require a volume to follow the subject thoroughly; but I will mention what appeared to be the newest inventions, or those not known in England.

A crowd of ladies were watching with great attention the Sewing-machine—sewing away with the greatest exactness, and much stronger than by the ordinary mode with a needle, as each stitch is a knot. The inventor was shewing it; and he said he had nearly completed a machine for the button-holes. The next was a machine called 'The Man'—and truly named, for a more marvellous production can scarcely be conceived—for making implements for carding wool or cotton, the article passing in as raw wire, going through before our eyes four processes of the most delicate description, and finally coming out a perfect card, with its wire-teeth exactly set, and ready for use. My attention was drawn to the application of the Jacquard

principle to a loom engaged in weaving a calico fabric, of various colours woven with a pattern, and thus producing an elegant article, thick, and well adapted for bed-furniture. But the most curious and simple, and withal, perhaps, the most important invention for facilitating manufactures, is what is called the 'Turpin Wheel,' taking its name from the inventor. How simple may be the birth of a great idea! We all observe that a log under a waterfall, coming down perpendicularly upon it, spins round, as on an axis, till it escapes. This led to the invention in question. The water falls upon the spokes of a horizontal wheel, which it sends round with great velocity; and by this contrivance the force of the water is more than doubled. I must not omit to mention the machine just invented for weaving the fabric we call Brussels carpeting. This machine will weave twenty yards of carpeting per day, with one female to attend it. The carpet is worth 3s. per yard, while the wages paid for human aid in its production is 1½d. per yard: machinery can go little further. Let me add, that I was informed that everything on this floor was the invention of working-men.

Upon ascending to the first floor, I found the apartment arranged with stands—each stand devoted to one sort of manufacture—and attended, as below, by an intelligent person, to shew and explain. Here was every description of furniture, cotton, and woollen fabric; but neither velvets nor silks, which have not, as yet, been introduced. We know so much of our doings in England in the woollen and cotton line, that my attention was principally attracted to these specimens. Here was everything except the broad-cloths—all the patterns of plaid-shawls, so beautifully imitated and executed, that they would, I am sure, pass in Edinburgh. I saw the kerseymere fabric that obtained the prize in London, and nothing could be more beautiful; for the calicoes, I believe we cannot produce them cheaper or better. A writer in a journal here, observes: 'Why should our cotton go to England to be spun when we can spin it in Massachusetts?' A very pertinent question, well worth thinking of at home. We should be thankful to the projectors of the Crystal Palace, that it has opened our eyes, for nothing else could. There is no manner of doubt, that we can learn something beyond yacht-sailing; but we shall not open our eyes to the widest until the arrival in our market of the first cargo of manufactured woollens and cottons; and as surely as we have barrels of flour and pork, we shall soon find them with us: I saw first-rate calico, which could be sold at 2d. per yard.

The exports of manufactured goods from this country to all parts of the world is increasing weekly; but of all that another time, for I am carefully collecting information. One stand I would not omit, as it furnished evidence of the condition of the operatives. The exhibition is managed by the mechanics themselves, and the profits are devoted to the support of a mechanics' institute, with the usual advantages of library, balls, and concerts, but of a very superior order; while every female who provides any article of her own production for exhibition and sale, has a free ticket admitting to all the advantages of the institution. This is found a useful stimulus, as the stand for those articles testified, consisting as they did of all descriptions of fancy-work: rugs, chair-bottoms, table-covers, tapestry, &c. produced in overhours, tasteful in design, and beautiful in execution. Let me not forget an invention, which is as great a boon to sufferers as the water-bed: it is a contrivance applied to an ordinary bedstead, which, by turning a handle, will support any part of the body, or place the body in any required position. It was the invention of a mechanic, who was nine months in bed in consequence of an accident, and felt the want of something of the kind. It is adapted to a bedstead at a cost of £3.

From thence I went to the cattle-show. I could see but little of that, as most of the animals were gone; but

I was assured it was very fine. I believe it, if what I saw was a specimen—a pair of working oxen, perfectly white, the pair weighing 7000 pounds. In our cattle-shows at home, we find plenty of bulk, but it destroys form and symmetry: here both were preserved. The fowls are of the long-legged Spanish breed, coming to table like trussed ostriches; the plump English barn-door sort are about being introduced. I had nearly forgotten a beautiful and extraordinary invention—a rifle, not heavier than the common one, that will discharge twenty-four balls in succession without reloading. Where the ramrod is usually placed, is a smaller barrel, containing, when filled, twenty-four ball-cartridges, and, after discharging, the action of recocking introduces another cartridge, and so on, until the whole are discharged; the whole twenty-four can be discharged in as many seconds!

After leaving this interesting exhibition, where I could have lingered a whole day, I was joined by a friend, an American—a gentleman of great attainments in science—to whose remarks I am indebted for the following scraps. The Merrimac, when low—as when I saw it—is a trifling stream, having a bottom of laminated rock, worn in channels by the stream. At spring and fall, there is ten or fifteen feet of depth; and to remedy this inequality, an important work was undertaken and executed: to this we bent our way. It is a canal in form, but should more properly be called a reservoir. It is 1½ miles long, 100 feet wide, and 15 feet deep; of solid granite, sides and bottom—equal in durability to any work, ancient or modern. It is about half way cut through the solid granite rock, which in that part furnishes a natural wall. My friend had watched its progress, and gave me many interesting details of the engineering processes employed: among others, the tremendous application of steam and gunpowder. An engine bored holes in the rock fifteen feet deep and twelve inches in diameter; and these were so placed, and in such numbers, that at a single blast 170 tons of granite were blown into the air—an operation hardly conceivable. This canal leaves the town in a westerly direction—being, at its outset, about a quarter of a mile from the Merrimac, but gradually approximating for a quarter of a mile, until it touches and unites with that river. Between the two, is one of the prettiest of public walks, ten feet wide, having rows of trees on each side, and terminating in a point; being the end of a splendid granite wall, at its base thirty feet thick, and tapering to half the thickness, dividing the natural from the artificial stream. Here we come to a point of great interest: on the right is an artificial dam across the river, with two sharp lines at an angle of sixty-seven degrees, the point meeting the stream, thus stopping the waters, and insuring a supply for the reservoir, while it forms a cascade of about twenty feet.

My friend gave me a very graphic description of the opening of the works. The whole was built in a coffer-dam, quite dry, and the opening was a holiday. Every spot within sight was covered with spectators, for whom the engineer had contrived a surprise. The works used in keeping the water out of the reservoir, and protecting the new dam, were undermined, and charged with gunpowder. At a given signal, the train was fired, and in an instant the whole blew up; and when the smoke cleared away, the fragments were floating down the Merrimac, and the canal full of water.

On the left from the point, the egress of water is regulated by flood-gates of a superior construction. The building crosses the canal, and contains seven huge gates, which are raised or dropped into their places by beautiful machinery. To each gate is attached an immense screw, which stands perpendicularly, twenty feet long and ten inches in diameter. At its upper end, it passes through a matrix-worm in the centre of a large cog-wheel, lying horizontally.

The whole is set in motion by the slightest turning of a handle; and here I saw the application of the Turpin Wheel I spoke of before—no engine or complication, but a wheel fifteen feet in diameter, fixed horizontally, submerged in the stream, receiving the falling waters, and thus rapidly revolving, and by a gear, giving motion to the machinery for raising or lowering the immense gates, stopped or set going by merely turning a stop-cock, and requiring no more force than an ordinary water-cistern.

I cannot leave this interesting spot without an attempt to describe the beautiful scene. A little to the right, the river widens into a sort of bay, with several fine islands covered with wood; in front, across the stream, as far as the eye can reach, are the forests of New Hampshire, with occasional headlands of green-sward. In the autumn, it has exactly the appearance of a gigantic flower-garden—the trees being of every imaginable colour. 'Ah!' said my friend, 'this is an interesting spot: it was the favourite residence and hunting-ground of the Chippewas. The Indians, like your monks of old in Europe, always chose the most beautiful and picturesque sites for their dwellings; but they have retired before the advance of a civilisation they could not share or appreciate.' Talking in this way, as we returned, he called my attention to a singular phenomenon in the river. At some remote period there was, and it remains to the present moment, a rock standing in the middle of the stream, about twelve feet in diameter at the top, of an irregular form, and of the hardest granite. By the action of the water, a mass of granite had been thrown on the top, where it lodged. At high-water, perhaps during three months in each year, the stream had caused this mass to revolve on its own axis, until it has worn itself of a round figure, and worn also the rock into a cup, now about six feet deep. Still, it revolves when the water reaches it—nature still plays at this cup-and-ball—the ball weighing five tons. Talk of this sort brought us to the railway. In due time I reached home; and I do not remember to have ever been more interested than by the day spent at Lowell.

THE SEA AND THE POETS.

Of three poets, each the most original in his language, and each peculiarly susceptible of impressions from external nature—Horace, Shakspeare, and Burns—not one seems to have appreciated the beauty, the majestic sublimity, the placid loveliness, alternating with the terrific grandeur, of the 'many-sounding sea.' Judging from their incidental allusions to it, and the use they make of it in metaphor and imagery, it would seem to have presented itself to their imaginations only as a fierce, unruly, untamable, and unsightly monster, to be loathed and avoided—a blot on the fair face of creation—a necessary evil, perhaps; but still an evil, and most certainly suggestive of no ideas poetic in their character.

It is marvellous, for there is not one of these poets who does not discover a lively sense of the varied charms of universal nature, and has not painted them in glowing colours with the pencil of a master. Who has not noted with what evident love, with what a nicely-discriminative knowledge Shakspeare has pictured our English flowers, our woodland glades, the forest scenery of Old England, before the desolating axe had prostrated the pride of English woods? How vividly has not Burns translated into vigorous verse each feature of his native landscape, till

— 'Auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her muirs, red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,'

live again in the magic of his song. And Horace—with

what charming playfulness, with what exquisite grace, has he not figured the olive-groves of Tibur, the pendent vines ruddy with the luscious grape, the silver streams, the sparkling fountains and purple skies of fruitful Campania! Looking on nature with a poet's eye, as did these poets, one and all of them, is it not a psychological mystery that none of them should have detected the ineffable beauty of a sea-prospect?

First, as to Horace. When climbing the heights of Mount Vultur, that Lucanian hill where once, when overcome by fatigue, the youthful poet lay sleeping, and doves covered his childish and wearied limbs with leaves—Horace must have often viewed, with their wide expanse glittering in the sun, the waters of the Adriatic—often must he have hailed the grateful freshness of the sea-breeze and the invigorating perfumes of

— 'the early sea-smell blown
Through vineyards from some inland bay.'

Yet about this sea, which should have kindled his imagination and inspired his genius, this thankless bard poetises in a vein such as a London citizen, some half-century back, might have indulged in after a long, tedious, 'squally' voyage in an overladen Margate hoy.

No such spirit possessed him as that which dictated poor Campbell's noble apostrophe to the glorious 'world of waters:—

— 'Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in;
The lightning's glance, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it, like a wearied bird:
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.'

Horace, indeed, has sung the praises of Tarentum—that beautiful maritime city of the Calabrian Gulf, whose attractions were such as to make the *delights of Tarentum* a common proverbial expression. But what were these delights as celebrated by our poet?—the perfection of its honey, the excellence of its olives, the abundance of its grapes, its lengthened spring and temperate winter. For these, its merits, did Horace prefer, as he tells us, Tarentum to every other spot on the wide earth—his beloved Tibur only and ever excepted. In truth, Horace valued and visited the sea-side only in winter, and then simply because its climate was milder than that to be met with inland, and therefore more agreeable to the dilapidated constitution of a sensitive valetudinarian. His commentators suppose he produced nothing during his marine hybernations: if the inclement season froze 'the genial current of his soul,' the aspect of the sea did not thaw it.

His motive for his sea-side trips is amusingly set forth in one of the most lively and characteristic of his Epistles—the fifteenth of the first book. In this he inquires of a friend what sort of winter weather is to be found at Velia and Salernum; two cities, one on the Adriatic, the other on the Mediterranean seaboard of Italy—what manner of roads they had—whether the people there drank tank-water or spring-water—and whether hares, boars, crabs, and fish were with them abundant. He adds, he is not apprehensive about their wines—knowing these, as we may infer, to be good—although usually, when from home, he is scrupulous about his liquors; whilst, when at home, he can put up almost with anything in the way

of potations. It is quite plain Horace went down to the sea just in the spirit in which a turtle-fed alderman would transfer himself to Cheltenham; or in which a fine lady, whose nerves the crush, hurry, and late hours of a London season had somewhat disturbed, would exchange the dissipations of Mayfair for the breezy hills of Malvern, or the nauseous waters of Tunbridge Wells.

This certainly explains, and perhaps excuses, the grossly uncivil terms in which alone he notices the sea. One of the worst of Ulysses' troubles was, according to him, the numerous and lengthy sea-voyages which that Ithacan gadabout had to take. Horace wishes for Mævius, who was his aversion, no worse luck than a rough passage and shipwreck at the end of it. His notion of a happy man—*ille beatus*—is one who has not to dread the sea. Augustus, whose success had blessed not only his own country, but the whole world, had—not the least of his blessings—given to the seamen a calmed sea—*pacatum mare*. Lamenting at Virgil's departure for Athens, he rebukes the impiety of the first mariner who ventured, in the audacity of his heart, to go afloat and cross the briny barrier interposed between nations. He esteems a merchant favoured specially by the gods, should he twice or thrice a year return in safety from an Atlantic cruise. He tells us he himself had known the terrors of 'the dark gulf of the Adriatic,' and had experienced 'the treachery of the western gale,' and expresses a charitable wish, that the enemies of the Roman state were exposed to the delights of both. He likens human misery to a sea 'roughened by gloomy winds,' 'to embark once more on the mighty sea,' is his figurative expression for once more engaging in the toils and troubles of the world; Rome, agitated by the dangers of civil conflict, resembles an ill-formed vessel labouring tempest-tossed in the waves; his implacable Myrtale resembles the angry Adriatic, in which also he finds a likeness to an ill-tempered lover. All through, from first to last, the gentle Horace pelts with most ungentle phrases one of the noblest objects in nature, provocative alike of our admiration and our awe, our terror and our love.

And even Shakspeare must be ranged in the same category. The most English of poets has not one laudatory phrase for

— 'The seas
Which God hath given for fence impregnable'

to the poet's England. It is idle to say that Shakspeare was inland-bred—that he knew nothing, and could therefore have cared nothing about the matter—seeing that, insensible as he might have been to its beauties, he makes constant reference to the sea, and even in language implying that his familiarity with it was not inferior to that of any yachtsman who has ever sailed out of Cowes Harbour. He uses nautical terms frequently and appropriately. Romeo's rope-ladder is 'the high top-gallant of his joy'; King John, dying of poison, declares 'the tackle of his heart is cracked,' and 'all the shrouds wherewith his life should sail' wasted 'to a thread.' Polonius tells Laertes, 'the wind sits in the shoulder of your sail'—a technical expression, the singular propriety of which a naval critic has recently established; whilst some of the commentators on the passage in *King Lear*, descriptive of the prospect from Dover Cliffs, affirm that the comparison as to apparent size, of the ship to her cock-boat, and the cock-boat to a buoy, discover a perfect knowledge of the relative proportions of the objects named. In *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Twelfth Night*, *Winter's Tale*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Pericles*, sea-storms are made accessory to the development of the plot, and sometimes described with a force and truthfulness which forbid the belief that the writer had never

witnessed such scenes: however, like Horace, it is in the darkest colours that Shakspeare uniformly paints 'the multitudinous seas.'

In the *Winter's Tale*, we read of—

— 'the fearful usage
(Albeit ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune.'

In *Henry V.*, of 'the furrowed sea,' 'the lofty surge,' 'the inconstant billows dancing'; in *Henry VI.*, Queen Margaret finds in the roughness of the English waters a presage of her approaching wo; in *Richard III.*, Clarence's dream figures to us all the horrors of 'the vasty deep'; in *Henry VIII.*, Wolsey indeed speaks of 'a sea of glory,' but also of his shipwreck thereon; in *The Tempest* we read of 'the never surfeited sea,' and of the 'sea-marge sterile and rocky-hard,' in the *Mid-summer's Night Dream*, 'the sea' is 'rude,' and from it the winds 'suck up contagious fogs'; *Hamlet* is as 'mad as the sea and wind,' the violence of Laertes and the insurgent Danes is paralleled to an irruption of the sea, 'overpeering of his list'; in the well-known soliloquy is the expression, 'a sea of troubles,' which, in spite of Pope's suggested and tasteless emendation, commentators have shewn to have been used proverbially by the Greeks, and more than once by Æschylus and Menander. Still, Shakspeare, again like Horace, was not insensible to the merits of sea-air in a sanitary point of view. Dionyza, meditating Marina's murder, bids her take what the Brighton doctor's call 'a constitutional' by the sea-side, adding that—

— 'the air is quick there,
Piercing and sharpens well the stomach.'

As to Burns, his most fervent admirer can scarcely complain when we involve him in the censure to which we have already subjected Horace and Shakspeare. He, too, writes about the sea in such a fashion, that we should hardly have suspected, what is true, that he was born almost within hearing of its waves; that much of his life was passed on its shores or near them, and that at a time of life when external objects most vividly impress themselves on the senses, and exercise the largest influence on the taste.

The genius of 'Old Coila,' in sketching the poet's early life, says—

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;'

but few tokens of this 'delight' are to be observed in his poetry. He has, indeed, his allusions to 'tumbling billows' and 'surging foam'; to southern climes where 'wild-meeting oceans boil'; to 'life's rough ocean' and 'life's stormy main'; to 'hard-blowing gales'; to the 'raging sea,' 'raging billows,' 'boundless oceans roaring wide,' and the like; but these are the stock-metaphors of every poet, and would be familiar to him even had he never overpassed the frontiers of Bohemia.

One sea-picture, and one alone, is to be found in Burns, and this, it is freely admitted, is exquisite:

'Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Severed from thee, can I survive?
But fate has willed, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
E'en here I took the last farewell;
There latest marked her vanished sail.'

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
Oh! tell me, does she muse on me?'

This charming lyric, the pathetic tenderness of which commends it to every feeling heart, is all that Burns has left in evidence that the sea had to him, at least, one poetic aspect.

CURIOSITIES OF CHESS.

MORE has perhaps been written about chess-playing than any other of the games which human ingenuity has invented for recreative purposes, and it is not easy to foresee the time when dissertation or discovery on the subject shall be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Scarcely a year passes that does not add something to our knowledge of the history of the royal game; and among the latest additions, the able paper by Mr Bland, published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, is not the least deserving of notice. It contains many curious particulars and remarks, interspersed in its dry and technical narrative, sufficient to form a page or two of pleasant reading for those—and they are not few—to whom chess is interesting.

We must premise that Mr Bland takes three but little-known Oriental manuscripts as the groundwork of his observations; one of them, in the Persian character, is said to be 'probably unique,' though, unfortunately, very imperfect. It bears no date or author's name, these being lost with the missing portions, but the treatise itself contains internal evidence of very high antiquity. The author, whoever he was, tells us that he had travelled much through Persia and the adjacent countries, from the age of fifteen until the middle period of life, during which he gained the knowledge and experience which enabled him to write his book. Besides which, he measured his strength with many masters of the art of chess-playing, adding on each occasion to his reputation as a conqueror: 'and whereas,' as he relates, 'the greater number of professors were deficient in the art of playing without looking at the board, I myself played so against four adversaries at once, and at the same time against another opponent in the usual manner, and, by divine favour, won all the games.' Here, singularly enough, we find a Persian Staunton making himself famous perhaps long before Norman William thought of invading Britain—so true it is, that in mere intellectual achievements we have scarcely surpassed bygone generations. He, the Persian, evidently entertained a comfortable idea of his own abilities; for he boasts largely of the improvements and new moves or positions which he has introduced into the game. He disputes, too, the authenticity of the belief, that chess was originally invented in India, and that it was first introduced into Persia in the sixth century of our era by a physician, whom Nushirwan had sent to seek for the work known as Pilpay's Fables. On the contrary, he contends that chess, in its original and most developed form, is purely a Persian invention, and that the modern game is but an abridgment of the ancient one. In how far this statement is borne out by the fact, we have at present no means of knowing; and until some more complete manuscript or other work shall be brought to light which may supply the want, we must rest content with the account familiar to most readers—that chess was invented by an Indian physician for the diversion of the monarch, his master, and the reward claimed in grains of corn, beginning with one grain on the first square of the board, and doubling the number in regularly increasing progression up to the last.

We may here briefly state what the ancient, or, as it is commonly called in the East, 'Timour's Game,' was. It required a board with 110 squares and 56 men—almost as many again as are used in modern chess—and the moves were extremely complicated and difficult to learn. The rectangularity of the board was interrupted by four lateral squares, which served as a fort, or

special point of defence for the king, whose powers, as well as those of the other pieces, were in many respects different from those at present known. 'Timour's mind,' we are told, 'was too exalted to play at the Little Chess, and therefore he played only at the Great Chess, on a board of ten squares by eleven, with the addition of two camels, two zarafahs, and other pieces, with Persian designations.'

Next we come to a complete chapter, entitled the 'Ten Advantages of Chess,' in which the views and reasonings are eminently Oriental and characteristic. The first explains that food and exercise are good for the mind as well as for the body, and that chess is a most excellent means for quickening the intellect, and enabling it to gain knowledge. 'For the glory of man is knowledge, and chess is the nourishment of the mind, the solace of the spirit, the polisher of intelligence, the bright sun of understanding, and has been preferred by the philosopher, its inventor, to all other means by which we arrive at wisdom.' The second advantage is in the promotion and cultivation of religion; predestination and free-will are both exemplified—the player being able to move where he will, yet always in obedience to certain laws. 'Whereas,' says the writer, 'Nerd—that is, Eastern backgammon—on the contrary, is mere free-will, while in dice, again, all is compulsion.' The third and fourth advantages relate to government and war; and the fifth to astronomy, illustrating its several phenomena as shewn by the text, according to which 'the board represents the heavens, in which the squares are the celestial houses, and the pieces, stars. The superior pieces are likened to the moving stars; and the pawns, which have only one movement, to the fixed stars. The king is as the sun, and the wazir in place of the moon, and the elephants and taliah in the place of Saturn, and the rukhs and dabbabah in that of Mars, and the horses and camel in that of Jupiter, and the ferzin and zarafah in that of Venus; and all these pieces have their accidents, corresponding with the trines and quadrates, and conjunction and opposition, and ascendancy and decline—such as the heavenly bodies have; and the eclipse of the sun is figured by shah caim or stale mate;' and much more to the same purport. We question whether the astronomer-royal ever suspected he was illustrating his own science when engaged in one of his quiet games of chess with the master of trinity.

The sixth advantage is somewhat astrological in character: as there are four principal movements of chess, these answer to the four physical temperaments, Cold, Warm, Dry, and Wet, which are ruled by their respective planets; and thus each piece on the board is made to have its peculiar significance in relation with the stars. It is further shewn, that chess-playing is remedial against many of the lesser bodily ailments; 'and no illness is more grievous than hunger and thirst, yet both of these, when the mind is engaged in chess, are no longer thought of.' Next in order, the seventh advantage, is 'in obtaining repose for the soul;' as the author observes: 'The soul hath illnesses like as the body hath, and the cure of these last is known; but of the soul's illness there be also many kinds, and of these I will mention a few.' These are ignorance, disobedience, haste, cunning, avarice, tyranny, lying, pride, deceit, and envy. Deceit is said to be of two kinds: that which deceives others, and that which deceives ourselves. But of all evils, ignorance is the greatest; 'for it is the soul's death, as learning is its life; and for this disease is chess an especial cure, since there is no way by which men arrive more speedily at knowledge and wisdom; and in like manner, by its practice, all the faults which form the diseases of the soul are converted into their corresponding virtues.' It is not to be doubted that chess-playing may keep individuals out of mischief; but, whatever may have been the case in ancient times, we

do not hear of its transforming vicious characters into virtuous ones in our days.

The eighth advantage is social, inasmuch as it brings men of different degrees together, and promotes their intimacy and friendship; and 'advantage the ninth, is in wisdom and knowledge, and that wise men do play chess; and to those who object that foolish men also play chess, and, though constantly engaged in it, become no wiser, it may be answered, that the distinction between wise and foolish men in playing chess, is as that of man and beast in eating of the tree—that the man chooses its ripe and sweet fruit, while the beast eats but the leaves and branches, and the unripe and bitter fruit; and so it is with players at chess—the wise man plays for those virtues and advantages which have been already mentioned, and the foolish man plays it but for mere sport and gambling, and regards not its advantages and virtues. This is the condition of the wise man and foolish man in playing chess.' From this it seems a descent to the tenth advantage, which is, that chess combines war with sport; and pleasant allegories are made subservient to the inculcation of sound truths and important principles.

Next comes an explanation of the mode in which Great Chess was played, with the nature and value of the various moves. Among the hard technicalities with which it abounds, the writer takes occasion to condemn the practice of giving a different value to the piece which may have reached the end of the board; 'for,' as he says, 'what is more natural or just than that men should occupy the station of their predecessors, and that the son of a king should become a king, and a general's son attain the rank of a general.' An instance of rigid caste-law carried into a harmless recreation.

In another manuscript, chess is shewn to have something to do with a man's fortunes: he who could watch a game without speaking, was held to be discreet, and qualified for a government office. And conquerors are enjoined not to boast of their success; not to say, even if such be the case, that they have won all the games, but that they have 'won some.' Exemplary virtue is not, however, claimed for chess-players, as in the former instance, for some are said to be continually 'swearing false oaths, and making many vain excuses'; and again, 'You never see a chess-player rich, who is not a sordid miser, nor hear a squabbling that is not a question of the chess-board.' On the other hand, there were 'rules of politeness in chess,' which it behoved all persons to follow:—'He who is lowest in rank is to spread the board, and pour out the men on it, and then wait patiently till his superior has made his choice; then he who is inferior may take his own men, and place all of them except the king, and when the senior in rank has placed his own king, he may also place his opposite to it.' During the game, 'all foolish talk and ribaldry' is to be avoided, and onlookers are 'to keep silence, and to abstain from remarks and advice to the players; and an inferior, when playing with a superior, is enjoined to exert his utmost skill, and not 'underplay himself that his senior may win'—an observation which what is called the 'funkey class' might remember with advantage. And further, chess is not to be played 'when the mind is engaged with other objects, nor when the stomach is full after a meal, neither when overcome by hunger, nor on the day of taking a bath; nor, in general, while suffering under any pain, bodily or mental.'

Chess-playing without looking at the board, now taught by professors, and supposed to be a comparatively modern art, was, as we have seen above, known and practised many centuries ago; and among the instructions last quoted are those for playing the 'blindfold-game.' The player is 'to picture to himself the board as divided first into two opposite sides, and then each side into halves, those of the king and

the queen, so that when his naib, or deputy, announces that 'such a knight has been played to the second of the queen's rook,' or 'the queen to the king's bishop's third,' he may immediately understand its effect on the position of the game. This mode of playing, however, is not recommended to those who do not possess a powerful memory, with great reflection and perseverance, 'without which no man can play blindfold.' These, with other instructions, are followed by the author's remark, 'that some have arrived to such a degree of perfection as to have played blindfold at four or five boards at a time, nor to have made a mistake in any of the games, and to have recited poetry during the match; and he adds: 'I have seen it written in a book, that a certain person played in this manner at ten boards at once, and gained all the games, and even corrected his adversaries when a mistake was made.'

Besides their conventional value, the pieces had a money value, which was essential to be known by all who desired to win. The rook and knight were estimated at about sixpence each; the queen, threepence; the pawns, three-halfpence; and the 'side-pawns,' three farthings. The value of bishops varied, while the king was beyond all price. The regulations respecting odds were also well defined, in degrees from a single pawn up to a knight and rook; but any one claiming the latter odds was held not 'to count as a chess-player.' And it was not unusual for works on chess to contain puzzling problems, representations of drawn games, and well-combined positions. Some authors describe five different kinds of chess: one had 10 × 10, or 100 squares; another was oblong, 16 × 4, which employed dice as well as the usual pieces; another board was circular, with a central spot for the king, where he could intrench himself in safety; another represented the zodiac, with spaces for each planet, according to the number of houses or mansions assigned by astrologers. The ingenuity did not end here: chess was made to illustrate dreams, and to embellish many amusing games and recreations. Odes and poems were written upon it, and the poets at times exhibited their skill in a play upon words—for instance:

'When my beloved learnt the chess-play of cruelty,
In the very beginning of the game her sweet cheek
(ruk) took my heart captive.'

It served also to point riddles, some of which exhibit remarkable ingenuity, as shewn by the following example, where the name of Mohammed is enigmatically embodied. It is thus rendered:

'The vow of Moses twice repeat;
The principles of life and heat;
The squares of chess, in order due,
Must take their place between these two;
When thus arranged, a name appears,
Which every Muslim heart reveres.'

The solution, as given by a reverend ulama of Constantinople to a learned German who could not solve the mystery, is: 'Take the "vow of Moses," which is 40; double it, and it becomes 80, equivalent to the two Mims in the name Muhammed. Place under these the bases of the temperaments—that is, the elements—which are four (the power of the letter D); then take the number of the houses (or squares) of chess, which are eight in a row, and place it (8 being equal to the letter H) between the two Ms, and you have the name of the prophet, Muhammed (MHMD.)'

'It has been necessary,' observes Mr Bland, 'to turn the Arabic commentary a little, in order to make the solution more intelligible to those unacquainted with the trick of Eastern riddles. Some further explanation is also required to illustrate the solution itself. The vow of Moses refers to his forty days' fast; the four temperaments—the bile, the atrabile, phlegm, and blood—are represented in the Arabian system of physics

by the four elements, which are considered to be connected with them; the figures refer to the numerical power of the *abjad*, or alphabet; and the enigma itself has been attributed, though on uncertain grounds, to Ali, the son-in-law of the prophet.*

'THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.'

UNDER this title has lately been produced a novelty in our literature, the memoirs of an eminent commercial man.* Samuel Budgett died in May 1851, at the age of fifty-seven. Though starting in life without capital or credit, he had, by the sheer exercise of his own innate qualities, risen to the head of one of the most colossal concerns in England. Had he been merely a clever bargainer, and a skilful organiser of business arrangements, there might have been some value in his memoirs, as a guidance to young mercantile aspirants; but Budgett was something more than all this, and his biography serves the far higher purpose of shewing how a man may be at once a most adroit merchantiser, and a man of liberal practice, and a true lover of his kind. Let it not be supposed that he was a *soft* man, who had prospered through some lucky accident. He really was a thorough-paced follower of the maxim which recommends buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market: he was reputed as *keen* in business. But he was also kind-hearted and high-principled, and it is this union of remarkable qualities which gives his memoirs their best value.

Mr Budgett was a general provision-merchant at Bristol, with also a large warehouse at Kingswood Hill, where his private residence was. His biographer presents him as he came daily into town to attend to business. 'You might have often seen driving into Bristol, a man under the middle size, verging towards sixty, wrapped up in a coat of deep olive, with gray hair, an open countenance, a quick brown eye, and an air less expressive of polish than of push. He drives a phaeton, with a first-rate horse, at full speed. He looks as if he had work to do, and had the art of doing it. On the way, he overtakes a woman carrying a bundle. In an instant, the horse is reined up by her side, and a voice of contagious promptitude tells her to put up her bundle and mount. The voice communicates to the astonished pedestrian its own energy. She is forthwith seated, and away dashes the phaeton. In a few minutes, the stranger is deposited in Bristol, with the present of some pretty little book, and the phaeton hastens on to Nelson Street. There it turns into the archway of an immense warehouse. "Here, boy; take my horse, take my horse!" It is the voice of the head of the firm. The boy flies. The master passes through the offices as if he had three days' work to do. Yet his eye notes everything. He reaches his private office. He takes from his pocket a memorandum-book, on which he has set down, in order, the duties of the day. A boy waits at the door. He glances at his book, and orders the boy to call a clerk. The clerk is there promptly, and receives his instructions in a moment. "Now, what is the next thing?" asks the master, glancing at his memorandum. Again the boy is on the wing, and another clerk appears. He is soon dismissed. "Now, what is the next thing?" again looking at the memorandum. At the call of the messenger, a young man now approaches the office door. He is a "traveller;" but notwithstanding the habitual push and self-possession of his class, he evidently is approaching his employer with reluctance and embarrassment. He almost pauses at the entrance. And now that he is face to face with the strict man of business, he feels much confused.

"Well, what's the matter? I understand you can't make your cash quite right."

"No, sir."

"How much are you short?"

"Eight pounds, sir."

"Never mind; I am quite sure you have done what is right and honourable. It is some mistake; and you won't let it happen again. Take this and make your account straight."

'The young man takes the proffered paper. He sees an order for ten pounds; and retires as full of admiration as he had approached full of anxiety.

"Now, what is the next thing?" This time a porter is summoned. He comes forward as if he expected rebuke. "Oh! I have got such a complaint reported against you. You know that will never do. You must not let that occur again."

'Thus, with incredible dispatch, matter after matter is settled, and all who leave that office go to their work as if some one had oiled all their joints.

'At another time, you find the master passing through the warehouse. Here, his quick glance descries a man who is moving drowsily, and he says a sharp word that makes him, in a moment, nimble. There, he sees another blundering at his work. He had no idea that the master's eye was upon him, till he finds himself suddenly supplanted at the job. In a trice, it is done; and his master leaves him to digest the stimulant. Now, a man comes up to tell him of some plan he has in his mind, for improving something in his own department of the business. "Yes, thank you, that's a good idea;" and putting half-a-crown into his hand, he passes on. In another place he finds a man idling. You can soon see, that of all spectacles this is the one least to his mind. "If you waste five minutes, that is not much; but probably if you waste five minutes yourself, you lead some one else to waste five minutes, and that makes ten. If a third follow your example, that makes a quarter of an hour. Now, there are about a hundred and eighty of us here; and if every one wasted five minutes in a day, what would it come to? Let me see. Why, it would be fifteen hours; and fifteen hours a day would be ninety hours—about eight days, working-time, in a week; and in a year, would be four hundred days. Do you think we could ever stand waste like that?" The poor loiterer is utterly confounded. He had no idea of eating up fifteen hours, much less four hundred days, of his good employer's time; and he never saw before how fast five minutes could be multiplied.'

Mr Budgett was the son of a worthy couple, not exactly in poor, but in rather difficult circumstances. He had little school education; but his mother gave him a good religious training. From his earliest intelligent years, he loved traffic. His first transaction was getting a penny for a horse-shoe which he had found. Discovering that for a half-penny he got six marbles, but for a penny fourteen, he bought pennyworths and sold them in half-pennyworths to his companions, thus realising a profit. Meeting an old woman with a basket of cucumbers, he bought them, and by selling them again, realised ninpence. Truly in his case the boy was father to the man. But, what was notable in him, he would give away his accumulated profits all at once, in the purchase of a hymn-book, or for the relief of some poor person. Even then, it was not for sordid or selfish ends that he trafficked. In these early years, his singular tact also came out. 'I remember,' he said, 'about 1806 or 1807, a young man called on my mother, from Mr D—— of Shepton, to solicit orders in the grocery trade. His introduction and mode of treating my mother were narrowly watched by me, particularly when she asked the price of several articles. On going in to my father, she remarked, there would be no advantage in dealing with Mr D——, as she could not see that his prices were any

* *The Successful Merchant: Sketches of the Life of Mr Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill.* By William Arthur, A.M. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. London: 1852.

lower than those she was in the habit of giving. I slipped aside, and began to think: "Why, that young man might have got my mother's trade, if he had known how; if, instead of mentioning so many articles, he had just offered one or two at a lower price than we have been in the habit of giving, she would have been induced to try those articles; and thus he would have been introduced, most likely, to her whole trade: beside, his manner was rather loose, and not of the most modest and attractive kind." I believe the practical lesson then learned has, since that, been worth to me thousands of pounds—namely, Self-interest is the mainspring of human actions: you have only to lay before persons, in a strong light, that what you propose is to their own interest, and you will generally accomplish your purpose.' There are certainly few boys of twelve years who would have caught up such an idea as this from so common-place a circumstance.

By the time he was fourteen, he had realised thirty pounds by private barter. He gave the money to help his parents. When put as apprentice to an elder brother, a grocer in Kingswood Hill, it might have been expected that he would speedily distinguish himself; and so he might have done as far as intellect was concerned; but, unluckily, his strength was at first inadequate for his duties, and his brother actually sent him away as hopeless. With great difficulty, he made his way into another trader's employment, and there he gave entire satisfaction. His brother, then, reclaimed him, and though offered a higher salary where he was, he returned to serve out his time. Long before that period had arrived, he was beginning to soar above retail business. 'The markets were well watched, every advantage of time or change turned to account, and his singular power of cheap buying exerted with all vigour. The trade steadily grew; every now and then those in their own line were surprised at the sales they were able to make, and the neighbourhood resounded with the news of the great bargains to be had at Budgett's. As custom increased, so did envy and accusation. Many scrupled not to declare, that they sold cheaper than they bought, and therefore must soon come to an end; yet they went on, year by year, in steady and rapid increase. . . . He already seemed to decry in the distance the possibility of a great wholesale establishment; but this must be reached by little and little. He would not attempt what he could not accomplish. Any sudden bound, therefore, by which he was at once to pass the gulf now separating him from his object, was not to be thought of. A little at a time; secure what you have, work it well, make it fruitful, and then push on a little farther; but never stretch out to anything new till all the old is perfectly cultivated.'

The brother, who was fifteen years his senior, and a man of ordinary character, was borne on by the towering genius of Samuel the apprentice. 'Among the customers of the shop were numbers of good women, who came from villages at a few miles' distance, mounted on donkeys. As the flow of purchasers was great, a crowd of these patient steeds would often be for a long time about the door, while their respective mistresses were obtaining goods. In this concourse from a distance, the quick eye of Samuel discovered the germ of an extended trade. Why should he not go into their neighbourhood regularly, and obtain their orders; so securing their custom always, and affording them accommodation, while he obtained new chances of extension? His brother was much more inclined to pursue the regular course than to branch into anything new; and the caution of the one probably acted as a useful counterbalance to the energy of the other. But Samuel was not to be held within the shop-walls: he had his plans for erecting a great business, and no power could restrain him. He soon set forth to the villages of Doynton and Pucklechurch, and arranged

to meet the good folks at fixed times, in one house or another convenient for them, and there to receive their orders. He made himself their friend: he was hearty, familiar, and in earnest; he noticed their children; he knew their ways; and he rapidly gained their favour, and effected considerable sales.'

'This point gained, he began to talk of supplying the smaller shops. "Why should not we supply them as well as other people?" His brother shrank from anything that seemed to approach the wholesale. He feared that they would get beyond their means, and wished to pursue only the old course. Samuel could wait, but he could not surrender. Supply the smaller shops he would, and by degrees he managed to accomplish it. Very gradually, the range of this quasi-wholesale trade extended. Firmly keeping to his purpose of working all he had got, and going on little by little, he made no abrupt enterprise—no great dash; but on, on he plodded in the humblest way, caring nothing for show, but careful that every foot of ground under him was solid. He gradually began to make a modest sort of commercial journey; and among tradesmen to whom he would not venture to offer the higher articles of grocery, raised a considerable trade in such descriptions of goods as he might supply without seeming to push into too important a sphere.'

Having made a lucky purchase of butter, Samuel went amongst traders of his own kind for orders, and at first met with little but contempt. He persevered, nevertheless, and in a little time made his way. By little and little his house, of which he became a partner, acquired a footing, and began to be talked of as a kind of prodigy for a village. The leading principle followed, was to do business entirely by ready-money, in buying as in selling. A wonder may be felt how Mr Budgett contrived, with no advantage of capital at starting, to act upon this rule. The plan is simple, and may be easily followed. Let the transactions be in a proper proportion to the means. It looks a slow plan; but, in reality, by securing an exemption from pecuniary embarrassment, it allows a business, other circumstances being equal, to go on faster than might otherwise be the case. Mr Budgett could accept small profits on his ready-money transactions, and by their frequency, outstrip heavier-pursed but also heavier-minded men.

The leading maxims of Samuel Budgett in business were—*Tact, Push, and Principle*. In the two former, he was a great genius, and much he no doubt was indebted to them. Yet we are inclined to think that Principle had the chief hand in his success. He was entirely a just man. He would rebuke a young salesman more severely for a slight inequality in his weighing-scales against the public, than for a neglect of his duty. It was a custom of grocers to mix up pepper with an article called P. D. Mr Budgett long kept a cask of P. D.; but at length, reflecting seriously on it one evening, he went to the shop, re-opened it, took out the hypocritical cask to a neighbouring quarry, and there staved it, scattering the P. D. amongst the clods, and slags, and stones; after which he returned with a light heart to bed. There was also a benevolence at the bottom of all Mr Budgett's proceedings as a man of business. It appeared strongly in his relations to his subalterns and working-people. Though a strict disciplinarian, and not to be imposed upon in anything, he was so humane and liberal towards all around him, that they served him as much from love as duty. He has discharged men for misconduct or disloyalty, and afterwards pensioned their families till they got other employment. His liberality in supporting charitable institutions, and relieving private cases of distress, knew hardly any bounds; but, at a fair computation, it has been estimated at about £2000 a year.

Observing one of his men looking for some time very melancholy, he called him up, and inquired into the cause. 'The sickness of his wife had entangled

him in debt; he could not eat, he could not sleep; his life was a misery to him, and he had exclaimed with a pathos that sunk deep into my dear relative's tender heart: "Master, I am in debt; every time I go near the river, something bids me fling myself into it, telling me there's water enough to rid me of all my troubles; and that if I don't, I shall be sent into the prison there for debt!"

"Deeply affected, he inquired of the poor man the names of his creditors, the amount of their respective claims, and the peculiar circumstances which had led to the contraction of each liability. Having ascertained these particulars, and perfectly satisfied himself that the man had not forgotten the precept of the society of which he was a member—"Not to contract debt without at least a reasonable prospect of discharging it"—he asked him whether freedom from these liabilities would restore to him peace of mind. The question was answered by a sort of sickly smile, which seemed to indicate a perfect despair of such a consummation. "Well, come," said the master, "I don't think things are quite so bad, —, as they appear to be to you. See here, my poor fellow, you owe — pounds: it's a very large sum for a man like you, to be sure; and if you had run into debt to anything like this amount through extravagance, or even thoughtlessness, I should have regarded it as an act of dishonesty on your part, and I *might* have felt it right to discharge you. But you are to be pitied, and not to be blamed. Cold pity alone goes for nothing, so let us see how you can be helped out of your troubles. Now, do you think your creditors, considering all the circumstances, would take one-half, and be satisfied? Here's Dr Edwards—his bill is the heaviest; if we can get him to take one-half?"

"One-half, master!" exclaimed the poor man, "but if they *would* take half, where's the money to come from? I *arn't* got a shilling in the world but what's coming to me Friday night; and when I take my wages now, I *arn't* any pleasure in looking at the money, because it *arn't* my own; it should go to pay my debts, and I'm obliged to use it to buy victuals. I think in my heart I shall ne'er be happy again."

"Still more sensibly affected by the poor man's manner the longer the interview lasted, my kind-hearted relative begged him not to distress himself any more; he said that a Friend of his had given him a sum that was quite equal to one-half his debts, bade him return to his work, order a horse to be put into harness as he passed through the yard, and brought round in ten minutes; and told him to be sure to make himself as happy as he could till he saw him again. He immediately drove round to every creditor the poor man had, compounded with them for their respective claims, and obtained their receipts in full discharge. On his return, the poor man's stare of bewilderment was indescribable. He watched his master unfold the receipts one by one without uttering a syllable; and when they were put into his hand, he clutched them with a sort of convulsive grasp, but still not a word escaped him. At length he exclaimed: "But, master, where's the money come from?"

"Never do you mind that, —," was the reply; "go home, and tell your wife you are out of debt; you are an independent man. I only hope the creditors have felt something of the satisfaction in forgiving you one-half your debt to them, that we know God feels in forgiving our debts to him for Christ's sake: I have said that much to all of them."

"But the puzzling question had not yet been answered, and again it was put: "But, master, where's the money come from?"

"Well, well, I told you a FRIEND had given it to me for you. You know that Friend as well as I do. There now, you may leave your work for to-day: go home to your wife, and thank that Friend together for

making you an independent man. But stay, —, I had almost forgotten one thing. I called to see Mr P—— as I drove through Stoke's Croft; I told him the errand that had carried me away from home all day, and he gave me a sovereign for you to begin the world with."

"The poor fellow was too much affected to say anything more. The next morning, however, he appeared again, but after a most complete failure in a valorous attempt he made to express his thanks, he was obliged to leave the counting-house, stammering out that "both he and his wife felt their hearts to be as light as a feather."

Mr Budgett was, by family connection, a Wesleyan, and at all periods of his life under a strong sense of religion. He had even acted as a lay-preacher. It was his custom to have all the people of his establishment assembled for religious exercises every morning before proceeding to business. He was active as a Sunday-school teacher, and assisted with his purse and his own active exertions in every effort to Christianise the rude people of Kingswood. When he became a highly-prosperous man, he had a good country-house and a handsome establishment; but wealth and its refinements never withdrew him from familiar personal intercourse with his people. Neither did it ever in the least alienate him from his many humble relations. His conduct, indeed, in all these respects was admirable, and well entitled him to be, what he was, the most revered man of his neighbourhood and kindred. At his death, the expression of mourning was widely spread, as if the whole population had felt in his loss the loss of a friend.

The volume which supplies us with these particulars and extracts, is a very interesting one; yet we could wish to see it abridged of some portion of the long episodes, in the style of pulpit discourses, with which the author has thought proper to expand it. If properly condensed, and the details of the life presented given perhaps in somewhat better order, so as to explain more clearly the steps of Mr Budgett's rise as a merchant, the work might become a *vade-mecum* for the young man of business, exhibiting to him a model of character and conduct such as could not but exercise a good influence over his future career.

PET BIRDS OF INDIA.

It is said, that when women addict themselves to vice of any kind, they carry it to extravagance, and become far worse than bad men. In like manner, when the natural softness and amiability of the Hindoo character yield to the temptations of luxury and dominion, the individual grows into a tyrant as cruel and odious as any of those depicted in history. This apparent discrepancy has given rise to many speculative mistakes; but, in our opinion, it is as certain that the mass of the Hindoos are gentle and kindly in their nature, as it is that the mass of women are so. It is a curious thing to see the gallant sepoy on a march, attended by his pet lambs, with necklaces of ribbons and white shells, and ears and feet dyed of an orange colour. But even wild creatures are at home with the kindly Hindoo. Fluttering among the peasants threshing corn in a field, are flocks of wild peacocks, gleaming their breakfast; and in the neighbourhood of a village, a traveller can hardly distinguish between the tame and wild ducks, partridges, and peacocks. "There is a fine date-tree," says a recent writer, "overhanging a kind of school, at the end of one of the streets in the town of Jubbulpore, quite covered with the nests of the baya bird; and they are seen every day, and all day, fluttering about in scores, while the noisy children at their play fill the street below, almost within arm's reach of them."

Almost all the natives of India are fond of rearing

pet birds; and the pet is, more frequently than otherwise, a parrot, which is prized for its conversation. The same taste prevailed, we are told, in the fifteenth century, in the city of Paris, where talking-birds were hung out almost at every window. The authority says, that this was attended with rather an awkward result. 'Leading the public life they did, in which they were exposed to every sort of society, the natural morality of the birds was so far lost, that they had become fluent in every term of reproach and indecency; and thunders of applause were elicited among the crowd of passengers by the aptness of their repartees.' In India, the taste is the same, but the habits different; a sketch of which we furnish from our Old Indian. The carpenter, she tells us, while planing the plank, which he holds between his toes, amuses himself by talking to his parrot. The shoemaker, while binding his slippers, or embroidering his rich velvet shoes, for the feet of some sable beauty, pauses every now and then, to listen to the chattering of his pet. The *guala*, on returning home, after disposing of his butter or butter-milk, first takes up some bamboo twigs, one of which is appropriated to each customer, and marking, by a notch with a knife, the quantity disbursed to each, turns, as a matter of course, to his favourite parrot, and either listens to the recital of his previous lessons, or begins to teach him some fresh invocation to some score of gods and goddesses. These men seldom condescend to teach their favourites anything else; but should a lady be the owner, the parrot's lessons are more varied, and more domestic in their character. He is taught to call his mistress 'mother,' and himself 'Baba mittoo' (sweet child.) He is sometimes instructed to rail at her neighbours, and sometimes to scold the children; and thus she lives in sweet companionship with her bird, feeding him with steeped grain, rice and milk, sugar-cane and Indian corn. Of the two last he is exceedingly fond.

India abounds in a variety of parrots and perroquets, the names of many of which I have forgotten; but the generic name is *Tota*. The more common are the *kudlak*, *teeah*, and *pahari*. These learn to speak glibly, being generally taken out of the nest before they are fully fledged. Crutches of various kinds are selected for the poor captive, the most ingenious of which is made of a single joint of bamboo, the two ends being formed into cups—the middle part being cut, and then bent and arched over the fire; the perch being formed of a straight piece of bamboo, which joins the two cups below. A hook fastened to the top of the arch enables the owner to suspend it from the thatched ceiling of his hut; and thus the parrot swings about, listening to his master's pious ejaculations. At dusk, many of these men may be seen parading through the bazaar, with their pets in their hands, the latter loudly vociferating that Brahma is the greatest of gods, or that Krishna and Radha were a loving couple; and so on. I have often been amused at this mode of displaying religious zeal and pious adoration.

Should you penetrate into the more crowded parts of the bazaar, you might happen to see the taste of the bird-fancier displayed after a different, but, I am happy to say, exceptional fashion. A shop may sometimes be found having a square space enclosed with a railing, with a divan in the middle, for the accommodation of the master and his visitors. On this railing a number of birds are perched, many of them little tame bulbuls; these are detained by a ligature, passing over the shoulders of the bird, and tied under the breast, leaving his wings and legs free. The bulbul, though not the bird known by that name in Persia, is a pretty songster; but he is as desperate a fighter as a gamecock. Those, therefore, who delight in cruel sports, bring their little pets to these shops, where no doubt birds of the best mettle are to be found; and on the result of a battle, money and sweetmeats are lost and won, while many

a poor little bird falls a sacrifice to its master's depraved taste. The tiny *amadavad*, with his glowing carmine neck, and distinct little pearly spots, may also occasionally be seen doing battle; he fights desperately, though he also warbles the sweetest of songs.

The affluent Hindoo Baboo or Mohammedan Nawab, among other luxuries, keeps also his aviary. In these may be seen rare and expensive parrots, brought from the Spice Islands. They delight also in *diyuls* and *shamahs*. The latter is a smaller bird than our thrush, but larger than a lark; his breast is orange, the rest of his plumage black, and in song he is equal to our black-bird. The *diyul* also sings sweetly; he is about the same size as the *shamah*, his plumage black, with a white breast, and white tips to his wings. A well-trained bird of either kind sells for about ten rupees, and twenty will be given for a cuckoo from the Nepaul hills. A Baboo whom I knew had several servants to look after his aviary, one of whom had to go daily in search of white ants and ants' eggs for his insectivorous charge; for the *shamah* and *diyul* are both insect-eaters.

Some of the *Minas* (*Gracula*), of which there are several kinds in India, articulate as distinctly, and are as imitative, as the parrots. One of these birds was once brought as a present to my little girl. The donor took his leave, assuring us that the bird was a great speaker, and imitated a variety of sounds. This I found to be too true, for I was awakened by him next morning at dawn of day. He had evidently been bred in the neighbourhood of the hospital, and also initiated into the mysteries of the parade. He coughed like a consumptive patient, groaned like one in agony, and moaned as if in the last extremity. Then he would call a 'halt!' and imitate the jingling of the ramrods in the muskets so exactly, that I marvelled how his little throat could go through so many modulations. I was soon obliged to banish him to a distance from the sleeping-apartments, for some of his utterances were anything but suggestive of soothing or pleasurable sensations.

The hill mina, a mountaineer by birth, seldom lives long in confinement in lowland districts. After having endeared himself to his master and his family by his conversational powers and imitative qualities, he is not unfrequently cut off suddenly by a fit, and sometimes expires while feasting on his bread and milk or pea-meal-paste, or perhaps when he has only a few minutes before been calling out loudly his master's name or those of the children. The hill mina is a handsome bird, a size larger than our black-bird; he is of one uniform colour—a glossy black, like the smoothest Genoa velvet, harmonising beautifully with the bright yellow circle of skin round his eyes, his yellow beak and yellow legs.

The grackle or *salik*, which is a great favourite in the Isle of France, has been correctly enough described in *Partington's Cyclopaedia*. It is a gregarious bird, greatly enlivening the aspect of the grassy meadows at sunset, when his comrades assemble in large flocks, and having picked up their last meal of grubs and grasshoppers, resort for shelter to a neighbouring avenue, where they roost for the night. The grackle is a tame and familiar bird, and will sometimes build its nest close to the habitation of man. I have seen one on the top of a pillar, under the shelter of a veranda; and occasionally an earthen-pot is placed for its accommodation in the fork of a neighbouring tree. Though their brood may be constantly removed, they will return, year after year, to the same nest, expressing, however, their discontent and distress when robbed, by keeping up for some days a loud and querulous chattering.

Those who dwell on the banks of the Ganges may sometimes see, during the rainy season, a large boat floating past, having a raised cabin, like a Bengalee

hut, constructed of mat and straw. From the multiplicity of cages inside and outside, it may be gathered that here are fresh supplies for the bird-fancier—captives from the hills of Rajmahal and Moryheer. The constant fluttering among the inmates of the crowded cages, and their mournful and discordant notes, indicate that they are anything but a happy family—that they have been only recently caught, and are not yet habituated to confinement. They are soon, however, disposed of at the different stations or towns at which the boat anchors, and become in due time the solitary and apparently happy pets I have already described.

I need only add, that there is no lack of pretty little bird-cages in the Far East, constructed very tastefully by the neat-handed natives, and sold for two or three annas.

JUVENILE ENERGY.

In December 1807, W. H. Maynard, Esq., was teaching a school for a quarter in the town of Plainfield, Massachusetts. One cold, blustering morning, on entering his school-room, he observed a lad he had not seen before, sitting on one of the benches. The lad soon made known his errand to Mr Maynard. He was fifteen years old; his parents lived seven miles distant; he wanted an education, and had come from home on foot that morning, to see if Mr Maynard could help him to contrive how to obtain it. Mr Maynard asked him if he was acquainted with any one in the place. 'No.' 'Do your parents know any one here?' 'No.' 'Can your parents help you towards obtaining an education?' 'No.' 'Have you any friends that can give you assistance?' 'No.' 'Well, how do you expect to obtain an education?' 'I don't know, but I thought I would come and see you.' Mr Maynard told him to stay that day, and he would see what could be done. He discovered that the boy was possessed of good sense, but no uncommon brilliancy; and he was particularly struck with the cool and resolute manner in which he undertook to conquer difficulties which would have intimidated common minds. In the course of the day, Mr Maynard made provision for having him boarded through the winter in the family with himself, the lad paying for his board by his services out of school. He gave himself diligently to study, in which he made good but not rapid proficiency, improving every opportunity of reading and conversation for acquiring knowledge; and thus spent the winter. When Mr Maynard left the place in the spring, he engaged a minister, who had resided about four miles from the boy's father, to hear his recitations; and the boy accordingly boarded at home and pursued his studies. It is unnecessary to pursue the narrative further. Mr Maynard never saw the lad afterwards. But this was the early history of the Rev. Jonas King, D.D., whose exertions in the cause of Oriental learning, and in alleviating the miseries of Greece, have endeared him alike to the scholar and the philanthropist, and shed a bright ray of glory on his native country.

LITERARY CIRCLES OF LONDON.

The society of the literary world of London is conducted after this wise:—There are certain persons, for the most part authors, editors, or artists, but with the addition of a few who can only pride themselves upon being the patrons of literature and art—who hold periodical assemblies of the notables. Some appoint a certain evening in every week during the season, a general invitation to which is given to the favoured; others are monthly; and others, again, at no regular intervals. At these gatherings, the amusements are conversation and music only, and the entertainment is unostentatious and inexpensive, consisting of tea and coffee, wine or negus handed about in the course of the evening, and sandwiches, cake, and wine at eleven o'clock. Suppers are prohibited by common consent, for costliness would speedily put an end to society too agreeable to be sacrificed to fashion. The company meets usually between eight and nine, and always parts at midnight.—*The Critic.*

THE SKY-LARK'S SONG.

It comes down from the clouds to me,
On this sweet day of spring;
Methinks it is a melody
That angel-lips might sing.

Thou soaring minstrel! winged bard!
Whose path is the free air,
Whose song makes sunshine seem more bright,
And this fair world more fair!

I ask not what the strain may be,
Thus chanted at 'Heaven's gate'—
A hymn of praise, a lay of joy,
Or love-song to thy mate.

Vain were such idle questioning!
And 'tis enough for me
To feel thou singest still the notes
Which God gave unto thee.

Thence comes the glory of thy song,
And therefore doth it fall,
As falls the radiance of a star,
Gladdening and blessing all!

Oh! wondrous are the living lays
That human lips have breathed,
And deep the music men have won
From lyres with laurel wreathed:

But there's a spell on lip and lyre,
Sweet though their tones may be—
Some jarring note, some tuneless string,
Aye mars the melody.

The strings sleep 'neath too weak a touch,
Or break, 'neath one too strong;
Or we forget the master-chord
That should rule all our song.

When shall our spirit learn again
The lay once to it given!
When shall we rise, like thee, sweet bird!
And, singing, soar to heaven!

FANNY FARMER.

DOG-SELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Two ladies, friends of a near relative of my own, from whom I received an account of the circumstance, were walking in Regent Street, and were accosted by a man who requested them to buy a beautiful little dog, covered with long, white hair, which he carried in his arms. Such things are not uncommon in that part of London, and the ladies passed on without heeding him. He followed, and repeated his entreaties, stating, that as it was the last he had to sell, they should have it at a reasonable price. They looked at the animal; it was really an exquisite little creature, and they were at last persuaded. The man took it home for them, received his money, and left the dog in the arms of one of the ladies. A short time elapsed, and the dog, which had been very quiet, in spite of a restless, bright eye, began to show symptoms of uneasiness, and as he ran about the room, exhibited some unusual movements, which rather alarmed the fair purchasers. At last, to their great dismay, the new dog ran squeaking up one of the window curtains, so that when the gentleman returned home a few minutes after, he found the ladies in consternation, and right glad to have his assistance. He vigorously seized the animal, took out his penknife, cut off its covering, and displayed a large rat to their astonished eyes, and of course to its own destruction.—*Mrs Lee's Anecdotes of Animals.*

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PRONOUNCERS.

Do you not find, in almost every company, one who pronounces decisively upon every matter which comes in question? His voice is loud and firm, his eye bold and confident, and his whole manner oracular. No cold hesitations as to points of fact ever tease him. Little time does he require to make up his mind on any speculative subject. He is all *yes* or all *no* at once and without appeal. Opposite opinions he treats with, at the best, a sublime pity, meant to be graceful, but, in reality, galling. He is often a goose; but, be what he may, it is ten to one that he carries off the majority of the company in the mere sweep of his gown. They are led by him for the time, fascinated by the energy of his pronunciations. They may all recover from him afterwards—some after one day, some after two, and particularly weak men after, perhaps, a week. At the moment, however, the pronouncer has vast influence, and, if immediate action can be determined on, it is very likely that he drags his victims into some commitment of themselves, from which subsequent escape may not be very easy.

While pronouncing is thus the prominent quality of a few, it is more or less the vice of nearly all. Men feel that they have an inherent right to their opinion, and to the promulgation of it, and are not very apt to reflect that there is another question—as to whether their opinion be worth delivering; whether it has been formed upon a good basis of knowledge or experience, or upon any basis at all; whether it is the emanation of ripe judgment and reflection, or of some mere passing gust of ideas springing from the whim of the minute. Hence, when any question arises, it is seldom found that any one is quite unprepared to give some sort of decision. Even the giddy girl of seventeen will have something to say upon it, albeit she may never have heard of the matter before. It is thought foolish-looking not to be able to pronounce, as if one imperiled the right of private judgment itself by not being prepared in every case to act upon it. In consequence, what absurd opinions do we hear in all kinds of companies upon all kinds of topics! How the angels, who know better, must weep!

A conversational party even of tolerably well-educated persons, often presents itself in a ludicrous light. Some question has arisen amongst them. No one has any clear or definite information upon it. They have had disputes about the simplest matters of fact involved in it. Yet no person there, down to the youngest, but would take scorn to be held as incapable of pronouncing upon it. There are as many opinions as there are persons present, and not one less confident than

another. What is very natural in such circumstances, no one has the least respect for the opinions of any of the rest. Each, in fact, does justice upon his neighbour for the absurdity of pronouncing without grounds, while incapable of seeing the absurdity in himself. And thus an hour will be passed in a most unprofitable manner, and perhaps the social spirit of the company be not a little marred. How much better to say: 'Well, that is a subject I know nothing about: I will not undertake to judge.' Supposing all who are present to be in the same predicament, they might dismiss the barren subject, and start another on which some one could throw real light, and from which, accordingly, all might derive some benefit.

Is not this habit of pronouncing without preparation in inquiry and reflection just one of the causes of that remarkable diversity of opinion which is so often deplored for its unpleasant consequences? In ignorance—fancy, whim, and prejudice usurp the directing power. If we take no time for consideration, we shall be apt to plunge into an error, and afterwards persevere in it for the sake of consistency, or because it has become a thing which we regard as our own. In such circumstances, no wonder there are as many 'minds' as 'men.' But when any one can speak on the ground of well-ascertained facts, and after some deliberation on the bearings of the question, he must carry others with him, not by fascination, but by real conviction, and thus greatly reduce the proportion of opinions to men. Very likely, some other man has got hold of a somewhat different range of facts, and come to different conclusions: he, too, will have his party of followers. But there being two or three discrepant views on the subject, is a much less evil than there being as many as there are individuals.

The right of pronouncing upon public affairs is one that would be particularly clung to if there were any danger of its being lost, and it certainly is not in England that any writer would be found ready to challenge so valued a privilege. At the same time, no one will seriously deny, that if this right were used more generally with the advantage of a tolerable knowledge of the subject, it would be an improvement. Public men may be acting, as, indeed, they must generally do, upon certain data carefully brought out by inquiry: they may judge and act amiss after all, for human judgment is fallible. But when we contrast their means of forming a judgment with those of many persons who hesitate not to pronounce upon their measures, it cannot be denied that they stand in a strong position. When we hear a bold condemnation of their acts from men who, so far from having gone through the same process of inquiry, have not even perused the

documents in which the grounds of the administrative policy were explained, can we do otherwise than smile at the pretensions of the *pseudo-judges*? Is not the frequency of this unfounded judging much more apt to harden an unlucky statesman than to make him amenable to counsel? On the other hand, when a public man finds himself and his actions criticised by men who have knowledge, he must be a hardy one indeed who can entirely disregard the judgment.

If we attentively study the progress of any man who has acquired influence over his fellow-creatures—apart from certain matters in which the feelings are mainly concerned—we shall find that he has distinguished himself by a habit of not pronouncing where he has no means of forming a judgment. Such a man has had the good sense to see and confess that he could not be expected to know many things sufficiently well to entitle him to pronounce authoritatively upon them. He has probably given some considerable share of attention to certain subjects that are of some importance to his fellow-creatures, and thus fitted himself, with regard to them, to speak with more or less decision. Never found guilty of giving a vague, crudely-formed judgment on things a hundred miles out of his way, but, on the contrary, obtaining credit occasionally for the manner in which he treats those with which he is conversant, he irresistibly acquires character and influence. Young hasty minds laugh at his taking such care not to commit himself: he is perhaps taxed with getting credit for merely looking grave and holding his tongue. But this very holding of the tongue when there is nothing to say, is, in reality, one of the greatest, though often one of the last-learned virtues. Were his merits purely negative, they would be great; tending as they do to save truth from that obscurity which a multitude of ill-formed opinions necessarily throw upon it. But we shall usually discover in such men a positive merit also in their power to illustrate and give a guiding opinion upon certain subjects of importance to public or private interests.

There is not one sentence in this little essay which may not be justly set down as mere commonplace. We acknowledge the fault; but defend it on the ground that sound and useful commonplaces require a continual refreshing and re-presentation, so many persons being, after all, unaware or forgetful of them.

On a similar ground of defence, we would take leave to remind mankind of the good old maxim, 'Hear the other party.' Familiar to most people, observed by some, there are multitudes who uniformly act as if they had never heard of it. To be quite candid, we often catch ourselves neglecting it; and always, at the best, it takes a struggle to make it a reality in our conduct. Experience, however, impresses us more and more with a sense of its being absolutely essential to the ascertainment of truth in any disputable case. There is so much bias from self-love, so much recklessness about truth in general, and so much of even a sincere faithlessness of narration, that no partial account of anything is to be trusted. It is but a small concession to the cause of truth, to wait till we hear the statement of the opposite party, or not to pronounce without it. If anything were required to prove how little this is reflected on, it would be the readiness of nearly all persons to tell their own story, without intimating the slightest doubt that it is to be implicitly received on their own shewing. One cannot walk along a street, but some friend will come up and inflict a narration, limited entirely to his own view of a case in which he is interested or aggrieved, practically ignoring that there can and must be another way of stating it. And so great is the complaisance of mankind, that no one thinks of intimating any necessity for consulting another authority before giving judgment. Here the vicious habit of thoughtless pronouncing is doubly bad, as it involves also a kind of flattery.

There are some novel doctrines and theories, which seem doomed to meet with prejudice and opposition, but which yet must have some vitality about them, seeing that they survive so much ill-treatment. It is curious to observe how little regard to the rules of reasoning is usually felt to be necessary in opposing these theories—how mere pronouncing comes to stand in their case in the stead of evidence and argument. Although they may have been brought forward as mere forms of possible truth—ideal points round which to rally the scattered forces of investigation—and only advanced as far as facts would go, and no further—you will find them denounced as visions, tending to the breach of the philosophic peace; while, on the other hand, those who oppose them, albeit on no sort of ground but a mere pronouncement of contrary opinion, obtain all the credit due to the genuine philosopher. Abstractly, it would be generally admitted that any doctrine for which a certain amount of evidence is shewn, can only be overthrown by a superior force of evidence on the other side. But practically this is of no avail. Doubt and denial are so important to philosophy, and confer such an air of superior wisdom, that merely to doubt and deny will be pretty sure to carry both the educated and the uneducated vulgar. To get a high character in that position is of course very easy. Little more than pronouncing is required. As to the respective positions of the affirmer and denier in some future time, when truth has attained the power of asserting her reign against prejudice, that is another thing.

To return to the general question—If any one be impressed by our remarks with a sense of the absurdity of pronouncing without knowledge and reflection, let him endeavour to avoid it, and he will confer a sensible benefit on society. When next he is in company, and a subject occurs to tempt him into an expression of opinion, let him pause a moment, and say to himself: 'Now, do I know anything about it—or if I know something, do I know enough—to enable me to speak without fear of being contradicted? Have I ever given it any serious reflection? Am I sure that I have an opinion about it at all? Am I sure that I entertain no prejudice on the point?' Were every one of us children of British freedom to take these precautions, there would be more power amongst us to pronounce wisely. There would be a more vigorous and healthful public opinion, and the amenity, as well as instructiveness of private society would be much increased.

COOLING THE AIR OF ROOMS IN HOT CLIMATES.

In our last number, allusion was made to a process for cooling the air of apartments in hot climates, with a view to health and comfort. The intolerable heat of the climate in India, during certain hours of the day, is well known to be the cause of much bad health among European settlers. By way of rendering the air at all endurable, the plan of agitating it with punkahs, hung to the roofs of apartments, the punkahs being moved by servants in attendance for the purpose, is adopted. Another plan of communicating a sensation of coolness, is to hang wet mats in the open windows. But by neither of these expedients is the end in view satisfactorily gained. Both are nothing else than make-shifts.

The new process of cooling now to be described, is founded on a scientific principle, certain and satisfactory in its operation, provided it be reduced to practice in a simple manner. The discoverer is Professor Piazzi Smyth, who has presented a minute account of it in a paper in the *Practical Mechanic's Journal* for October 1850, and also separately in a pamphlet. We invite public attention to this curious but simple invention,

of which we shall proceed to present a few principles from the pamphlet just referred to.

Mr Smyth first speaks of the uselessness of the punkah, and the danger of the wet mats. 'The wet mats in the windows for the wind to blow through, cannot be employed but when the air is dry as well as hot, and even then are most unhealthy, for although the air may feel dry to the skin, there is generally far more moisture in it than in our own climate; but the height of the temperature increasing the capacity of the air for moisture, makes that air at 80 degrees feel very dry, which at 40 degrees would be very damp. Now, one of the reasons of the lassitude felt in warm climates is, that the air expanding with the heat, while the lungs remain of the same capacity, they must take in a smaller quantity by *weight*, though the same by *measure*, of oxygen, the supporter of life; but if, in addition to the air being rarefied, it be also still further distended by the vapour of water being mixed with it, it is evident that a certain number of cubic inches by measure, or the lungs full, will contain a less weight of oxygen than ever; so little, indeed, that life can barely be supported; and we need not wonder at persons lying down almost powerless in the hot and damp atmosphere, and gasping for breath. Hence we see that any method of cooling the air for Indians, instead of adding moisture, should rather take it out of the air, so as to make oxygen predominate as much as possible in the combined draught of oxygen, azote, and a certain quantity of the vapour of water, which will always be present; and hardly any plan could be more pernicious than the favourite though dreaded one by those who have watched its results—of the wet mats. Cold air—that is, air in which the thermometer actually stands at a low reading—by reason of its density, gives us oxygen, the food of the lungs, in a compressed and concentrated form; and men can accordingly do much work upon it. But air which is merely cold to the feelings—air in which the thermometer stands high, but which merely gives us one of the external sensations of coolness—on being made by a punkah, or any other mere blowing machine, to move rapidly over our skin—or on being charged with watery vapour, or on being contrasted with previous excessive heat—such air must, nevertheless, be rarefied to the full extent indicated by the mercurial thermometer, and give us, therefore, our supply of vital oxygen in a very diluted form, and of a meagre, unsupporting, and unsatisfying consistence. . . . The *sine quâ non*, therefore, for healthy and robust life in tropical countries, is air cold and dry—cold to the thermometer and dry to the hygrometer; or, in other words, dense, and containing little else than the necessary oxygen and azote, and this supplied to a room, fresh and fresh, in a continual current.'

He next goes on to describe the principle of his new plan of cooling:—'The method by which I propose to accomplish this consummation, so devoutly to be desired, is chiefly by taking advantage of the well-known property of air to rise in temperature on compression, and to fall on expansion. If air of any temperature, high or low, be compressed with a certain force, the temperature will rise above what it was before, in a degree proportioned to the compression. If the air be allowed immediately to escape from under the pressure, it will recover its original temperature, because the fall in heat, on air expanding from a certain pressure, is equal to the rise on its being compressed to the same; but if, while the air is in its compressed state, it be robbed of its acquired heat of compression, and then be allowed to escape, it will issue at a temperature as much below the original one, as it rose above it on compression. Thus the air, being at 90 degrees, will rise, if compressed to a certain quantity, to 120 degrees; if it be kept in this compressed and confined state until all the extra 30 degrees of heat have been conveyed away by radiation and conduction, and the

air be then allowed to escape, it will be found, on issuing, to be of 60 degrees of temperature. If a cooler be formed by a pipe under water, and air be forced in under a given compression at one end, and be made to pass along to the other, it may thereby, if the cooler be sufficiently extensive, be robbed of all its heat of compression; and if the apparatus is so arranged, as it easily may be, that at every stroke of the pump forcing in air at one end of the pipe, an equivalent quantity of the cooled compressed air escape from under a loaded valve at the other, there will be an intermittent stream of cooled air produced thereby, of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, in an atmosphere of 90 degrees, which may be led away in a pipe to the room desired to be cooled.'

The only difficulty to be encountered consists in the erection and working of machinery. There can be little fear on this score. We have no doubt that any London engine-maker would hit off the whole scheme of an air-cooling machine in half an hour. What is wanted is a forcing-pump wrought by a one horse or two bullock-power. This being erected and wrought outside of a dwelling, the air will be forced into a convoluted of pipe passing through a tank of water, like the worm of a still, and will issue by a check-valve at every stroke of the piston into the apartments to be cooled. Properly arranged, and with a suitable supply of water trickling through the tank, air at 90 degrees will be reduced to 60 degrees or thereabouts, which is the temperature of ordinary sitting-rooms in England. What, it may be asked, will be the expense of such an apparatus for cooling the air of a dwelling-house? We are informed that it will not be greater than that usually paid for heating with fires in this country; and if so, the expense cannot be considered a serious obstacle to the use of the apparatus. In the case of barracks for soldiers, hospitals, and other public establishments, the process will prove of such important service, that the cost, even if greater than it is likely to be, should present no obstacle to its application.

THE CHURCH OF THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

ONE beautiful evening, in the year 1815, the parish priest of San Pietro, a village a few miles distant from Sevilla, returned much fatigued to his little cottage, where he found his aged housekeeper, the Señora Margarita, watching for him. Notwithstanding that one is well accustomed to the sight of poverty in Spain, it was impossible to help being struck by the utter destitution which appeared in the house of the good priest; the more so, as every imaginable contrivance had been resorted to, to hide the nakedness of the walls, and the shabbiness of the furniture. Margarita had prepared for her master's supper a rather small dish of *olla-podriga*, which consisted, to say the truth, of the remains of the dinner, seasoned and disguised with great skill, and with the addition of some sauce, and a name. As she placed the savoury dish upon the table, the priest said: 'We should thank God for this good supper, Margarita; this olla-podriga makes one's mouth water. My friend, you ought to be grateful for finding so good a supper at the house of your host!' At the word host, Margarita raised her eyes, and saw a stranger, who had followed her master. Her countenance changed, and she looked annoyed. She glanced indignantly first at the unknown, and then at the priest, who, looking down, said in a low voice, and with the timidity of a child: 'What is enough for two, is always enough for three; and surely you would not wish that I should allow a Christian to die of hunger? He has not tasted food for two days.'

'A Christian! He is more like a brigand!' and Margarita left the room murmuring loudly enough to be heard.

Meanwhile, the unwelcome guest had remained standing at the door. He was a man of great height, half-dressed in rags, and covered with mud; while his black hair, piercing eyes, and carbine, gave him an appearance which, though hardly prepossessing, was certainly interesting. 'Must I go?' said he.

The priest replied with an emphatic gesture: 'Those whom I bring under my roof are never driven forth, and are never unwelcome. Put down your carbine. Let us say grace, and go to table.'

'I never leave my carbine, for, as the Castilian proverb says, "Two friends are one." My carbine is my best friend; and I always keep it beside me. Although you allow me to come into your house, and do not oblige me to leave it until I wish to do so, there are others who would think nothing of hauling me out, and, perhaps, with my feet foremost. Come—to your good health, mine host, and let us to supper.'

The priest possessed an extremely good appetite, but the voracity of the stranger soon obliged him to give up, for, not contented with eating, or rather devouring, nearly the whole of the olla-podriga, the guest finished a large loaf of bread, without leaving a crumb. While he ate, he kept continually looking round with an expression of inquietude: he started at the slightest sound; and once, when a violent gust of wind made the door bang, he sprang to his feet, and seized his carbine, with an air which shewed that, if necessary, he would sell his life dearly. Discovering the cause of the alarm, he reseated himself at table, and finished his repast.

'Now,' said he, 'I have one thing more to ask. I have been wounded, and for eight days my wound has not been dressed. Give me a few old rags, and you shall be no longer burdened with my presence.'

'I am in no haste for you to go,' replied the priest, whose guest, notwithstanding his constant watchfulness, had conversed very entertainingly. 'I know something of surgery, and will dress your wound.'

So saying, he took from a cupboard a case containing everything necessary, and proceeded to do as he had said. The stranger had bled profusely, a ball having passed through his thigh; and to have travelled in this condition, and while suffering, too, from want of food, shewed a strength which seemed hardly human.

'You cannot possibly continue your journey to-day,' said the host. 'You must pass the night here. A little rest will get up your strength, diminish the inflammation of your wound, and—'

'I must go to-day, and immediately,' interrupted the stranger. 'There are some who wait for me,' he added with a sigh—'and there are some, too, who follow me.' And the momentary look of softness passed from his features between the clauses of the sentence, and gave place to an expression almost of ferocity. 'Now, is it finished? That is well. See, I can walk as firmly as though I had never been wounded. Give me some bread; pay yourself for your hospitality with this piece of gold, and adieu.'

The priest put back the gold with displeasure. 'I am not an innkeeper,' said he; 'and I do not sell my hospitality.'

'As you will, but pardon me; and now, farewell, my kind host.'

So saying, he took the bread, which Margarita, at her master's command, very unwillingly gave him, and soon his tall figure disappeared among the thick foliage of a wood which surrounded the house, or rather the cabin. An hour had scarcely passed, when musket-shots were heard close by, and the unknown reappeared, deadly pale, and bleeding from a deep wound near the heart.

'Take these,' said he, giving some pieces of gold to his late host; 'they are for my children—near the stream—in the valley.'

He fell, and the next moment several police-officers rushed into the house. They hastily secured the unfortunate man, who attempted no resistance. The priest entreated to be allowed to dress his wound, which they permitted; but when this was done, they insisted on carrying him away immediately. They would not even procure a carriage; and when they were told of the danger of removing a man so severely wounded, they merely said: 'What does it matter? If he recovers, it will only be to receive sentence of death. He is the famous brigand, José!'

José thanked the intercessor with a look. He then asked for a little water, and when the priest brought it to him, he said in a faint voice: 'Remember!' The reply was merely a sign of intelligence. When they were gone, notwithstanding all Margarita could say as to the danger of going out at night, the priest crossed the wood, descended into the valley, and soon found, beside the body of a woman, who had doubtless been killed by a stray ball of the police, an infant, and a little boy of about four years old, who was trying in vain to awaken his mother. Imagine Margarita's amazement when the priest returned with two children in his arms.

'May all good saints defend us! What have you done, señor? We have barely enough to live upon, and you bring two children! I suppose I must beg from door to door, for you and for them. And, for mercy's sake, who are these children? The sons of that brigand, gipsy, thief, murderer, perhaps! I am sure they have never been baptised!' At this moment the infant began to cry. 'And pray, Señor Clérigo, how do you mean to feed that child? You know very well that we have no means of paying a nurse. We must spoon-feed it, and nice nights that will give me! It cannot be more than six months old, poor little creature,' she added, as her master placed it in her arms. 'Fortunately, I have a little milk here,' and forgetting her anger, she busied herself in putting some milk on the fire, and then sat down beside it to warm the infant, who seemed half-frozen. Her master watched her in silence, and when at last he saw her kiss its little cheek, he turned away with a quiet smile.

When at length the little one had been hushed into a gentle slumber, and when Margarita, with the assistance of her master's cloak, and some of her own clothes, had made a bed for the elder boy, and placed him in it, the good man told her how the children had been committed to his care, and the promise he had made, though not in words, to protect them.

'That is very right and good, no doubt,' said Margarita; 'I only want to know how we are all to live?' The priest opened his Bible, and read aloud:

'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.'

'Amen!' said Margarita.

Twelve years passed by. The parish priest of San Pietro, who was now more than seventy years old, was sitting in the sunshine at his door. Near him, a boy of about twelve years old was reading aloud from the Bible, looking occasionally towards a tall, fine-looking young man, who was hard at work in a garden close by. Margarita, who was now become blind, sat and listened. Suddenly, the sound of wheels was heard, and the boy exclaimed: 'Oh! the beautiful carriage!' A splendid carriage approached rapidly, and stopped before the door. A richly-dressed servant approached, and asked for a cup of water for his master.

'Carlos,' said the priest to the younger boy, 'go, bring water to the gentleman; and add some wine, if he will accept it. Go quickly!' At this moment, the carriage-door opened, and a gentleman, apparently about fifty years old, alighted.

'Are these your nephews?' said he to the priest.

'They are more than that, señor; they are my children—the children of my adoption.'

'How is that?'

'I will tell you, señor; for I am old and poor, and know but little of the world, and am in much need of advice; for I know not what to do with these two children.' He related the story we have just told.

'And now, señor, what do you advise me to do?'

'Apply to one of the nobles of the court, who must assign you a pension of four thousand ducats.'

'I asked you for advice, señor, and not for jest.'

'And then, your church must be rebuilt. We will call it the Church of the Cup of Cold Water. Here is the plan. See, this is to be the vicarage; and here, divided by this paling'—

'What does this mean? What would you say? And, surely, I remember that voice, that face'—

'I am Don José della Ribeira; and twelve years ago, I was the brigand José. I escaped from prison; and—for the revolution made great changes—am now powerful. My children'—

He clasped them in his arms. And when at length he had embraced them a hundred times, with tears, and smiles, and broken sentences; and when all had in some degree recovered their composure, he took the hand of the priest and said: 'Well, father, will you not accept the Church of the Cup of Cold Water?' The old man, deeply affected, turned to Margarita, and repeated:

'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.'

'Amen!' replied the aged woman, her voice tremulous from emotion.

A short time afterwards, Don José della Ribeira and his two sons were present at the consecration of the church of San-Pietro-del-Vaso-di-Aqua-Fria, one of the prettiest churches in the neighbourhood of Sevilla.

MUSIC-GRINDERS OF THE METROPOLIS.

PERHAPS the pleasantest of all the out-door accessories of a London life are the strains of fugitive music which one hears in the quiet by-streets or suburban highways—strains born of the skill of some of our wandering artists, who, with flute, violin, harp, or brazen tube of various shape and designation, make the brick-walls of the busy city responsive with the echoes of harmony. Many a time and oft have we lingered entranced by the witchery of some street Orpheus, forgetful, not merely of all the troubles of existence, but of existence itself, until the strajn had ceased, and silence aroused us to the matter-of-fact world of business. One blind fiddler, we know him well, with face upturned towards the sky, has stood a public benefactor any day these twenty years, and we know not how much longer, to receive the substantial homage of the music-loving million. But that he is scarcely old enough, he might have been the identical Oxford-Street Orpheus of Wordsworth:—

'His station is there; and he works on the crowd,
He aways them with harmony merry and loud;
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him!'

Decidedly not—there is nothing to match it; and so thinks 'the one-pennied boy' who spares him his one penny, and deems it well bestowed. Then there are the harpers, with their smooth French-horn-breathing and piccolo-piping comrades, who at the soothing hour of twilight affect the tranquil and retired paved courts or snug enclosures far from the roar and rumble of chariot-wheels, where, clustered round with lads and

lasses released from the toils of the day, they dispense romance and sentiment, and harmonious cadences, in exchange for copper compliments and the well-merited applause of fit audiences, though few. Again, there are the valorous brass-bands of the young Germans, who blow such spirit-stirring appeals from their travel-worn and battered tubes—to say nothing of the thousand performers of solos and duets, who, wherever there is the chance of a moment's hearing, are ready to attempt their seductions upon our ears to the prejudice of our pockets. All these we must pass over with this brief mention upon the present occasion; our business being with their numerous antitheses and would-be rivals—the incarnate nuisances who fill the air with discordant and fragmentary mutilations and distortions of heaven-born melody, to the distraction of educated ears and the perversion of the popular taste.

'Music by handle,' as it has been facetiously termed, forms our present subject. This kind of harmony, which is not too often deserving of the name, still constitutes, notwithstanding the large amount of indispensible talent which derives its support from the gratuitous contributions of the public, by far the larger portion of the peripatetic minstrelsy of the metropolis. It would appear that these grinders of music, with some few exceptions which we shall notice as we proceed, are distinguished from their praiseworthy exemplars, the musicians, by one remarkable, and to them perhaps very comfortable characteristic. Like the exquisite Charles Lamb—if his curious confession was not a literary myth—they have ears, but no ear, though they would hardly be brought to acknowledge the fact so candidly as he did. They may be divided, so far as our observation goes, into the following classes:—1. Hand-organists; 2. Monkey-organists; 3. Handbarrow-organists; 4. Handcart-organists; 5. Horse-and-cart-organists; 6. Blindbird-organists; 7. Piano-grinders; 8. Flageolet-organists and pianists; 9. Hurdy-gurdy players.

1. The hand-organist is most frequently a Frenchman of the departments, nearly always a foreigner. If his instrument be good for anything, and he have a talent for forming a connection, he will be found to have his regular rounds, and may be met with any hour in the week at the same spot he occupied at that hour on the week previous. But a man so circumstanced is at the head of the vagabond profession, the major part of whom wander at their own sweet will wherever chance may guide. The hand-organ which they lug about varies in value from L.10 to L.150—at least, this last-named sum was the cost of a first-rate instrument thirty years ago, such as were borne about by the street-organists of Bath, Cheltenham, and the fashionable watering-places, and the grinders of the West End of London at that period, when musical talent was much less common than it is now. We have seen a contract for repairs to one of these instruments, including a new stop and new barrels, amounting to the liberal sum of L.75: it belonged to a man who had grown so impudent in prosperity, as to incur the penalty of seven years' banishment from the town in which he turned his handle, for the offence of thrashing a young nobleman, who stood between him and his auditors too near for his sense of dignity. Since the invention of the metal reed, however, which, under various modifications and combinations, supplies the sole utterance of the harmonicon, celestina, seraphina, eolophon, accordin, concertina, &c. &c. and which does away with the necessity for pipes, the street hand-organ has assumed a different and infinitely worse character. Some of them yet remain what the old Puritans called 'boxes of

whistles'—that is, they are all pipes; but many of them might with equal propriety be called 'boxes of Jews-harpa,' being all reeds, or rather vibrating metal tongues—and more still are of a mixed character, having pipes for the upper notes, and metal reeds for the bass. The effect is a succession of sudden hoarse brays as an accompaniment to a soft melody, suggesting the idea of a duet between Titania and Bottom. But this is far from the worst of it. The profession of hand-organist having of late years miserably declined, being in fact at present the next grade above mendicancy, the element of cheapness has, per force, been studied in the manufacture of the instrument. The barrels of some are so villainously pricked that the time is altogether broken, the ear is assailed with a minim in the place of a quaver, and *vice versa*—and occasionally, as a matter of convenience, a bar is left out, or even one is repeated, in utter disregard of suffering humanity. But what is worse still, these metal reeds, which are the most untunable things in the whole range of sound-producing material, are constantly, from contact with fog and moisture, getting out of order; and howl dolorously as they will in token of their ailments, their half-starved guardian, who will grind half an hour for a penny, cannot afford to medicate their pains, even if he is aware of them, which, judging from his placid composure during the most infamous combination of discords, is very much to be questioned.*

2. The monkey-organist is generally a native of Switzerland or the Tyrol. He carries a worn-out, doctored, and flannel-swathed instrument, under the weight of which, being but a youth, or very rarely an adult, he staggers slowly along, with outstretched back and bended knees. On the top of his old organ sits a monkey, or sometimes a marmoset, to whose queer face and queerer tricks, he trusts for compensating the defective quality of his music. He dresses his shivering brute in a red jacket and a cloth cap; and, when he can, he teaches him to grind the organ, to the music of which he will himself dance wearily. He wears an everlasting smile upon his countenance, indicative of humour, natural and not assumed for the occasion: and though he invariably unites the profession of a beggar with that of monkey-master and musician, he has evidently no faith in a melancholy face, and does not think it absolutely necessary to make you thoroughly miserable in order to excite your charity. He will leave his monkey grinding away on a door-step, and follow you with a grinning face for a hundred yards or more, singing in a kind of recitative: 'Date qualche cosa, signor! per amor di Dio, eccellenza, date qualche cosa!' If you comply with his request, his voluble thanks are too rapid for your comprehension; and if you refuse, he laughs merrily in your face as he turns away to rejoin his friend and coadjutor. He is a favourite subject with the young artists about town, especially if he is very good-looking, or, better still, excessively ugly; and he picks up many a shilling for sitting, standing, or sprawling on the ground, as a model in the studio. It sometimes happens that he has no organ—his monkey being his only stock in trade. When the monkey dies—and one sees by their melancholy comicalities, and cautious and painful grimaces, that the poor brutes are destined to a short time of it—he takes up with white mice, or, lacking these, constructs a dancing-doll, which, with the aid of a short

plank with an upright at one end, to which is attached a cord passing through the body of the doll, and fastened to his right leg, he keeps constantly on the jig, to the music of a tuneless tin-whistle, bought for a penny, and a very primitive parchment tabor, manufactured by himself. These shifts he resorts to in the hope of retaining his independence and personal freedom—failing to succeed in which, he is driven, as a last resource, to the comfortless drudgery of piano-grinding, which we shall have to notice in its turn.

3. The handbarrow-organist is not uncommonly some lazy Irishman, if he be not a sickly Savoyard, who has mounted his organ upon a handbarrow of light and somewhat peculiar construction, for the sake of facilitating the task of locomotion. From the nature of his equipage, he is not given to grinding so perpetually as his heavily-burdened brethren. He cannot of course grind, as they occasionally do, as he travels along, so he pursues a different system of tactics. He walks leisurely along the quiet ways, turning his eyes constantly to the right and left, on the look-out for a promising opening. The sight of a group of children at a parlour-window brings him into your front garden, where he establishes his instrument with all the deliberation of a proprietor of the premises. He is pretty sure to begin his performance in the middle of a tune, with a hiccupping kind of sound, as though the pipes were gasping for breath. He puts a sudden period to his questionable harmony the very instant he gets his penny, having a notion, which is tolerably correct, that you pay him for his silence and not for his sounds. In spite of his discordant gurglings and squealings, he is welcomed by the nursery-maids and their infant tribes of little sturdy rogues in petticoats, who flock eagerly round him, and purchase the luxury of a half-penny grind, which they perform *con amore*, seated on the top of his machine. If, when your front garden is thus invaded, you insist upon his decamping without a fee, he shews his estimate of the peace and quietness you desiderate by his unwillingness to retire, which, however, he at length consents to do, though not without a muttered remonstrance, delivered with the air of an injured man. He generally contrives to house himself as night draws on in some dingy taproom, appertaining to the lowest class of Tom-and-Jerry shops, where, for a few coppers and 'a few beer,' he will ring all the changes on his instrument twenty times over, until he and his admiring auditors are ejected at midnight by the police-fearing landlord.

4. The handcart-organists are a race of a very different and more enterprising character, and of much more lofty and varied pretensions. They generally travel in firms of two, three, or even four partners, drawing the cart by turns. Their equipage consists of an organ of very complicated construction, containing, besides a deal of very marvellous machinery within its entrails, a collection of bells, drums, triangles, gongs, and cymbals, in addition to the usual quantity of pipes and metal-reeds that go to make up the travelling organ. The music they play is of a species which it is not very easy to describe, as it is not once in a hundred times that a stranger can detect the melody through the clash and clangor of the gross amount of brass, steel, and bell-metal put in vibration by the machinery. This, however, is of very little consequence, as it is not the music in particular which forms the principal attraction: if it serve to call a crowd together, that is sufficient for their purpose; and it is for this reason, we imagine, that the effect of the whole is contrived to resemble, as it very closely does, the hum and jangle of Greenwich Fair when heard of an Easter Monday from the summit of the Observatory Hill. No, the main attraction is essentially dramatic. In front of the great chest of heterogeneous sounds there is a stage about five or six feet in width, four in height, and perhaps eighteen inches or two feet in depth. Upon

* Among some of the continental nations, Justice, though blind, is not supposed to be deaf; she has, on the contrary, a musical ear, and compels the various grinders of harmony to keep their instruments in tune, under the penalty of a heavy fine. In some of the German cities, the police have summary jurisdiction in offences musical, and are empowered to demand a certificate, with which every grinder is bound to be furnished, shewing the date of the last tuning of his instrument. If he perpetrate false harmony, and his certificate be run out, he is mulcted in the fine. Such a by-law would be a real bonus in London.

this are a variety of figures, about fourteen inches long, gorgeously arrayed in crimson, purple, emerald-green, blue, and orange draperies, and loaded with gold and tinsel, and sparkling stones and spangles, all doubled in splendour by the reflection of a mirror in the background. The figures, set in motion by the same machinery which grinds the incomprehensible overture, perform a drama equally incomprehensible. At the left-hand corner is Daniel in the lion's den, the lion opening his mouth in six-eight time, and an angel with outspread wings, but securely transfixed through the loins by a revolving brass pivot, shutting it again to the same lively movement. To the right of Daniel is the Grand Turk, seated in his divan, and brandishing a dagger over a prostrate slave, who only ventures to rise when the dagger is withdrawn. Next to him is Nebuchadnezzar on all fours, eating painted grass, with a huge gold crown on his head, which he bobs for a bite every other bar. In the right-hand corner is a sort of cavern, the abode of some supernatural and mysterious being of the fiend or vampire school, who gives an occasional fitful start, and turns an ominous-looking green glass-eye out upon the spectators. All these are in the background. In the front of the stage stands Napoleon, wearing a long sword and cocked hat, and the conventional gray smalls—his hand of course stuck in his breast. At his right are Tippoo Saib and his sons, and at his left, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. After a score or so of bars, the measure of the music suddenly alters—Daniel's guardian angel flies off—the prophet and the lion lie down to sleep together—the Grand Turk sinks into the arms of the death-doomed slave. Nebuchadnezzar falls prostrate on the ground, and the fiend in the gloomy cavern whips suddenly round and glares with his green eye, as if watching for a spring upon the front row of actors, who have now taken up their cue and commenced their performance. Napoleon, Tippoo Saib, and Queen Victoria, dance a three-handed reel, to the admiration of Prince Albert and a group of lords and ladies in waiting, who nod their heads approvingly—when *br'r'r! crack! bang!* at a tremendous crash of gongs and grumbling of bass-notes, the fiend in the corner rushes forth from his lair with a portentous howl. Away, neck or nothing, flies Napoleon, and Tippoo scampers after him, followed by the terrified attendants; but lo! at the precise nick of time, Queen Victoria draws a long sword from beneath her stays, while up jumps the devouring beast from the den of the prophet, and like a true British lion—as he doubtless was all the while—flies at the throat of the fiend, straight as an arrow to its mark. Then follows a roar of applause from the discriminating spectators, amidst which the curtain falls, and, with an extra flourish of music, the collection of copper coin commences. This is always a favourite spectacle with the multitude, who never bother themselves about such trifles as anachronisms and unities; and the only difficulty the managers have to overcome in order to insure a remunerative exhibition, is that of finding a quiet locality, which shall yet be sufficiently frequented to insure them an audience. There are equipages of this description of very various pretensions and perfection, but they all combine the allurements of music and the drama in a greater or less degree.

5. The horse-and-cart-organists are a race of enterprising speculators, who, relying upon the popular penchant for music, have undertaken to supply the demand by wholesale. It is impossible by mere description to impart an adequate idea of the truly appalling and tremendous character of their performances. Their machines are some of them vast structures, which, mounted upon stout wheels, and drawn by a couple of servicable horses, might be mistaken for wild-beast vans. They are crammed choke-full with every known mechanical contrivance for the production of ear-stunning noises. Wherever they burst forth into

utterance, the whole parish is instantly admonished of their whereabouts, and, with the natural instinct of John Bull for a row—no matter how it originates—forth rushes the crowd to enjoy the dissonance. The piercing notes of a score of shrill fifes, the squall of as many clarions, the hoarse bray of a legion of tin trumpets, the angry and fitful snort of a brigade of rugged bassoons, the unintermitting rattle of a dozen or more deafening drums, the clang of bells firing in peals, the boom of gongs, with the sepulchral roar of some unknown contrivance for bass, so deep that you might almost count the vibrations of each note—these are a few of the components of the horse-and-cart-organ, the sum-total of which it is impossible to add up. Compared to the vicinity of a first-rater in full blow, the inside of a menagerie at feeding-time would be a paradise of tranquillity and repose. The rattle and rumble of carts and carriages, which drive the professors and possessors of milder music to the side-streets and suburbs, sink into insignificance when these cataracts of uproar begin to peal forth; and their owners would have no occasion to seek an appropriate spot for their volcanic eruptions, were it not that the police, watchful against accident, have warned them from the principal thoroughfares, where serious consequences have already ensued through the panic occasioned to horses from the continuous explosion of such unwonted sounds. In fact, an honourable member of the Commons' House of Parliament made a motion in the House, towards the close of the last session, for the immediate prohibition of these monster nuisances, and quoted several cases of alarm and danger to life of which they had been the originating cause. These formidable erections are for the most part the property and handiwork of the men who travel with them, and who must levy a pretty heavy contribution on the public to defray their expenses. They perform entire overtures and long concerted pieces, being furnished with spiral barrels, and might probably produce a tolerable effect at the distance of a mile or so—at least we never heard one yet without incontinently wishing it a mile off. By a piece of particular ill-fortune, we came one day upon one undergoing the ceremony of tuning, on a piece of waste-ground at the back of Coldbath Prison. The deplorable wail of those tortured pipes and reeds, and the short savage grunt of the bass mystery, haunted us, a perpetual day-and-night-mare, for a month. We could not help noticing, however, that the jauntily-dressed fellow, whose fingers were covered with showy rings, and ears hung with long drops, who performed the operation, managed it with consummate skill, and with an ear for that sort of music most marvellously discriminating.

6. Blind bird-organists. Though most blind persons either naturally possess or soon acquire an ear for music, there are yet numbers who, from the want of it or from some other cause, never make any proficiency as performers on an instrument. Blindness, too, is often accompanied with some other disability, which disqualifies its victims for learning such trades as they might otherwise be taught. Hence many, rather than remain in the workhouse, take to grinding music in the streets. Here we are struck with one remarkable fact: the Irishman, the Frenchman, the Italian, or the Savoyard, at least so soon as he is a man, and able to lug it about, is provided with an instrument with which he can make a noise in the world, and prefer his clamorous claim for a recompense; while the poor blind Englishman has nothing but a diminutive box of dilapidated whistles, which you may pass fifty times without hearing it, let him grind as hard as he will. It is generally nothing more than an old worn-out bird-organ, in all likelihood charitably bestowed by some compassionate Poll Sweedlepipes, who has already used it up in the education of his bull-finches. The reason, we opine, must be that the major part, if not the whole, of the peripatetic instruments of the metropolis are the

property of speculators, who let them out on hire, and that the blind man, not being considered an eligible customer, is precluded from the advantage of their use. However this may be, the poor blind grinder is almost invariably found furnished as we have described him, jammed up in some cranny or corner in a third-rate locality, where, having opened or taken off the top of his box, that the curious spectator may behold the mystery of his too quiet music—the revolving barrel, the sobbing bellows, and the twelve leaden and ten wooden pipes—he turns his monotonous handle throughout the live-long day, in the all but vain appeal for the commiseration of his fellows. This is really a melancholy spectacle, and one which we would gladly miss altogether in our casual rounds.

7. The piano-grinders are by far the most numerous of the handle-turning fraternity. The instrument they carry about with them is familiar to the dwellers in most of the towns in England. It is a miniature cabinet-piano, without the keys or finger-board, and is played by similar mechanical means to that which gives utterance to the hand-organ; but of course it requires no bellows. There is one thing to be said in favour of these instruments—they do not make much noise, and consequently are no very great nuisance individually. The worst thing against them is the fact, that they are never in tune, and therefore never worth the hearing. After grinding for twelve or fourteen hours a day for four or five years, they become perfect abominations; and luckless is the fate of the poor little stranger condemned to perpetual companionship with a villainous machine, whose every tone is the cause of offence to those whose charity he must awaken into exercise, or go without a meal. These instruments are known to be the property of certain extensive proprietors in the city, some of whom have hundreds of them grinding daily in every quarter of the town. Some few are let out on hire—the best at a shilling a day; the old and worn-out ones as low as two or three pence; but the great majority of them are ground by young Italians shipped to this country for the especial purpose by the owners of the instruments. These descendants of the ancient Romans figure in Britain in a very different plight from that of their renowned ancestors. They may be encountered in troops sallying forth from the filthy purlieus of Leather Lane, at about nine or ten in the morning, each with his awkward burden strapped to his back, and supporting his steps with a stout staff, which also serves to support the instrument when playing. Each one has his appointed beat, and he is bound to bring home a certain prescribed sum to entitle him to a share in the hot supper prepared for the evening meal. We have more than once, when startled by the sound of the everlasting piano within an hour of midnight, questioned the belated grinder, and invariably received for answer, that he had not yet been able to collect the sum required of him. Still there can be no doubt that some of them contrive to save money; inasmuch as we occasionally see an active fellow set up on his own account, and furnished with an instrument immensely superior to those of his less prosperous compatriots. So great is the number of these wandering Italian pianists, that their condition has attracted the attention of their more wealthy countrymen, who, in conjunction with a party of benevolent English gentlemen, have set on foot an association for the express purpose of imparting instruction to poor Italians of all grades, of whom the vagabond musicians form the largest section.

It is easy to recognise the rule adopted in the distribution of the instruments among the grinders: the stoutest fellow, or he who can take the best care of it, gets the best piano; while the shattered and rickety machine goes to the urchin of ten or twelve, who can scarcely drag it a hundred yards without resting. It is to be supposed that the instruments are all rated according to their quality. There is at this moment,

wandering about the streets of London a singular and pitiable object, whose wretched lot must be known to hundreds of thousands, and who affords in his own person good evidence of the strictness of the rule above alluded to, as well as of the rigour with which the trade is carried on. We refer to a ragged, shirtless, and harmlessly insane Italian lad, who, under the guardianship of one of the piano-mongers, is driven forth daily into the streets, carrying a blackened and gutted old piano-case, in which two strings only of the original scale remain unbroken. The poor unwashed innocent transports himself as quickly as possible to the genteel neighbourhood he can find, and with all the enthusiasm of a Jullien, commences his monotonous grind. Three turns of the handle, and the all but defunct instrument ejaculates 'tink;' six more inaudible turns, and then the responding string answers 'tank.' 'Tink—tank' is the sum-total of his performance, to any defects in which he is as insensible as a blind man is to colour. As a matter of course, he gets ill-treated, mobbed, pushed about, and upset by the blackguard scamps about town; and were it not for the police, who have rescued him times without number from the hands of his persecutors, he would long ere now have been reduced to as complete a ruin as his instrument. In one respect, he is indeed already worse off than the dilapidated piano: he is dumb as well as silly, and can only utter one sound—a cry of alarm of singular intensity; this cry forms the climax of pleasure to the wretches who dog his steps, and this, unmoved by his silent tears and woful looks, they goad him to shriek forth for their express gratification. We have stumbled upon him at near eleven at night, grinding away with all his might in a storm of wind and rain, perfectly unconscious of either, and evidently delighted at his unusual freedom from interruption.

8. Flageolet-organists and pianists. It is a pleasure to award praise where praise is due, and it may be accorded to this class of grinders, who are, to our minds, the elite of the profession. We stated above that some of the piano-grinders contrive, notwithstanding their difficult position, to save money and set up for themselves. It is inevitable that the faculty of music must be innate with some of these wandering pianists, and it is but natural that these should succeed the best, and be the first to improve their condition. The instrument which combines a flageolet-stop with a piano is generally found in the possession of young fellows who, by dint of a persevering and savage economy, have saved sufficient funds to procure it. Indeed, in common hands, it would be of less use than the commonest instrument, because it requires frequent—more than daily—tuning, and would therefore be of no advantage to a man with no ear. Unless the strings were in strict unison with the pipes, the discordance would be unbearable, and as this in the open air can hardly be the case for many hours together, they have to be rectified many times in the course of a week. As might be reasonably supposed, these instruments are comparatively few. When set to slow melodies, the flageolet taking the air, and the piano a well-arranged accompaniment, the effect is really charming, and, there is little reason to doubt, is found as profitable to the producer as it is pleasing to the hearer. They are to be met with chiefly at the west end of the town, and on summer evenings beneath the lawyers' windows in the neighbourhood of some of the Inns of Court.

9. The hurdy-gurdy player. We have placed this genius last, because, though essentially a most horrid grinder, he, too, is in some sort a performer. In London, there may be said to be two classes of them—little hopping, skipping, jumping, reeling Savoyard or Swiss urchins, who dance and sing, and grind and play, doing, like *Cæsar*, four things at once, and whom you expect every moment to see rolling on the pavement, but who continue, like so many kittens, to pitch on

their feet at last, notwithstanding all their antics—and men with fallow complexions, large dark eyes, and silver ear-rings, who stand erect and tranquil, and confer a dignity, not to say a grace, even upon the performance of the hurdy-gurdy. The boys for the most part do not play any regular tune, having but few keys to their instruments, often not even a complete octave. The better instruments of the adult performers have a scale of an octave and a half, and sometimes two octaves, and they perform melodies and even harmonies with something like precision, and with an effect which, to give it its due praise, supplies a very tolerable caricature of the Scotch bagpipes. These gentry are not much in favour either with the genuine lovers of music or the lovers of quiet, and they know the fact perfectly well. They hang about the crowded haunts of the common people, and find their harvest in a vulgar jollification, or an extempore 'hop' at the door of a suburban public-house on a summer night. There are a few old-women performers on this hybrid machine, one of whom is familiar to the public through the dissemination of her *vera effigies* in a contemporary print.

The above are all the grinders which observation has enabled us to identify as capable of classification. The reader may, if he likes, suppose them to be the metropolitan representatives of the nine Muses—and that, in fact, in some sort they are, seeing that they are the embodiments to a certain extent of the musical tastes of a section at least of the inhabitants of London; though, if we are asked which is Melpomene? which is Thalia? &c. &c. we must adopt the reply of the showman to the child who asked which was the lion and which was the dog, and received for answer: 'Which-ever you like, my little dear.'

With respect to all these grinders, one thing is remarkable: they are all, with the exception of a small savour of Irishmen, foreigners. Scarcely one Englishman, not one Scot, will be found among the whole tribe; and this fact is as welcome to us as it is singular, because it speaks volumes in favour of the national propensity, of which we have reason to be proud, to be ever doing something, producing something, applying labour to its legitimate purpose, and not turning another man's handle to grind the wind. Yet there is, alas! a scattered and characteristic tribe of vagabond English music-grinders, and to these we must turn a moment's attention ere we finally close the list. We must call them, for we know no more appropriate name, cripple-grinders. It is impossible to carry one's explorations very far through the various districts of London without coming upon one or more samples of this unfortunate tribe. Commerce maims and mutilates her victims as effectually as war, though not in equal numbers; and men and lads without arms, or without legs, or without either, and men doubled up and distorted, and blasted blind and hideous with gunpowder, who have yet had the misfortune to escape death, are left without limbs or eyesight, often with shattered intellects, to fight the battle of life, at fearful odds. Had they been reduced to a like miserable condition while engaged in killing their fellow-creatures on the field of battle or on the deck of carnage, a grateful country would have housed them in a palace, and abundantly supplied their every want; but they were merely employed in procuring the necessaries of life for their fellows in the mine or the factory, and as nobody owes them any gratitude for that, they must do what they can. And behold what they do: they descend, being fit for nothing else, to the level of the foreign music-grinder, and, mounted on a kind of bed-carriage, are drawn about the streets of London by their wives or children; being furnished with a blatant hand-organ of last century's manufacture, whose ear-torturing growl draws the attention of the public to their woful plight, they extort that charity which

would else fail to find them out. If there be something gratifying in the fact, that this is the only class of Britons who follow such an inglorious profession, there is nothing very flattering in the consideration, that even these are compelled to it by inexorable necessity.

A VOICE FROM THE DIGGINGS.

THE voices that have come from the diggings in California and Australia have hitherto been so loud and so many, that they have served only to confuse. We have the image before our fancy of a vast crowd of human beings hastening over seas and deserts towards certain geographical points, where they meet, struggle, fix. We see them picking up lumps of gold from the surface, or digging them out of the earth, or collecting the glittering dust by sifting and washing; and then we hear of vast torrents of the precious metal finding their way into Europe, threatening to swamp us all with absolute wealth, and confound and travesty the whole monetary transactions of the world. What we don't see, is the gold itself. We should like, if it were only out of curiosity, to feel a handful of it in our pocket: but we grope in vain. A sovereign costs twenty shillings, as before; and twenty shillings are as hard to come at as ever. Nevertheless, we believe in the unseen presence of that slave-genius, who lends himself, with a sickly smile, to the service of mankind, and buys when we think he is sold! We have faith in bills of lading, and accept without question any amount that is reported to lie dormant in the reservoir of the Bank of England: only we wonder in private whether the importations of the precious metal are likely to increase permanently in greater proportion than the population in this quarter of the globe, and the spread of taste, comfort, and luxury, calling every day new arts into existence, perfecting old ones, and distributing wealth throughout the constantly widening circle of talent and industry.

But our present business is with the diggings and the diggers. We have often wished we could interrogate one of those unquiet spirits in the manner of Macbeth—'What is't ye do?' How do you manage? By what signs do you know a locality that is likely to repay your pains? What are your instruments, your machinery? What do you conceive to be the prospects of your singular trade? And, in fact, our curiosity is at this moment to a certain extent gratified: a Voice has been wafted across the ocean to our private ear, and, undisturbed by the thousand other tongues of the diggings, we can listen to an account, distinct so far as it goes, of the whole process of gold-hunting. The voice emanates from Mr S. Rutter, of Sydney, whose experience has lain both in the Californian and Australian mines, and we propose putting together, in as intelligible a way as we can, the rough hints with which we have been favoured.

Mr Rutter, on the 24th of May last, left Sydney for the Ophir diggings, with a party, including himself, of four individuals. A sleeping partner remained behind, whose duty it was to furnish the means of conveyance for the first trip; but the four travellers entered with each other into a more precise agreement, the chief articles of which we give, as being common in such adventures:—

- I. We solemnly agree to stand by each other in all circumstances.
- II. Each man is to come provided with firearms.
- III. The capital is to be contributed equally, or credit given, as may be agreed to by the majority.
- IV. The profit or loss to be equally divided.
- V. In the event of death or disablement occurring to any of the party, his share of the stock and profits is to be immediately handed over to his friends.

On this paction being signed, the party set forth,

provided with L.100 worth of goods, a cart and a team of horses, and reached Paramatta, a distance of eighteen miles, the first night, although they were obliged to send back one of the horses, which had proved to be useless. Here Mr Rutter slept in a bed for the last time during four months; and the next day, having purchased another horse, and sold some of their goods to lighten the wagon, they set forth again towards evening. The road was nothing more than a dray-track, to which the horses were unequal; and after proceeding a few miles, they were detained at the village of Prospect for a week, till one of the partners had returned to Sydney, and brought back a pair of bush-horses and a new cart. As they proceeded the next day, they found the track over which they travelled become more and more populous; till, on crossing the Macquarrie, they encamped in the midst of thirteen teams of cattle and their thirteen companies, all bound upon the same errand as themselves.

On the 12th of June, in the dusk of the evening, they reached the summit of a hill overlooking their destination. The Summerhill Creek lay before them, with the camp-fires of fifty or sixty huts; and as they descended into the midst, the inhabitants of this village of the desert were returning from work with laughter and rude merriment. After pitching their camp, and taking some refreshment, they proceeded anxiously to inquire the news; and that night they turned in with no very bright anticipations, after learning that the creek was high and goods low, the weather alternating between rain and frost, the mines overcrowded, and superfluous hands deserting them fast. They struggled for awhile against these evil auguries; they even contrived, with great labour, to pick up an ounce or two of gold; but at length, losing heart, the party broke up on the 28d, and all went home but our adventurer.

His geological and mechanical knowledge enabled him to obtain a partnership with another band of gold-hunters then at work; and after spending some days in prospecting on account of the new concern, he found 'a chink he liked the look of,' which appeared to have been partially worked. Licences were accordingly taken out, the commissioner being on the spot, and forty-five feet of frontage to the creek were marked off. As soon as the river became a little lower, they began in earnest to dig a race for turning the course of the water. Their pump was made and fixed ready to drain; a dam was emptied; six ounces of gold were obtained as an earnest of what they might expect; and then it began to rain, and the creek to roar, and the whole of their machinery was swept away.

Here was a new mishap: but these things will happen in the diggings; and so our adventurers, agreeing to pay the commissioner a monthly licence for their ground, intending to return in the dry weather to work it, removed bag and baggage to another part of the river. Here they dug away, but it appears with no tempting success; and they took care to return to the commissioner in time, as they thought, to implement their monthly bargain. On tendering the money for their licence, however, they discovered that they were just half an hour too late, and that the functionary had disposed of their forty-five feet to another bidder. What to do now? They fell in with a man, an old friend of Mr Rutter, just setting off on a journey of sixty-two miles to the north, where he told them a piece of gold had been found weighing 106 lbs. This invaluable man they instantly took into partnership, and purchasing fresh horses, they struck their camp, and followed their new companion across the country, in search of a place called the Devil's Hole, near the World's End. It is no wonder they lost their way. As there was no such thing as a road, they were obliged to transport their goods on the horses' backs; and the interesting nature of their journey may be guessed at from the fact, that they had to cross a

creek with steep banks sixteen times in the course of five miles.

They at length reached the Louisa Diggings, near those quartz-ridges where, in fact, a 106 lb. lump of gold had been found. They encamped in the dark; and getting up betimes the next morning, looked eagerly out on this land of promise. It was a dull, dreary morning, and a heavy continuous rain plashed upon the earth. About 200 persons were taking the air in this watery atmosphere, their dress and movements corresponding well with the aspect of the hour. Some were covered with an old sack, some with a blanket, some with a dripping cloak, but all glided slowly about in the rain, with a stick in their hands, and their eyes fixed upon the ground. These phantoms were gold-hunters; and the silent company was immediately joined by our adventurers, who glided and poked like the rest. The ground was new, and during two days gold was obtained in this way, from a particle the size of a pin's head to a lump of nearly an ounce. When the surface was exhausted, digging commenced; but the soil was too tough for the common cradle, and although rich in gold, it would not repay the trouble of washing. Upon this, the company broke up, each pursuing his own way; and our adventurer and another agreed to go down the country together to Maitland, prospecting on the way.

The place where the large mass of gold was found is an intersection between two quartz-ridges, rising from a high table-land in the midst of a congeries of mountains, offshoots from the range that extends from Wilson's Point, on the south, to Cape York, on the north. The clay soil covers many acres below and around the ridges, and wherever it was prospected by our adventurer, gold was found. On the 12th of September, he reached Maitland; and here he found a letter awaiting him, which determined him to choose a new hunting-ground. Some years before, it seems, a man he knew, who was at that time a shepherd in the Wellington District, while crossing the country on his master's business, lost his way in the gullies, and did not find it again for two days. While sitting down, in his dilemma, on a quartz-rock, he observed something glittering beside him, and breaking off with his tomahawk a piece of the stone, he carried it home with him as a curiosity. At home it lay for years, till the reported discoveries of gold induced him to offer it for sale to a goldsmith in Sydney. The result was, that he connected himself with a party of adventurers, and they all set forth for the place where he had rested among the gullies. His companions proved treacherous; and when they had come sufficiently near to be able, as they thought, to find the spot without his assistance, they turned him adrift. They sought the golden rock for three days—but in vain; and he went back to Sydney, to invite Mr Rutter to accompany him. Here ends our narrative for the present; and a most instructive one it is. The search for gold, our informant tells us plainly, is a mere lottery, its results depending almost wholly upon chance. Plenty as the metal is, it frequently costs twenty shillings the sovereign's worth; and, in short, we are at that point of transition when the mania is dying away, and the science has not begun. When capital and skill are brought to bear upon the process of mining in Australia, it will become a regular, though by no means a miraculously profitable business; and even at present, steady labouring-men may spread themselves over thousands of miles of the auriferous creeks, if they will be satisfied with a profit of seven or eight shillings a day.

According to his experience, the place to look for gold is in the neighbourhood of distinct traces of volcanic action, or in small streams coming direct from hills of volcanic formation, or rivers fed by these streams. An abundance of quartz (commonly called

spar) is universally reckoned an indication of the presence of gold; and if trap-rock is found cropping up amid this quartz, and perforated with streaks of it, so much the better. Sometimes the solid quartz itself is pounded, and gold extracted by the aid of quicksilver. When the gold is found in rivers, or on their banks, prediction is vain: nothing will do but the actual trial by the wash-pan. But where there is a bar or sand-bank, the richest deposit will always be on the side of the bank presented to the descending stream. The metal in such digging is almost invariably found in small spangles, that appear to have been granular particles crushed or rolled flat by some enormous pressure. In California, these spangles were the beginning of the gold-finding. When the streams and their banks were well searched, the crowds of adventurers tried, in desperation, what they could do by digging deep holes in the plains; and there the metal was found in such different forms as to indicate quite a different process of deposition. Some of these holes were productive—although it was severe labour to dig fifteen or eighteen feet through a hard soil merely as an experiment; and in the course of time the plains were covered with tents. The influx of adventurers continued; and the old diggers, dissatisfied with gains that seemed to the new prodigious, retired further and further back, and began to grope in the terraces on the sides of volcanic hills, and among the detritus of extinct craters. Here the harvest was rich, and as the crowning effort of the gold-passion, unassisted by machinery, they actually in some cases cut away the sides of the hills! 'My own impression is,' concludes our informant on this subject, 'that, both in California and Australia, the chances of individual enterprise, and even of small companies, are decreasing rapidly; but that when the mines so wrought have ceased to pay, capital and machinery, directed by science, will receive profitable employment for ages to come.'

The wash-pan we have mentioned may be of tin, if not required to be used with quicksilver, otherwise of copper or wood; but of whatever material made, it should be some 15 inches in diameter at the top, 10 or 11 at the bottom, and 5, or 5½ inches deep. The manner of using this is learned only by practice and observation, and consists in a peculiar motion, by which the heavier substances sink to the bottom and remain there, while the soluble and lighter parts are washed out. The principal use of the wash-pan is in rewashing the partially washed 'stuff' taken from the rocker, and in prospecting to ascertain by trial the value of a new place.

This rocker, or cradle, may be made of half-inch soft-wood, and consists of a trough 10 inches deep, 18 inches broad, and 4 feet long, closed at the broad end, and open at the other; with a transverse bar at the upper part, two feet from the broad end, to receive the tray. This machine is placed on rockers, like a cradle, and deposited so near the water that, when at work, the man who rocks with his left hand may be able to reach the water with a small tin baler, provided with a wooden handle two feet long. A bucketful of the earth to be washed is thrown into the tray, and the person who is to rock the cradle taking a balerful of water, throws it uniformly on the mass in the tray, and keeps rocking and washing till the gold becomes obvious. These are the simpler implements of gold-hunting; and provided with them, the little company of adventurers pitch their tent and continue to dig, till they come to earth they think will pay for washing. The next morning, they get up perhaps at daylight, for the sake of the coolness of the hour, and pass through the sieve ten or fifteen buckets before breakfast. After breakfast, all hands resume work till about twelve o'clock, when they dine, then rest through the heat of the day till three o'clock, and go on again till dark. They usually divide the work as follows: one in the hole

digs, fills the bucket with earth, and, if necessary, bales the water out of the hole; another takes the bucket and empties it into the tray of the machine; while a third rocks, supplies the machine with water, and empties the tray of the large stones. This, it will be seen, is no child's play: your gold-hunter is no idle wanderer, but a hard-working man, subjected to a thousand discomforts unknown in civilised life.

The quicksilver cradle is a more complicated and expensive machine, requiring six men instead of three to work it. It is understood, however, to save at least 20 per cent. of the metal, and indeed to be indispensable in some places in California, where the gold is in too fine particles to be detected by the common rocker. Quicksilver has so strong an affinity for gold, that the minutest particle of the latter having once touched, it is deprived of the possibility of escape; and when the process of washing has been completely gone through, the whole mass of gold particles will be found bound together by the quicksilver into a compact lump, in size and shape often resembling an egg. The gold is thus obtained in the form of an amalgam; but the quicksilver is easily evaporated, if its loss be of no consequence, or separated without loss by a more scientific process.

We have more than once used the word *prospecting*, which, we believe, is peculiar to this kind of mining. The deposits of gold are so capricious, that the adventurers, in order to lose as little time as possible in removing from place to place, detach one of their number on the hunt for a mine—and this is called prospecting. He sets out with a few provisions, a rifle, a pick and shovel, at all events, with a pan and large knife; and on reaching some hopeful-looking locality, he makes experiments on the soil by washing. The considerations that determine his calling the company to the spot are of course influenced by the circumstance of their having a common or a quicksilver cradle. He calculates the average value of the gold he finds in several panfuls of the soil at different depths; and he takes into account the distance it has to be carried for washing, the means of transit there exist, and how far off is the nearest store. The prospector, therefore, is a very important member of the concern, and in many cases the success of the adventure depends upon his experience and sagacity.

THE HISTORY OF JANE A POOLE.

IN the latter part of the fourteenth century, an incident occurred in the family of the Earl of Suffolk, which affords a curious illustration of old manners in England. We shall follow the account of the circumstance, given in a manuscript in the British Museum.

Sir Michel Poole, second Earl of Suffolk, had several sons and daughters. First was Mighell, son and heir; then William, second son; and afterwards ten additional olive branches, of diverse names and both sexes—all of whom, however, died, and went down unmarried to the cold tomb. Some fell off like nipped blossoms in their infancy; convents and wars absorbed the rest, till only the eldest two were left of all that numerous family to perpetuate the name of Poole, and raise the fortunes of the race. In due course of time, Sir Mighell married Elizabeth, daughter of the right noble knight, Thomas Duke of Norfolk; and these together had two children, Jane and Katharine, but, alas! no son. Years passed on, and the hope of an heir was at an end; but before that hope was quite laid aside, the tragedy of the house began.

Jane, as yet heiress and darling, a round, bright, wilful cherub, beautiful and loving, but mighty in her passionate force, and indomitable in her infant will, beyond all power of control—the one most cared for,

and on whom was anchored such a rich argosy of hopes and first fond love—was one day given into the safe keeping of Maud, a young serving-girl, a rough, untutored peasant-girl, who was one of the underwomen to the bower-maidens. The king was coming to the castle that night, and every female finger that could work was employed on the last stitches of a dainty tapestry-bed, which was to receive His Majesty as became his lordly dignity. Even the mother's care must give way to the housewife's duty; even love must yield to loyalty.

Left alone in an upper apartment with her young charge, Maud became weary of confinement, and resolved at all hazards to descend to the great hall, and have her share of the general amusement. Down, accordingly, she went. Jane, of course, accompanied her, and, contrary to orders, was allowed to romp about at pleasure. The day was cold, and the fire burned brightly in the open hearth. Nearer and nearer the little one crept to the blazing logs, watching the sparks fly up in a golden shower when the crackling masses fell to the ground, or when some rough soldier struck them with his mailed hand. No one looked to her while she played by the open hearth, and tried to seize the vivid sparks; once only, a trooper caught her roughly back; but again she stole towards the great blazing logs, and this time she was less fortunate. Suddenly, a cry was heard. Jane's clothes were in flames. Maud extinguished them as she best could. She crushed the burning with her hands in such haste as she might make; but, alas! to what a wreck had the fire reduced the child! Her long fair hair was withered to its roots; her pretty eyes were closed, and the curling lashes scorched to the skin; her pure neck was blackened and blistered; and, a mass of pain and sore, she lay like a dead thing, but for the wailing moans which shewed her sad title yet to a ruined existence. Alas for her that she did not die! Wo, that life was so strong in her now, when, blemished and disfigured for ever, she might not hold its honours or taste its joys!—now, when she must endure a worse thing than death for the sake of her family name! 'Therefore,' says the chronicle, 'she was in a manner loathed of her parents, and kept forth secretly from the common knowledge of the people.'

'The house of Poole must have no charred mummy for its heiress,' said old Dame Katharine; and Sir Mighell and his lady bowed their heads and acquiesced.

It was agreed, then, that she should be sent to a house of 'close nuns,' to be made a woman of religion, and so kept out of the sight of all men's eyes. With this view, she was brought up; taught nothing else; suffered to hope for nothing else; suffered to speak of nothing else. But they could not bind her thoughts; and by a strange perversity of will, these went always to the open fields and the unfettered limb, to the vague picturing of freedom, and the dreamy forecast of love. Yet she kept her peace; not daring to tell her mind to any, and nourishing all the more strongly, because in silence, the characteristics which destroyed the charm of a conventual life. When she came to the years of discretion, she was to be professed; but, in accordance with an old custom, before her profession she required to enter the world for a season, that her 'vocation' might be judged of, whether it were true or not, or simply the effect of education on the one hand, and of ignorance on the other; and thus, when she was fifteen years of age, she was dismissed to her father's house for the space of six months' nominal trial, after which time she must return to the convent for ever.

Now, Dame Katharine a Poole, Jane's paternal grandmother, was a fierce, proud old woman, whose heart was set on the creation of her son's house, and whose very virtue was her family pride. When she heard of Jane's return to the outer world of men, she

hastily rode over to see this ugly, despised thing, and to take her from her father's castle to the grim quiet of her own dungeon-like home, if so be that she was as unlovely as report had spoken her. They met; and for a moment the proud old dame was struck as by death. The seamed and scarred face, the closed eyes—one perfectly sightless, the other well-nigh so—the burnt and withered hair growing in long, ragged patches only, the awkward gait and downcast look; all were like daggers in Dame Katharine's heart; and 'she rebuked her greatly, seeing that she was too loathly for any gentleman who was equal to her in birth.'

Poor Jane bore all these coarse reproaches with much outward meekness; but the spirit which they woke up in her was little interpreted by the drooping head and tearful eyes. A fiery demon, breathing rage and vowing revenge, took such meek-seeming as this, and blinded the old grandam to the mischief she was working, until it was too late to repair it. Dame Katharine took the girl home; Sir Mighell and his wife consenting in gratitude to be so well delivered from such a heavy burden. Dame Elizabeth, the girl's mother, truly shed a few tears, quickly dried; and so young Jane parted for ever from her father's house.

Like a dead thing, revived by the fresh winds of heaven, Jane's comparative freedom aroused in her the most passionate abhorrence of the life to which she was destined, and the most passionate desire for liberty and affection. With each breath she drew by the open casement, with each glance cast into the depths of the dark woods beyond, rose up the strong instincts of her age, and turned her for ever from the convent gate. In vain the dame insisted; Jane stood firm; and declared that she would still refuse, at the very altar, to take the vow. Yet was she timid in all things but those of love and liberty; and Dame Katharine, by violence and threats, so worked on her fears, that she at last consented, amid grievous tears and bitter reproaches, to be deprived of her name and state, and given forth to the castle people as a poor gentlewoman, godchild to the dame.

'Anything for freedom!' sighed Jane, as she took the oath of secrecy. 'Any deprivation rather than that living tomb of the nun!'

It was now the dame's chief care to be rid of her charge. She cast about for suitors, but even the lowest squire shook his head at the offer. At last, she married her grandchild to the son of an honest yeoman of Suffolk, and so sent her forth to take her place in the world as the wife of a common peasant, and the mother of a family of peasants. Such was the fate allotted to Jane a Poole, daughter of the proud Earl of Suffolk!

Of her issue, we need say but little. Suffice it to know, that Jane and her ploughman William had four children, three sons and one daughter; of whom William, the second son, married an honest man's daughter, whose name was Alice Gryse, and whose children were living in 1490, when this chronicle was written.

Return we now to the puissant lord, Sir Mighell, Earl of Suffolk. He was not long suffered to enjoy his home; indeed, so ardent a soul as his would have eaten its way through his castle walls, as a chrysalis through its silken tomb, if he had been long inactive. If war had not been his duty, he must have made it his crime; if foreign foes had not called upon his valour, too surely would domestic friends have suffered from his disloyalty. Born for the fight, he would have fulfilled his destiny by force if he might not by right. At the battle of Agincourt (1415), he perished along with many other of England's nobles.

Sir Mighell having died without a son, his titles and estates went to his brother, Sir William. Dame Elizabeth, widow of Sir Mighell, and her daughter Katharine, shortly afterwards, as was usual in these

times, went to reside in the Abbey of Brasenode; and there they ultimately died.

Meanwhile, and for years afterwards, no one knew anything of Jane, who, though exiled from her rank and family, perhaps enjoyed more real happiness than those who had been guilty of her maltreatment. At length, her husband died, which was a source of grief. Honest William had thought her queer in manners; but he loved her for all that, and was proud of her, as the daughter of a poor gentleman. He blessed her on his death-bed; and she remained a widow for his sake. Many yeomen wished to marry her, but she refused them all. This went on for many years—long after Sir William a Poole had become fourth Earl of Suffolk, and had had children born to him; long after Alice Gryse had become Jane's daughter-in-law, and made her more than once a grandmother too; and then the whole of this strange story became known. Jane had kept her vow of secrecy with perfect fidelity; never had she breathed a syllable to her husband or children as to the family to which she belonged. It was only, late in life, through confession she made to a priest, that who and what she had been was revealed. Shocked with the depravity of her unnatural parents, this pious and learned doctor, says the chronicle, 'commanded her to publish this account to her children and their issues, that they might know of what race they came, if so be, by the great mercy of Providence, they might claim their own again. And not only to them, but also to make it known to all men, as far as was consistent with her own safety; for he said, that the great power of Almighty God should be published to all the world. For this reason was the chronicle written—that all men might take warning; for no deed of wickedness is done in the dark, which shall not be dragged forth to the light; and no oppression on the innocent shall prosper before the right hand of Eternal Justice.'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

March 1852.

THE lecture experiment at the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jernyn Street, has proved eminently successful. There were a thousand more applications for tickets than could be supplied, in consequence of which the executive very wisely determined, that the course should be repeated until the demand was satisfied. This fact of numbers speaks highly in favour of the working-men of London—none others are admitted to the course here referred to; and once having got the knowledge, it is to be hoped they will be able to turn it to good account. One of the lecturers told me, that the hall is always crowded, and that a better-behaved auditory has seldom been seen in any quarter, which we may consider to be an encouraging sign of the times. The other courses are also going on for those who are able to pay high fees, and attend during the day. The titles of a few of the lectures will give you an idea of the nature of the instruction offered; namely—The Relations of Natural History to Geology and the Arts; On the Value of an Extended Knowledge of Mineralogy and the Processes of Mining; On the Science of Geology and its Applications; On the Importance of Special Scientific Knowledge to the Practical Metallurgist; and On the Importance of Cultivating Habits of Observation. You must remember, that the institution is a government school of mines as well as a museum of geology.

In connection with this, it may be mentioned that the Society of Arts are discussing a project for the 'affiliation' of all the literary, philosophical, scientific, and mechanics' institutions throughout the kingdom, with a view to render them less languid and more beneficial, than too many of them now are. Unity of purpose effected wonders with the Great Exhibition; and it is thought that the same cause should produce

a similar result in the educational and recreative establishments alluded to. There is a talk, also, of an assembling of most of the learned societies of our great city under one roof—a sort of Palace of Science, which has long been wanting in London, but which has long existed in Paris. Should this scheme be carried out, the philosophers might then adopt Brother Jonathan's motto—*E pluribus unum*. And, next, the Suburban Artisan School of Drawing and Modelling, established last year at Camden-Town, has succeeded so well that the committee, with Prince Albert as patron, have determined to establish four additional schools in our other suburban districts. These schools are to be open every evening for instruction, at a charge per month of 2s. No working-man in the metropolis after this need be ignorant of drawing. Then, again, a 'Department of Practical Art' is organised in connection with the Board of Trade, which, by means of travelling and stationary superintendents, and other officers, is to assist in the development of artistic talent, and its application to useful purposes, wherever it may be found.

Co-operation of some sort or other is the order of the day; and now a good deal of attention is excited by the announcement of an 'Athenæum Institute for Authors and Artists,' something different from the Guild of Literature and Art set afoot last winter, the object being to endeavour to form an incorporated association of the two classes mentioned—of course for their common benefit. The aid of the possessors of rank and wealth is to be asked at starting, because, as the promoters say, 'we think literature has a right to ask the assistance of these other two great powers of society, because it so materially assists them; and because, in many of its branches, it has no other mode of being paid by society. The severely scientific, the highly imaginative, the profoundly legislative authors, do not produce promptly marketable, though they produce priceless, works. La Place, Wordsworth, Bentham, could not have existed had they depended on the first product of their works; they would have perished before an acknowledging world could have given them bread.' They say, further, that 'the humblest literary man works for something more than hire, and produces something more effective than a mere piece of merchandise. His book is not only sold to the profit of the bookseller, but to the benefit of the public. The publisher pays for its mercantile value, but the public should reward the author for its moral and social effect, as they take upon themselves to punish, if it have an evil tendency.'

Whether the promoters are right or wrong in their views, will be best proved by the result; meantime, they put forth some good names as provisional president, vice-president, and managers, and propose that the Institute shall comprise four branches—namely, a Protective Society, a Philanthropic and Provident Fund, an Educational Association, and a Life-Assurance Department. The subscribers are to consist of two classes: those who give contributions for the benefit of the Institute, and those who seek to benefit themselves. The former are to be asked to insure their lives, for different rates of premium, the amounts to fall into the corporation at the decease of the subscribers; and thus a fund would be raised out of which, on certain conditions, participating subscribers would be able to secure a provision for old age, or premature decay of mental power, the means of educating their children, and leaving a *solatium* to their widows. If all this can be carried out, and if literary men, as a class, are capable of all that the prospectus of the new scheme implies, how much of distress and heart-breaking misery will be saved to society!

There are several subjects which, having recently been brought before our Horticultural Society, have somewhat interested gardening folk. At one of the meetings,

there was exhibited 'a very fine specimen of common mignonette,' which 'was stated to have been a single plant pricked out into a pot in January 1851, and shifted on until it had attained a large size. It was mentioned, that mignonette is not an annual, as many imagine it to be; but that it will become a woody shrub, and last for years, provided it is well managed, and kept free from frost and damp.' So runs the report in the society's journal.

There was, likewise, an exhibition of black Hamburg grapes by Mr Fry, a Kentish gardener, who made thereupon some observations, which appear to be deserving of wider circulation. The grapes were grown in a building seldom heated artificially, and were much attacked by mildew during the last two seasons, on which prompt measures were taken to diffuse perfectly dry 'sulphur vivum' throughout the house by means of a sulphurator, until fruit and foliage were completely but lightly coated. 'Fires were lighted, and the temperature kept up to from 80 to 90 degrees, ventilation being considerably diminished, and water in any form discontinued. After being subject to this treatment for about four or five days, the vines received a thorough syringing, which cleansed them from every particle of sulphur. With respect to the use of sulphur in killing mildew, many ladies and gentlemen,' adds Mr Fry, 'with whom I have conversed, consider it highly objectionable: they say, that they do not like the idea of eating sulphur with grapes; neither would any one, and I can prove to them that this need never be done; and, moreover, that the use of sulphur, when timely and judiciously applied, does not in any way deteriorate the fruit. I much question if the most practised eye could detect sulphur on the grapes exhibited, although they have been twice covered with it; and as to the mildew itself among vines, I fear it no more than I do green-fly among cucumbers, which is so soon deprived of existence by the fumes of tobacco.'

What is called 'a French sulphurator,' whose great merit appears to be 'simplicity and cheapness,' was also exhibited. It is described as 'a tin box for holding the sulphur, placed on the upper side of the pipe of a pair of common bellows. The sulphur gets into the pipe through small holes made for the purpose in the bottom of the box, and, in order that no stoppage may take place, a small hammer-head attached at the end of a slight steel-spring, is fixed on the under side of the bellows, a gentle tap from which, now and then, keeps up a continuous fall of sulphur into the pipe.' It is said, that 'these appliances, which may be attached to a pair of bellows for little more than sixpence, answer every purpose for which they are intended, equally as well as a more expensive machine.'

At the same time with this contrivance, some bunches of black Prince Grapes were shewn to the assembled horticulturists, which could only be preserved from mildew by frequent applications of sulphur. The bunches are to be afterwards cleaned by dipping in water, or what is considered preferable, 'syringing on all sides with a fine syringe,' which process, it is well to remember, disturbs the bloom on the fruit least when directed 'downwards, or obliquely, as rain would fall.'

As the season for gardening operations is coming on, Mr Rivers' account may be mentioned of his mode of growing strawberries in pots; it will be found to involve certain combinations opposed to ordinary practice. 'About the second week in July,' he says, he filled a number of six-inch pots 'with a compost of two-thirds loam, and one-third rotten dung, as follows: three stout pieces of broken pots were placed in the bottom, and a full handful of the compost put in; a stout wooden pestle was then used with all the force of a man's arm to pound it, then another handful and a pounding, and another, till the pot was brimful, and the compressed mould as hard as a barn-floor. The pots were then

taken to the strawberry-bed, and a runner placed in the centre of each, with a small stone to keep it steady. They were watered in dry weather, and have had no other care or culture. For two or three years, I have had the very finest crops from plants after this method, and those under notice promise well. If the pots are lifted, it will be apparent that a large quantity of food is in a small space. I may add, that from some recent experiments with compressed earth to potted fruit-trees, I have a high opinion of its effect, and I fully believe that we have yet much to learn on the subject.'

There is a committee sitting at the Admiralty, to devise a method for the uniform lighting of ships and steamers at night, the object being to diminish the chances of accident or error to vessels at sea. And apropos of this, Mr Babbage has published a plan which will effectually prevent one lighthouse being mistaken for another: it is, that every lighthouse, wherever situated, shall have a number—the numbers not to run consecutively—and no two adjoining lights to have the same numeral digits in the same place of figures. There would then be no need for revolving or flashing lights, as the only thing to be done would be to make each lighthouse repeat its own number all night long, or whenever it was illuminated. This is to be 'accomplished by enclosing the upper part of the glass cylinders of the argand burner by a thin tube of tin or brass, which, when made to descend slowly before the flame, and then allowed suddenly to start back, will cause an occultation and reappearance of the light.' The number of occultations denotes the number of the lighthouse. For instance, suppose the Eddystone to be 243, the two is denoted by two hidings of the light in quick succession; a short pause, and four hidings; another short pause, and three hidings, followed by a longer pause; after which the same process is repeated. It would not be easy to make a mistake, for the numbers of the lighthouses nearest to the Eddystone would be very different; and supposing that the boy sent aloft to watch for the light were to report 253 instead of 243, without waiting to correct his view, the captain, by turning to his book, would perhaps find that No. 253 was in the Straits of Sunda, or some equally remote situation, and would easily recognise the error. When we take into account the number of vessels lost by mistaking one lighthouse for another, the value of this proposal becomes apparent. Mr Babbage shews, that bell-strokes might be employed to announce the number of a beacon in foggy weather; and he believes that the time is not far distant when buoys will also be indicated by a light. Now that lighthouse dues are to be reduced one-half, we may hope to see improvement in more ways than one.

This is but a small part of what promises more and more to become a great question—that of navigation. It is felt that, in these go-ahead days, we must be paying not less attention to our maritime than to our inland arm of commerce; and this has brought the question of wood *versus* iron ships again into prominent notice. The advocates of iron shew that the dry-rot, so destructive to wood, cannot enter metal; that lightness and speed, those prime essentials, are insured by the use of iron; that iron ships are safer, more easily repaired, and cheaper than vessels built of wood; and that they are more lasting. The chief objection hitherto has been the liability of iron to become foul in tropical climates; but this now appears to be in a measure overcome. According to Mr Lindsay: 'An admixture has been applied, termed "Anti-Sargassian Paint," which has been found to answer the purpose better than any yet discovered. From the experience of its properties, we cannot say that in itself it is yet sufficient; but it appears a fair substitute till some other preparation is discovered. A gentleman at Glasgow,' he adds, 'has already discovered a compound, which, being mixed in a fluid state with the iron, is

expected to answer the desired purpose. There is another disadvantage which will soon be overcome—the greater liability to error in the compasses of iron ships; an error which, however, also occurs, though perhaps to a less extent, in every wooden ship. By a most ingenious invention, which will shortly be made public, such errors in any ships, under any circumstances, can at all times be at once detected.

An important patented process for producing tapered iron, has been explained before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia—one by which every variety of taper may be produced, or combinations of taper, with flat or other forms; and seeing how much tapered iron is used on railways, in many kinds of machinery, in ships and steamers, the subject may be considered worthy of more than a mere passing notice. Tapered iron is a form to which machinery has been thought inapplicable, and only to be produced by hand-labour. The new method, however, which has been successfully carried into practice at the Phoenixville Ironworks, is thus described: 'The principle on which it acts is that of hydrostatic pressure, or, more properly, *hydrostatic resistance*. A small chamber, similar to that of the common hydrostatic press, is set on the top of each housing; the closed end of the press being uppermost, and a plunger entering from below; but instead of water being forced into the press, the chamber is at first filled with water, and the pressure of the iron in passing between the rollers, tends to lift the top one, which is held down by the plunger. An escape-pipe, provided with a valve, is inserted into the top of the chamber. When any upward pressure acts on the top roller, it is communicated by the plunger to the water, which escapes through the valve, and the roller rises.

'When the valve is partially closed, the water escapes more slowly; and the rise of the roller, and consequently the taper of the iron, are more gradual.

'Any rate of taper may thus be had by regulating the rise of the opening of the escape-valve. If the water is all driven out before the bar is entirely through the rollers, the top roller ceases to rise, and the iron becomes parallel from that point. Then, if the ends of the bar be reversed, and it be again passed between the rollers, the parallel portion will become tapered; thus we can get a bar.'

At the same time, a 'Thermometrical Ventilator' was exhibited, which is described as circular in form, with a well-balanced movable plate. 'Upon the side of the valve is an inverted syphon, with a bulb at one end, the other being open; the lower part of the tube contains mercury; the bulb, atmospheric air. An increase of temperature expands the air in the bulb, drives the mercury down one side and up the other, thereby destroying the balance, and causing the valve to open by turning on its axis. A diminution of temperature contracts the air in the bulb, causes the mercury to rise in the side of the tube, and closes the valve.' Besides this, there was 'an improved magneto-electric machine, for medical use, with a new arrangement, by which the shock is graduated by means of a glass tube, in which a wire is made to communicate with water, so as to produce at first a slight shock; by gradually pressing down the wire attached to a spiral spring, the shock is received in its full force.'

It now appears that Mr Robertson of Brighton claims priority of discovery touching the boring power of *Pholades*. His statements are founded on daily observation of the creatures at work for three months. 'The *Pholades dactylus*,' he says, 'makes its hole by grating the chalk with its rasp-like valves, licking it up, when pulverised, with its foot, forcing it up through its principal or bronchial syphon, and squirting it out in oblong nodules. The crypt protects the *Pholades* from confervæ, which, when they get at it, grow not merely outside, but even within the lips of the valves, preventing the action of the syphons. In the foot there is a gelatinous

spring or style, which, even when taken out, has great elasticity, and which seems the mainspring of the motions of the *Pholades dactylus*.'

At last, steam communication with Australia seems about to become a reality, for the first vessel is announced to start in May for Sydney, to touch at the Cape and other colonies on her way out; and accommodation is promised for two hundred passengers of different classes. There is also a project on foot for a line of steamers from Panama to Australia, and to Valparaiso, which, if brought into operation, will make a voyage round the world little more than a bagman's journey. Apropos of Australia, Mr Clarke, who first predicted that gold would be found in that country, says, 'that just 90 degrees west of the auriferous range in Australia, we find an auriferous band in the Urals; and just 90 degrees west of the Urals, occur the auriferous mountains of California.' A speculation for cosmogonists. In our own country, we are finding metalliferous deposits: vast accumulations of lead-ore have come to light in Wales, which are said to contain six ounces of silver, and fifteen hundredweight of lead to the ton; and in Northamptonshire, an abundant and timely supply of iron-ore has just been met with. We might perhaps turn our metallic treasures to still better account, if some one would only set to work and win the prize offered by Louis Napoleon; namely, 'a reward of 50,000 francs to such person as shall render the voltaic pile applicable, with economy, to manufactures, as a source of heat, or to lighting, or chemistry, or mechanics, or practical medicine.' The offer is to be kept open for five years, to allow full time for experiment, and people of all nations have leave to compete. One of the electric telegraph companies intends to ask parliament to abolish the present monopoly as regards the despatch of messages; in another quarter, an under-sea telegraph to Ostend is talked about, with a view to communicate with Belgium independently of France; and there is no reason why it should not be laid down, for the Dover and Calais line is paying satisfactorily. And, finally, another ship-load of 'marbles' and sculptures has just arrived from Nineveh; and the appointment of Mr Layard as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs (though now but temporary) is regarded as a praiseworthy recognition of his merits and services; and now that we have a government which combines a few *littérateurs* among its members, it is thought that literature will be relieved of some of its trammels.

CHILDREN'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or of hope; but the little child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poison-drop of the present. Think of a child led to the scaffold, think of Cupid in a Dutch coffin; or watch a butterfly, after its four wings have been torn off, creeping like a worm, and you will feel what I mean. But wherefore! The first has been already given; the child, like the beast, only knows purest, though shortest sorrow; one which has no past and no future; one such as the sick man receives from without, the dreamer from himself into his æsthetic brain; finally, one with the consciousness not of guilt, but of innocence. Certainly, all the sorrows of children are but shortest nights, as their joys are but hottest days; and indeed both so much so, that in the latter, often clouded and starless time of life, the matured man only longingly remembers his old childhood's pleasures, while he seems altogether to have forgotten his childhood's grief. This weak remembrance is strangely contrasted with the opposing one in dreams and fevers in this respect, that in the two last it is always the cruel sorrows of childhood which return; the dream this mock-sun of childhood—and the fever, its distorting glass—both draw forth from dark corners the fears of

defenceless childhood, which press and cut with iron fangs into the prostrate soul. The fair scenes of dreams mostly play on an after-stage, whereas the frightful ones choose for theirs the cradle and the nursery. Moreover, in fever, the ice-hands of the fear of ghosts, the striking one of the teachers and parents, and every claw with which fate has pressed the young heart, stretch themselves out to catch the wandering man. Parents, consider then, that every childhood's Rupert—the name given in Germany to the fictitious being employed to frighten children into obedience—even though it has lain chained for tens of years, yet breaks loose and gains mastery over the man so soon as it finds him on a sick-bed. The first fright is more dangerous the sooner it happens: as the man grows older, he is less and less easily frightened; the little cradle or bed-canopy of the child is more easily quite darkened than the starry heaven of the man.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

A REJECTED LOVER.

You 'never loved me,' Ada!—Those slow words
Dropped softly from your gentle woman's tongue,
Out of your true and tender woman's heart,
Dropped—piercing into mine like very swords,
The sharper for their brightness! Yet no wrong
Lies to your charge; nor cruelty, nor art;
Even while you spoke, I saw the ready tear-drop start.

You 'never loved me?'—No, you never knew—
You, with youth's dewy yet glittering on your soul—
What 'tis to love. Slow, drop by drop, to pour
Our life's whole essence, perfumed through and through
With all the best we have, or can control,
For the libation; cast it down before
Your feet—then lift the goblet, dry for evermore!

I shall not die, as foolish lovers do:
A man's heart beats beneath this breast of mine;
The breast where—Curse on that fiend's whispering,
'It might have been!'—Ada, I will be true
Unto myself—the self that worshipped thine.
May all life's pain, like those few tears that spring
For me—glance off as rain-drops from my white dove's
wing!

May you live long, some good man's bosom-flower,
And gather children round your matron knees!
Then, when all this is past, and you and I
Remember each our youth but as an hour
Of joy—or torture; one, serene, at ease,
May meet the other's grave yet steadfast eye,
Thinking, 'He loved me well!'—clasp hands, and so
pass by.

THE TEARS OF OYSTERS.

Glancing round this anatomical workshop (the oyster), we find, amongst other things, some preparations shewing the nature of pearls. Examine them, and we find that there are dark and dingy pearls, just as there are handsome and ugly men; the dark pearl being found on the dark shell of the fish, the white brilliant one upon the smooth inside shell. Going further in the search, we find that the smooth, glittering lining, upon which the fish moves, is known as the *nacre*, and that it is produced by a portion of the animal called the *mantle*; and, for explanation's sake, we may add that gourmands practically know the mantle as the beard of the oyster. When living in its glossy house, should any foreign substance find its way through the shell to disturb the smoothness so essential to its ease, the fish coats the offending substance with *nacre*, and a pearl is thus formed. The pearl is, in fact, a little globe of the smooth, glossy substance yielded by the oyster's beard; yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home to which his nature binds him, but yielded in round drops, real pearly tears, if he is hurt. When a beauty glides among a throng of her admirers, her hair clustering with pearls, she little thinks

that her ornaments are products of pain and diseased action, endured by the most unpoetical of shell-fish.—*Leisure Hours.*

'ROBESPIERRE.'

In our recent notice of Robespierre, it was mentioned that, at the period of his capture in the Hôtel de Ville, he was shot in the jaw by a pistol fired by one of the gendarmes. Various correspondents point to the discrepancy between this account and that given by Thiers, and some other authorities, who represent that Robespierre fired the pistol himself, in the attempt to commit self-destruction. In our account of the affair, we have preferred holding to Lamartine (*History of the Girondists*), not only in consequence of his being the latest and most graphic authority on the subject, but because his statement seems to be verified by the appearance of the half-signed document which it was our fortune to see in Paris in 1849.

The following is Lamartine's statement:—'The door soon yielded to the blows given by the soldiers with the but-end of their muskets, amid the cries of "Down with the tyrant!" "Which is he?" inquired the soldiers; but Léonard Bourdon durst not meet the look of his fallen enemy. Standing a little behind the men, and hidden by the body of a gendarme, named Méda; with his right hand he seized the arm of the gendarme who held a pistol, and pointing with his left hand to the person to be aimed at, he directed the muzzle of the weapon towards Robespierre, exclaiming: "That is the man." The man fired, and the head of Robespierre dropped on the table, deluging with blood the proclamation he had not finished signing.' Next morning, adds this authority, Léonard Bourdon 'presented the gendarme who had fired at Robespierre to the notice of the Convention.' Further: on Robespierre being searched while he lay on the table, a brace of loaded pistols were found in his pocket. 'These pistols, shut up in their cases still loaded, abundantly testify that Robespierre did not shoot himself.' Accepting these as the true particulars of the incident, Robespierre cannot properly be charged with an attempt at suicide.

In the article referred to, the name Barras was accidentally substituted for Henriot, in connection with the insurrectionary movement for rescuing Robespierre. Barras led the troops of the Convention.

A correspondent asks us to state what was the actual number of persons slaughtered by the guillotine, and otherwise, during the progress of the Revolution. The question cannot be satisfactorily answered. Alison (vol. iv. p. 289) presents a list, which shows the number to have been 1,027,106; but this enumeration does not comprehend the massacres at Versailles, the prisons of Paris, and some other places. A million and a half would probably be a safe calculation. One thing is certain, that from the 2d of September 1792, to the 25th of October 1795, a space of little more than three years, 18,613 persons perished by the guillotine. Strangely enough, the chief destruction of life was among the humbler classes of society, those who mainly promoted the revolution; and still more strange, the greater number of victims were murdered by the verdicts of juries—a striking example of that general subserviency which has since become the most significant defect in the French character.

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IMPERFECT RESPECTABILITIES.

EVERYBODY must have had some trouble in his time with imperfect respectabilities. Nice, well-dressed, well-boused, civil, agreeable people are they. No fault to find with them but that there is some little flaw in their history, for which the very good (rigid) don't visit them. The degree to which one is incommoded with imperfect respectabilities, depends of course a good deal upon the extent of his good-nature, or his dislike of coming to strong measures in social life. Some have an inherent complaisance which makes them all but unfit for any such operation as cutting, or even for the less violent one of cooling off. Some take mild views of human infirmity, and shrink from visiting it too roughly. They would rather that the sinners did not cross them; but, since the contrary is the fact, what can they do but be civil?

One great source of perplexity in the case, is the excessive urbanity of the imperfect respectabilities themselves. They come up to you on the street with such sunny faces, and have so many kind inquiries to make, and so many pleasant things to say, that, for the life of you, you cannot stiffen up as you ought to do. Some haunting recollection of a bad affair of cards, or some awkward circumstances attending an insolvency, will come across your mind, and make you wish the fellow in the next street; but, unluckily, there he is, cheerful, even funny, talking of all sorts of respectable things, such as the state of the money-market, and what Sir George said to him the other day about the reviving prospects of Protection; and what avails your secret writhing? He holds you by the glittering eye. You listen, you make jocular observations in reply; the cards and the insolvency vanish from your thoughts; you at length shake hands, and part in a transport of good-humoured old acquaintanceship, and not till you have got a hundred yards away, do you cool down sufficiently to remember that you have made a fool of yourself by patronising an imperfect respectability.

It is, after all, not a harsh and censorious world. Let the imperfect respectabilities bear witness. If rigid justice held rule below, or men were really persecutors of each other, there would be no life for that class. In point of fact, they not only live, but sometimes do tolerably well in the world. They only could do so by virtue of a certain mutual tolerance which pervades society. It is a nice matter, however, to say what degree of imperfect respectability will be endured. Some things, we all know, cannot be forgiven upon earth; and in such cases there is no resource but in obscurity. But there is also a large class of offences, the consequences of which may be overcome. Perhaps

the facts do not come fully out into general notice. Perhaps there may be some little thing to say in exculpation. If the offender can, after a short space, continue to make his usual personal appearances, he is safe, because the great bulk of his old friends would rather continue to recognise him, than come to a positive rupture—an event always felt as inconvenient. Of course, they will be too well-bred to allude before him to any unpleasant fact in his history. He will never recall it to their minds. By being thus thrown out of all common reference, it will become obscured to a wonderful degree, inasmuch that many will at length think of it only as a kind of domestic myth, to which no importance is to be attached. Thus Time is continually bringing in his bills of indemnity in favour of these unconfessing culprits. Were the world as harsh as is said, we should rather be having *post-facto* acts to punish them, supposing that existing statutes were insufficient.

One of the most curious points in the physiology of an imperfect respectability, is the fact of his almost always having something remarkably agreeable and attractive about him. Going down a peg in reputation seems somehow to have a specific effect upon the temper. From a bear it will convert a man into a perfect lamb. He becomes obliging to the last degree, has a kind word for everybody, and is never so happy as when he is allowed to render you some disagreeable piece of service. Scott, who knew everything, knew this, and hence it was that he made Glossin so very polite to the ostler at Kippeltringan. When a stranger comes to settle in a country place, the imperfect respectability is sure to be amongst the first to call and offer his services. He likes a new family, and thinks it a duty to be ready to do the honours of the place. He is also, to a remarkable degree, a family man. None is seen so often going about with wife and daughters. In fact, he is exemplary in this respect. Few pews, moreover, so regularly filled as his. When a subscription is got up, it is a positive pleasure to him to subscribe; ten times more to be allowed to come upon the committee, and join other two in going about with a paper. The effect of all this is, that the imperfect respectable is often a highly popular character. Everybody likes him, and wishes him at the devil.

When the case is so strong that disappearance is imperatively necessary, then of course disappear he must. Every now and then, some one of our old friends is thus dropping through the trap-doors of the social stage, to be seen and heard of no more. In travelling, one is apt to come upon some old-remembered face, which he had been accustomed to in such different circumstances that he has a difficulty in recognising

it. It may be in some village obscurity of our own country, some German watering-place, or some American wilderness. There it is, however, the once familiar face; and you cannot pass it unheeded. You soon discover that you have lighted upon an imperfect respectability in exile. He is delighted to see you, seems in the highest spirits, and insists on your coming home to see Mrs —, and dine or spend the night. He has never been better off anywhere. All goes well with him. It was worth his while to come here, if only for the education of his family. As he rattles on, speaking of everything but the one thing you chiefly think of, you cannot help being touched in spirit. You feel that there may be things you can respect more, but many you respect that you cannot love so much.

While the imperfect respectability bears up so well before his old acquaintance, who can tell what may be the reflections that visit his breast in moments of retirement? Let us not be too ready to set him down as indifferent to the consequences of the sin which once so unfortunately beset him. Let us not too easily assume that he has not felt the loss of place and reputation, because he laughs and chats somewhat more than he used to do. I follow my poor old friend to his home, and there see him in his solitary hours brooding over the great forfeit he has made, and bitterly taxing himself with errors which he would be right loath to confess to the world. He knows what men think and say of him behind his back, notwithstanding that not a symptom of the consciousness escapes him. And let us hope that, in many cases, the contrite confession which is withheld from men is yielded where it is more fitly due.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

THE LAST REVEL.

WHEN I was quite a lad, a servant lived with us of the name of Anne Stacey. She had been in the service of William Cobbett, the political writer, who resided for some years at Botley, a village a few miles distant from Itchen. Anne might be about two or three and twenty years of age when she came to us; and a very notable, industrious servant she was, and remarked, moreover, as possessing a strong religious bias. Her features, everybody agreed, were comely and intelligent. But that advantage in the matrimonial market was more than neutralised by her unfortunate figure, which, owing, as we understood, to a fall in her childhood, was hopelessly deformed, though still strongly set and muscular. Albeit, a sum of money—about fifty pounds—scraped together by thrifty self-denial during a dozen years of servitude, amply compensated in the eyes of several idle and needy young fellows for the unlovely outline of her person; and Anne, with an infatuation too common with persons of her class and condition, and in spite of repeated warning, and the secret misgivings, one would suppose, of her own mind, married the best-looking, but most worthless and dissipated of them all. This man, Henry Ransome by name, was, I have been informed, constantly intoxicated during the first three months of wedlock, and then the ill-assorted couple disappeared from the neighbourhood of Itchen, and took up their abode in one of the hamlets of the New Forest. Many years afterwards, when I joined the Preventive Service, I frequently heard mention of his name as that of a man singularly skilful in defrauding the revenue, as well as in avoiding the penalties which surround that dangerous vocation.

One day, he was pointed out to me when standing by the Cross-House near the Ferry, in company with a comparatively youthful desperado, whose real name was John Wyatt, though generally known amongst the smuggling fraternity and other personal intimates, by the *sobriquet* of Black Jack—on account, I suppose, of his dark, heavy-browed, scowling figure-head, one of the most repulsive, I think, I have ever seen. Anne's husband, Henry Ransome, seemed, so far as very brief observation enabled me to judge, quite a different person from his much younger, as well as much bigger and brawnier associate. I did not doubt that, before excessive indulgence had wasted his now pallid features, and sapped the vigour of his thin and shaking frame, he had been a smart, good-looking chap enough; and there was, it struck me, spite of his reputation as 'a knowing one,' considerably more of the dupe than the knave, of the fool than the villain, in the dreary, downcast, skulking expression that fitted over his features as his eye caught mine intently regarding him. I noticed also that he had a dry, hard cough, and I set down in my own mind as certain that he would, ere many months passed away, be consigned, like scores of his fellows, to a brandy-hastened grave. He indicated my presence—proximity, rather—to Wyatt, by a nudge on the elbow, whereupon that respectable personage swung sharply round, and returned my scrutinising gaze by one of insolent defiance and bravado, which he contrived to render still more emphatic by thrusting his tongue into his cheek. This done, he gathered up a coil of rope from one of the seats of the Cross-House, and said: 'Come, Harry, let's be off. That gentleman seems to want to take our picture—on account that our mugs are such handsome ones, no doubt; and if it was a mildish afternoon, I shouldn't mind having mine done; but as the weather's rather nippy like, we'd better be toddling, I think.' They then swaggered off, and crossed the Ferry.

Two or three weeks afterwards, I again met with them, under the following circumstances:—I landed from the *Rose* at Lympington, for the purpose of going by coach to Lyndhurst, a considerable village in the New Forest, from which an ex-chancellor derives his title. I had appointed to meet a confidential agent there at the Fox and Hounds Inn, a third-rate tavern, situate at the foot of the hill upon which the place is built; and as the evening promised to be clear and fine, though cold, I anticipated a bracing, cross-country walk afterwards in the direction of Hythe, in the neighbourhood whereof dwelt a person—neither a seaman nor a smuggler—whose favour I was just then very diligently cultivating. It was the month of November; and on being set down at the door of the inn somewhere about six o'clock in the evening, I quietly entered and took a seat in the smoking-room unrecognised, as I thought, by any one—for I was not in uniform. My man had not arrived; and after waiting a few minutes, I stepped out to inquire at the bar if such a person had been there. To my great surprise, a young woman—girl would be a better word, for she could not be more than seventeen, or at the utmost eighteen years old—whom I had noticed on the outside of the coach, was just asking if one Dr Lee was expected. This was precisely the individual who was to meet me, and I looked with some curiosity at the inquirer. She was a coarsely, but neatly attired person, of a pretty figure, interesting, but dejected cast of features, and with large, dark, sorrowing eyes. Thoughtfulness and care were not less marked in the humble, subdued tone in which she spoke. 'Could I sit down anywhere till he comes?' she timidly asked, after hearing the bar-woman's reply. The servant civilly invited her to take a seat by the bar-fire, and I returned, without saying anything, to the smoking-room, rang the bell, and ordered a glass of brandy and

water, and some biscuits. I had been seated a very short time only, when the quick, consequential step, and sharp, cracked voice of Dr Lee sounded along the passage; and after a momentary pause at the bar, his round, smirking, good-humoured, knavish face looked in at the parlour-door, where, seeing me alone, he winked with uncommon expression, and said aloud: 'A prime fire in the smoking-room, I see; I shall treat myself to a whiff there presently.' This said, the shining face vanished, in order, I doubted not, that its owner might confer with the young girl who had been inquiring for him. This Lee, I must observe, had no legal right to the prefix of doctor tacked to his name. He was merely a peripatetic quack-salver and vender of infallible medicines, who, having wielded the pestle in an apothecary's shop for some years during his youth, had acquired a little skill in the use of drugs, and could open a vein or draw a tooth with considerable dexterity. He had a large, but not, I think, very remunerative practice amongst the poaching, deer-stealing, smuggling community of those parts, to whom it was of vital importance that the hurts received in their desperate pursuits should be tended by some one not inclined to babble of the number, circumstances, or whereabouts of his patients. This essential condition Lee, hypocrite and knave as he was, strictly fulfilled; and no inducement could, I think, have prevailed upon him to betray the hiding-place of a wounded or suffering client. In other respects, he permitted himself a more profitable freedom of action, thereto compelled, he was wont apologetically to remark, by the wretchedly poor remuneration obtained by his medical practice. If, however, specie was scarce amongst his clients, spirits, as his rubicund, carbuncled face flamingly testified, were very plentiful. There was a receipt in full painted there for a prodigious amount of drugs and chemicals, so that, on the whole, he could have had no great reason to complain. He soon reappeared, and took a chair by the fire, which, after civilly saluting me, he stirred almost fiercely, eyeing as he did so the blazing coals with a half-abstracted and sullen, cowed, disquieted look altogether unusual with him. At least wherever I had before seen him, he had been as loquacious and boastful as a Gascon.

'What is the matter, doctor?' I said. 'You appear strangely down upon your luck all at once.'

'Hush—hush! Speak lower, sir, pray. The fact is, I have just heard that a fellow is lurking about here— You have not, I hope, asked for me of any one?'

'I have not; but what if I had?'

'Why, you see, sir, that suspicion—calumny, Shakespeare says, could not be escaped, even if one were pure as snow—and more especially, therefore, when one is not quite so—so— Ahem!—you understand?'

'Very well, indeed. You would say, that when one is not actually immaculate—calumny, suspicion takes an earlier and firmer hold.'

'Just so; exactly—and, in fact—ha!—'

The door was suddenly thrown open, and the doctor fairly leaped to his feet with ill-disguised alarm. It was only the bar-maid, to ask if he had rung. He had not done so, and as it was perfectly understood that I paid for all on these occasions, that fact alone was abundantly conclusive as to the disordered state of his intellect. He now ordered brandy and water, a pipe, and a screw of tobacco. These ministrants to a mind disturbed somewhat calmed the doctor's excitement, and his cunning gray eyes soon brightly twinkled again through a haze of curling smoke.

'Did you notice,' he resumed, 'a female sitting in the bar? She knows you.'

'A young, intelligent-looking girl. Yes. Who is she?'

'Young!' replied Lee, evasively, I thought. 'Well,

it's true she is young in years, but not in experience—in suffering, poor girl, as I can bear witness.'

'There are, indeed, but faint indications of the mirth and lightness of youth or childhood in those timid, apprehensive eyes of hers.'

'She never had a childhood. Girls of her condition seldom have. Her father's booked for the next world, and by an early stage too, unless he mends his manners, and that I hardly see how he's to do. The girl's been to Lymington to see after a place. Can't have it. Her father's character is against her. Unfortunate; for she's a good girl.'

'I am sorry for her. But come, to business. How about the matter you wot of?'

'Here are all the particulars,' answered Lee, with an easy transition from a sentimental to a common-sense, business-like tone, and at the same time unscrewing the lid of a tortoise-shell tobacco-box, and taking a folded paper from it. 'I keep these matters generally here; for if I were to drop such an article—just now, especially—I might as well be hung out to dry at once.'

I glanced over the paper. 'Place, date, hour correct, and thoroughly to be depended upon you say, eh?'

'Correct as Cocker, I'll answer for it. It would be a spicy run for them, if there were no man-traps in the way.'

I placed the paper in my waistcoat-pocket, and then handed the doctor his preliminary fee. The touch of gold had not its usual electrical effect upon him. His nervous fit was coming on again. 'I wish,' he puffed out—'I wish I was safe out of this part of the country, or else that a certain person I know was transported; then indeed!—'

'And who may that certain person be, doctor?' demanded a grim-looking rascal, as he softly opened the door. 'Not me, I hope?'

I instantly recognised the fellow, and so did the doctor, who had again bounded from his chair, and was shaking all over as if with ague, whilst his very carbuncles became pallid with affright. 'You—u—u,' he stammered—'You—u—u, Wyatt: God forbid!'

Wyatt was, I saw, muddled with liquor. This was lucky for poor Lee. 'Well, never mind if it was me, old brick,' rejoined the fellow; 'or at least you have been a brick, though I'm misdoubting you'll die a pantile after all. But here's luck; all's one for that.' He held a pewter-pot in one hand, and a pipe in the other, and as he drank, his somewhat confused but baleful look continued levelled savagely along the pewter at the terrified doctor. There was, I saw, mischief in the man.

'I'd drink yours,' continued the reckless scamp, as he paused for breath, drew the back of his pipe-hand across his mouth, and stared as steadily as he could in my face—'I'd drink your health, if I only knew your name.'

'You'll hear it plainly enough, my fine fellow, when you're in the dock one of these days, just before the judge sends you to the hulks, or, which is perhaps the likelier, to the gallows. And this scamp, too,' I added, with a gesture towards Lee, whom I hardly dared venture to look at, 'who has been pitching me such a pretty rigmarole, is, I see, a fellow-rogue to yourself. This house appears to be little better than a thieves' rendezvous, upon my word.'

Wyatt regarded me with a deadly scowl as he answered: 'Ay, ay, you're a brave cock, Master Warneford, upon your own dunghill. It may be my turn some day. Here, doctor, a word with you outside.' They both left the room, and I rang the bell, discharged the score, and was just going when Lee returned. He was still pale and shaky, though considerably recovered from the panic-terror excited by the sudden entrance of Wyatt.

'Thank Heaven, he's gone!' said the doctor; 'and

less sour and suspicious than I feared him to be. But tell me, sir, do you intend walking from here to Hythe?' 'I so purpose. Why do you ask?'

'Because the young girl you saw in the bar went off ten minutes ago by the same road. She was too late for a farmer's cart which she expected to return by. Wyatt, too, is off in the same direction.'

'She will have company then.'

'Evil company, I fear. Her father and he have lately quarrelled; and her, I know, he bears a grudge against, for refusing, as the talk goes, to have anything to say to him.'

'Very well; don't alarm yourself. I shall soon overtake them, and you may depend the big drunken bully shall neither insult nor molest her. Good-night.'

It was a lonely walk for a girl to take on a winter evening, although the weather was brilliantly light and clear, and it was not yet much past seven o'clock. Except, perchance, a deer-keeper, or a deer-stealer, it was not likely she would meet a human being for two or three miles together, and farm and other houses near the track were very sparsely scattered here and there. I walked swiftly on, and soon came within sight of Wyatt; but so eagerly was his attention directed ahead, that he did not observe me till we were close abreast of each other.

'You here!' he exclaimed, fairly gnashing his teeth with rage. 'I only wish'—

'That you had one or two friends within hail, eh? Well, it's better for your own health that you have not, depend upon it. I have four barrels with me, and each of them, as you well know, carries a life, one of which should be yours, as sure as that black head is on your shoulders.'

He answered only by a snarl and a malediction, and we proceeded on pretty nearly together. He appeared to be much soberer than before: perhaps the keen air had cooled him somewhat, or he might have been shamming it a little at the inn to hoodwink the doctor. Five or six minutes brought us to a sharp turn of the road, where we caught sight of the young woman, who was not more than thirty or forty yards ahead. Presently, the sound of footsteps appeared to strike her ear, for she looked quickly round, and an expression of alarm escaped her. I was in the shadow of the road, so that, in the first instance, she saw only Wyatt. Another moment, and her terrified glance rested upon me.

'Lieutenant Warnford!' she exclaimed.

'Ay, my good girl, that is my name. You appear frightened—not at me, I hope?'

'O no, not at you,' she hastily answered, the colour vividly returning to her pale cheeks.

'This good-looking person is, I daresay, a sweetheart of yours; so I'll just keep astern out of ear-shot. My road lies past your dwelling.'

The girl appeared to understand me, and, reassured, walked on, Wyatt lopping sullenly along beside her. I did not choose to have a fellow of his stamp, and in his present mood, walking behind me.

Nothing was said that I heard for about a mile and a half, when Wyatt, with a snarling 'good-night' to the girl, turned off by a path on the left, and was quickly out of sight.

'I am not very far from home now, sir,' said the young woman hesitatingly. She thought, perhaps, that I might leave her, now Wyatt had disappeared.

'Pray go on, then,' I said; 'I will see you safe there, though somewhat pressed for time.'

We walked side by side, and after awhile she said in a low tone, and with still downcast eyes: 'My mother lived servant in your family once, sir.'

'The deuce! Your name is Ransome, then, I suspect.'

'Yes, sir—Mary Ransome.' A sad sigh accompanied these words. I pitied the poor girl from my

heart, but having nothing very consolatory to suggest, I held my peace.

'There is mother!' she cried in an almost joyful tone. She pointed to a woman standing in the open doorway of a mean dwelling at no great distance, in apparently anxious expectation. Mary Ransome hastened forwards, and whispered a few sentences to her mother, who fondly embraced her.

'I am very grateful to you, sir, for seeing Mary safely home. You do not, I daresay, remember me?'

'You are greatly changed, I perceive, and not by years alone.'

'Ah, sir!' Tears started to the eyes of both mother and daughter. 'Would you,' added the woman, 'step in a moment. Perhaps a few words from you might have effect.' She looked, whilst thus speaking, at her weak, consumptive-looking husband, who was seated by the fireplace with a large green baize-covered Bible open before him on a round table. There is no sermon so impressive as that which gleams from an apparently yawning and inevitable grave; and none, too, more quickly forgotten, if by any resource of art, and reinvigoration of nature, the tombward progress be arrested, and life pulsate joyously again. I was about to make some remark upon the suicidal folly of persisting in a course which almost necessarily led to misery and ruin, when the but partially-closed doorway was darkened by the burly figure of Wyatt.

'A very nice company, by jingo!' growled the ruffian; 'you only want the doctor to be quite complete. But hark ye, Ransome,' he continued, addressing the sick man, who cowered beneath his scowling gaze like a beaten hound—'mind and keep a still tongue in that calf's head of yours, or else prepare yourself to—to take—to take—what follows. You know me as well as I do you. Good-night.'

With this caution, the fellow disappeared; and after a few words, which the unfortunate family were too frightened to listen to, or scarcely to hear, I also went my way.

The information received from Dr Lee relative to the contemplated run near Hurst Castle proved strictly accurate. The surprise of the smugglers was in consequence complete, and the goods, the value of which was considerable, were easily secured. There occurred also several of the ordinary casualties that attend such encounters—casualties which always excited in my mind a strong feeling of regret, that the revenue of the country could not be assured by other and less hazardous expedients. No life was, however, lost, and we made no prisoners. To my great surprise I caught, at the beginning of the affray, a glimpse of the bottle-green coat, drab knee-cords, with gaiter continuations, of the doctor. They, however, very quickly vanished; and till about a week afterwards, I concluded that their owner had escaped in a whole skin. I was mistaken.

I had passed the evening at the house whither my steps were directed when I escorted Mary Ransome home, and it was growing late, when the servant-maid announced that a young woman, seemingly in great trouble, after inquiring if Lieutenant Warnford was there, had requested to see him immediately, and was waiting below for that purpose. It was, I found, Mary Ransome, in a state of great flurry and excitement. She brought a hastily-scribbled note from Dr Lee, to the effect that Wyatt, from motives of suspicion, had insisted that both he and Ransome should be present at the attempt near Hurst Castle; that the doctor, in his hurry to get out of harm's way, had attempted a leap which, owing to his haste, awkwardness, and the frosty atmosphere and ground, had resulted in a compound fracture of his right leg; that he had been borne off in a state of insensibility; on recovering from which he found himself in Wyatt's power, who, by rifling his pockets, had found some memoranda that left no doubt of Lee's treason towards the smuggling

fraternity. The bearer of the note would, he said, further explain, as he could not risk delaying sending it for another moment—only he begged to say his life depended upon me.

'Life!' I exclaimed, addressing the pale, quaking girl; 'nonsense! Such gentry as Wyatt are not certainly particular to a shade or two, but they rarely go that length.'

'They will make away with father as well as Dr Lee,' she shudderingly replied: 'I am sure of it. Wyatt is mad with rage.' She trembled so violently, as hardly to be able to stand, and I made her sit down.

'You cannot mean that the scoundrel contemplates murder?'

'Yes—yes! believe me, sir, he does. You know the *Fair Rosamond*, now lying off Marchwood?' she continued, growing every instant paler and paler.

'The trader to St Michael's for oranges and other fruits?'

'That is but a blind, sir. She belongs to the same company as the boats you captured at Hurst Castle. She will complete landing her cargo early to-morrow morning, and drop down the river with the ebb-tide just about dawn.'

'The deuce they will! The cunning rascals. But go on. What would you further say?'

'Wyatt insists that both the doctor and my father shall sail in her. They will be carried on board, and—and when at sea—you know—you understand!'

'Be drowned, you fear. That is possible, certainly; but I cannot think they would have more to fear than a good keel-hauling. Still, the matter must be looked to, more especially as Lee's predicament is owing to the information he has given the king's officers. Where are they confined?'

She described the place, which I remembered very well, having searched it not more than a fortnight previously. I then assured her that I would get her father as well as Lee out of the smugglers' hands by force, if necessary; upon hearing which the poor girl's agitation came to a climax, and she went off into strong hysterics. There was no time to be lost, so committing her to the care of the servant, I took leave of my friends, and made the best of my way to Hythe, hard off which a boat, I knew, awaited me; revolving, as I sped along, the best mode of procedure. I hailed the boat, and instructed one of the men—Dick Redhead, he was generally called, from his fiery poll—a sharp, clever fellow was Dick—to proceed immediately to the house I had left, and accompany the young woman to the spot indicated, and remain in ambush, with both eyes wide open, about the place till I arrived. The *Rose* was fortunately off Southampton Quay; we soon reached her, shifted to a larger boat, and I and a stout crew were on our way, in very little time, to have a word with that deceitful *Fair Rosamond*, which we could still see lying quietly at anchor a couple of miles up the river. We were quickly alongside, but, to our great surprise, found no one on board. There was, however, a considerable quantity of contraband spirits in the hold; and this not only confirmed the girl's story, but constituted the *Fair Rosamond* a lawful prize. I left four men in her, with strict orders to lie close and not shew themselves, and with the rest hastened on shore, and pushed on to the doctor's rescue. The night was dark and stormy, which was so far the better for our purpose; but when we reached the place, no Dick Redhead could be seen! This was queer, and prowling stealthily round the building, we found that it was securely barred, sheltered, and fastened up, although by the light through the chinks, and a confused hum, it seemed, of merry voices, there was a considerable number of guests within. Still, Master Dick did not shew, and I was thoroughly at a loss how to act. It would not certainly have been difficult to force an entrance, but I doubted that I should be justified in

doing so; besides, if they were such desperadoes as Mary Ransome intimated, such a measure must be attended with loss of life—a risk not to be incurred except when all less hazardous expedients had failed, and then only for a sufficient and well-defined purpose. I was thus cogitating, when there suddenly burst forth, overpowering the howling of the wind and the pattering of the rain, a rattling and familiar chorus, sung by at least a dozen rough voices; and I had not a doubt that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were assisting at a farewell revel previous to sailing, as that Hope, which tells so many flattering tales, assured them they would, at dawn.

Such merriment did not certainly sound like the ferocious exultations of intending assassins; still, I was very anxious to make ten or a dozen amongst them; and continuing to cast about for the means of doing so, our attention was at length fixed upon a strange object, not unlike a thirty-six pounder red-hot round shot, not in the least cooled by the rain, projecting inquiringly from a small aperture, which answered for a window, half-way up the sloping roof. It proved to be Master Dick's fiery head, but he made us out before we did him. 'Is that Bill Simpson?' queried Dick, very anxiously. The seaman addressed, as soon as he could shove in a word edgewise with the chorus and the numerous wind-instruments of the Forest, answered that 'it was Bill Simpson; and who the blazes was that up there?' To which the answer was, that 'it was Dick, and that he should be obliged, if Bill had a rope with him, he would shy up one end of it.' Of course we had a rope: an end was shied up, made fast, and down tumbled Master Dick Redhead without his hat, which, in his hurry, it appeared, he had left behind in the banquetting-room. His explanation was brief and explicit. He had accompanied the young woman to the present building, as I ordered; and being a good deal wrought upon by her grief and lamentations, had suggested that it might be possible to get Dr Lee and her father to a place of safety without delay, proverbially dangerous. This seemed feasible; inasmuch as the fellow left in charge by Wyatt was found to be dead-drunk, chiefly owing, I comprehended, to some powerful ingredients infused in his liquor by Dr Lee. All was going on swimmingly, when, just as Dick had got the doctor on his back, an alarm was given that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were close at hand, and Dick had but just time to climb with great difficulty into the crazy loft overhead, when a dozen brawny fellows entered the place, and forthwith proceeded to make merry.

A brief council was now held, and it was unanimously deemed advisable that we should all climb up to Dick's hiding-place by means of the rope, and thence contrive to drop down upon the convivial gentlemen below, in as convenient a manner as possible, and when least expected. We soon scaled the loft, but after-proceedings were not so easy. The loft was a make-shift, temporary one, consisting of loose planks resting upon the cross rafters of the roof, and at a considerable height from the floor upon which the smugglers were carousing. It would, no doubt, have been easy enough to have slid down by a rope; but this would place the first three or four men, if no more, at the mercy of the contrabandists, who, I could see through the wide chinks, were all armed, and not so drunk but that they thoroughly knew what they were about. It behoved us to be cool, and consider well the best course to pursue. Whilst doing so, I had leisure to contemplate the scene below. Wyatt was not there; but around a table, lighted by two dip-candles stuck in the necks of black bottles, and provided with abundance of liquor, tobacco, tin pannikins, and clay-pipes, sat twelve or thirteen ill-favoured fellows, any one of whom a prudent man would, I am very sure, have rather trusted with a shilling than a sovereign. The

unfortunate doctor, pale and sepulchral as the death he evidently dreaded to be near at hand, was sitting propped up in a rude arm-chair; and Ransome, worse, I thought, than when I had seen him a few weeks previously, was reclining on a chest, in front of which stood his wife and daughter in a condition of feverish excitement. There at first appeared, from the temper of the roisterers, to be no cause for any very grave apprehension; but the aspect of affairs soon changed, and I eagerly availed myself of a suggestion of Dick Redhead's, and gave directions that preparation for its execution should be instantly and silently commenced. The thought had struck Dick when perched up there alone, and naturally looking about for all available means of defence, should he be discovered. Let me restate my position and responsibilities. It was my duty to rescue Lee, the agent of the Customs, from the dangerous predicament in which he was placed; and the question was, how to effect this without loss of life. It would, no doubt, have been easy enough to have turned up one or two of the loose planks, and have shot half the smugglers before they could have made their escape. This, however, was out of the question, and hence the adoption of Dick's proposal. It was this: in the loft where we lay, for stand upright we could not, there was, amongst several empty ones, one full cask, containing illicit spirits of some kind, and measuring, perhaps, between forty and fifty gallons. It was wood-hooped, and could be easily unheaded by the men's knives, and at a given signal, be soused right upon the heads of the party beneath, creating a consternation, confusion, and dismay, during which we might all descend, and end the business, I hoped, without bloodshed.

This was our plan, and we had need to be quick about it, for, as I have said, the state of affairs below had suddenly changed, and much for the worse. A whistle was heard without; the front entrance was hastily unbarred, and in strode Wyatt, Black Jack, and well did he on this occasion vindicate the justice of his popular designation. Everybody was in a moment silent, and most of those who could stood up. 'What's this infernal row going on for?' he fiercely growled. 'Do you want to get the sharks upon us again?' There was no answer, and one of the men handed him a pannikin of liquor, which he drank greedily. 'Lee,' he savagely exclaimed, as he put down the vessel, 'you set out with us in half an hour at latest.'

'Mercy, mercy!' gasped the nerveless, feeble wretch: 'mercy!'

'Oh, ay, we'll give you plenty of that, and some to spare. You, too, Ransome, prepare yourself, as well as your dainty daughter here'—He stopped suddenly, not, it seemed, checked by the frenzied outcries of the females, but by a renewed and piercing whistle on the outside. In the meantime, our fellows were getting on famously with the hoops of the huge spirit-cask. 'Why, that is Richards' whistle,' he exclaimed. 'What the furies can this mean? Unbar the door!'

This was instantly done, and a man, a sailor by his dress, rushed in. 'The *Fair Rosamond* is captured, and the preventive men are in possession of her.'

My 'Quick! quick!' to the men, though uttered too loud, from the suddenness of the surprise, was happily lost in the rageful outburst of Wyatt. 'Hell-fire!' he roared out. 'But you lie; it cannot be.'

'It is true,' rejoined the man. 'I and Clarke went on shore about an hour ago in the punt, just to get a nip of brandy this cold night, as you won't let us break bulk on board. When we returned, Tom went up the side first, was nabbed, and I had hardly time, upon hearing him sing out, to shove off and escape myself.'

We were now ready, and two of the planks just over Wyatt's head were carefully turned over. He seemed for a moment paralysed—for a moment only.

Suddenly he sprang towards Mary Ransome, grasped her hair with one hand, and in the other held a cocked pistol: 'You,' he shouted—'you, accursed minx, have done this. You went out two hours ago!'

I lifted my hand. 'Hurra! Take that, you cowardly lubber!' roared Dick Redhead; and down went the avalanche of liquid, knocking not only the pistol out of Wyatt's hand, but himself clean off his legs, and nearly drowning Mary Ransome, her mother, and half-a-dozen others. A rope had been made fast to one of the rafters, down which we all quietly slid before the astonished smugglers could comprehend what had happened. Resistance was then out of the question, and they did not attempt it. I took Wyatt and one or two others into custody, for having contraband spirits in their possession; and the others were permitted to make themselves scarce as quickly as might be—a licence they promptly availed themselves of.

I have but a few words to add. Henry Ransome died, I heard, not long afterwards, of pulmonary consumption, brought on by the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and his wife and daughter ultimately got into respectable service. Mary Ransome married in due time, and with better discretion than her mother, for she does, or did, keep one of the branch post-offices in Bermondsey. Dr Lee disappeared from the neighbourhood the instant the state of his leg enabled him to do so, and I have never seen him since. John Wyatt, *alias* Black Jack, was transported for life, under the *alias* of John Martin, for a highway robbery near Fareham, in the year 1827. Lately I saw him on board the convict hulk at Portsmouth.

AIR-TRAVELLING.

It may be generally known, that for some time extraordinary efforts have been making to discover a method by which locomotion through the air may be rendered as certain and practicable as locomotion by sea or land. In this desperate enterprise, of bringing the principle of aërostation into regular use, certain individuals in Paris have taken the lead. Our belief, like that of others, is, that plans of this kind will fail, as they have hitherto done; at the same time, we think it would be improper to dogmatise on the subject, and will only say, that if travelling by balloon becomes one of the established things of the day, so much the better.

With these feelings, we have thought it consistent with our duty as journalists, not to refuse publicity to an account of what was till lately doing in Paris to forward practical aërostation—we say, lately; for we are told by our correspondent, that the operations towards perfecting the invention have been stopped by orders of the French government, from an opinion that, if air-travelling were introduced, it would be injurious to the custom-house, and denationalise the country. This resolution of the French government is to be regretted, not less on the score of science, than from the ruin it has inflicted on the modest means of the ingenious operator. With these preliminary explanations, we offer the following paper, just as handed to us by a respectable party conversant with the details to which he refers.

'The chief difficulty in aëro-locomotion, is that of steering; because the atmosphere seems to present no substantial fulcrum which can be pushed against. But that this difficulty is not altogether insurmountable, is evident from the single fact, that birds really do steer their way through the air. This fact suggests, that a fulcrum is not necessarily a palpable substance: it may be pliant or movable. For instance, if we fasten

the string of a kite to a ball, this ball, which represents the fulcrum, being set in motion by the kite, becomes a movable fulcrum: a child also, holding the string in his hand, runs from right to left without impeding the motion of the kite, of which motion he is the movable fulcrum. Absolute stability, therefore, is not a necessary condition of a fulcrum; it is sufficient that there be, between the resistant force and the motive force, a difference of intensity in favour of the former. Thus, in water, the fulcrum, being liquid, is necessarily pliant and movable; yet it is quite possible, as every child knows, to obtain in this element purchase sufficient to steer the largest ships.

'In the air, which is a gas, the fulcrum being gaseous, must also be movable; but although the air, being the most elastic body with which we are acquainted, is therefore the least apt to furnish a fulcrum, yet, as compressed air is capable of bursting the strongest metallic receptacles, splitting the solid rock, and rending the bosom of the earth, it would seem that we have only to act upon the air through pressure, in order to obtain the requisite purchase from which to steer.

'Foremost among those who are thus endeavouring to render the balloon manageable, is M. Pétin of Paris, who has devoted fifteen years to the study of this subject, the last three years to lecturing upon it in the principal towns of France, and who has unfortunately expended the whole of his resources in constructing an air-ship intended to demonstrate, on a small scale, the possibility of steering according to the system which he has elucidated. We say on a small scale; for though the dimensions of the curious construction in question, intended to carry two hundred passengers, will appear large to those of our readers whose ideas of ballooning have never gone beyond the ordinary ascensions so much in vogue at the present day, they are yet of almost microscopic minuteness when compared with the developments of which M. Pétin and his friends conceive his plans to be susceptible!

'The body of this novel vessel consists of two covered decks, or galleries, connected by a series of narrow bridges, thrown across the open space between them, on a level with their floor; thus forming the body of the vessel, which looks not unlike a couple of Noah's Arks, placed parallel to each other, and connected by means of the aforesaid bridges. Suspended across the upper part of this open space, is a row of sixteen movable wings, placed one behind the other, and attached, by means of pivots, to the upper edge of the inner walls of the galleries; these wings are of oiled sail-cloth, set into oblong iron frames, and are worked by machinery. They may be opened or closed, inclined to or from each other, at any angle, upwards or downwards. At each end of the vessel, near the stem and the stern, is a pair of screws, similar to the propellers of a steam-ship, and worked by a couple of small steam-engines of three horse-power each, one being placed just above and behind each pair of screws. Lastly, attached to masts projecting horizontally from each end of the ship, are a couple of triangular or lateen sails; smaller sails are also attached to the under part of the balloons, which, enclosed in net-work of strong cord, are fastened to the roof of the galleries, directly over the wings, beneath which, again, are the bridges from which the crew are to work the ship.

'These skeleton galleries, which, with the exception of the floors, and the walls and roof of their central portion, are constructed of lattice-work, faced with thin

bands of iron, in order to render the whole as light as possible, are 162 feet in length, 8 feet in height by 4 feet in width in their central portion, but taper off to 18 inches in height and width at their extremities. This mode of building gives an oval form to the framework of the vessel. The central portion of the galleries, which is at the same time the highest and the widest, embraces a length of 66 feet, and is appropriated to the passengers. The boilers are placed here also, one in each gallery; the steam being conveyed to the engines by pipes.

'The total length of the ship, including that of the two projecting masts, is 198 feet; and its total weight, including that of the machinery, and a crew of eight men, is 14,000 pounds. The balloons are 66 feet in diameter, and will contain 15,000 cubic yards of gas. Their ascensional force is 20,000 pounds. The wings are 6 feet in length by 15 in width. The screws are made of pitched canvas, rimmed with iron; they are 6 feet in length.

'The eight central wings, disposed in the form of an upright roof—*parachute*—or of an inverted roof—*paramont*—are intended, by pressing on the air above in ascending, and on the air below in descending, to furnish the necessary point of resistance, or fulcrum, from which to steer. The other eight wings, four at each end of the central group, are intended, by being opened or shut, to act as a counterpoise; thus producing a rupture of equilibrium around the central fulcrum, and thereby changing the upward movement of the balloons into an oblique forward movement. In other words, the ship being raised into the air—to the stratum immediately above the region of storms—and maintained there by the ascensional force of the balloons, and being forced onward by the screws, the four anterior wings are to be opened, the four posterior ones remaining closed. The forepart of the ship being now relieved from the downward pressure of the air, caused by the upward movement of the balloons, this pressure still acting on the posterior wings, its equilibrium is destroyed; the forepart rises, the hindpart dips, thus changing the direction of the ship's course, by converting its vertical into an oblique movement, which is to carry it onward upon a plane inclined slightly upward.

'This operation is to be followed by its converse. The four posterior wings are to be opened, and the four anterior ones closed; the vessel now dips in the opposite direction, and moves forward on a plane inclined slightly downward; and so on. Thus, by alternately opening and shutting the two sets of lateral wings, M. Pétin proposes to make his ship sail forward on a series of inclined planes, upwards and downwards. He takes care to assure us, however, that the requisite degree of inclination will be so slight as to be imperceptible to his passengers; and instances, in corroboration of this opinion, the beds of rivers, where a very slight degree of inclination suffices to produce a rapid current.

'In order to determine perpendicular movement, the central wings—which, according to M. Pétin, when placed in an oblique position, will constitute the fulcrum—are to be brought into an upright position, thus offering no resistance to the air; the two pairs of screws are then made to turn in opposite directions with great velocity, forcing powerful convergent currents of air upon the two sets of lateral wings, maintained in oblique and opposite positions. The force of these currents, being decomposed by the resistance of the wings, is thus changed into a perpendicular pressure, acting upwards or downwards according to the position of the wings; by means of which the aeronaut hopes to be enabled to ascend or descend without losing either gas or ballast.

'This decomposition of the force of the currents produced by the screws, is analogous to that effected by the sails of a ship sailing across the wind; where,

the sails being inclined at an angle of 45 degrees to the course of the wind, the ship is impelled onwards in a direction at right angles to that of the wind: the only difference in the two cases being this—namely, that in the sails of the ship, the axis of inclination, represented by the mast, is *vertical*, creating *horizontal* movement; while, in the wings of the air-ship, the axis of inclination—the pivot on which they turn—is *horizontal*, creating *vertical* movement. Were there but one pair of screws, acting upon one set of inclined wings, a slight retrograde horizontal movement would be produced in addition to the vertical movement, as the current of blast from the screw would react upon the screw itself with a force greater than that with which it would impinge upon the wings, where a part of the blast will inevitably be wasted. But there being two pairs of screws, acting in opposite directions, they will neutralise each other's horizontal movement, while combining in the production of vertical movement. So, at least, reasons our inventor; but however ingenious this expedient, its efficiency may well be doubted, when we remember the immense amount of resistance, offered by the surface of the balloons, which would have to be overcome.

'To obtain lateral movement, the action of one pair of screws is suspended, leaving the other pair in motion: the ship, according to the calculation of M. Pétin, will immediately describe a curve, and turn.

'Such is the air-ship constructed by M. Pétin; but, unhappily for the demonstration of his views, the French government, either from fear of accident, or from some other motive, has interdicted its ascension; and the vessel which, three months ago, was ready—crew, captain, and machinery—to attempt its advertised flight round the walls of Paris, is still reposing, in inglorious idleness, upon its stocks in the Chantier Marbeuf (Champs Elysées), to the woful disappointment of its enthusiastic inventor, who, however, consoles himself with the hope of coming over to London for the purpose of testing his invention, as soon as the return of fine weather shall render it prudent to make the trial journey. In justice to M. Pétin, we would observe, that the sole point which he hopes to prove with this vessel is, *the possibility of obtaining a fulcrum in the air*, justly considering that if the question of *steering* were affirmatively settled, the necessary means, pecuniary and other, would soon be forthcoming to enable him to improve upon, or to change the original construction, and to build the mammoth vessels, containing closed apartments, warmed and fitted up with every provision for comfort, in which he hopes to transport several thousands of passengers at a time, and at a speed which it almost takes away one's breath to think of.

'For, urges M. Pétin, if we could once succeed in getting a fulcrum in the air in spite of its elasticity, this very elasticity would then enable us, with suitable motive-power, to move with a degree of rapidity far transcending the possibilities of locomotion in any other element. In fact, it would seem, according to M. Pétin's computations, that we might breakfast in London, lunch in Constantinople, dine in China, dance the evening out in Havannah, and get home to bed at an hour not much later than that at which the votaries of fashion usually betake themselves to their slumbers.

'The reasoning by which our inventor arrives at the seemingly paradoxical conclusion, that the air is destined to be the high-road *par excellence*, and to serve as the medium of transportation for the heaviest loads, is certainly very ingenious; of its conclusiveness, we must leave our readers to judge for themselves.

'Progression from the simple to the composite, says M. Pétin, is the universal law. In the works of nature, the action of this law is everywhere visible; and man, in his works, follows the path thus consecrated by the footsteps of the Creator. Thus we find, he continues,

that the point multiplied by itself produces the line; the line, in like manner, produces the plane; and the plane, the cube; an ascending series, which he conceives to have its exact analogy in that furnished by the earth, the water, and the air, considered as *media* of locomotion. In other words, the point, or primary germ of extension, corresponds, according to the theory of M. Pétin, with the fulcrum, or primary condition of locomotion; the line, first and simplest form of extension, corresponds with locomotion on the surface of the earth, where, owing to topographic inequalities, and other obstacles, locomotion can take place only in its first and simplest mode—namely, in a linear direction; the plane, produced by the movement of the line, and constituting a higher term of superficial development, corresponds with locomotion upon the water, whose unencumbered surface, which can be traversed in every direction, presents a locomotive medium, the facilities of which, compared with those offered by the surface of the earth, increase in the ratio of the difference of extension between the line and the plane.

'The cube, product of the plane multiplied by itself, corresponds with locomotion in the air, where the *aéronaut*, being surrounded on every side by fulcra furnished by the various strata of the atmosphere, moves at will in every direction; pressing on the higher strata in ascending, on the lower in descending, on the lateral in turning to the right or to the left, and thus commanding a sphere of locomotion whose extent and facilities, compared with those afforded by the water, are as the cube to the plane.

'Aërial navigation being thus, according to his theory, the highest form of locomotion, M. Pétin considers himself as justified in assuming, *a priori*, that this mode of transportation will offer facilities superior to those of every other in point of safety, speed, power, and cheapness; but on condition of its being carried into effect upon a scale commensurate with the vastness of its field and the importance of its results.

'To convince ourselves that such is really the intention of Providence, and that balloons are destined to transport the heaviest loads, we have only, continues M. Pétin, to examine the law which presides over the development of spheric bodies; the surface of a sphere being represented by the square of the radius, while its *contenance*, or containing power, is represented by the cube of the radius. In other words, if we increase the diameter of a sphere three times, although we increase its surface only nine times, we increase its containing power twenty-seven times. Therefore, by constructing balloons on a very large scale, as the extent of surface, and consequent resistance of the air, increases in an immensely smaller proportion than the containing power, we may obtain an almost fabulous amount of ascensional force. For instance: a balloon of one hundred yards in diameter would suffice to raise only ten millions of pounds; but ten such balloons ranged one behind the other, or, better still, a cigar-shaped balloon, which would be equivalent to these ten balloons united in one (an arrangement which, as the law of development is similar for spheric and for cylindric bodies, would greatly diminish the resistance of the air, without occasioning any loss of containing power), would suffice to raise one hundred millions of pounds; and allowing some four or five millions of pounds for the weight of the vessel and its machinery, which, for a ship of this size—supposing it were possible to make its various parts hold together—should be, M. Pétin computes, of twelve hundred horsepower, we should still have at command a surplus ascensional force of upwards of ninety millions of pounds; a force sufficient to sustain a body of fifty thousand men!

'In the construction of these enormous balloons,

M. Pétin proposes to substitute, in place of the silken bag hitherto used to contain the gas, a rigid envelope of a cylindro-conical form, composed of a series of metallic tubes, laid one above the other, and supplied with gas—obtainable to any amount and almost instantaneously—from the decomposition of water by a powerful electric battery; and with these resources at command, M. Pétin conceives that balloons might be constructed on a scale even larger than that just given!

'In fact, this assumption of the possibility of obtaining command of an unlimited ascensional force has suggested, to certain enthusiastic partisans of M. Pétin's theory and plans, a long perspective of astounding visions, from which sober-minded Englishmen would, in all probability, turn away with derision. These enthusiasts have evidently adopted the language of Archimedes, and are ready to exclaim: "Give us a *fulcrum*, and," with hydrogen gas as our lever, "we will move the world!"

'For ourselves, we have already stated the facts from which we derive our conviction that the conquest of the air, if achieved, is to be brought about through the agency of new and powerful mechanical combinations, rather than by means of the balloon; and though, as before remarked, the experiments of M. Pétin and others may probably not be without useful results, we dismiss these brilliant phantasmagoria with the charitable reflection, that the extravagance of overweening hopefulness is, at least in an age which has witnessed the advent of steam and electricity, more natural and more pardonable than the scepticism of confirmed despondency; and that "he who shoots at the stars," though missing his aim, will at all events shoot higher than he who aims at the mud beneath his feet.

'Meantime, the science of meteorology—a subject intimately connected with that of *aéro-locomotion*—though yet in its infancy, already furnishes many indications of great importance, as establishing a very strong presumption in favour of the existence of permanent atmospheric currents, blowing continuously in various directions at different degrees of elevation.

'We know that air, when rarefied by heat, becomes lighter and rises, cold air immediately rushing in to supply its place; and it is evident, therefore, that if two neighbouring regions of the atmosphere are unequally heated, this inequality of temperature will give rise to two currents of air—a warm one, in the upper region of the atmosphere, blowing from the warmer to the colder region; and a cold one, near the surface of the earth, blowing from the colder to the warmer region. It can, therefore, hardly be matter of doubt, that great permanent currents, caused by the unequal heating of the equatorial and polar regions, do exist in the higher strata of the atmosphere—an inference which is supported not only by the occurrence of the trade-winds and the monsoon, but by a variety of other facts and observations.

'Thus, for instance, it is found that in the region of the trade-winds, cinders from the craters of volcanoes, and other objects, are carried through the higher regions of the air in a direction exactly opposite to that in which the trade-wind itself is blowing below; and in this way cinders from the Cosiguina, in Guatemala, frequently fall in the streets of Kingston (Jamaica), lying to the north-east of Guatemala. Similar facts have been observed at the Peak of Teneriffe, in the Straits of Magellan, and elsewhere.

'The importance of this subject with regard to *aéro-locomotion* can hardly be overrated; for these currents, when clearly ascertained and correctly mapped out, would constitute so many great natural routes, where the aeronaut would be borne onward in the required direction with immense velocity, and without danger of encountering squalls or counter-currents.

'But here, fearful of exhausting the patience of our

readers, we bring our somewhat lengthened disquisitions to a close, and take our leave for the present of the tempting, though debatable ground of the CUBIC HIGHWAY.'

A MEMOIR FOR THE MILLION.

ON the meeting-line between a moorland and lowland district of Perthshire, stands an old baronial seat, dignified with the name of castle, to which, no doubt, it was entitled long after the date of its erection, in the fifteenth century, although no longer boasting of either the strength or magnificence which such a name implies. Its position, however, is picturesque—standing on the bank of a romantic and finely-wooded Highland glen, and commanding a view on one side of a mountain-range, and on the other of a cultivated country, with its towns and villages in the distance. The mansion is flanked on one side by a court-yard and 'louping-on-stane;' and on the other, by a velvety bowling-green, stretching along to an antique garden of cut yews and hollies overhanging the glen. It boasts, of course, its haunted chamber, and traditional stories of love and murder; but we have not now to do with life or death above stairs, though many a tale might be founded on truths 'stranger than fiction.' Our present purpose is with the neighbourhood of the kitchen. There, too, we find some relics of olden times; a fireplace which would legalise the Scottish invitation, to 'come in to the fire,' inasmuch as within the chimney-arch was the seat of honour and comfort, where a dozen cronies could sit beside the embers, while an ox might roast in front. From that cozy nook did the old fiddler play in the evening, when the spinning-wheels were put away, and the maids, generally tenants' daughters, had their dance with the stragglers from the stables and cottages. Near the kitchen was a much colder and more dismal place, that went by the name of 'the Pit'—a half-subterranean recess, several steps lower than the kitchen, into which scarcely a ray of light penetrated through the small 'bole' that was drilled in the massive walls for a window. The cheerless aspect of the place seemed to confirm the tradition, that it had sometimes served of yore as a place of involuntary restraint. Its present occupant, however, the son of a day-labourer, found no fault with the accommodation it afforded him. He was a young boy, who cleaned shoes, scoured knives, and received with great deference the commands of Daniel Don, the butler. This boy was called John Dickson. The Pit was his domicile, as well as his work-room, and he made it also a 'study;' for having earned a rushlight by running messages, or doing extra work for his neighbours, he might be found at night, as long as the light would last, poring over a book. In this way he had, unknown to others, while still a mere boy, read through that vast quarry of erudition, Henry's 'Commentary on the Bible.'

Old James, the gardener, was a tolerable scholar, and a well-informed man, and took great pleasure in encouraging young students; so, on discovering John Dickson's taste for books, he lent him an old Latin grammar, recommending him to commit it to memory. This John did with praiseworthy diligence, although, being written in a language he did not understand, he could make but little use of his acquisition. Old James, however, may be forgiven for having set John to study after the orthodox fashion of Ruddiman, for he had never been out of his own glen, and in those days

new ideas were long in penetrating to the country districts.

When John Dickson was promoted to assist in waiting at table, an incident occurred, which no doubt had some influence on his dreams, if not on his fortunes. A stranger, in regimentals, was at dinner one day, and being prepossessed by the lad's pleasing manners and expression of face, he turned to him, and clapping him on the shoulder, said: 'I was once in your present station, my boy, and if you are steady, and behave well, you may one day rise to be in mine.' The speaker was Dr Miller, a physician in the army. John, however, had few dreams and little ambition. He was not what is commonly called a genius; but he possessed sterling qualities of head and heart, perseveringly cultivated his natural abilities, and invariably conducted himself with the greatest propriety. It was no wonder, then, that he became a general favourite in the family; and that, when he carried the game-bag for the gentlemen, they purposely made long detours, and met him again at an appointed spot, in order to give him an hour at his book; for John always had a book in his pocket for a spare moment. Once, indeed, this custom occasioned some annoyance to his master, whom he had accompanied to a shooting-hut in the moors, nicknamed 'Grouse Hall,' where the unfortunate laird was detained by an intolerable fit of gout; a circumstance not apt to engender patience and resignation, especially when, from the other side of the cloth partition which divided the single apartment of the hut, he heard bursts of laughter pealing forth in succession—for John Dickson had managed to carry off a copy of Don Quixote to the moors.

When the younger sons of the family were sent to college in Edinburgh, John was chosen to accompany them. Let us now see how he conducted himself in this new and trying field; for trying it is. Country lads, in coming to a large town, meet with many temptations, and by these, hundreds of them fall. They cannot resist petty attractions to amusement and mispending of time. They enjoy themselves while they should work. They take to fun, instead of to labour. Well; to which did our hero attach himself? To regular, hard work, to be sure. He had the good sense to see, that here was his chance of getting on in the world. While other lads were amusing themselves at the theatre, or kicking their heels about the street, or hanging about the auction-rooms in front of the college, John Dickson stuck hard to his books. He also availed himself of other advantages connected with his situation. The tutor of the family in which he was employed was John Barclay, afterwards the celebrated anatomist, whose valuable museum was bequeathed to the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, on condition that they would build a hall, and form a more extended collection, which has been fulfilled. At this time, Dr Barclay had commenced his private lectures on anatomy, which soon became popular; and John made himself so useful in the arrangement of the classroom, that the doctor was induced to encourage him to attend the lectures, and assist in preparing the demonstrations. Thus Dickson spent many winters, at once attendant and pupil, returning to the country in summer in his old capacity. By degrees, he completed his medical education, obtaining gratis-tickets from the professors—a favour sometimes extended to deserving students, and of which he was well worthy. Dr Barclay once gave a good lesson to those who apply for such gratuitous favours for others. He was asked by a certain bookseller to give a perpetual gratis-ticket for his class to a student then standing in the shop, who could ill afford to pay the four-guinea fee. 'Most certainly,' said the doctor; 'I can never refuse in such a case. By the by, Mr —, I want a few books; will you

look them out for me now?' and the doctor enumerated several standard medical works, which were produced with great alacrity. He then selected four guineas' worth from among them, and handed them over to the astonished student, along with a lecture-ticket, saying: 'Of course, Mr — intended giving you the same value in books which I do in this ticket!' The bookseller, although a notoriously parsimonious character, had not a word to say. Dr Barclay took great pride in collecting a library, and invented the following device as a mark for his books: His initials were engraved in the centre of an oval, at the top was the sun, with the motto—'I weary not;' below, was a mountain, with 'I am firm;' and surrounding all, 'Excel if you can.'

These graphic mottos became the guiding-stars of John Dickson's career: he wearied not, nor wavered in whatever pursuit he engaged; and it was to this indomitable industry that he owed his success in life. His perseverance was displayed even in his amusements; he was fond of music, but had not a sufficiently correct ear to play the violin well, yet he would not abandon it, but scraped away year after year, in hopes of ultimate success, although in this instance without attaining his object. In more important pursuits, his industry was amply rewarded; and having taken his degree, we must now call the heretofore denizen of the Pit, Dr Dickson, and record, that the students of the university, on his leaving Edinburgh, presented him with a testimonial, to signify their appreciation of his valuable demonstrations in the class of Practical Anatomy. Some of his preparations may still be seen in the Museum of the College of Surgeons.

An appointment as assistant-surgeon in the navy was now procured for him; medical officers being then in greater request than they are in these piping times of peace. With affectionate regret, and not unmanly tears, he left the home that had sheltered him for so many and such important years of his life, and towards which he ever evinced the warmest attachment. His gratitude was not long in shewing itself practically. In a few years, he returned from abroad; and on landing in Britain, heard that the son of his former benefactor, with whom he had been on the most intimate terms, was desirous of leaving the army, and entering into partnership with some medical man in England, for which a considerable sum of money was necessary. Dr Dickson knew full well that there might be some difficulty in advancing the required amount to the youngest of a family of fourteen; so he addressed a beautiful and touching letter to him—saying, 'that he had already, out of the savings of his pay and prize-money, bought an annuity for his old mother, and had no one else to provide for. To you,' continued he, 'who always shared your jelly-pieces with me, when we were boys, I owe a debt of gratitude, and to your family, one which I can never repay. I trust you will not now refuse to share my earnings, but frankly accept of L.800, to assist you in settling in life.' This noble offer was, from motives as noble, declined, as well as the same sum, which Dickson now pressed upon his friend, as a loan; but an affectionate correspondence was kept up between them until Dr Dickson's death, more than thirty years afterwards.

In 1814, Dr Dickson visited Scotland, and was received as a beloved and honoured guest at the table where, long ago, he had waited as a servant, and where had sat the stranger gentleman in regimentals, who clapped him on the shoulder, and spoke to him words of encouragement which perhaps had sunk deeper into his mind than he was conscious of himself. His native politeness had always been remarkable, and now his general information and agreeable manners made his society a true acquisition. After a few months' visit, he left Scotland never to return. Again he went

abroad, and finally settled at Tripoli, the African port on the Mediterranean, under the Turkish dominion. Here the sultan's viceroy, the pacha, soon appointed Dr Dickson to be his chief physician—a post which he held for thirty years under various successive pachas, although the rival claimants for vice-regal authority sometimes fought so fiercely, that the English residents were glad to seek shelter in Malta, until it was decided who should reign. Still, Dr Dickson never lost his office, which has now descended to his son; an extraordinary instance of permanent favour under so arbitrary a government. Dr Dickson had married a Scottish lady, and being now settled in every way, his life, so far as we know, affords no farther incidents necessary to record. It was a career, however, of continued usefulness and benevolence, and, surrounded by a promising family, who revered their father, we believe he enjoyed as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of humanity.

One only drawback there was to the favour in which he stood with the pacha: the doctor was obliged, when attending the high ladies of the court, to drink in their presence one-half of every drug he prescribed—a custom it might not be amiss to introduce into England, although not with the view, as in Tripoli, of guarding against poison! Dr Dickson also acted as consul for Portugal, although for many years he received no salary: at last, on paying a flying visit to London, two years before his death, he was recommended to go home by Lisbon to seek redress. He found, however, that amid the clash of political factions, justice was difficult to be found, and so he gave up both the search and the post.

The estimation in which Dr Dickson was held at Tripoli, both by the English residents and native population, cannot be better described than by quoting entire a paragraph from a London newspaper, which inserted a notice of his death in the year 1847: 'Letters from Tripoli, just received, announce the death, on the 27th February, after only four days' illness, of Dr John Dickson, a half-pay surgeon of the British navy, who had been upwards of thirty years a resident at Tripoli, and where, such was the extent of his gratuitous attendance on the indigent, that the mournful event cannot but be looked upon as a great public calamity; and happening as it did, at the very instant the first gun announced the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet, not a few of the Mohammedans regarded the event with a superstitious awe. On the 1st of March, the remains of the lamented deceased were interred in the Protestant cemetery, which is distant about two miles from the town, escorted by a military guard of honour, sent by order of his Excellency the Pacha, and followed not only by every foreign consul, but by all the European residents of every class, and by several thousands of Jews and Mohammedans; and so anxious were many whom he had attended professionally to pay this last tribute of respect to his memory, that they actually rose from their beds of sickness and joined the mournful procession. Whilst it passed along the crowded streets, the shrieks and cries of the natives bewailing his death were audible, issuing from the miserable hovels which he had been wont to enter, to prescribe for suffering humanity.'

After this, it is needless to add anything in the way of exhortation. The little history here given is full of encouragement. It is that of a man who raised himself from humble life, not, it is true, to any dazzling eminence, but to a respectable and respected position in society; and this not by means of rare talent, but simply by industry, perseverance, and general propriety of conduct. The interest of the piece, we believe, would have been much lessened, had we, through false delicacy, withheld the real name of the individual. It is happily not the fashion in our day for self-educated and self-raised men to blush for their

origin; and we are quite sure that every word of this narrative will be read both with pride and pleasure by the flourishing and widely-scattered family of Dr John Dickson.

A DAY AT THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

THE baths of Lucca, ever since the opening of the continent, have been graced annually by the presence of from four to five hundred English, who shew their good taste in selecting this miniature Switzerland for their residence during the summer months. It is, in truth, a lovely valley, with its thickly-wooded hills, and shady lanes, and murmuring river; while the irregularity of the villages, or clusters of houses where travellers are generally lodged, give variety and interest to the landscape.

The first of these groups of buildings is the Ponte a Serraglio. Here are the principal hotels; the post-office; the English reading-room and club; the Casino; a few small shops dignified by such names as 'Magazine of Novelties,' and 'The Real Bazaar;' and a caffè; where congregate all the idlers of the community.

About a mile further on, attainable by a pretty road, winding at the foot of a mountain bordered by acacia trees, and overhanging the river Serchio, is situated the Villa—another range of tenements, the inhabitants of which arrogate to themselves greater staidness of demeanour than their brethren at the Ponte, thinking, perhaps, that the vicinity of the English chapel—a handsome structure, in the style of an ancient Venetian palace—may vindicate this assumption of decorum. There is but one hotel at the Villa—calm, dignified, and frigid; the remainder of a long rambling street of which the place is composed, consists entirely of lodging-houses, having gardens attached to each, where little children may be seen playing at the doors, and English nurse-maids pursuing their laborious avocations. This preponderance of small children at the Villa, is as much its characteristic distinction, as whatever relates to gaiety, or novelty, or scandal, may be considered the peculiar attribute of the Ponte.

A distinct race inhabit the Bagni alla Villa—a group of houses inaccessible to carriages, rising on a hill behind the palace belonging to the ex-duke of Lucca. A fourth division of dwellings is the Bagni Caldi, the highest point of all, the occupants whereof have to descend as if from an eyrie, to gain any of the other localities. They are a set of whom little seems to be known—quaint and unsocial personages, venturing out at dusk like bats and owls, and looking grimly on all but their immediate neighbours: the gentlemen, mostly gouty, or otherwise disabled; the fairer sex, isolated and ancient, with a marked predilection for close straw-bonnets, large brown parasols, and blue veils.

Thus much for the first outline of the place and its frequenters. We must now take a glance at their pursuits and enjoyments.

The general tenor of a day at the baths is easily described. Till about five in the afternoon but few people venture out, although early in the morning it is said that some, more active than the rest, sallied forth on their mountain rambles; but this deponent vouches not for their number or degree, never himself having had ocular demonstration of their movements. During the heat of the day, the greater part remain at home, excepting, indeed, the population of the Ponte, who, exulting in all the advantages their position unites,

circulate from the post-office to the caffè, from the caffè to the club, and condole with such of the hapless denizens of the Villa and Bagni Caldi as a thirst for news and devouring ennui have driven to brave a hot summer walk to their more favoured region.

There is always, even at noon, a buzz of animation in the little piazza of the Ponte—always a knot of worthies in loose brown holland coats and straw-hats, talking over every passing occurrence. The banker's office, too, is situated here, and that is a lounge in itself—a sort of private committee-room for the discussing of any fresh piece of gossip, ere it is submitted for dissection to the public at large. The English banker has now become an important feature in all continental circles. The unsophisticated beings who, perchance, imagine his duties simply limited to cashing travellers' bills, and discounting circular-notes, have now an opportunity of learning over how wide a field of action his arduous avocations must be spread. The English banker should be imperturbably good-tempered, active, and obliging; allowing no difficulties to dismay, no ungraciousness to offend him. His clients' happiness, interest, comfort, and amusement are his engrossing thought; and if, after experiencing an infinity of trouble, rudeness, and vexation, his only return should be the half-percentage on a L.50 draft, he is expected to smile, be contented, and with undaunted resolution, pursue the same train of kindness and civility towards the next new-comer. The banker's wife has also her line of tactics to pursue. She must call on all the influential families who bring letters of recommendation to her husband; listen with interest to all the detailed miseries of travelling with young children; and be sympathisingly anxious about little hopeful's eyeteeth. She must be an adept at writing notes, and be possessed of an immense store of local information to supply the incessant inquiries with which she is assailed. She must also give tea-parties and dances, get partners for all the disengaged young ladies, and stand up herself, if necessary, to complete the quadrille. Finally, she must be above feeling any affront or mortification, and learn to consider herself in the light in which she is commonly regarded—a sort of machine pertaining to the bank: just as much a part of the establishment, in fact, as the iron money-chest which stands in the office, and created solely for the advantage and convenience of her travelling country-people.

When the continental banker happens to have no wife, in his own person must be united the attributes I have described; and with a beaming face, and frank shake of the hand, must he advance from his desk to greet every visitor who breaks in upon his hours of business. Let us take a peep, for instance, one July morning, into the bank.

Two or three old *habitués* are reading the newspapers; before them is a table on which are army and navy lists; notices of the arrivals and departures of the French and Peninsular Steam-Navigation Company's packets from Leghorn; itineraries of the baths; cards of professors of various languages, &c. The banker is writing. Enter a lady; a boy, with turn-down collar and very red ears; a little girl in a nice hat; a Swiss *bonne*; and a baby, with a blue sash and feather.

Banker. (Advancing cordially.) Ah, Mrs Worryemwell, how do you do? (*Pats the boy on the head.*) And how are you, my fine fellow? (*Gives the baby an amicable poke in the ribs, whereat it laughs and crows uproariously.*) Take a seat on the sofa, will you, Mrs Worryemwell; and now, tell me, when did you leave Florence?

Mrs Worryemwell. The day before yesterday. We should have been here sooner, but we missed the train for Lucca, because one of the trunks was left behind at the Pisa station, and I would not move till it was found.

Banker. (Anxiously.) But you recovered it, I trust?

Mrs W. Yes; but we are in sad trouble now: a canister of arrow-root must have remained on the Lucca Railway, and baby will get ill without it. We had a good many small packages, and this one was overlooked in the confusion; but—

Banker. (Promptly.) I'll write to the clerk in charge at the station about it at once.

Mrs W. Oh! thank you. I was going to ask you to do so. A brown, japanned canister, fastened down with some strong twine.

Banker. Very good, very good. How do you like your house at the Villa? I gave orders that the beds should be aired, and charcoal and oil provided before your arrival, just as you directed.

Mrs W. Thank you; pretty well; but, as usual with all Italians, the owners are most disobliging. I wanted a cot put in for baby, but they say they have none, and that it was not stipulated for in the agreement. Now, surely (*impressively*), surely a person of your experience would never take a house for a lady and young children without such an indispensable thing as a cot?

Banker. You did not mention it in your letter, my good lady, and having four other friends' lodgings to fix that same day, it has, I fear, escaped me. (*Good-humouredly.*) But we'll try and arrange matters. I'll come down and talk to the *Padrone di Casa*—

Mrs W. (Taking a memorandum out of her reticule.) Let me see. Ah, yes! butter, milk, eggs. Could you favour me with the exact prices of all these necessities? for I am certain the people of the house have cheated in what they have procured for us.

Banker. Certainly. One of my clerks shall procure you every information.

Mrs W. Ah, yes! and if you will come this afternoon to the Villa, you can also insist on their white-washing my English servant's room. It overlooks the garden, and a scorpion was found on the window this morning. Now, white-washing the walls is the only safeguard; it would really annoy me if he were stung.

Banker. I will see about that too. Ahem! I must write at once about the arrow-root, or the post will have left. Can I supply you with any money?

Mrs W. You are very kind. I must think—(*putting her hand to her head*)—a few more things I wished to ask. Do you remember them, Freddy dear?

Boy. (Husily, and blushing.) Club, church, pony.

Mrs W. Very right, love. What is the subscription to the club and reading-room?

Banker. Three napoleons for the season.

Mrs W. Will you enter my name? They give parties there sometimes, I believe. Ah, then the church! how much is that?

Banker. Three sittings for you and your two children will not amount to quite so much as the club.

Mrs W. Of course not. But even so it is a bad system. The church ought not to be made a medium of traffic—paying for church-seats always gives me a headache. I think, do you know, two sittings will be sufficient; yes, put me down for two. I will take Freddy in the morning, and his sister in the afternoon. That is all, I believe.

Boy. (In an agitated manner, whispers) Pony!

Mrs W. Ah, true, dear! Can you recommend me where to hire a pony for my boy?

Banker. To be sure I can. (*Giving a card.*) Here are the address and terms of a man who lets them out either by the day or month. Ahem!—would you like the money in gold or dollars?

Mrs W. I am much obliged. On one other subject perhaps you could assist me. There really seems no

one worth knowing here at present, except a family who always reside at the baths, and often receive, and have written a book, and are quite celebrated. I should like—

Banker. (Hurriedly.) Really, that I fear I cannot manage for you. The arrow-root—

Mrs W. (Rising.) Oh, very well. It is late, I am afraid. I need not trouble you to-day for money, I believe. I brought sufficient from Florence for the present; we will wait till the exchange is more favourable.

Banker. (Heartily.) No matter; you can have it whenever you please. I shall come this afternoon and put all in order for you.

Mrs W. Thank you. Good-morning. (*Shakes hands, and exit.*)

In this manner, and through similar interruptions, much of the banker's time is taken up, till near three o'clock, which is the general dinner-hour at the baths. Many people are supplied with this renovating meal from the Europa Hotel at the Ponte, which is presided over by one of the most honest, obliging, indefatigable, and enterprising landlords in existence. Not only has he the direction of three hotels at the Ponte, two of them off-shoots from the parent Europa, but he undertakes the herculean task of daily sending forth thirty-six dinners to different families; the whole requiring a combination of artistic resource and fertility of intellect that fully justifies his right to the appellation bestowed on him by the ex-duke—that of 'the Napoleon of inn-keepers.' These repasts are conveyed in large tin boxes, containing warm embers, on which are placed the various dishes of which the dinner is composed; and they are carried to their destinations on the heads of divers active, nimble-footed *marmittons*. As the hour of three approaches, numbers of these emissaries are seen gliding swiftly along the roads; and I never yet encountered one without comparing him to the slave who appeared at the bidding of the Genius of the Lamp, and bore a sumptuous banquet to the presence of Aladin.

After thus recruiting the inward man, the whole population of the baths seem suddenly to kindle into activity; and soon after five every one is astrir. Some ride, some drive, some walk. You see every variety of conveyance, from the last London-built carriage, and livery servants, to an unpretending one-horse *timonella*; and in the same manner amongst the equestrians, the most ill-favoured little pony, its rider equipped in a straw-bonnet, with a shawl pinned across the saddle, will unblushingly thrust itself into companionship with a handsome English horse, whose owner is graced by the most unexceptionable habit and other appliances. Even the very donkeys walk along with dignified resolution, as if determined to ruffle it with the best, and not yield an inch of their prerogative. In fact, they evidently know their own value, and remember that not one of the hills around—not the giant tree on the heights of Lugliano, nor the tempting strawberry-gardens on the mountain of Benabbio—could be attained without their help. A few veteran ponies, it is true, now claim equal sureness of foot, but the popular feeling still leans towards the long-eared auxiliaries, who always lead the way on such excursions, displaying an accuracy of judgment which would not discredit their far-famed relations in the frightful passes of the Andes.

Thus the evening wears on; gradually the children and babies disappear from the scene; then follow the invalids, who had ventured out to sun themselves in the genial afternoon; and soon parties of riders are seen returning, their laughter and cheerful voices sounding pleasantly on the ear, leading one to fancy there may be some happy people after all! It is amusing, too, to watch some of those on foot, who stop in their homeward way, and peer wistfully over a range of green

palisades, that border the road in the vicinity of the Villa, and through a screen of spreading foliage, catch tempting glimpses of a winding path and veranda-like portico, where there are birds, and flowers, and vases, and which leads the way to a perfect *Tusculum* within. This dwelling is an object of interest to all the visitors at the baths; and if, like the banker's client, they have been unsuccessful in their overtures to procure access to its circle, they sometimes, nevertheless, hover curiously in the neighbourhood, and are disposed to be indignant at not having an 'open sesame' to its doors.

But as night begins to close, even these dissatisfied pedestrians must hasten their steps, for it is near tea-time, and almost every one at the baths has some one else to spend the evening with him. There is always a vast demolition of cold chickens, and cakes, and preserves, and then a little music, and a little conversation, and an immense deal of gossip. The general complaint is, that the place is rather dull; and, indeed, it must be owned, that formerly there were more facilities for spending a gay season than at present.

Some years ago, when the ex-duke came with his little court, weekly balls were given at his residence, as well as at the Casino. But all these scenes of pleasure have now passed away. The Grand-duke of Tuscany, the present possessor of Lucca, has at this moment weightier cares to occupy his attention than the summer amusements of a watering-place; the Casino, so long the opprobrium of the baths, is now closed—it is to be hoped for ever; and the English Club, or *Cercle de Réunion*, though at present in every respect flourishing, has had too much experience of the ungracious office of giving evening parties, to be inclined to resume the attempt.

The diversions of Lucca during the last summer were judiciously limited to rides and quiet tea-parties, and it may be said, that before eleven o'clock every social reunion breaks up. About ten o'clock, in fact, the shawling processes commence; and servants are seen escorting home their *padroni*, holding lanterns carefully near the ground, to guard against the contingency of their stepping on the toads, which disport themselves in all the lanes at night, and are of the size of respectable tortoises.

Then gradually the lights in every window disappear, fewer and fewer voices are borne upon the breeze, and ere the midnight bell has tolled, all is darkness and repose.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF A SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA.

ONE of the visions of youth is, that the life of a sailor is all fun, frolic, and happiness. Can there be anything more delightful, they think, than sailing about on the wide ocean, visiting far-distant regions of the earth, and seeing the strange manners of different countries? Little are they aware of the constant toil to which the poor mariner is exposed—the perils he encounters, the thankless life he is generally doomed to lead. He is, in fact, compelled to endure pretty much the lot of a slave; for, as is well known, government on shipboard is a species of despotism, often a cruel tyranny. Remonstrance in nearly every circumstance is in vain—it is mutiny. No matter how roughly orders are issued; they must be implicitly obeyed. 'D'ye murmur? Hold your tongue, you rascal, or I'll put you in irons!' Such is not a particularly uncommon form of address to the sailor, who so far forgets his position as to even hint a difference of opinion. Possibly, it is quite right, for the sake of discipline, and the safety of all concerned, that severity should be employed. We merely note the circumstance.

In the very best conducted ships, however, there must necessarily be toils and trials of temper. The most tormenting thing in a sailor's profession, is the want of that regular alternation of work through the day, and repose through the night, which is enjoyed by ordinary mortals. This is a matter on which so little is known, that we are induced to expatiate upon it. Dear landmen! would you like to know how idly and jovially a foremast Jack gets through his twenty-four hours at sea? Listen; and when we have 'said our say,' envy poor Jack his romantic calling, and begrudge him his L.2, 10s. or L.3 per month, as much as you can find in your hearts.

We are in the chief mate's watch (the larboard), and come on deck for the middle watch—that is, at 12 p.m.—having had our spell below of four hours during the first night-watch (8 p.m. to 12 p.m.) It is a cold, dark, squally night, with frequent heavy showers of rain—in fact, what seamen emphatically call 'dirty' weather, and our pea-jackets and sou'-westers are necessary enough. Hardly have we got on deck, ere the mate, who is a bit of a 'driver,' begins to order this brace to be pulled, that yard to be squared, this sheet to be belayed, that sail to be clewed up, and t'other set. The wind howls, the rain beats, the ship staggers, the salt spray flies over us from time to time. During the space of three bells, we have our hands pretty full, and then the mate bawls: 'For'ard there! In with jib; lay out, men!' The vessel is buried to her bight-heads every plunge she takes, and sometimes the solid sea pours over her bowsprit as far as the but-end of the flying jib-boom. But to hear is of course to obey; and while some of our messmates spring to the downhaul of the jib, and rattle it down the stay, we and another man get out along the bowsprit, and with our feet resting on the slippery, knotted foot-ropes to windward, we clutch hold of the jib, which is hanging down and lashing over to leeward. Pitch, pitch—splash, dash, go the bows; at one moment we are tossed high in the air, and the next we sink so low that the water reaches up to our knees as the ship settles down again, only to rise for a plunge heavier than before. We have just got the jib half-stowed, 'after a fashion,' when our messmate sings out: 'Hold hard, Jack!' and we cling for dear life. The next instant, a wave rolls a fathom high over our head, and we emerge, spluttering and gasping from a genuine cold salt-water bath, such as the hydropathists have no idea of. Before our nice little job is completed, we get two or three more comfortable duckings, and finally crawl on board half-drowned, and thankful that we were not altogether washed away, as many better fellows have been, at that same blessed task of jib-furling on a stormy night.

We have just given ourselves a good shake, like a Newfoundland dog, when four bells (2 a.m.) strike, and the man at the wheel is of course relieved, his time being up. It happens to be our turn, or 'trick,' at the wheel, and we must at once take to it, all dripping and exhausted as we are. The ship steers wildly, and we have continually to ease her when she pitches; yet, do what we can, the grumbling mate has many a complimentary word for us, flatteringly intimating his opinion, that we 'know no more about steering than our grandmother; but he'll work our old iron up to some tune, before he's done with us!' Ere our trick is out, our arms feel as stiff as iron bars, from

the violent and unrelenting strain on their muscles. The mate has steaming hot coffee brought him; but there's not a drop for poor Jack, if it would save his life. Oh, how we long to hear eight bells strike! At length they do strike, and the watch below are bid to 'tumble up, Beauties, and have a look at the lovely scenery!' We are then relieved at the wheel, and go below with our watch, hoping to enjoy four hours of blessed oblivion.

We swing ourself into our hammock (or berth, as it may happen), and are fast asleep in a minute. But we have not been an hour in the Land of Nod, ere three heavy blows from a handspike are struck on the fore-castle hatch, which is then slid back, and a hoarse voice bawls: 'All ha-and-a-ho-oy! tumble up to reef tops'ls!' Out we bundle, and grope for our clothes (the fore-castle being as dark as a dog's mouth), get them on somehow, and hurry-scurry on deck. We find the weather and sea altered much for the worse, and the Old Man (captain) himself on the quarter-deck, giving orders to the mates, who are tearing about, bawling and swearing like demons; while the 'idlers'—that is to say, the carpenter, steward, cook, and boys, who keep no regular watch—have all been roused up, to bear a hand, and 'pull their pound.' Halliards are let go, reef-tackles hauled chock-a-block, and we lay aloft helter-skelter, best man up first, and bend over the yard, till the weather-easing is secured; and then comes the welcome cry: 'Haul to leeward!' It is done, and then we all 'knot-away' with the reef-points. The reef having been taken (or two, perchance), we shin down again to mast-head the topsails, and get all in sailing trim. A grog is now served out, and we go below, to sleep out the rest of our four hours, one of which we have been deprived of by this reefing job. Sometimes it happens, however, that we lose three, or all four, when there is absolute necessity for all hands on deck.

Here, we pause a moment, to say a word on the serving of grog—a composition of rum and water. The use of this stuff is of old date in the navy, and would seem to be considered essential to navigation. In what are called temperance ships, no grog is served, neither after reefing topsails, nor at any other time; but what is very shameful, in many instances no substitute is allowed. If sailors might have coffee instead of rum, they would thankfully accept the substitute, for coffee is incomparably a better stimulant. The invigoration from rum is only momentary, and afterwards is perhaps rather pernicious; but the wholesome effect of coffee is felt for an hour. So they very excusably observe, 'Better grog than nothing!'

To resume the tenor of our narrative: at eight bells (8 a.m.) we are summoned on duty again, and find that the squall has passed over, and that it is now a fine sunshiny morning, with all available sail set, and only a heavy swell of the sea to tell what the night has been. We now get our breakfast (half an hour allowed for that), and the other watch, which has been eight hours up to our four, gets a forenoon watch below (8 a.m. to 12 a.m.) Alterations of sails and rigging, and no end of small jobs, keep us hard at work till eight bells (noon) once more strike, and we then get our luxurious dinner of a pound and a half of salt junk, with biscuits. But junk is capital stuff for sheathing material, when it is good: unfortunately, however, it too frequently is 'old horse;' and whatever its quality happens to be, all the nice juicy pieces are invariably picked out for the cabin table. Anything will do for poor Jack. His biscuits, too, are sometimes quite alive with weevils, especially on a long voyage in hot latitudes.

After dinner, all hands are on deck, and kept there till dark. In very large merchantmen, and all war-ships, this rule is departed from, and the watch is not so torturing—so true is it that the servants in small

establishments, whether on sea or land, are always the worst treated. However, we suppose that the hands are on deck. The breeze has now almost died away, and the sea runs in long, low, slow swells; the ship gently rocking, and the sails occasionally collapsing with a crash against the creaking masts. Surely, thinks the landsman, there is now nothing for Jack to do but turn his quid, crack his joke, smoke his pipe, or overhaul his chest, and put the things to rights in the fore-castle, after the 'hurrah's nest' created by the squall in the past night? Ah, friend, it is very evident that you don't 'know the ropes!' When on deck, a sailor is never idle in the day-time; even if rain is pouring, something is found for him to do; and in fine weather, like the day we are describing, there is a superabundance of work. The carpenter has his bench out—for 'a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair'; the steward is polishing the brass-work of the quarter-deck; the cook is scouring his pots and pans; the sailmaker is stitching away in the waist; and the crew are, one and all, engaged in picking oakum, spinning yarns (not such yarns as those amiable gentlemen, the naval novelists, talk so much about, but rope-yarns, by the aid of spinning-winches), plating sinnet, preparing chafing-gear, bowing slack rigging taut, painting boats and bulwarks, scraping yards and masts, fitting new running-rigging, overhauling the spare sails, and fifty other things—doing, in fact, everything but idling. And, mind, no conversation is allowed among the men—not a word more than necessary for the performance of their several duties. If they chat at all when on deck, it is 'on the sly,' and out of sight and hearing of the vigilant officers, who have eyes like the lynx, and ears as sharp as needles.

At 4 P.M. commences the dog-watch—that is, the ordinary watch of four hours divided into two watches of half that length; and the use of them is to shift the rotation of the night-watches. About 6 P.M. we get supper, and all hands are on deck till eight bells (8 P.M.), when the starboard-watch go below, and we, the larboard-watch, have the first night-watch—just as they had it last night, and will the next after. There is very probably plenty of work to do in shifting and trimming sails and rigging till eight bells again strike (12 P.M.), and then we summon the other watch with: 'Starboardings, ahoy!' and go below in turn; and so ends our day.

We have given a fair enough specimen of the twenty-four hours of a sailor's life at sea; but of course he sometimes has an easier, and sometimes a much harder life of it—depending on the kind of ship, the nature of the voyage, the state of the weather, and the character of the captain. Some sea-captains are excellent, kind-hearted men, and make the unavoidably hard duties of their crew as easy as it is possible; but others—and very many we fear—have terrible salt-water tyrants. A captain is the absolute master of all on board—his government, as we have said, is a despotism; and this ever-present sense of his will being law while afloat, too often hardens and brutalises an originally kind heart.

Landsmen! do you now envy and begrudge a living to the poor blue-jackets, who risk limb and life to carry on your commerce with the uttermost ends of the earth, and who man the wooden walls that alone render Britain the invincible mistress of the world? Ladies! dear, tender-hearted ladies! do you feel indifferent to the hard lot of the gallant fellows who sail the trackless ocean to supply you with silks and diamonds, with sugar and tea, and every conceivable luxury of dress and food? Be kind, we implore you, to Poor Jack, wherever you meet him, for he would shed the last drop of blood in his veins to defend you! Make every Christian allowance for his follies and his sins when ashore. Do all you can—and we think you might do much if you would—to ameliorate his physical

condition, and you will improve his moral one at the same time. For ourselves, we can only say that we ever shall own Poor Jack as a messmate and a brother, and while we have a shot in the locker, he shall freely share it, God help him!

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

In a certain village in Switzerland, some years ago, there were heavy complaints among all who possessed trees, that no fruit was safe; that the children plundered it perpetually before it came to maturity; and not only that, but that the green saplings had no security against them. Another serious complaint was the barbarity of the children towards all living creatures in their power. The clergyman, teacher, and elders, often laid their heads together, to find some remedy for this inhuman spirit, by which every child in the place was more or less affected. They could not conceive why such a spirit should prevail so specially in this village; but they could find neither cause nor remedy: all exhortations, all punishments, were in vain. The clergyman of the village was changed; and the new minister was a great friend to schools. His first walk was to the school-house. The vice of the scholars had been made known to him, and the failure of all preventive measures hitherto applied. But, determining within himself to watch the whole course of proceedings in school, he soon perceived that the teacher had a habit, and had acquired a singular dexterity in it, of knocking down and killing flies with his cane, to the end of which he had fastened a piece of leather. The windows were all on one side, and being exposed to the morning sun of summer, they were continually full of flies. The teacher's path lay along them, in front of his scholars; and while talking to the latter, he struck down the flies as they shewed themselves at the window. This manœuvre amused the children infinitely more than his instruction did, and they followed his example. They were incessantly on the watch for flies that buzzed through the room, caught them in their hands, and shewed as great dexterity in this kind of chase as their teacher in his. But their amusement did not end here: they had learned to play with their captives, treat them with detestable cruelty, and seemed to find a wicked delight in observing the shivering of their victims.

On observing these curious and far from pleasing peculiarities of the school, the intelligent and humane clergyman easily accounted for the spirit of destructiveness among the children; and his first step was to induce the teacher to take his leather from the end of the cane; and next, to turn the desks so that the boys sat with their backs to the windows, and the teacher's path lay on the other side of the room. Then the minister went frequently into the school, and examined so severely, that both teacher and pupils had more to do than to give their attention to the flies. As this was not yet entirely satisfactory in its results, the minister took advantage of the hot summer weather, to have instruction given only in the afternoon, when the school was not so full of flies, and thus he gradually banished the insects from the thoughts of teacher and children. But he knew that it was of little avail solely to pull the weeds out of the young mind. He obtained an unoccupied piece of land fit for planting, and, not far from the school, laid out a school-garden. This pleased the teacher, and the children willingly took part in the task, for they had soon learned to like their new minister, who came and worked amongst them. The garden was surrounded by a hedge planted with trees and shrubs, and each child had a tree or shrub given him to take care of. A nursery was soon laid out, and provision made for plenty of larger gardens and orchards in the village. And, behold! the spirit of

destructiveness among the children soon passed away; and every man's fruit and garden became safe, the youths even begging of their parents that trees might be planted in the fields for them to take care of. The new spirit was communicated from children to parents, till it spread throughout the entire village; every family had its pretty little garden; an emulation in cultivating flowers sprang into existence; idle and bad habits disappeared; and gradually the whole place was a scene of moral as well as of physical beauty.

This incident, the truth of which can be vouched for, has been communicated to us by a lady of rank, who happens to have lately become acquainted with the circumstances, and has thought that their publicity may be advantageous. We have no doubt of the fact, that the practice of amateur gardening is never associated with evil, but is always a token of advanced tastes and correct habits. Let every one, therefore, within his sphere, do what he can to promote this most desirable pursuit. We would further say, let every school, so far as it can conveniently be done, have its garden, not only for purposes of amusement, but as an important engine of education.

FACTS AS TO OYSTER-EATING.

The consumption of oysters in London is enormous. During the season of 1848-49, 130,000 bushels of oysters were sold in our metropolis. A million and a half of these shell-fish are consumed during each season in Edinburgh, being at the rate of more than 7300 a day. Fifty-two millions were taken from the French channel banks during the course of the year 1828; and now the number annually dredged is probably considerably greater, since the facilities of transport by rail greatly increase the inland consumption of these as of other marine luxuries. French naturalists report, that before an oyster is qualified to appear in Paris, he must undergo a course of education in discretion; for the artificial oyster-beds on the French coast, where the animals are stored to be carried away as required, are constructed between tide-marks; and their denizens, accustomed to pass the greater part of the twenty-four hours beneath the water, open their valves and gape when so situated, but close them firmly when they are exposed by the recession of the tide. Habituated to these alternations of immersion and exposure, the practice of opening and closing their valves at regular intervals becomes natural to them, and would be persisted in to their certain destruction, on their arrival in Paris, were they not ingeniously trained so as to avert the evil. Each batch of oysters intended to make the journey to the capital, is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out; until at length the shell-fish have learned by experience that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water. Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. A London oyster-man can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth; it bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed 'shoots,' and each of them marks a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the epoch of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes and unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity. Among fossil oysters, specimens are found occasionally of enormous thickness; and the amount of time that has passed

between the deposition of the bed of rock in which such an example occurs, and that which overlies it, might be calculated from careful observation of the shape and number of layers of calcareous matter composing an extinct oyster-shell. In some ancient formations, stratum above stratum of extinguished oysters may be seen, each bed consisting of full-grown and aged individuals. Happy broods these pre-Adamite congregations must have been, born in an epoch when epicures were as yet unthought of, when neither Sweeting nor Lynn had come into existence, and when there were no workers in iron to fabricate oyster-knives! Geology, and all its wonders, makes known to us scarcely one more mysterious or inexplicable than the creation of oysters long before oyster-eaters and the formation of oyster-banks—ages before dredgers! What a lamentable heap of good nourishment must have been wasted during the primeval epochs! When we meditate upon this awful fact, can we be surprised that bishops will not believe in it, and, rather than assent to the possibility of so much good living having been created to no purpose, hold faith with Mattioli and Fallopio, who maintained fossils to be the fermentations of a *materia pinguis*; or Mercati, who saw in them stones bewitched by stars; or Olivi, who described them as the 'sports of nature'; or Dr Plot, who derived them from a latent plastic virtue!—*Westminster Review*, Jan. 1852.

THE OASES OF LIBYA.

Nouour wholly waste or wretched will appear

Through all the world of Nature or of mind;

Hope's tender beamings soften Sorrow's tear,

The homeless outcast happy hours will find:

To polar snows the Aurora-fires are given,

The voice of friendship cheers the groping blind;

The dreary night hath stars to deck the heaven;

One law prevails beneficently kind:

E'en not all darkness is the silent tomb,

Faith points to bowers of bliss beyond the gloom.

So, Libya, in thy wide and fiery waste,

Gladdening the traveller, plots of verdure lie,

As if, when demons thence all life had chased,

They dropped in beauty from the pitying sky.

How weary pilgrims, dragging o'er the plain,

When first green Siwah's valleys they espy,*

Cast off their faintness! swiftly on they strain,

Drinking sweet odours, as the breeze floats by:

They see the greenery of the swelling hills,

They hear, they hear the gush of bubbling rills!

Oh! beautiful that soul-enchanting scene!

The fresh leaves twinkling, and the wild-birds singing;

The rocks so mossy, and the grass so green,

From tree to tree the vine's young tendrils swinging:

Fruits of all hue—pomegranate, plum, and peach,

Tempting the eye, and thoughts luxurious bringing;

Flowers of all breath that each stray hand may reach,

The glittering bee among them blithely winging:

While skies more clear, more blue seem to glow,

To match the bright and fairy scene below.

NICHOLAS MICKELL.

* Siwah, the Ammonia of the ancients, the most fertile of the Oases of Libya, presenting a succession of undulating hills and green meadows, watered by many springs, and producing every description of fruit-bearing trees.

EVIL-SPEAKING.

The Rev. Mr Stewart advised three questions to be put to ourselves before speaking evil of any man: First, is it true? Second, is it kind? Third, is it necessary!—*Poynder's Literary Extracts*.

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THE MÆDIEVAL MANIA.

HISTORY is said to be a series of reactions. Society, like a pendulum, first drives one way, and then swings back in the opposite direction. At present, we may be said to be returning at full speed towards a taste for everything old, neglected, and for ages despised. Science and refinement have had their day, and now rude nature and the elemental are to be in the ascendant. In our boyhood, we learned the Roman alphabet; but youngsters now had need to add a knowledge of black-letter, which is rapidly getting back into fashion. Perfection is only to be found in the darkness and ignorance of the middle ages.

It is proper, no doubt, to get rid of what is tame and spiritless in art; and it must be owned that nearly everything that was done in architecture and decoration during the Georgian era was detestable. But it is one thing to reform, and another to revolutionise. Let us by all means go to nature for instruction; but nature under the exercise of cultivated feeling—selecting what tends to enoble and refine, not that which degrades and sends us back to forms and ideas totally out of place in the nineteenth century, and which, for that very reason, can have nothing but a temporary reign, to be followed in the succeeding age by a violent reaction.

On a former occasion, we drew attention to this tendency towards mediævalism as regards ornamental design, and took the Great Exhibition to witness the fact. We have also pointed to that strange phenomenon, the rise anew of monastic institutions among us, long after their object is accomplished, giving a spectre-like expression to an obsolete idea; we have exposed, likewise, the inclination of the working-classes to trust to the protection, and, on every emergency, claim as a matter of right the aid of the wealthy, thus wilfully and deliberately returning to the condition of serfdom: we have now to trace the mediæval mania in a department where, notwithstanding all this ominous conjunction of symptoms, its appearance is truly surprising—in the department of high art in painting.

Our readers need not fear that we are about to inflict on them a scientific dissertation. All we wish to do, is to explain to them a word, with the meaning of which many of them are very imperfectly acquainted, and by the mere explanation, to enable them to determine upon its claims to designate—not merely a school, but the school of art, destined, if founded in truth and nature, to overturn every other. This word—*Pre-Raphaelitism*—is taken from the name of one of the Italian masters, and it is necessary, in order to

understand the question, to ascertain what were the circumstances and the genius that have thus set him up as a landmark in the history of art.

After the fall of the Western Empire, the fine arts were lost, and their productions literally buried in the wreck. The minds of the composite nations that arose in Europe had no guide. Men were left to their own instincts, only faintly aided by the ruins and traditions of degenerate Rome; and each series of countries had its own style of art, framed or adopted by the genius of the people. During the middle ages, the style most general in Northern Europe was the Gothic; and by that term the whole system of art during the period is popularly known in England. The state of painting, under the Gothic régime, may be seen in the stained windows of the cathedrals; in which strong outlines and bright colours are laid down without any reference to *chiaro-scuro*, or the scientific arrangement of light and shadow. This seems a natural stage in art-development, and at the same moment it was seen in equal perfection in China and Europe. In the former region, the people are now beginning to advance a step beyond, through their imitation of English pictures; although, but a few years ago, they burst into fits of laughter on seeing the shadow of the nose in a portrait. In Europe, a gigantic and almost sudden stride was made, towards the close of the fifteenth century, under an influence from which the Chinese were debarred, and the nature of which we shall presently explain.

Let us first, however, just notice, that the charms of gaudy inartistic colouring frequently exercise a powerful sway even over minds familiar with better things; although that sway is always indicative of the decay of intellectual or moral freshness. Thus, it is remarked by an old Greek author (Dionysius of Halicarnassus), that the perfection to which painting had been brought by Apelles, had degenerated under Augustus; the painters being so much fascinated by the new art of colouring, that they neglected design, and preferred the brilliant or gaudy to the solid, and counterfeited to natural beauty. What this 'perfection' of Apelles was, we cannot now tell; but the probability is, that it existed only in design, and that the union of this with artistic colouring was reserved for the modern masters.

Before these masters appeared, and before the influence we are about to refer to was felt in Europe, some efforts were made by unassisted genius to rise beyond the conventionalities of the time; in the latter half of the thirteenth century, Cimabue already surpassed his modern Greek preceptors; and his disciple Giotto was considered so natural and original, that his style could not be referred to any existing school, but was

called the *maniera di Giotto*. 'Instead of the harsh outline,' says Vasari, 'circumscribing the whole figure, the glaring eyes, the pointed hands and feet, and all the defects arising from a total want of shadow, the figures of Giotto exhibit a better attitude; the heads have an air of life and freedom, the drapery is more natural, and there are even some attempts at foreshortening the limbs.' All this, however, although a decided improvement on mediæval art, was rude and imperfect—it was only the first faint dawn of a better light. 'As yet,' to use the words of Roscoe, 'the characters rarely excelled the daily prototypes of common life; and their forms, although at times sufficiently accurate, were often vulgar and heavy. . . . To everything great and elevated, the art was yet a stranger: even the celebrated picture of Pollajuolo exhibits only a group of half-naked and vulgar wretches, discharging their arrows at a miserable fellow-creature, who, by changing places with one of his murderers, might with equal propriety become a murderer himself.'

But the time at length came when that stimulus was to be communicated to taste which sent a thrill throughout the general heart of Europe. The pictures of the old Greeks were lost for ever, dead and gone; but their statues were only buried—buried alive—and now, at the command of wealth and genius, they were dug out of their tomb of ages, and came forth, unharmed, in their enchanted life and immortal beauty. Yes, unharmed; for in the head, the torso, the limb, the hand, the finger, the same principle of life existed as in the entire figure; and, owing to the sublime law of proportion, which bound all together, the minutest fragment indicated a perfect whole. The palace of Lorenzo de Medici was the assembling-place, and the ideal beauty of the Greeks found a new shrine in the groves of Florence. These became a true academia, where genius studied and taught, and where the presiding spirit of the place was Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the sculptor—painter—architect—poet, whose universal mind appeared to fit him, not so much to shine in any one department—although shine he did in all—as to give an impetus to the whole Revival. But Michael Angelo, as a painter, excelled chiefly in design; while one who was his contemporary, and being a few years later in the field, has been supposed by some to be his imitator, was the painter *par excellence* of the new era—the first great painter of the moderns. This was RAPHAEL. He was the pupil of Perugino; and while such, contented himself with imitating, with the utmost fidelity, the works of that artist; till at length emancipating himself from tutelage, he went for inspiration to the cartoons of Michael Angelo, to the sculptures of the Medici gardens, and to nature herself. Vasari makes Michael Angelo the *magnus Apollo* of Raphael; but Quatremère de Quincy assigns to the latter artist a holier worship. In a letter from him, which he quotes, respecting his famous picture of the Galatea, Raphael says, that in order to paint a beautiful woman, he must see many, but that, after all, he must work upon a certain ideal image present in his mind. 'We thus see,' says the French critic, 'that he really sought after the beautiful which Nature presents to art, but which the imagination of the artist alone can seize, and genius alone realise.'

Raphael was the first of the moderns to idealise beauty, or, in other words, to represent nature in the form she is striving, in her infinite progression, to attain, but which as yet she only indicates here and there in those hints and parts that prophetic genius combines and moulds into a whole. He softened the harsh outlines, mellowed the glaring colours, and harmonised the awkward proportions of mediæval art. With him, a new epoch commenced, adorned by many illustrious names, from Julio Romano, the poet of painters, to Titian, who dipped his pencil in the

rainbow. The Lombard school of Titian was the third of the three first great schools of the Revival, in which taste, emancipated from the darkness of the middle ages, sought inspiration in nature and the Greek sculptures. What would be thought if a school were to arise three hundred years later, not merely discarding the experience and teachings of the great masters, but claiming by its very name to return into the gulf from which these had been emancipated? This school of decline has, in fact, made its appearance among the other symptoms of the mediæval mania, and we now gravely hang up in our exhibitions the productions of the *Pre-Raphaelites*! The name at first provoked so much ridicule in England, that their friends were at pains to inform the world, that it was assumed merely for the purpose of intimating their entire separation from the schools of Raphael and his successors, and their exclusive devotion to nature. The artists of Germany, however, with whom the mania commenced, were less scrupulous.* They imitated, purposely, the rudeness of the early painters, and even favourably distinguished the juvenile works of Raphael when he was as yet the mere copyist of Perugino. It is thus only the reformed schools the *Pre-Raphaelists* avoid; for Mr Ruskin's notion, that there were no schools at all before Raphael, is quite too wild for answer.† The name, however, is of little consequence. The nature returned to is obviously, to any one who has eyes in his head, the nature of the middle ages; and if our readers will look again at the quotations we have made above—which were not taken at random—they will find, in the words of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Vasari, and William Roscoe, a pretty accurate description of the genius and manner of the *Pre-Raphaelites*.

Nor could the fact be otherwise. We have noticed the identity of taste between the Chinese and the unawakened Europeans, as pointing to a natural stage in art-development; and if we allot to the new school a position one degree higher than that of Cimabue and Giotto, it is all that can be claimed by artists, who have even attempted to dismiss from their minds a later and nobler experience. Their rule is—to have no rule; to copy nature, just as she happens to be before them; to select nothing, reject nothing, subordinate nothing, and thus to have no composition and no *chiaro-scuro*. They recognise no inequality, no relationship of objects: a pin in a lady's dress, and the nose on the lady's face, are treated with the same even-handed justice. The harmony of colours is a mere dream: let them only be as bright as a stained-glass window, and all is well.

At this moment, there are two specimens of *Pre-Raphaelitism* to be seen at the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy in Edinburgh. They are both distinguished, like the philosopher in Andersen's *Drop of Ditch-water*, by having no name; but a quotation is appended to each of the numbers in the catalogue, and is to be supposed to indicate the subject. No. 9, in the Great Room, has this quatrain from Tennyson—

'She only said: "My life is dreary—
He cometh not!" she said;
She said: "I'm weary, away—
I would that I were dead."'

In illustration of this awkwardly-constructed stanza, a female, uncouth and ungraceful, is represented as standing in the attitude of a yawn, not indicated by the gaping mouth, but by the contorted person, and arms twisted behind the back. She is close to a stained-glass window, whose gaudy colours are challenged by her own bright blue dress, the object of the artist throughout appearing to be violent opposition, not harmony. The picture, with its violent dislocations, both of bones and

* See the *Modern Age* of Du Sommerard.

† *Pre-Raphaelitism*. By the author of *Modern Painters*.

impressions, conveys the idea of anything but repose, although a mouse on the floor bids us notice, that notwithstanding appearances, the ungainly lady stretches herself in silence. There cannot well be anything more inelegant and untrue than this piece; yet there is clever painting here and there; and some of the accessories, if taken without reference to the design, in which they are blots, are models of their kind. The thought belongs to the middle ages; the mechanical touch to the post-Raphaelite era.

The other picture, No. 93, in the same room, is larger and more ambitious. It represents a carpenter's workshop, with a mechanic at each end of the long bench; one of these, a half-starved, hideous wretch, with hardly a trace of the human anatomy in his composition; and the other, a respectable and rather sagacious-looking person, with immeasurable legs. Behind the bench is a frightful old woman, of the lowest class; and before it another, younger, but repulsively ugly and vulgar, examining, in conjunction with the respectable workman—and with her brow knotted in an awful congeries of wrinkles up to her fiery hair—the hand of a little boy. This little boy, though plebeian and red-haired, is not unpleasant; he has apparently cut his hand while playing with some of the edge-tools lying about the shop; while his brother, a better-figured as well as better-behaved boy, with a hairy apron round him, is making himself useful in carrying a basin of some dark-coloured stuff—probably carpenter's glue. But let us see what the legend attached to the number says: 'And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.'—Zechariah, xlii. 6. What does this mean? It means, innocent reader, that the piece we have described in its principal features is the Holy Family of the Pre-Raphaelites! This is their mode of going to nature, selecting nothing but the mean and repulsive, and rejecting nothing but poetical and religious feeling and common decency.

But if the theory of the Pre-Raphaelites is just as regards painting, it must be just as regards the other departments of taste. Suppose it applied to musical composition. Let us throw overboard everything that degrades music to a science, and 'go to nature,' as Mr Ruskin counsels, 'rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing.' What would be the result? The result would be the torture of everybody in the country who had the misfortune to possess a cultivated ear. And yet the music of that time would not be absolutely disagreeable in itself: it would merely involve the deprivation of what had become a necessary to the taste; for nature would still inspire simple sounds, connected more or less with the feelings. Nature, in fact, proceeds in music upon laws that are merely elaborated and carried out by science; while in painting, she offers an endless variety of objects and effects, to be selected, grouped, and made into a picture by the artist. We all feel this when gazing on natural scenery. We are actuated by an unconscious eclecticism, and make the composition for ourselves. To some natural scenes, no skill could impart interest of any kind; others attain to a certain character of the picturesque; while others, again, combine in themselves all the elements of a good picture. But even with these last, mere imitation will not do. Nature, as Hazlitt observes, 'has a larger canvas than man'—a canvas immensely larger; and the artist, since he cannot copy, must select. The same reasoning applies to figure and group-painting, and its accessories. Nature rarely forms a perfect group, because it is not her purpose to embody a single expression. As for small accessory objects, such as a pin or a leaf, being painted with the same care and accuracy as principal objects, this is a defect in drawing, that argues a singular want of

reflection. In nature, we see distinctly the figure and its more prominent parts, but we see the minute accessory parts so indistinctly, that sometimes we can scarcely tell what they are. The precise detailing of these objects, therefore, may have the truth of fact, but it is destitute of the truth of nature.

What would be the effect of the new system, if applied to romantic fiction? But the question is unnecessary; for the new system ignores romance, which is the truth of nature not of fact. A pre-Raphaelite story, taken from real life, might be romantic in its incidents and striking in its catastrophe; but it would want coherence in the design, and therefore produce no sustained emotion; and its characters being drawn, without selection, from vulgar prototypes, would excite more disgust than interest. The drama?—but there the new theory of art becomes too ridiculous: a tragedy on such a plan would be received with alternate yawns of ennui and shouts of laughter. All these are pertinent questions; for fine art, in literature, music, sculpture, painting, architecture, forms a homogeneous circle under one law of taste.

It may be supposed that we are ascribing too much importance to the department of the mediæval mania under examination; but, for our part, we 'scorn nothing' that presents a bar, however slight, to the progress of civilisation and refinement. Pre-Raphaelitism is only one form of a degradation of taste which appears to keep pace with the utilities of the time, and we shall never be slow in lending our aid to cleanse the temple of its desecrators. L. R.

A LEGEND OF AMEN-CORNER.

ABOUT the time that every prince in Europe was sending a special embassy to London, to congratulate James I. on his book against witchcraft, which none of them ever professed to have read, a strange occurrence happened in an ancient house, situated in the Amen-Corner of Paternoster Row. Like most of the houses of old London, its lower half was brick, and its upper, English oak. It had been built in the time of the first Tudor, but, being still a substantial tenement, was purchased some ten years before the period of this narrative, by two brothers named Christopher and Hubert, who carried on their business there. They were of English blood, but had been born in Germany, their grandfather having fled thither in Queen Mary's day under strong suspicion of owning a Coverdale Bible; and in the good city of Augsburg his son and grandsons had been brought up to his own craft, then known as the singular art and mystery of printing. A separate and a thinly-scattered guild was that of the printer in those days. Their craft had nothing in common with the world's older arts, excepting those of the scribe and the scholar. The entire book-trade, now divided into so many branches, was in their hands—binder, engraver, printer and publisher, being generally the same person; and this, together with the laborious precision required in working the primitive press, made them throughout Christendom a sort of caste who acquired their trade by inheritance, and kept it as such. Two generations of their family had transmitted the types to Christopher and Hubert; but not to them alone. There had been an elder brother, Gottlieb, who printed with them at Augsburg. Their mother had died early: the plague summoned their father when they were little more than boys, and the man grieved sore to leave his sons so young, and an edition of the Latin Fathers, which he had calculated on finishing in five years with great praise and profit, just begun; but Gottlieb promised him that he would finish the work in his name, and take care of his young brothers till they were old enough to be expert and prudent printers; so the old man died in peace.

Gottlieb was the glory of his craft, and the praise of

all Augsburg. Throughout Germany there was not a more skilful printer, nor in the city a more wise and virtuous youth. Old men asked his help in their difficulties, the young chose him as umpire in their disputes. He was charitable to the poor, a peacemaker among his neighbours, and a faithful and kindly guardian to his young brothers. Carefully he instructed them in all the mysteries of their art, though it lengthened his own labour by many a toilsome hour. Patiently he bore with the waywardness and inexperience of their youth. At hearth, and board, and labour, Gottlieb was their blithe companion; in hard work, their help; in times of trouble, their comforter; and when disputes came between them, he was the ready arbitrator, on whose justice both could rely. At the church, they sat one on either side of him; on festival and holiday, they walked out with each an arm of Gottlieb, and the burgomaster's son was not more confident in his father. Thus they lived and laboured cheerfully together, in the old house their father left them, for five years. The complete edition of the Latin Fathers went forward, and the boys grew to man's estate, till Gottlieb was no longer the tallest of the three. Neighbours remarked, too, that he looked no longer the strongest. His once ruddy cheek at times grew pale and wan; still, there was no complaint of sickness in the house, and the edition was completed. All men praised, and some printers envied the work, though it was finished in the name of their dead father.

One evening, Gottlieb rejoiced over it greatly, saying his promise was fulfilled, and Christopher and Hubert were now as good printers as himself: he bade them a kindly and glad good-night, and the young brothers talked long together, for Gottlieb slept alone; but in the morning he did not come as usual to call them, and when they went to wake him, their brother was kneeling at his bedside, with his hands clasped as if in prayer—an earlier summons had reached him, and the great soul was gone!

Honour and profit followed the work they had printed with him. Their craft grew proud of them, and friends began to say they might be burgomasters in time; but the light of their days had gone down with Gottlieb. The old house had grown so dreary without him, that they could not live in it. Every street and corner of the city brought their loss to mind; and hearing that there was peace and room for printers in their father's country, the young men sold their German dwelling to a wealthy burgher, collected their money, chattels, and types, and came with them to London. Paternoster Row was even in those days the resort of traders in books; and happening to see the antiquated house in Amen-Corner, the strangers thought it had a pleasant likeness to their old home; so they purchased it at the expense of nearly all they possessed, except their printing-press, with which they established themselves there, determined never to part, but live together in the country of their fathers.

Hard by there lived a widow of German parentage, whose husband had been a printer; but he and his seven children were all dead. Gunhilde, for such was her name, was old, poor, and lonely, and she became their housekeeper. Years of resolute toil and prudent frugality passed over the brothers, till they were no longer strangers in old London, nor inconsiderable among the inhabitants of the Row. Their press had done its part in the work of the times. They had printed the 'Book of Sports' and the 'Westminster Confession'; broadside ballads concerning Robin Hood and Maid Marian; and heavy folios on Free-will and Predestination. Christopher and Hubert had increased in substance also to a degree never dreamed of in their German home. The dealers in books began to talk of them as somewhat notable men; but cares and causes of division had come with property and importance.

In some respects, the brothers were of the same temper: both were earnest, brave, and high-spirited—strong to will, and steady to work. They had been faithful friends and loving brethren through many a change and trial; but there was a grievous fault in both. Each was given to exact from the other's friendship, though in a different fashion; for Christopher expected too much of inward affection, and Hubert had too much respect to outward observances. Alike, on the ground of resemblance and of difference, sprang up the roots of bitterness which troubled their days. At first, their strangership, their strivings to live and thrive in the English land, and, above all, the memory and loving counsels of their lost Gottlieb, had bound them heart and hand together; but as the years of manhood hardened heart and mind, as increasing gains brought leisure and anxious looks on life, differences of opinion, of tastes, and of inclinations, gradually crept in between them, and their elder brother waned away from their remembrance, far off among the scenes and familiars of youth.

Time brought further occasion of discord: the house of an English bookseller at the foot of the Row had grown more attractive than his own to Hubert, because of a certain Mistress Margaret who lived there with her father. The bookseller was old, narrow-minded, and stiff for presbytery; he approved of no people but Englishmen, and had a special prejudice against German Lutherans. His daughter believed firmly in his wisdom, and had been from infancy the old man's darling. She was fair, good, and clever; but the girl had a wayward pride, and a wit that was too ready for her judgment. Nevertheless, Hubert had found favour in her eyes as well as in those of her father, perhaps because he endeavoured earnestly to win it; while Christopher was composing tender verses, addressed to a young and very pious Catholic widow in the neighbourhood, who held fast her then persecuted faith.

The bookseller hesitated on giving his daughter to a Lutheran, and the widow remained undecided; but under their influence, Christopher and Hubert learned to contemn each other's choice, and dispute over creeds which neither acknowledged. Thus the controversies of the age, with all their bigotry and uncharitableness, found entrance to their home. Christopher lost no opportunity of throwing scorn on the Puritans, on account of the bookseller; and Hubert never spared to testify against Popish errors, by way of reflection on the widow. The loving brotherhood, which had been to them a rampart against the world's sins and follies, was broken down, and all manner of petty jealousies, vanities, and mistakes, flowed in to swell the flood of strife. There had been fierce debates and bitter words between them, wrath that overcame the friendship of years, hard misjudging of each other's motives, and mighty magnifying of small offences. One evening they sat in sullen pride and anger by the fire. It was the same hearth at which for ten years they had met when the work of the day was done. Their early difficulties in the great, strange city had been debated there. The gains of their prosperous days had been reckoned, their risks and speculations discussed, but now their seats were pushed to the most distant corners, and between them stood a table covered with papers and account-books; for they had at last determined to divide their possessions to the uttermost farthing, and part company for ever. With merchant-like exactness, every titlle was reckoned up and shared. The old house was to be sold to a Jew for a sum already agreed on, and one item only remained which they could not divide, an heirloom's value being fixed upon it. That was the Coverdale Bible with which their grandfather had fled to Germany.

Neither would consent to take the book, or receive anything in its stead, for a savage pride was in their hearts; and there lay the large worn folio, with its

brazen clasps, between them. The day's work had been hard, for though comparatively rich, Christopher and Hubert were laborious men from habit, and the elder at length leaned his head on the table to rest a moment, and think what could be done. Hubert also leaned his brow on his hand, and it might be the sight of that old volume, in spite of themselves, brought far-away memories crowding back on both. They thought of the German city where they had been born; of their long-dead father; and, last of all, of Gottlieb. They knew the grass was long upon his German grave; but suddenly, as wild and vague regrets for all that had come and gone began to rise upon them, the door of their room was opened, and there entered a stranger of most noble presence and aspect, who, without a word, drew back the table and seated himself between them.

The brothers were astonished; but when he said in their own German tongue: 'Friends, why do you muse so silently?' his voice sounded in their ears like the church-bells of Augsburg.

'We have cause for silence and musing, friend,' said Christopher.

'And what is your business with us?' demanded the fiery Hubert.

'I have come,' said the stranger, 'to shew you a rare and curious sight which lies in your very neighbourhood, though you never saw it, not having yet reached the ground from which it is rightly seen.'

'We have no time for sights at this late hour,' cried Hubert.

'Our accounts and goods occupy us now, but we will go to-morrow,' said Christopher.

'Nay, friends,' said the stranger, taking a hand of each, 'it were well that you should see it soon. All who earnestly look upon that sight, are somewhat instructed to their private benefit; and it may be that you also will learn something touching the use of these,' he added, pointing to the open account-books and the clasped Bible.

Christopher and Hubert felt persuaded to accompany him: he led them, it seemed but a few steps from their own door, through a dark and narrow lane, in which the busy men had never been; but there streets and houses abruptly terminated, and they stood by the side of a broad and thronged highway. A road like that the brothers had never seen in all their journeys. It ran due east and west, from the rising to the setting sun; but far to the eastward, a mist, like the smoke of congregated houses, shut out the view; and on the west, a fog more dense than that of autumn or mid-winter closed the prospect. The space between was thronged with travellers, who emerged from the eastern mist, and were manifestly going to the other.

A light shone on them, but it was gray and uncertain, like that of twilight. Sometimes the sun, sometimes the stars shone through, and strange clouds and meteors passed across the sky.

'What way is this,' thought the brothers, 'which lies so near our own dwelling, and yet has neither night nor day?' But as their eyes grew accustomed to the light, they perceived that the travellers on that road were of all ages—man, woman, and child. Yet each journeyed in a track cut for himself in the soil, from which it appeared none could stray. Some of these tracks were wide, and others narrow; some had numerous windings, and some were but slightly curved; many were rough and stony, others of the bare earth, with brambles growing thick at their edges; and some were half covered with grass and wild-flowers. Christopher and Hubert, however, observed that none of them were perfectly smooth or straight; that dust and rubbish were plentiful in them all; and that every track on that highway crossed some other. The travellers, too, differed wonderfully in their manner of journeying. Some moved like mourners at a funeral;

some like runners to a goal. There were those who went steadily forward, with the pace of soldiers on a march; others, who seemed in great fear, looking perpetually behind or before them; and very few who walked at their ease.

As the brothers marvelled at this diversity, they discovered that there was none of all the travellers without a burden, and in that matter there appeared no less variety. Bundles of every shape and size were on their shoulders: some looked huge, and were tied up in sackcloth; others were covered with rich cloth, and bound with silken cords. Some bore theirs concealed under long mantles; but Christopher thought it was mostly weights of iron or lead they carried. Further particulars astonished the brothers still more. The greater part appeared to have a strange propensity for increasing the difficulties of their way, by walking in whatever manner was least practicable. Many augmented the burdens, under which they already staggered, with dust and rubbish, which they collected from all sides; and far more were endeavouring to pile up the scattered stones and thorns on their equally burdened neighbours. All this time, the air was filled with a clamour of complaints, generally referring to their tracks and burdens; and Christopher and Hubert remarked with amazement, that it was by no means those who had the roughest track, or the heaviest bale to carry, that travelled most laboriously, or seemed least content with the journey.

No traveller, indeed, appeared satisfied, and whenever their tracks crossed, the unruly creatures were sure to jostle each other; but let the accident happen as it would, every man laid the blame loudly on his neighbour. They had also innumerable disputes concerning the clouds and meteors of the sky; regarding the dust under their feet; and more especially touching some glimpses of an azure heaven, which they caught at times through the western mist. On that subject, the fierceness of their debates was marvellous, and the clamour occasionally became deafening; but the brothers observed that the noisiest traveller generally came quietly out of the one mist, and disappeared with as little tumult in the other.

'What think ye of these people?' said the stranger, when Christopher and Hubert had gazed and wondered long.

'They are mad!' said Christopher, 'to give and take such trouble for no end.'

'What grievous disturbance they make about so short a journey!' cried Hubert. 'Good stranger, tell us of what Bedlam are they?'

'They belong to all the madhouses of the world,' said the stranger.

'But why are they here?—where are they going?—and what lies beyond these mists?' cried the brothers in a breath.

'Dear brothers, who were so true and loving of old,' said the stranger, 'concerning this matter, believe that you will learn hereafter; for the present, know that this which ye have seen is the great and busy road of life; but strive to become more wise and prudent travellers, and see that ye fall not out by the way.'

As he ceased, a gleam of sunshine broke through the twilight, and fell full upon him. In its brightness, the noble aspect did not alter, but grew more familiar to their eyes; and Christopher and Hubert knew at the same moment that he was none other than their brother Gottlieb. Both sprang to embrace him, but the way, the travellers, and Gottlieb, vanished from them. They looked into each other's faces by the early sunlight which streamed through the closed shutters of their room, and gleamed on the brazen clasps of the Coverdale Bible, still lying between them on the table where they had fallen asleep.

Such is the account of the affair given by themselves; although more, it is believed, to suit the taste

and belief of the time they lived in than their own. The two brothers had passed many hours silent and in the dark; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the visionary world, into which they had unconsciously slipped, presented to both such phenomena—founded on the meditations and recollections in which both had been immersed—as were easily rendered in the exoteric types of romance. The brothers talked long over the vision, and could scarcely satisfy even themselves that it was indeed a dream; but they agreed on its use of wisdom and warning, and disputed no more. The old house was not sold, nor the types divided. It is even affirmed that the bookseller's daughter and the Catholic widow lived there as right friendly sisters-in-law; and after many a broadside and folio page, the press they had worked for so many years at length struck off the tale we have just related—the German brothers supposing that some honest men in England might profit, as they had done, by a look upon Life's Highway.

DUST-SHOWERS AND RED-RAIN.

RECENT scientific investigations in Europe and America have thrown some interesting light on the nature of these very curious phenomena. The results arrived at may be brought familiarly before our readers.

Mr Charles Darwin, in the narrative of his voyage in the *Beagle*, states that while he was at St Jago, one of the Cape de Verd islands, in January 1832: 'The atmosphere was generally very hazy; this appears chiefly due to an impalpable dust, which is constantly falling, even on vessels far out at sea. The dust,' he goes on to say, 'is of a brown colour, and under the blow-pipe, easily fuses into a black enamel. It is produced, as I believe, from the wear and tear of volcanic rocks, and must come from the coast of Africa.' The same opinion was held by scientific men generally, as well of the dust met with in the North Atlantic, as of that which sometimes falls on the islands and shores of the Mediterranean: Africa was supposed to be the original source of the air-borne particles. Some of the dust, however, having been sent to Ehrenberg of Berlin, that celebrated *savant*, after a microscopical examination, laid an account of his inquiry before the Akademie der Wissenschaften, in May 1844, in which he shewed that the dust, so far from being inorganic, contained numerous specimens of a species of flint-shelled animalcules, or infusoria, known as polygastrica, and minute portions of terrestrial plants. The investigation led him to certain conclusions: '1. That meteoric dust-rain is of terrestrial origin. 2. That the same is not a rain of volcanic ashes. 3. That it is necessarily a dust carried up to a great height by a strong current of air or whirlwind from a dried-up swamp-region. 4. That the dust neither demonstrably nor necessarily comes from Africa, notwithstanding that the wind may blow from thence as the nearest land when the dust falls, because there are in it no forms whatsoever exclusively native to Africa.' These were remarkable facts, but warranted by the evidence: one, if not more, of the animalcules was proved to be peculiar to America, and that country was naturally inferred to be the quarter from which they had been derived.

The inquiry once begun was followed up; other specimens of dust were submitted to the same critical test, and found generally to contain a much greater number and variety of infusoria than the first—mostly fresh-water forms, but with a few of marine origin;

whence the conclusion, that they had been brought from a coast-region; and especially remarkable was the fact, that among all the forms there was not one peculiar to the African continent. One example was known to belong to the Isle of France, the others were chiefly South American. After an examination of six specimens, obtained at different intervals, Ehrenberg discovered that they contained four organisms in common. 'I now consider myself,' he observes, 'justified in the conclusion, that all the Atlantic dust may come only from one and the same source, notwithstanding its extent and annual amount. The constant yellow and reddish colour of the dust, produced by ferruginous matter, its falling with the trade-winds and not with the harmattan, increase the interest of the phenomena.'

It had always been supposed, that the dust which traversed the Mediterranean was borne from the Great Sahara; but in a quantity collected on board the ship *Revenge*, at Malta, an infusoria peculiar to Chili was met with, which, with other characteristics, proved the dust to be the same as that observed on the Atlantic. Their colour, too, was identical; while the Sahara is a 'dazzling white sand': hence the dust brought across the Mediterranean by the sirocco was not peculiar to Africa. The conclusion here arrived at was still further verified by another sirocco-storm in May 1846, which extended to Genoa, and bore with it a dust that 'covered the roofs of the city in great abundance.' This, as was clearly ascertained, contained formations identical with those which had been collected off the Cape de Verd; and it was shewn that the dust-showers of the Atlantic, and those of Malta and Genoa, were 'always of a yellow ochre-like colour—not gray, like those of the kamsin, in North Africa.' The peculiar colour of the dust was found to be caused by iron-oxide; and from one-sixth to one-third of the whole proved to consist 'of determinable organic parts.' In the following year, 1847, Ehrenberg had another opportunity of testing his conclusions, in specimens of dust which had fallen in Italy and Sicily in 1802 and 1813; the same result came out on examination; 'several species peculiar to South America, and none peculiar to Africa.'

Thus, omitting the two last-mentioned instances, there had been five marked falls of dust between 1830 and 1846; how many others passed without notice, it would now be impossible to ascertain. The showers sometimes occur at a distance of 800 miles from the coast of Africa, and this region lies between the parallels of 17 and 25 degrees north latitude, and whence, as we have seen, they extend to the northern shores of the Mediterranean. In the dust collected from these various falls, there have been found altogether nineteen species of infusoria; of which eight were polythalamia, seven polygastrica, and two phytolitharia, these chiefly constituting the flint-earth portion of the dust. The iron was composed of the gailionilla, and 'the carbonic chalk earth corresponded tolerably well to the smaller number of polythalamia.' The uniform character of the specimens obtained at intervals over so long a course of years is especially remarkable.

To turn, now, for a few moments to the second phenomenon indicated in our title. In October 1846, a fearful and furious hurricane visited Lyon and the district between that city and Grenoble, during which occurred a fall of blood-rain. A number of drops were caught and preserved, and when the moisture had evaporated, there was seen the same kind of dust—of yellowish-brown or red colour—as that which had fallen in a dry state on the occasions already referred to. The strictest pains were taken to ascertain that it was not the common dust swept from roads during a gale of wind; and when placed under the microscope, it exhibited a greater proportion of fresh-water and marine formations than the former instances. Phytolitharia

were numerous, as also 'neatly-lobed vegetable scales;' which, as Ehrenberg observes, is sufficient to disprove the assertion, that the substance is formed in the atmosphere itself, and is not of European origin. For the first time, a living organism was met with—the '*Eunotia amphyois*, with its ovaries green, and therefore capable of life.' Here was a solution of the mystery: the dust, mingling with the drops of water falling from the clouds, produced the red rain. Its appearance is that of reddened water, and it cannot be called blood-like without exaggeration.

Again, in March 1847, a coloured snow fell in the Tyrol, presenting a most singular appearance, and, when dried, leaving behind a brick-coloured dust. Most of the organised forms therein contained were European and American, with a few African; and again the microscope shewed it to be similar to the dust before examined, leaving no room to suppose it of local origin. 'The predominating forms, numerically, of one kind of dust, are also the predominating forms in all the rest,' as Ehrenberg observes; and says further: 'Impossible as it is to conceive of all the storms now compared from 1880 to 1847, as having a continuous genetic connection, it is equally impossible also to imagine the masses of dust transported by them, with such a degree of similarity, *not to have a genetic connection*. . . . The great geographic extent of the phenomenon of a reddish dust nearly filling the atmosphere, and itself filled with organisms so similar, many of which are characteristic of South America, not only admits of, but demands a more earnest attention to the probable cyclical relations in the upper and lower atmosphere, whereby very great masses of fixed terrestrial matter, earths and metals, and especially flint-earths, chalk, iron, and coal, apparently heterogeneous, and yet related by certain peculiarities, are held swimming in the atmosphere, now like clouds thinly spread by whirlwinds or electricity over a broad space, and now condensed, and, like the dust of the fir-blossoms, falling in showers in every direction.'

Ehrenberg, then, states his views as to the cause of the phenomenon. 'Although far from attaching undue weight to a hypothesis, I cannot but consider it a matter of duty to seek for a connection in the facts, and feel myself constrained—on account of the above-mentioned particulars, and in so far as they justify a conclusion—to suppose an atmospheric current, connecting America and Africa with the region of the trade-winds, and sometimes, particularly about the 15th and 16th of May, turning towards Europe, and bringing with it this very peculiar, and apparently not African dust, in countless measure. If instead of attacking hypothesis by hypothesis, we strive with united effort to multiply scientific observations, we may then hope for a progressive explanation of these mysterious relations, so especially worthy of study.'

Some progress has already been made by a transatlantic investigator in the explanation so much desired by the distinguished naturalist. Lieutenant Maury, of Washington—an outline of whose views regarding the winds was given in No. 412 of this Journal—finds in Ehrenberg's researches a beautiful and interesting confirmation of his own theory; namely, that the trade-winds of either hemisphere cross the belt of equatorial calms. Observations at the Peak of Teneriffe have proved that, while the trade-wind is sweeping along the surface of the ocean in one direction, a current in the higher regions of the atmosphere is blowing in the reverse direction. According to Lieutenant Maury, a perpetual upper current prevails from South America to North Africa, the volume being equal to that which flows southward by the north-east trade-wind. This wind, it should be remembered, does not touch the African continent, but the limits of its northern border are variable; whence the fact, that the falls of dust vary between 17 and 25 degrees of north latitude, as

before stated. As the belt of calms shifts its position, so will there be a variation in the locality of the descending atmospheric current.

The dust-showers take place most frequently in spring and autumn; that is, 'after the equinoxes, but at intervals varying from thirty to fifty days;' the cause being, that the equatorial calms, at the time of the vernal equinox, extend to four degrees on either side the equator; and as the rainy season then prevails between those limits, no dust can consequently be taken up in those latitudes. But the same period is the dry season in the valley of the lower Orinoco, and the surface of that extensive region is in a favourable condition to give off dust; and at the time of the autumnal equinox, another part of the great Amazonian basin is parched with drought, on which Lieutenant Maury observes: 'May not, therefore, the whirlwinds which accompany the vernal equinox sweep over the lifeless plains of the lower Orinoco, take up the "rain-dust," which descends in the northern hemisphere in April and May—and may it not be the atmospheric disturbances which accompany the autumnal equinox, that take up the microscopic organisms from the upper Orinoco and the great Amazonian basin for the showers of October?' Humboldt gives a striking picture of the region in question, and, if the phrase may be permitted, of its dust-producing capabilities; so that the origin of this light powder, as regards one locality, may be said to be placed beyond a doubt.

As yet, the reason why the dust falls, as it were, concretely, and not generally diffused through the atmosphere, is not known; it is one of the obscure points waiting further investigation. Why it should travel so far to fall in a particular spot is, in the present state of our knowledge, not easy to explain. The coarsest dust is generally the first to fall; and it seems clear, that the descent occurs when and where the conditions are favourable. Lieutenant Maury considers, 'that certain electrical conditions are necessary to a shower of dust as well as to a thunder-storm;' and that, in the periodical intervals, we may get a clue to the rate of motion of the upper aerial currents, which appear to be 'remarkable for their general regularity, their general direction, and sharpness of limits.'

It is scarcely possible not to feel that the investigations here briefly sketched, possess unusual interest. As Ehrenberg says, the subject is one 'of vast, manifold, and rapidly-increasing importance, and is but the beginning of a future great department of knowledge.' Now that it has been published in a connected form, and the attention of scientific observers directed to it, we may hope soon to hear of corroborative evidence from all parts of the world. We may mention, as bearing on the question, that sand-showers are not unfrequent in China. Dr Mc'Gowan of Ningpo, in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, states, that at the beginning of 1851, three showers occurred within five weeks; the last, which commenced on the 26th March, and continued four days, being the heaviest. The wind during the time varied from north-east to north-west, the breeze interrupted by occasional calms. No rain had fallen for six weeks; and though, as the doctor observes, 'neither cloud, fog, nor mist obscured the heavens, yet the sun and moon were scarcely visible; the orb of day appeared as if viewed through a smoked glass, the whole sky presenting a uniform rusty hue. At times, this sameness was disturbed, exhibiting between the spectator and the sun the appearance of a water-spout, owing to the gyratory motions of the impalpable mineral. The sand penetrated the most secluded apartments; furniture wiped in the morning, would be so covered with it in the afternoon, that one could write on it legibly. In the streets, it was annoying—entering the eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and grating under the teeth. My

ophthalmic patients generally suffered a relapse, and an unusual number of new cases soon after presented themselves. Were such heavy sand-storms of frequent occurrence, diseases of the visual organs would prevail to a destructive extent.

These showers sometimes spread over several provinces at once, and far out to sea. The Chinese call them yellow-sand. Their source is the great desert of Gobi, or Sand-Ocean, more than 2000 miles long, and from 800 to 400 broad, in the interior of Asia. Dr McGowan states, that the fall amounted to ten grains per square foot, but without specifying whether this quantity includes the whole duration of the shower. During calms, it remains suspended. The dust thus raised from the Mongolian steppes gives the peculiar tinge to the Yellow Sea.

Notwithstanding the annoyance of these dust-showers, they have a valuable compensation. The Chinese, whose closeness of observation in agricultural matters is well known, assert that they are always followed by a fruitful season—not, it is true, as cause, but as effect. The explanation is, that the soil of the provinces most subject to the visitation, being of a compact character, is loosened and lightened by the sand borne on the wind from the Tatarian plains, and at the same time, the lighter fertilising matters carried away by the great rivers are replaced; and thus, that which at first sight appears an unmitigated evil, becomes the cause of good harvests, for they invariably follow a fall of sand.

THE CITY INQUEST FOR THE POOR.

I KEEP a shop in the City, and open it every morning as Bow Church bells are ringing out eight o'clock. I pay a very heavy rent, as well as Queen's taxes and poor's-rates; and I could do neither, to say nothing of maintaining my family, if I did not mind my business, and work hard. But by the help of constant attention and industry, I am happy to say, I am able to make my shop keep me and my family too, which it does comfortably, and lifts me, in some sort, above the world, and enables me to bear the character, which I should always like to retain, of a respectable man.

We dwellers in London City proper are supposed to entertain a very high regard for respectability, and so we do; and I am going now to detail the operations of what, I suppose, must be called an institution altogether peculiar to the City, of which the world out of the City knows very little, and which has been in being I don't know how many centuries—before there were any poor-laws, or any 'good Queen Bess'; and which must have been a respectable affair—if I am any judge of what that means—from the very first, whenever that was. It is a good thing to relieve necessity in any shape, and a better thing to help it to help itself; but to dispense charity without doing a mischief in some way or other, either by rewarding imposture, encouraging idleness, or repressing the springs of self-reliance or self-exertion, is about the hardest business I have ever had to do with, and I have had some knotty affairs to get through in my time. Now, the various wards of the City do every year, I think, manage this difficult matter very carefully and efficiently, though not without a good deal of trouble; and as I think their mode of doing it sets a good example, I have made up my mind to let the public know something about the Inquest for the Poor, which comes off in December every year. I believe it will be a novelty to most people out of the City limits, and to not a few within

them as well. What I know about it, I have derived from experience: that, indeed, is all I have to relate; and when I have told my tale, the reader will be as wise as I am, in this respect at least.

About the middle of last December, I received a citation to attend a wardmote, to be held in the school-room of my parish. I was in expectation of this summons, as, the parishioners being called upon in rotation, I knew that my turn would come on upon this occasion. The number of tradesmen, who must be all of respectable character, summoned to the first meeting, is always greater than the number required to serve on the inquest, because many find it very inconvenient, and others find it impossible, to give their services. Valid excuses are admitted in plea against the performance of the duty; but a frivolous excuse is not allowed; and a tradesman, whose turn it is to serve, if he can prefer no good reason for not serving, must serve or pay the fine. Six guineas is the heavy penalty inflicted upon a recusant who declines service altogether. This preliminary meeting is called merely to insure a sufficient company to be in attendance in the vestry of — Church, at the general wardmote held on St Thomas's Day.

After an early breakfast on the morning of the day above named, I repaired to the vestry, which was very fully attended, and where, in the course of the forenoon, the common-councilmen for the ward were elected for the ensuing year, and, their election settled, were all duly admonished respecting their duties by the chairman. Then, from the number of respectable tradesmen in attendance, myself and eleven others were elected to prosecute the inquest for that year on behalf of the poor; and we in our turn were admonished by the same authority, that we were not to compass any treason, nor to conspire against Her Majesty the Queen—than which, I am very sure, nothing could have been further from our thoughts. The inquest being thus incorporated, we proceeded to elect a foreman and a treasurer, and to decree fines for non-attendance. The fines were appropriated to the payment of expenses, no part of the money collected being available for any other purpose than that of charity. The collection commenced by a contribution from each member of the inquest, each giving liberally, and setting a generous example. All these necessary preliminaries being settled, every man of us got into a handsome cloak, trimmed with fur, hired for the occasion, at a cost of five shillings per head, and, with the beadle of the ward blazing in scarlet and gold, pacing majestically beneath a three-cornered hat, and pushing a ponderous gold mace in advance, we were marched off to Guildhall, to pass muster before Gog and Magog, and to be presented to his worship the lord mayor. His lordship, who was surrounded by a staff of officials in gorgeous liveries, was very glad to see us: indeed he told us so—said that he was extremely gratified at receiving so highly respectable a company, and expressed more than once his satisfaction at finding that we were so ready to act in the cause of charity as to sacrifice our valuable time, and unite together for the succour of the distressed. He addressed us, in fact, for nearly a minute and a half; after which, as time was pressing, and others were waiting to be presented, we were signaled forward to a side-door, and made a very sudden exit into the street, whence we marched back to the vestry to disrobe, with the exception of some few of our number,

who knowing that the business of the charity was done for the day, abandoned their cloaks to the care of the owner, who contrives generally to be in attendance at this critical moment, and proceeded to look after their own private affairs. We all met, however, in the evening, and partook of a substantial dinner, to which, according to a custom which has prevailed from time immemorial, the church-wardens of the parish and the foreman and treasurer of the inquest of the preceding year were invited. The dinner went off, as a dinner should do, with perfect harmony and good-feeling; and some very excellent speeches were made on the subject of the inquest—its undeniable efficacy and utility, and its great antiquity. We broke up at a sober hour, each member being charged to present himself at the vestry at nine in the morning on that day week, under the penalty of half-a-guinea.

It would have suited my interests very well, when the day came round, to have forfeited my half-guinea, and have attended exclusively to my own business; but judging it more to my credit to go through with the work I had undertaken, I was at my post, together with several of my colleagues, before the hour had struck. Some of our members did not come at all the first day, but sent their half-guineas; others, having to come in from the suburbs before omnibus-time, arrived too late, and were fined in smaller sums for the breach of punctuality. Our party being at length complete, to the number of ten, we indue our cloaks, and, pioneered by the ward-beadle with his ponderous mace, we sally forth to feel the charitable pulse of several parishes. Ten good men and true, swathed to the chin in voluminous folds of broad-cloth fringed with fur, and headed by the ample proportions of the mace-bearer in scarlet and cloth of gold; our apparition, and our mission too, were plainly a mystery to the major part of the population, who, seeing us but once a year, and then but momentarily, as the procession emerges suddenly from one door to plunge into another, do not very well know what to make of it. 'Is that there a buryin' or a marryin'?' 'What's that lot o' fellows after?' 'What's up now, Jem?'—such are a few of the inquiries which from time to time testified the astonishment of the uninitiated; to all of which our imperturbable leader opposed a face as impenetrable as that of the sphinx of the desert. We should have been sadly at a loss, by the way, without him. He knew every soul in the whole ward who would come down to the extent of a sixpence for the sake of the poor; and he led his small phalanx boldly to the charge through all impediments. Under his guidance, we did what certainly we should never have attempted without it. We stormed the stout citadels of the merchants, and carried their strongholds up as high as the third and fourth floors, and captured many a poor man's dinner from the very jaws of the cash-box. We dived into cellars, and crouched and crept into subterranean dens. We threaded muddy lanes, and wandered among bewildering wharfs, and mounted lofts and sheds, and squeezed ourselves into all sorts of out-of-the-way slums. We climbed ladders leading up into creaking timber galleries, and got into regions of old planks and cobwebs, dim with dust and odorous with ancient smells. We assailed the scholar at his studies, and the craftsman at his labour, and from all and each we met with a courteous reception, and gathered the sinews of benevolence. The dispositions of men vary in few things more than in their several modes of conferring a favour. Some of our most liberal donors thoughtfully sent their bank-notes to the vestry, to save us the trouble of waiting upon them; others, on the contrary, levied the full value of their gifts, by keeping us wearily waiting before we got them: A barber, whom we found at his block busily weaving a wig, and whose diminutive crib would not contain half our company, apologised because it was not in his power to do much for us, and

then diffidently tendered a guinea. A portly dealer in feminine luxuries talked largely of the claims of our indigent brethren, and the sacred obligations of charity, and wound up his sonorous homily with the climax of half-a-crown. We found one burly gentleman, buried up to the elbows in red-tape and legal documents, who professed a perfect horror, a rooted antipathy, to the poor in every shape, and who had a decided conviction that poverty was a nuisance which ought to be put down. When he had said all this, and a great deal more, he very consistently lent a hand towards abating the nuisance, by presenting us with a contribution of double his usual annual subscription. When we had got out of earshot, our experienced chaperon remarked to me: 'When I hered him agoin' on so, I knowed he was agoin' to come down 'ansome. He's a very nice genelman, what enjoys a grumble, and don't mind paying for it!'

Our domiciliary visits occupied between three and four days, and the rain fell in torrents during the whole time. We were wet through in spite of the cloaks we wore, but canvassed the whole district successfully notwithstanding, and probably collected every shilling that was to be got. Our guide had so often felt the pulse of the whole ward in this way, that he never suffered us to waste our time or our demands upon those whom he knew to be impracticable; and thus we got through the business much more quickly, as well as more prosperously, than we could possibly have done had we been left to our own resources. The result of our united labours was a purse of nearly £200; and now came the more pleasant part of our duty—the distribution of alms, at a season when poverty is most severely felt, to the most deserving of the most needy.

The distribution took place a few days after the collection was finished. In the interim, blank tickets had been distributed to such of the donors as chose to receive them, upon which they inscribed the names of the poor persons whom they recommended for relief. The vestry where we were elected was the scene of the distribution. The body of the church was allotted for the accommodation of the poor ticket-holders, who formed a numerous and very motley crowd, and who were called in to receive their dole in rotation, by the ward-beadle, from a list which he had prepared. I suspect, however, that the system of rotation was not very rigidly observed, inasmuch as half-a-dozen women, with squalling children in their arms, were among the very first who were called in and dealt with, by which means something like peace and quietness were obtained while the claims of the crowd of the remaining applicants were severally considered. What followed was a very different affair from that which transpires weekly at the parish pay-table. I have been church-warden, overseer, and guardian of various parishes in my time, and I have seen the poor in all conditions and under all circumstances, and I thought I knew them well enough; but I derived a new lesson now, and learned that it is possible for humanity to undergo the direst misfortunes without losing heart and hope—to drain the cup of misery to the dregs without becoming utterly selfish—and to be long immersed in the lowest depths of necessity, and yet be human still. I shall describe one or two of these hapless claimants upon the benevolence of their wealthy fellow-citizens, premising that a few of them only are the recipients of parish pay. They see no disgrace, perhaps, in participating in a voluntary alms, because it is voluntary, and, as such, cannot be regarded as the peculiar property of that numerous class who assert and maintain a life-interest in compulsory funds legally levied for their support.

One of the first who seemed to attract general sympathy was an old, old man, trembling on the very verge of the grave, who had outlived almost every faculty of mind and body. He could walk only by instinct, advancing his foot mechanically, to save himself from

falling, when he was pushed gently forwards. When standing, he could not seat himself—and when sitting, he could not get up without help. In whatever posture he was placed, there he remained. Altogether insensible to question and remark, he looked wildly round upon us, and smiled, and winked with both eyes. These were his sole remaining capabilities—to wink, and to look agreeable. He had been recommended as an object worthy of charity by a liberal donor, and he was brought in person to justify the recommendation. He was clean, and neat, and tidily dressed, but evidently in a state of perfect unconsciousness of everything around him. He had lived once, but it was in times long past and gone: you might guess him to be what age you chose, but you could hardly think him older than he was; time, who had stolen his faculties, had forgotten to wreck the casket that contained them: the spirit of life had left its tenement, and by some strange mistake, the animated machine had gone on without it. My neighbour, the watchmaker, compared him to a clock with the striking-train run down, and the works rusty beyond repair. He could not thank us for the alms we gave him, but he did all he could—he winked, and smiled, and tried to make a bow, but failed in the attempt, and resigned himself cheerfully to the care of his friends, who carried him off.

Another quiet applicant was a lady, whose natural-born gentility poverty might obscure but could not conceal. Years of want and struggling deprivation had dimmed her charms; but they had neither bowed nor bent her stately form, nor quenched the inherent virtue of self-respect, nor deprived her of the correct and appropriate diction, and the winning and courteous expression which once graced a drawing-room. She was introduced to us by the beadle as Lady W—; and although draped in very humble and well-worn apparel, she looked what she was—a gentlewoman in every sense of the word; though beyond an empty title, she possessed hardly anything in the world. She answered our inquiries with a natural courtesy, which at least some of us felt to be a condescension. 'Gentlemen,' she said, 'it is true, as your attendant states, that I am a lady. In my youth, I married a titled man. I make no boast of that—it was, indeed, my misfortune. I was brought up and educated to occupy a station inferior to few: I filled that station for many years; it is not for me to say how appropriately; and though calamity has overtaken me now, and I have been familiar with necessity for so long a time, yet I feel that I am a lady still. I may be reproached with poverty, and that I can bear; but I trust I shall never be justly reproached with having fallen to the level of my circumstances. I am grateful to you for the assistance you so kindly render me; and I can express that sentiment, and feel it deeply, too, without humiliation, because the aid you supply is as voluntary on your part as its acceptance is necessary on mine.' When our foreman had instinctively wrapped the donation awarded to her in a quarter sheet of letter-paper, and presented her with it, she bent with a dignified obeisance, and silently withdrew.

A third applicant, worthy of a passing notice, was a lady of a very different stamp. Who or what she had been in former years, I could not ascertain, but she appeared before us in the character of a middle-aged mince-pie monomaniac, and jam-tart amateur. The poor harmless creature was clad in the veriest shreds of dusky feminine attire, which barely shielded her limbs from the inclemency of the weather. She had a notion that she, too, was a lady, and that, being a lady, she was bound to live by the consumption of pastry, and nothing else. We were admonished by our custodian that whatever amount we awarded her, whether it were much or little, would be forthwith consigned to the confectioner, in exchange for mince-pies and tarts of the very best quality; and I regret to say, that this

announcement had the effect of reducing considerably the sum she derived from the charity of the ward, and effectually preventing the consummation of any very formidable debauch with her favourite viands. But the poor simpleton was as merry as she was innocent and harmless; and all unsuspicious of the latent grudge which had lessened her gratuity, tripped hastily off, to enjoy at least one delicious repast.

After we had sat some hours, a very distressing case was brought forward. A poor woman, the wife of a working-man, and the mother of a young family, had been deserted by her husband, who had left her, besides her own children, the charge of his bedridden parents. Under this accumulation of burdens, she had been heroically struggling for some months, in the vain attempt, by her single energies, to ward off the approach of want, and to act at the same time the part of nurse to the old couple. She had succeeded in a great measure, and modestly sought but a little help to enable her to persevere in her arduous undertaking.

Then came an old man, verging on fourscore, the very *beau idéal* of the merchant's serving-man of the last century. He had once been comparatively prosperous, but, judging from his cheerful face, perhaps hardly ever happier than he was now. For fifty years of his life, he had been *custos* and confidential house-keeper to a well-known firm, which, after four or five generations of unvarying prosperity, had sunk in the panic of 1846 into the gulf of bankruptcy. In the general wreck that followed, old Benjamin was forgotten, or remembered only with a pang of unavailing regret. He found a refuge, however, in some small garret, where he contrives to preserve his cheerfulness and his pigtail, the only outward and visible sign of his former respectability, and where he acts as master of the ceremonies to a clique of ancient ladies, his fellow-lodgers, to whom he is at once the guardian and the beau of the fourth floor. When he had received his own little modicum of benevolence, he pleaded hard for the immediate settlement of the claim of one of his fair *coterie*, a widow of fourscore and five; and finding that his request could not be complied with, but that she must be left till her turn came, he retired to a corner of the room, and waited a full hour and more, until her business was settled, when he bowed ceremoniously, till his pigtail pointed to the zenith, and tendering his arm, escorted her home with all the vivacity and politeness of the days of hoops and high-heeled shoes. I have scarcely yet found out the reason why it was that the spectacle of this happy, kind old soul, made me feel a little, only a little, ashamed of myself.

This cosy old couple had hardly tripped out of sight, when our prosy synod was honoured by the advent of a real and extraordinary phenomenon. This was nothing less than a half-crazy poetess, who prided herself on speaking in rhyme—and such rhyme, amusing from its very badness. On she was going at a great rate, when she was called to order in a manner which admitted of no demur.

'Mrs Margaret Maggs!' roared the beadle; and the tenth Muse, brought to a sudden stand-still, ceased her oracular utterances, and, grasping her modicum of shining silver, vanished from the presence.

The distribution lasted the whole of the day; and it was a weary day for some of the poor applicants, whose turn came last, and who almost fainted for want of refreshment. But all who deserved it, went home effectually relieved and gladdened; and many who did not, got a lesson upon the occasion, and learned that Charity is not always as blind as she is supposed to be. The whole of the money collected is not distributed at once. About a third part of the amount is reserved until the approach of the next ensuing winter, when a second distribution takes place, generally to the same applicants.

I have heard it insinuated before now, that City functionaries of all sorts are prone to take too good

care of themselves, whenever they meet to consider the wants of the poor. I may perhaps be allowed to say, that when we have a feast, we pay for it; and that not one farthing of any collection made in the City for the poor was ever, to my knowledge, appropriated to any other purpose. As a respectable man, I, for one, would never countenance any intromission of that kind.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LONDON CAB REFORM.

Ir John Bull were not, with all his grumbling, one of the most patient animals in existence, he could never have endured so long the cabs which he has to employ for the conveyance of his person through the streets of his metropolis. They are very poorly furnished and nasty, far below similar conveyances in any continental city with which we are acquainted. Greater fault still is to be found with the drivers, a large proportion of whom are so prone to overreach, that it is hardly possible to settle for their fares without a squabble. Our experience leads us to say, that at an average a stranger pays 30 per cent. above the proper sum, besides having his temper in almost every instance ruffled to some extent by the sense of having no adequate protection from the rudeness of this class of men. For a lady, there seems to be no chance of escape but by the alternative of some enormous overcharge. Altogether, this department of public economy in London is in a most unsatisfactory state. Most people avoid using these street vehicles whenever they can, and this is especially true of strangers. We can state as a fact, that a provincial gentleman of our acquaintance is accustomed to take the inconvenience of the cab-system into account in deliberating whether he shall have a month of London life or not. It is one of the repelling considerations, to a degree that the Londoners themselves are not aware of.

In an age of such exquisite contrivance and precision in mechanical and commercial matters, it might have been anticipated that the bad system of London cabs could not long survive. All dishonest businesses write their own doom. Those only thrive which sincerely seek the good of the public. Accordingly, it is not surprising, at a time when one-and-a-half per cent. is a fact in banking, to find two large and powerful companies getting up to supersede the bad, old, dear, cheating cabs with a new and civilised set. It is proposed by one of these bodies to 'provide for the public a superior class of carriages, horses, and drivers, at reduced and definite fares; to afford the utmost possible security for property, and especially prompt and easy redress of complaints.' With better vehicles at three-fourths of the present charges—namely, 6d. a mile—and these to be settled for in a manner which will preclude disputes, this company deserves, and will be sure to obtain, the public patronage. One good feature of the proposed arrangements will, we think, be highly satisfactory: the company will form a sufficient magistracy in itself to give quick and easy redress in the case of any wrong. But, indeed, from the precautions taken as to the employment of drivers, and the hold which the company will have over them, through the medium of guarantee and their own deposits in a benefit-fund, it seems to us that the good conduct of the men towards their 'fares' must be effectually secured. The other company proposes to have two classes of vehicles—one at 8d. and the other at 4d. a mile; and it contemplates the use of a mechanism for indicating the distance passed over. We most earnestly hope that both companies will succeed in establishing themselves and carrying an improvement so important to the public into effect.

COLONIAL PENNY-POSTAGE.

'I shall write to every one in turn, but it is expensive sending to many at once,' says one of the poor

needlewomen, whom Mr Sydney Herbert's Female Emigration Fund has enabled to obtain a comfortable home at Adelaide. Well might she complain of the expense. When at home, she could send a letter to the most distant corner of the United Kingdom for a penny. In Australia, she finds that the cost of sending a letter to her mother in London is a shilling. It is strange that the colonists do not make an outcry about so extravagant a charge. Of all the anomalies in English legislation, our colonial postage-system is certainly one of the most glaring; and yet, in the midst of so much effort for emigration and colonisation, hardly any one seems to be aware of it. The people of England, Ireland, and Scotland have, for the last twelve years, enjoyed the incalculable benefits of Penny-Postage, but they have never thought of extending its blessings to their fellow-countrymen, scattered abroad among our various colonies over the whole surface of the globe.

Under the old dear system, the cost of sending a letter home from any of the colonies was not felt so much as it is now. The emigrant, before he left home, had always been accustomed to pay from 9d. to 1s. 2d. for letters from distant parts of the United Kingdom, and he could not complain at finding the postage from Canada or Australia to the mother-country only a little dearer. But the case has been entirely changed since Rowland Hill's plan came into operation. What seemed a moderate rate before that great improvement took place, is now an exorbitant charge, which no working-man will pay very frequently. In this, as in most other affairs, it is not the actual but the comparative cost of the article which makes it seem dear. To a person who has recently left his native land, and who is probably still suffering from homesickness, a letter from any beloved friend or relative is worth far more than many shillings; indeed, the value cannot be estimated in sterling coin. But, unfortunately, the first mode in which the emigrant discovers that the social luxury of correspondence has advanced 1100 per cent. in price, is not in the tempting shape of a letter from home. He must first write to his friends before he can expect them to write to him, and that is a task which nine persons out of ten, on the most charitable calculation, are very strongly tempted to procrastinate, from day to day, even without any pecuniary obstacle. But how much stronger the temptation to put off the writing of 'that letter' from day to day for weeks, and at last for months, when the poor emigrant, still struggling with difficulties, finds that, instead of only a penny for each letter, he must now pay a shilling? What wonder though many thousands, who have left friends and relatives behind them, all anxiously on the outlook for some tidings of their welfare, should defer the task of writing home for a month or two, finding it so dear; and, having got over the first few months, gradually become careless, and never write home at all? There are few people who have not known many instances of this kind; and we have little doubt that it is owing mainly to this cause that they have given up all correspondence with the old country.

It is strange that Mr Sydney Herbert, Mrs Chisholm, and the rest of those honourable men and women who have taken so much pains to promote emigration, should not have seen the importance of obtaining colonial postage reform. Mr Gibbon Wakefield, in his *England and America*, published nearly twenty years ago, lays much stress upon the impulse which healthy emigration to our colonies would derive from any measure which should enable the poorer class of emigrants to write home more frequently. As a proof of this, he remarks, that the great emigration from England which had recently taken place—an increase of about 200 per cent. over former years—had been mainly caused by the publication of letters from poor

emigrants to their friends at home. With a view to encourage such correspondence, he suggests that, for some years after their arrival in a colony, poor emigrants should be allowed the privilege of sending their letters free of postage. Thanks to Rowland Hill, we have learned that letters can be carried at so very small a cost, that even the poor can afford to pay the sum charged by the post-office authorities in this country; and it requires little more than a stroke of the colonial secretary's pen to extend the same invaluable privilege to the thousands of emigrants who leave this country every month for some one or other of our numerous colonies. What Mr Gibbon Wakefield says of the free-postage plan of that time, would apply with nearly equal force to the proposed Colonial Penny-Postage:—'In this way, not only would the necessary evil of going to a colony be diminished—that is, the emigrants would depart with the pleasant assurance of being able to communicate with their friends at home—but the poorer classes in the mother-country would always hear the truth as to the prospects of emigrants; and not only the truth, but truth in which they would not suspect any falsehood.' He goes on to say, that the statements published about that time, by an emigration-board sitting in Downing Street, shewing what high wages were obtainable in the colonies, 'though perfectly true, have not been received with implicit faith by the harassed, and therefore suspicious class to whom they were addressed; nor would any statements made by the government ever obtain so much credit as letters from the emigrants themselves.' All who have ever paid any attention to the subject of emigration, and who have mixed familiarly among the poorer classes, will agree with Mr Wakefield. All the government returns that ever were made, backed by ever so many extracts from colonial newspapers, about the high rate of wages, and the cheapness of provisions, will not make half the impression upon a poor man which a single letter from an emigrant brother, a son, or a trustworthy friend, will produce.

We should be glad to see the country rouse itself on this important question, regarding which numerous meetings have already been held.

SURVEYING VOYAGE OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

SIXTH war went out of fashion, many officers of the British navy have been employed in exploring seas, and surveying coasts, in different parts of the world, for the laudable purpose of facilitating navigation; and there would be little harm in supposing, that there might be as much glory in verifying the position and extent of a shoal or sunken rock, as in capturing an enemy's frigate. At all events, these surveying voyages furnish useful occupation, not unattended with danger; and they involve the necessity for a good deal of hard work, of a dry and technical character, three years being the time usually allotted to a cruise. Australia, owing to the dangerous character of its northern and eastern shores, has been the scene of numerous surveys, among the latest of which was that by Captain Blackwood in the *Fly*. One important result of this survey was the finding of a passage through the great Barrier Reef for vessels navigating Torres Strait; but as more than one passage was considered essential to the safety of a route so much frequented, the *Rattlesnake* was commissioned, in September 1846, for a further survey, to be carried on in what is called the Coral Sea, having New Guinea, the Louisiade Archipelago, and the continent of Australia, as its boundaries *

After some months spent in preliminary examination of different parts of the Australian shores and seas, the *Rattlesnake* sailed from Sydney, at the end of April 1848, for the main object of her cruise. She had the *Bramble*, a small schooner, as tender, and was accompanied by the *Tam o' Shanter*, a vessel chartered for the conveyance of Mr Kennedy's expedition, which was to land at Rockingham Bay, 1200 miles to the northward, 'and explore the country to the eastward of the dividing range, running along the north-east coast of Australia, at a variable distance from the shore, and terminating at Cape York.' Having assisted in landing this party, and arranged to meet them at the head of Princess Charlotte's Bay, on their toilsome, and, as it proved, disastrous overland journey, the ships pursued their route, and soon commenced a series of triangulations, which were continued without a break for more than 600 miles. The *Bramble* waited ten days at the appointed rendezvous without seeing anything of the overland expedition, which, as it afterwards appeared, did not reach the same latitude until two months later, and then at a considerable distance from the coast.

In October, the vessels were at Cape York, waiting for Mr Kennedy, and receiving supplies from a store-ship despatched from Sydney, and letters from the 'post-office' on Booby Island. In his capacity as naturalist and ethnologist, Mr Macgillivray made frequent excursions, collecting plants and animals, and words for a vocabulary. The natives are described as inordinately fond of smoking whenever they can get *choka*, as they call tobacco. 'The pipe—which is a piece of bamboo as thick as the arm, and two or three feet long—is first filled with tobacco-smoke, and then handed round the company, seated on the ground in a ring; each takes a long inhalation, and passes the pipe to his neighbour, slowly allowing the smoke to exhale. On several occasions at Cape York,' continues the author, 'I have seen a native so affected by a single inhalation, as to be rendered nearly senseless, with the perspiration bursting out at every pore, and require a draught of water to restore him; and although myself a smoker, yet, on the only occasion when I tried this mode of using tobacco, the sensations of nausea and faintness were produced.' There is something new in the idea of taking whiffs of ready-made smoke, which might perhaps be turned to account by enterprising purveyors of social enjoyments on this side of the world.

After the abortive attempt to establish the colony of 'North Australia' at Port Curtis, at a cost of £15,000, and the abandonment of Port Essington, it is not uninteresting to learn that Cape York presents many natural capabilities for a settlement. There is a good harbour, safe anchorage, abundance of fresh water all the year round, and a moderate extent of cultivable land, all of which will help to constitute it a desirable coaling station for the contemplated line of steamers from Sydney to Singapore and India. The Port-Essington experiment was so complete a failure, that after trying for eleven years, the colonists were 'not even able to keep themselves in fresh vegetables.' Fortunately, but little encouragement was ever offered to permanent settlers, or the disappointments caused by an unproductive soil and unhealthy climate would have been greatly multiplied. A singular example of the *lex talionis* occurred among the natives at this place. One of them having been severely wounded in punishment for an offence, the penalty was considered too severe, and 'it was finally determined that, upon Munjerrijo's recovery, the two natives who had wounded him should offer their heads to him to be struck with a club—the usual way, it would appear, of settling such matters.'

Here we find, too, another of those instances of intelligence in a native, the more extraordinary when

* Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. *Rattlesnake*, commanded by the late Captain Owen Stanley, during the years 1846-50, including Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea, the Louisiade Archipelago, &c. &c. By John Macgillivray, F.R.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. London: Boone. 2 vols. 8vo.

contrasted with the low mental condition of the aborigines in general. Sir Thomas Mitchell, and other Australian travellers, have spoken of their acutely-endowed guides in terms almost of affection; and Mr Macgillivray relates that, during his stay at Port Essington, a native named Neimnal became greatly attached to him. 'One day,' he continues, 'while detained by rainy weather at my camp, I was busy in skinning a fish; Neimnal watched me attentively for some time, and then withdrew, but returned in half an hour afterwards with the skin of another fish in his hand, prepared by himself, and so well done, too, that it was added to the collection. He went with us to Singapore, Java, and Sydney, and, from his great good-humour, became a favourite with all on board—picking up the English language with facility, and readily conforming himself to our customs and the discipline of the ship. He was very cleanly in his personal habits, and paid much attention to his dress, which was always kept neat and tidy. I was often much amused and surprised by the oddity and justness of his remarks upon the many strange sights which a voyage of this kind brought before him.' The *Nemesis* steamer underweigh puzzled him at first; he then thought it was 'all same big cart, only got him shingles (wooden roofing-tiles, so called) on wheels!' Neimnal spoke of his countrymen as 'big fools,' and held white men in such estimation, that he volunteered for a voyage to England; but having been prevented, returned to Port Essington, where he learned to read and write. His superiority rendered him obnoxious to the older members of his family; and one day, while on a visit to his tribe, 'he was roused from sleep to find himself surrounded by a host of savages thirsting for his blood. They told him to rise, but he merely raised himself upon his elbow, and said: "If you want to kill me, do so where I am; I won't get up. Give me a spear and club, and I'll fight you all one by one!" He had scarcely spoken, when he was speared from behind; spear after spear followed, and as he lay writhing on the ground, his savage murderers literally dashed him to pieces with their clubs.'

In June 1849, the *Rattlesnake* and *Bramble* were at work in the Louisiade Archipelago, finding out the safest channels and anchorages among its numerous rocks, shoals, and reefs. The natives of some of the islands had never seen Europeans before, yet seemed little inclined to acknowledge the superiority of their visitors. They manifested but little alarm on witnessing the effects of firearms; and on one occasion attacked two of the ship's boats with a courage and self-reliance extraordinary under the circumstances. In general characteristics, they resemble the Torres Strait islanders: some of them friz their hair up into a mop two feet in diameter, wear a comb nearly a yard long, and bunches of dogs' teeth hanging behind, by way of ornament, and take no little pride in adorning their persons with paint and tattoo-marks, and flowers and plants of strong odour. Bracelets of various kinds are a favourite decoration, and among these the most curious 'is that made of a human lower jaw, with one or more collar-bones closing the upper side, crossing from one angle to the other. Whether these are the jaws of former friends or enemies,' says Mr Macgillivray, 'we had no means of ascertaining; no great value appeared to be attached to them; and it was observed, as a curious circumstance, that none of these jaws had the teeth discoloured by the practice of betel-chewing.'

A supply of yams being wanted, the cutter was sent one day at the beginning of July to open a trade, if possible, with the natives of Brierly Island, on which occasion 'Mr Brady took charge of the bartering, and drawing a number of lines upon the sandy beach, explained that when each was covered with a yam, he would give an axe in return. At first, some little

difficulty occurred, as the yams were brought down very slowly—two or three at a time; but at length the first batch was completed, and the axe handed over. The man who got it had been trembling with anxiety for some time back, holding Mr Brady by the arm, and watching the promised axe with eager eye. When he obtained possession of it, he became quite wild with joy, laughing and screaming, and flourishing the axe over his head. After this commencement, the bartering went on briskly, amidst a great deal of uproar—the men passing between the village and the beach at full speed, with basketfuls of yams, and too intent on getting the *kiram kelumai* (iron axes) to think of anything else.' In this way, 368 pounds of yams were collected, at a cost of about a half-penny per pound.

Among contrivances for procuring food, the natives of some of the islands train the sucking-fish (*Echeneis remora*) for the chase in the water, as dogs are trained to hunt on land. A line is made fast to the creature's tail; it is then started in pursuit of prey, and as soon as it has attached itself to a turtle, or any other 'game,' the line is hauled in, and the prize secured. While the *Rattlesnake* lay at anchor, a number of sucking-fishes took up their quarters under her bottom, and whenever the sailors dropped a bait overboard, it was always seized by one of the *remora*, greatly to the annoyance of the anglers on deck. 'Being quite a nuisance,' writes Mr Macgillivray, 'and useless as food, Jack often treated them as he would a shark, by "spritsail-yarding," or some still less refined mode of torture. One day, some of us, while walking the poop, had our attention directed to a sucking-fish, about two and a half feet in length, which had been made fast by the tail to a billet of wood, by a fathom or so of spun-yarn, and turned adrift. An immense striped shark, apparently about fourteen feet in length, which had been cruising about the ship all the morning, sailed slowly up, and turning slightly on one side, attempted to seize the seemingly helpless fish; but the sucker, with great dexterity, made himself fast in a moment to the shark's back. Off darted the monster at full speed—the sucker holding on as fast as a limpet to a rock, and the billet towing astern. He then rolled over and over, tumbling about, when, wearied with his efforts, he lay quiet for a little. Seeing the float, the shark got it into his mouth, and disengaging the sucker by a tug on the line, made a bolt at the fish; but his puny antagonist was again too quick, and fixing himself close behind the dorsal fin, defied the efforts of the shark to disengage him, although he rolled over and over, lashing the water with his tail until it foamed all round.' After such a spirited combat, it is somewhat tantalising to read, that the final result could not clearly be made out; it is scarcely possible, however, not to wish success to the *remora*.

On the 18th August, a party landed on the coast of New Guinea, and paid a friendly visit to some of the Papuans who had been off to the ship, and found them less fierce and distrustful than those of the islands. Some of them thought the muskets were water-vessels, and others were afraid of a knife: it was too sharp. They are excellent mimics; and one of them imitated the English drummer so cleverly on an old tin-can, as to excite roars of laughter among all who witnessed the performance. Some of their dances are extraordinary, more resembling a fencing-match than movements of the light fantastic toe; and the following description of a dance after nightfall is curious:—'On seeing a number of lights along the beach, we at first thought they proceeded from a fishing-party, but on looking through a night-glass, the group was seen to consist of above a dozen people, each carrying a blazing torch, and going through the movements of a dance. At one time, they extended rapidly into line; at another, closed, dividing into two parties, advancing and retreating, crossing

and recrossing, and mixing up with each other. This continued for half an hour; and having apparently been got up for our amusement, a rocket was sent up for theirs, and a blue-light burned; but the dancing had ceased, and the lights disappeared.

On the 1st October, the *Rattlesnake* was again at Cape York. About the middle of the month, an incident occurred which relieved the dullness of a period of inactivity—the discovery and rescue of a white woman, who had been for some time a prisoner among the natives. We shall abridge Mr Macgillivray's narrative of her story. Her name is Barbara Thomson; she was born at Aberdeen, and emigrated to New South Wales with her parents. About four and a half years prior to the event, she had accompanied her husband in a small cutter, to try to save some part of the cargo of a whaler that had been wrecked on the Bampton shoal. The pilot missed his route, two of the crew were drowned by accident, another was left on a desert island, and at last the little vessel, caught by a gale in Torres Strait, struck upon a reef on Prince of Wales Island. The only two men left on board were drowned in attempting to swim to shore; but the woman was saved by a party of natives, one of whom, Boroto by name, forced her to live with him as his wife, in which position she for a time was exposed to much cruelty, owing to the jealousy of the women of the tribe. She eventually was saved from persecution by a singular belief prevalent among the natives—that white people are the ghosts of departed aborigines—one of the principal among the blacks having persuaded himself that he had found in her his long-lost daughter, after whom Barbara was named Gion. The head-quarters of the tribe were on an island, and the captive frequently saw vessels pass on their way to Torres Strait, but without any opportunity of making her case known. She had heard of the first arrival of the *Rattlesnake* and tender at Cape York; and on the last visit, had induced the blacks to escort her to within a short distance of the anchorage, they believing that she only wished to shake hands with her countrymen, and would soon return, laden with knives, axes, and tobacco. Although lame, she hurried on, fearing that her conductors might change their mind, and made towards some of the ship's company, who were on shore shooting. Except a fringe of leaves, she was quite naked, and her appearance was so dirty and miserable, that they took her for a gin, or native woman, and paid no attention to her, when she called out: 'I am a white woman; why do you leave me?' She was immediately taken on board the ship, and but just in time to escape from a small party of the tribe, who had followed to detain her.

Mr Macgillivray continues: 'Upon being asked by Captain Stanley, whether she really preferred remaining with us to accompanying the natives back to their island, as she would be allowed her free choice in the matter, she was so much agitated as to find difficulty in expressing her thankfulness, making use of scraps of English alternately with the Kowrarega language, and then, suddenly awakening to the recollection that she was not understood, the poor creature blushed all over, and with downcast eyes beat her forehead with her hand, as if to assist in collecting her scattered thoughts. At length, after a pause, she found words to say: "Sir, I am a Christian, and would rather go back to my own friends." At the same time, it was remarked by every one that she had not lost the feelings of womanly modesty; even after having lived so long among naked blacks, she seemed acutely to feel the singularity of her position, dressed only in a couple of shirts, in the midst of a crowd of her own countrymen.'

In accordance with her wish, Mrs Thomson was kept on board, and had a cabin given up to her own use; good living and medical attendance soon cured the soreness of her tanned and blistered skin, and the

ophthalmia, which had deprived her of the sight of one eye. The black Boroto grew desperate when he found that she would not return to him, and threatened to cut off her head to satisfy his vengeance—a catastrophe which the rescued woman avoided by not going on shore; and she was eventually handed over, in good condition, to her parents on the return of the vessel to Sydney, at the beginning of 1850.

Shortly afterwards, to the great sorrow of all on board, Captain Stanley died, at the early age of thirty-eight. He had brought his scientific labours to a successful close, and might have looked forward to a brief period of honourable repose; but the fatigue and anxiety of a laborious survey in a hot climate, and the news of the decease of his father, the late Bishop of Norwich, depressed him beyond the power of recovery. This was not the only melancholy incident connected with the *Rattlesnake's* voyage. Mr Kennedy's expedition had proved a most disastrous failure. The party, as we have seen, had landed in Rockingham Bay, and commenced their journey northwards, with a well-appointed caravan of carts, horses, and men, all in high spirits. But more than a month elapsed before they could extricate themselves from the swamps and scrub which cover that part of the country; and at the beginning of November, five months later, they had not advanced more than 400 miles in a direct line: nineteen of the horses were dead, and the stock of provisions nearly exhausted. Mr Kennedy then determined on pushing forwards, with a light party, for Cape York, 150 miles distant, whence relief was to be sent to the eight individuals who were left behind, nearly worn out with fatigue and exhaustion. This party consisted of the leader; Jackey Jackey, a faithful and intelligent native; and three of the strongest of the men. One of the latter accidentally shot himself, and the other two became so weak, that they also were left at an encampment, with as large a supply of provisions as could be spared. After incredible hardships, Mr Kennedy and his companion reached Escape River, twenty miles from Cape York, where they were attacked by a party of natives, while entangled in a scrub, and the gallant leader of the expedition fell a victim to their ferocity. Three spears had entered his body, and Jackey Jackey, in simple but touching words, describes his last moments. 'Mr Kennedy,' he asked, after having carried the wounded man out of sight of the natives, 'are you going to leave me?' 'Yes, my boy, I am going to leave you,' was the reply of the dying man. 'I am very bad, Jackey. You take the books, Jackey, to the captain; but not the big ones: the governor will give anything for them.' 'I then tied up the papers. He then said: "Jackey, give me paper, and I will write." I gave him paper and pencil, and he tried to write; and he then fell back and died, and I caught him as he fell back, and held him, and I then turned round myself, and cried. I was crying a good while, until I got well; that was about an hour, and then I buried him. I dug up the ground with a tomahawk, and covered him over with logs, then grass, and my shirt and trousers. That night I left him, near dark.'

Jackey contrived to evade the pursuers, and a week afterwards got on board the schooner, which was lying in Port Albany, Cape York, waiting the arrival of Mr Kennedy's expedition. On learning the fatal result, the captain sailed, in the hope of saving the men who had been left behind. Of the two who had belonged to the advanced party, nothing was discovered except some articles of clothing, and it was believed they had perished. Of the eight first left near Weymouth Bay, two were still alive, but in the last stage of exhaustion, having endured privations and hardships almost without a parallel.

The brig *Freak* was subsequently despatched from Sydney, for the purpose of securing any papers or

documents, or the mortal remains of any of the unfortunate expedition. Jackey Jackey was on board, and by means of his remarkable sagacity, led the way to the respective camps. The bones of two of the men were found; also some of Mr Kennedy's instruments, portions of his clothing, and his manuscript journal, which had been hidden in the hollow of a tree; but after a minute search for the place where his body had been buried, it could not be discovered.

We might extend this painful narrative did our space permit; but we must now close, with a recommendation of the book under notice to those who are interested in the progress of natural or geographical discovery.

A CELEBRATED FRENCH CLOCKMAKER.

THE superiority of French clocks and watches has been achieved only by the laborious efforts of many ingenious artisans. Of one of these, to whom France owes no little of its celebrity in this branch of art, we propose to speak. Bréguet was the name of this remarkable individual. He was a native of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, and thence he was removed, while young, to Versailles, for the purpose of learning his business as a horologist. His parents being poor, he found it necessary to rely on his own energy for advancement in life.

At Versailles, he served a regular apprenticeship, during which his diligence in improving himself was almost beyond example. He became greatly attached to his profession; and soon, by studious perseverance, his talents were developed by real knowledge. At length the term of apprenticeship expired, and as the master was expressing to the pupil the satisfaction which his good conduct and diligence had given him, he was struck with astonishment when he replied: 'Master, I have a favour to ask of you. I feel that I have not always as I ought employed my time, which was to have indemnified you for the cares and lessons you have spent on me. I beg of you, then, to permit me to continue with you three months longer without salary.' This request confirmed the attachment of the master to his pupil. But scarcely was the apprenticeship of the latter over, when he lost his mother and his stepfather, and found himself alone in the world with an elder sister—being thus left to provide, by his own industry, for the maintenance of two persons. Nevertheless, he ardently desired to complete his necessary studies, for he felt that the knowledge of mathematics was absolutely indispensable to his attaining perfection in his art. This determined purpose conquered every obstacle. Not only did he labour perseveringly for his sister and himself, but also found means to attend regularly a course of public lectures which the Abbé Marie was then giving at the College Mazarin. The professor, having remarked the unwearied assiduity of the young clockmaker, made a friend of him, and delighted in considering him as his beloved pupil. This friendship, founded on the truest esteem and the most affectionate gratitude, contributed wondrously to the progress of the student.

The great metamorphosis which was effected so suddenly in the young clockmaker was very remarkable. There is something very encouraging in his example, affording as it does a proof of the power of the man who arms himself with a determined purpose. At first, the struggle with difficulties appears hard, painful, almost impossible; but only let there be a little perseverance, the obstacles vanish one after the other, the way is made plain: instead of the thorns which seem to choke it, verdant laurels suddenly spring up, the reward of constant and unwearied labour. Thus it was with our studious apprentice. His ideas soon expand; his work acquires more precision; a new

and a more extended horizon opens before him. From a skilful workman, it is not long before he becomes an accomplished artist. Yet a few years, and the name of Bréguet is celebrated.

At the epoch of the first troubles of the Revolution of 1789, Bréguet had already founded the establishment which has since produced so many master-pieces of mechanism. The most honourable, the most flattering reputation was his. One anecdote will serve to prove the high repute in which he was held, even out of France. One day a watch, to the construction of which he had given his whole attention, happened to fall into the hands of Arnold, the celebrated English watchmaker. He examined it with interest, and surveyed with admiration the simplicity of its mechanism, the perfection of the workmanship. He could scarcely be persuaded that a specimen thus executed could be the work of French industry. Yielding to the love of his art, he immediately set out for Paris, without any other object than simply to become acquainted with the French artist. On arriving in Paris, he went immediately to see Bréguet, and soon these two men were acquainted with each other. They seem, indeed, to have formed a mutual friendship. In order that Bréguet might give Arnold the highest token of his esteem and affection, he requested him to take his son with him to be taught his profession, and this was acceded to.

The Revolution destroyed the first establishment of Bréguet, and finally forced the great artist to seek an asylum on a foreign shore. There generous assistance enabled him, with his son, to continue his ingenious experiments in his art. At length, having returned to Paris after two years' absence, he opened a new establishment, which continued to flourish till 1823, when France lost this man, the pride and boast of its industrial class. Bréguet was member of the Institute, was clockmaker to the navy, and member of the Bureau of Longitude. He was indeed the most celebrated clockmaker of the age; he had brought to perfection every branch of his art. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and ingenuity of his free escapement with a maintaining power. To him we owe another escapement called 'natural,' in which there is no spring, and oil is not needed; but another, and still more perfect one, is the double escapement, where the precision of the contacts renders the use of oil equally unnecessary, and in which the waste of power in the pendulum is repaired at each vibration.

The sea-watches or chronometers of Bréguet are famous throughout the world. It is well known that these watches are every moment subject to change of position, from the rolling and pitching of the vessel. Bréguet conceived the bold thought of enclosing the whole mechanism of the escapement and the spring in a circular envelope, making a complete revolution every two minutes. The inequality of position is thus, as it were, equalised on that short lapse of time; the mechanism itself producing compensation, whether the chronometer is subjected to any continuous movement, or kept steady in an inclined or upright position. Bréguet did still more: he found means to preserve the regularity of his chronometers even in case of their getting any sudden shock or fall, and this he did by the parachute. Sir Thomas Brisbane put one of them to the proof, carrying it about with him on horseback, and on long journeys and voyages; in sixteen months, the greatest daily loss was only a second and a half—that is, the 57,600th part of a daily revolution.

Such is the encouraging example of Bréguet, who was at first only a workman. And to this he owes his being the best judge of good workmen, as he was the best friend to them. He sought out such everywhere, even in other countries; gave them the instruction of a master of the art; and treated them with the kindness of a father. They were indebted to him for their

prosperity, and he owed to them the increase of fortune and of fame. He well understood the advantages of a judicious division of labour, according to the several capabilities of artisans. By this means, he was able to meet the demand for pieces of his workmanship, not less remarkable for elegance and beauty than for extreme accuracy. It may indeed be said, that Bréguet's efforts gave a character to French horology that it has never lost. So much may one man do in his day and generation to give an impetus to an important branch of national industry.

SAINT ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA.

'Would that we two were lying
Beneath the church-yard sod,
With our limbs at rest in the green earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God!'

I NEVER lay me down to sleep at night
But in my heart I sing that little song:
The angels hear it, as, a pitying throng,
They touch my burning lids with fingers bright,
Like moonbeams—pale, impalpable, and light.
And when my daily pious tasks are done,
And all my patient prayers said one by one,
God hears it. Seems it sinful in His sight
That round my slow burnt-offering of quenched will,
One quivering human sigh creeps windlike still!
That when my orisons in silence fail,
Lingers one tremulous note of human wail!
Dear lord—spouse—hero—martyr—saint! erelong
I think God will forgive my singing that poor song.

A year ago, I bade my little son
Bear on a pilgrimage a sacred load
Of alms; he cried out, fainting on the road,
'Mother, O mother, would that this were done!'
Him I reproved with tears, and said: 'Go on,
Nor feebly sink ere half thy task be o'er.'
Would not God say to me the same, and more!
I will not sing that song. Thou, dearest one,
Husband—no, *brother*—stretch thy steadfast hand
Across the void! Mine grasps it. Now I stand,
My woman-weakness nerved to strength divine.
We'll quaff life's aloe-cup as though 'twere wine,
Each to the other; journeying on apart,
Till at heaven's golden doors we two leap heart to heart.

A MAN-OF-WAR, OR A MAN OF PEACE.

It will probably be remembered that, a few years ago, a great excitement was caused by the discovery of vast deposits of guano upon the island of Ichaboe, situated on the west coast of Africa. The remarkable fertilising qualities of guano gave it great value as an article of commerce, and a large number of vessels were despatched from various ports to take in cargoes at the island. It was computed that at one time not less than 500 vessels were lying off Ichaboe, and as there was no settled authority to regulate the trade of the place, a scene of indescribable confusion and tumult soon presented itself. The crews of several of the ships having established themselves upon the table-land at the top of the island (the island being little more than a huge rock, rising with almost perpendicular cliffs from the ocean), a dispute arose between them and their captains, which soon proceeded to open mutiny on the part of the men. The only access to their position being by long ladders, the men set their masters at defiance, and held possession of their stronghold, which was inaccessible, except by permission of the mutineers. The captains despatched a vessel to the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of laying a complaint before the governor, and soliciting his aid. The governor was about

to despatch a man-of-war—the only remedy that is generally thought of in such cases—when a good, devoted man, a missionary at Cape Town, named Bertram, hearing of the affair, represented to the governor his earnest desire to spare the effusion of blood, and his conviction that, if he were allowed to proceed to the island, he could bring the quarrel to an amicable settlement. Mr Bertram obtained the consent of the authorities, and the order for the sailing of the man-of-war was suspended. He proceeded to Ichaboe, and being rowed ashore, began to ascend one of the lofty ladders. Two seamen, well armed, who had guard above, shouted to know who he was and what he wanted. 'A friend, who wants to speak to you,' was the reply. The guards seeing a single man, unarmed, climbing fearlessly towards them, permitted him to ascend. He called the men round him, spoke kindly but faithfully to them, heard their complaints, and undertook to negotiate for them. He did this with so much tact and judgment, that a reconciliation was soon effected, and harmony restored between the captains and their crews. Mr Bertram remained ten days with the men on the summit of the island, employing the time to the best advantage in preaching and teaching amongst them. It was only on the plea of urgent duty that the men would permit him to leave them. They clustered round him, as he was about to descend from amongst them for the last time; each was eager to wring him by the hand, and tears rolled down many a weather-beaten cheek as he bade them a last adieu. 'God bless you, sir!' they exclaimed; 'you have been our true friend; would that you could stay amongst us, for we feel that you have done us good.' It will be well for nations when they have more faith in the power of a man of peace, and less in that of a man-of-war. —*Bond of Brotherhood.*

NOTE TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

In reply to numerous correspondents who make inquiry respecting the most suitable fields for emigration, we have again to intimate, that we cannot assume the responsibility of privately advising individuals on the important step of emigrating to one place in preference to another. Every one is best acquainted with his own desires, abilities, and necessities, and should, with the general assistance of public opinion and the press, be able to make up his mind whether he should or should not emigrate, or what distant land will be to him most answerable and agreeable. With the view of doing all in our power to assist in forming this resolution, we have lately had prepared, under our own inspection, a series of cheap and accessible Manuals on the subject of Emigration; containing, we believe, all desirable information for those who are disposed to emigrate; and a perusal of which may possibly obviate the necessity of seeking private counsel on any point. The Manuals may be had from any of the ordinary agents for supplying this Journal; they separately refer to AUSTRALIA, AMERICA, NEW ZEALAND, the CAPE, and PORT NATAL; and in addition, there is one devoted to general considerations and directions. The whole, however, may be obtained bound in a single volume.

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* From Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*. Elizabeth, Princess of Bohemia, the most sincere among the mistaken devotee saints of the middle ages, renounced her royal state, her husband and children, and spent her life in the sternest asceticism, and in the most self denying acts of charity.

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THE DINGY HOUSE.

LONDON is like a large company, where it is necessary for the master or mistress of the house to introduce a great many people to each other. Everybody in that overgrown metropolis has things within a few doors of his residence, which, if they were suddenly described to him, he would hear of with deep interest or extreme astonishment. There is a plain back street near the Haymarket, bearing the title of Great Windmill Street, in which there is a large, dingy-looking house standing somewhat detached, and not appearing to be in the hands of ordinary tenants. Very near this, is a distinguished haunt of gaiety, very well whitened, and looking very smart, but which would be no index to the character or purposes of the dingy mansion. A group of dirty children will be found disporting at marbles or pitch-and-toss on the paved recess in front; but neither would that scene be found in any kind of harmony with the house itself. It is evidently a house with a mystery.

Very few people would be found in the course of a day to pass out of or into that house. A blind would seldom be raised. A fashionable carriage would not once in a twelvemonth be seen rolling up to the gloomy portals. Supposing, however, that any one were to be so curious as to watch the house for an afternoon, he would probably see two women in extraordinary dresses come up to the door, apparently laden with some heavy packages, shrouded under their wide black cloaks. He would see the door opened with some caution, and the two women would then walk in, and be seen no more for that day. He might speculate for hours about the business in which these women had been engaged, but in vain. He might make inquiries in the neighbourhood, but probably with as little result; for, in London, it must be an extraordinary family indeed which provokes any inquiry among neighbours, and most undoubtedly the inmates of the mansion would never think of proclaiming what they were, or how they lived.

Having perhaps by this time excited some curiosity, we must endeavour to satisfy it. We happened by mere chance, when spending an evening with a friend in a distant part of the town, to hear of this house and its tenants; and the doings and character of its inmates struck our mind as something so extraordinary, and in some respects so beautiful, that we resolved, if possible, to pay it a visit. We did so a few days thereafter, under the conduct of a young friend, who kindly undertook to smooth away all difficulties in the way of our reception. We can, therefore, give some account of the dingy house, with a tolerable

assurance that, strange as the matter may appear, it is no more than true.

This dingy house is possessed by ten women, chiefly natives of France, who form a branch of a religious society of recent origin in that country, entitled, *Les Petites Sœurs des Pauvres* (*Little Sisterhood for the Poor*.) They have been in this house only for a few months, but are already fully engaged in the business to which they have devoted themselves—which is the care and nurture of infirm and destitute old women. The extraordinary thing is that the Sisters, though most of them are in their education and previous habits *ladies*, literally go about begging for the means of maintaining these poor people. Everything is done, indeed, by begging; for on entering the sisterhood they renounce all earthly possessions. They have begged the means of furnishing their house, and paying their rent, which is not an inconsiderable sum; they daily beg for the food, clothes, and cordials required for themselves and the objects of their charity. What is even more singular, these ladies in all respects *serve* the old women, wash for them, cook for them, act as their nurses. They treat themselves less kindly, for out of the broken victuals on which exclusively the house is supported, the old women always get the first selection, and the ladies only the remaining scraps. It is altogether the most striking example of self-denial and self-devotion which has ever happened to fall under our attention in this country.

We were received in a faded old dining-room, by a Sister whose age surprised us, for she did not appear to be above five-and-twenty. Her dress consisted of coarse black serge, and a linen cap, such as is worn by poor old women in the country. She was evidently a well-educated and refined English lady, who, under a different impulse, might have very probably been indulging at this moment in the gaieties of Almacks. With great courtesy, but without for a moment departing from the serious manner in which she had first addressed us, she conducted us through the house, and explained its various arrangements. We were first shewn into a large hall in the rear, where we found about thirty little beds, only a few of which were occupied, the greater number of the inmates being able to sit up and move about the house. Nothing could exceed the homeliness of the furniture, though everything was remarkably clean. In another dormitory up stairs, we found ten or twelve bedrid women, one of them within a few months of completing the hundredth year of her age, but able to converse. Another was a comparatively young woman, who had three months ago had a limb amputated. A Sister, in her plain dark dress, stood in this room, ready to attend

any of the poor women. We were next conducted to a large room, where a number of the inmates were at dinner. They rose modestly at our entrance, and we had some difficulty in inducing them to resume their seats. We were curious to see the viands, knowing that they were composed solely of the crumbs from the rich man's table, and having some idea, that as most of the Sisters were French, there might be some skill shewn in putting these morsels into new and palatable forms. We did not, however, find that the dishes were superior to what might have been expected in a workhouse. The principal article was a pudding, composed of pounded scraps and crusts of bread, and bearing much the appearance of the oatmeal porridge of Scotland. Ladies attend the old women at table, acting entirely as servants do in a gentleman's dining-room, though only in the limited extent to which such services are required at a meal so simple. It is only after this meal is concluded, that the ladies sit down to their own equally frugal fare. We were curious to know if they indulge in tea, considering this as a sort of crucial test of their self-denying principles. We were informed that the article is not bought for them, on account of its being so expensive. Used tea-leaves are obtained from the tables of certain families of rank, and are found to be of service for the comfort of the more infirm women. After the inmates are served, if any tea be left, it is taken by the ladies.

We next descended to the kitchen, and there found a young woman at work as a cook, not a Sister, but one who may be so ere long, if she passes her novitiate successfully. The magazine of crusts and lumps of bread, of broken meat and cold soups, coffee and tea, which we saw here, was a curious sight. We were also shewn the pails and baskets in which the Sisters collect these viands. Two go forth every morning, and make a round of several hours amongst houses where they are permitted to apply. Meat goes into one compartment, bread into another. A pail of two divisions keeps a variety of things distinct from each other. Demurely pass the dark pair along the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, objects of momentary curiosity to many that pass them, but never pausing for a moment on their charitable mission. The only approach to a smile on our conductress's face, was when she related to us how, on their return one afternoon, a poor woman who had lost a child, traced them to the door, and made a disturbance there, under a belief that the cloak of one of them, instead of covering a collection of broken meat, concealed her infant.

We were curious to trace the feelings which actuated these ladies in devoting themselves to duties so apt to be repulsive to their class. Viewing the whole matter with a regard to its humane results, we did not doubt that benevolence was the impulse most concerned, directly or indirectly, though we of course knew that a religious sanction was essential to the scheme. In a conversation, however, with our conductress, we could not bring her to admit that mere humanity had anything to do with it. The basis on which they proceed is simply that text in which Christ expresses his appreciation of those who give a cup of cold water in his name. It is professedly nothing more than an example of those charitable societies which arise in connection with the Catholic faith, and in obedience to its principles, and which require that entire renunciation of the world which to a Protestant mind appears so objectionable. We have little doubt, nevertheless, that a certain amount of benevolence is a necessary, though it may not be a directly acknowledged pre-requisite for the profession; for it is admitted that some novices find that they have not the *vocation*, and abandon the attempt; while others, by the grace of God, are enabled to go on. We cannot regard this idea of '*vocation*' as something entirely apart from the inherent feelings.

So far as we could understand, the Sisters regard

more expressly the value of the act of obedience to the injunction of Christ, than the feeling from which, we would say, the injunction sprang—an error, as we most humbly think, though one of a kind which we do not feel called upon to discuss in the presence of results so much in accordance with our own best feelings. We would only say, that there is something disappointing in finding how much the whole procedure is beheld by these self-devoting women, as reflecting on their own destinies. It appears that their patients often grumble both at the food and the attendance which they receive. The Sisters say, they like to meet an ungrateful old woman, as it tries their humility and forbearance: it makes the greater merit towards an end in which they themselves are concerned. Now, we would put all this aside, and think only of the divinely recommended sentiment of the text, as calculated in some degree to make our life on earth an approach to that of its author. It is really hypercritical, however, even to intimate these dissenting remarks, especially when our main end is, after all, merely to bring the public into knowledge of an extraordinary phenomenon in human conduct, going on in an age which seems generally of so opposite a character.

The Society of *Les Petites Sœurs* is, it appears, a new one, having originated only a few years ago in the exertions of an old female servant, who, having saved a little money, thought it could not be better employed than in succouring the aged and infirm of her own sex. Her idea was taken up by others of her own order, as well as by women of superior grade. The society was formed, and establishments were quickly set up in various parts of France. It was only in 1851 that a detachment of the sisterhood came to England, and settled themselves in Great Windmill Street, where, whatever be their motives, it must be admitted they contribute in no slight degree to the alleviation of that vast mass of misery which seems an inseparable element of large cities. They had, at the time of our visit, forty-seven old persons under their care.

At a subsequent period of the same day, we visited an establishment somewhat similar at Hammersmith—at least similar in the repulsive character of the duties, though externally much more elegant. It is housed in a range of good buildings secluded in a garden, and is devoted to the reception of unfortunate young women who, under penitent feelings, wish to be restored to respectable society. The Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, as they are called, entertain in this house nearly 100 such women, who, while undergoing the process of religious and moral regeneration, employ themselves in washing, so as to contribute to their own support. We saw the whole engaged in their humble employment, excepting a few who were under training in a school. At all times, in their bedrooms, at their meals, in their work-rooms, in their play-ground, they are under the immediate eye of some of the Sisters; but the general treatment includes as much kindness as is consistent with the object held in view. One trait of this kindness struck us as involving a remarkable delicacy: there is never, from first to last, one word of reference made to their former life. They are accepted as so many children coming to school for the first time. Even their names are sunk out of sight, and new ones applied. The Sisters speak of them as '*the children*.' We learned that Protestant women are welcomed, but are expected not to stand out in inconvenient dissent from the ordinary rules of the house. We walked into the garden under the care of the mother-superior, and saw their little burial-ground, marked with low wooden crosses inscribed to Laura, to Perpetua, to Mary of the Seven Dolours, and other such names, indicating so many unfortunates who had here found a rest from their troubles. We likewise visited the chapel, the body of which is arranged for the use of the sisterhood; while a wing running off at the side of the altar, and

concealed from view, is provided with seats for the penitents. The whole establishment is characterised by remarkably good taste. There is here a more cheerful tone than in the Great Windmill Street institution. The Sisters spoke, as usual, of being entirely happy—that unaccountable phenomenon to a Protestant mind.

We do not need to inform the reader, that conventional establishments are not now so thin-sown in England as they were a few years ago, or that they occasionally draw into their circle individuals who started in life with very different prospects before them. The whole subject is one worthy of some inquiry, as a feature of our social state, by no means devoid of political importance; and it is for this very reason that we draw attention to the subject. Instead of contemptuously ignoring such things, let them, we say, be made known and investigated in a calm and philosophical spirit. It is for want of a steady comprehension of facts of the kind here adverted to, that an illusion is kept up respecting our existing social condition. It is heedlessly said, and every one repeats the error, that the age is a hard, mechanical one, which shines only in splendid materialities; but is it compatible with this notion, that there is ten times more earnest religious feeling of one kind and another than there was thirty years ago; that antiquities, mediæval literature and architecture, are studied with a zeal hitherto unknown; and that such mystical writers as Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning, carry off the palm from all the calm-blooded old-school men of letters? We rather think it is the most romantic, supra-material age that has yet been seen. The resurrection of conventional life, in some instances Catholic, in others Protestant, appears to us as one of the facts of this unexpected reaction, which doubtless will run its course, and then give place to something else, though not, we trust, till out of its commixture of good and evil some novelty hopeful for humanity has sprung.

THE LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE announcement of a work by the late Dr Gutzlaff, entitled the *Life of Taou-Kwang, late Emperor of China, with Memoirs of the Court of Peking*,* excited a good deal of expectation; but for our own part, now that the book is published, we must confess our disappointment on finding it not a well-constructed memoir, but a volume bearing the appearance of a collection of materials put together just as they came to hand, with a view to re-arrangement. Declining health probably prevented the author from perfecting his plan, and hurried his pages to the press; death has now removed him from his labours. But a collection of authentic historic facts is valuable, however loosely embodied; and few writers have enjoyed such favourable opportunities as Dr Gutzlaff for obtaining them.

Referring first to the personal history of Taou-Kwang, we find that his education was more Tatar than Chinese. He was one of the numerous grandchildren of the imperial house of Keelung, but without any expectation of filling the throne, as both his mother and paternal grandmother were inferior members of the imperial harem. The discipline under which the royal family was trained, was of the strictest kind. Each of the male children, on completing his sixth year, was placed with the rest under a course of education superintended by the state. Though eminent doctors were engaged to instruct them in Chinese literature, yet archery and horsemanship were considered higher accomplishments, and the most expert masters from Mongolia and Manchouria trained them in these exercises. They were treated as mere school-

boys, were allotted a very small income for their maintenance, were closely confined to the apartments assigned to them, kept in entire ignorance of passing events, and allowed little intercourse with the court—none with the people. Not till each had passed his twentieth year, was there any relaxation of this discipline. Taou-Kwang was about this age when his father ascended the throne, in consequence of the somewhat capricious appointment of Keelung, who abdicated, and soon after died. The new emperor surrounded himself with buffoons, playactors, and boon-companions. The debaucheries, jealousies, and cruelties of his reign, remind us of what we have half sceptically read of Nero and Caligula. But Taou-Kwang kept aloof alike from the frivolities and the intrigues of his father's court: he seemed to have no desire ungratified so long as he had his bow and arrows, his horse and matchlock; and even after he was unexpectedly nominated heir to the throne, in consequence of having personally defended his father from a band of assassins, his new expectations made no difference in his frugal and modest way of life. The emperor at length died; it did not clearly appear by what means, and it would perhaps have been troublesome to inquire: the empress-dowager waived the claims of her son; and Taou-Kwang ascended the throne without bloodshed. The luxury of the preceding reign now gave place to sobriety and economy; though the usual ceremonies of the court were strictly observed, they were conducted in the least expensive manner; and the ruling passion of the monarch soon appeared to be avarice.

Taou-Kwang had no taste either for literature or the arts; and he jumbled together in one large magazine the beautiful pictures, clocks, and musical instruments accumulated by his ancestors. To explain and repair these, there had always been Europeans, chiefly Portuguese, in attendance; and to some of these we have been indebted in times past for memoirs of the court of Peking; but Taou-Kwang dismissed the last of them. It is believed that an undefined dread of Western power had much to do with this distaste for the products of its ingenuity.

The only orgies which the emperor seemed desirous of maintaining, were feasts for the promotion of Manchoo union; on which occasions, the Manchoes assembled to eat meat without rice—in order to maintain the recollection of their Nimrodic origin—and to drink an intoxicating liquor made of mare's milk. He had a favourite sequestered abode at no great distance from the capital, where he had allowed the vegetation to run wild and rank, in order to make it a rural retreat, instead of an imperial park. All business was excluded from the precincts, and here the emperor spent much of his time, wandering solitarily on foot among the trees, amusing himself with the friends of his youth, or sailing, with some of the ladies of his family, along the mimic rivers.

According to traditional usage, the monarch must perform a pilgrimage to the tombs of his ancestors. The astronomical, or rather astrological board having ascertained the month, the day, the hour, even the minute, when the stars would prove propitious, the cavalcade set out. The princes of the blood, the ladies of the palace, and the favourite ministers of the court, formed part of the train, which was attended by at least 2000 camels. But even an emperor cannot travel through waste and desert lands without inconvenience; and though great preparations had been made beforehand in erecting temporary dwellings where no villages were to be found, yet his Celestial majesty, with his court, had often to bivouac under tents in the open air. The people crowded in thousands to see their sovereign—a liberty which, it is well known, may not be used in Peking, where every one must hasten to hide his head as from the fabled Gorgon. The ancestral tombs at Mookden, where the imperial manes repose under

* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.: 1852.

care of a large garrison, were at length reached. And now Taou-Kwang became a family man, abandoning the forms of state and the pomp of empire, and mingling in familiar intercourse with his relatives and attendants. Such particulars prove that we must receive at very considerable discount the descriptions hitherto published concerning the extreme sacredness of the emperor's person, the monotonous routine of ceremony to which he is condemned, and the impossibility of his 'indulging in the least relaxation from the fatiguing support of his dignity.' Turn we now to public events.

By a series of unexpected conquests, the three largest empires in the world have been gradually approaching each other's frontiers in Asia. England, from the distant West, has formed military establishments bordering on Thibet; China, from the remote East, has come to take that country under its dominion; while Russia, the colossus of Europe, has traversed the ice-fields of Siberia, and furnished an extensive northern frontier to Mongolia and Manchouria, the Tatar dominions of China. These powers, by their combined influence, keep within bounds the lawless hordes of Asia, by whose frequent irruptions in past ages vast regions of more civilised territory were overwhelmed, and whole nations extirpated. The empire that effects most in this way is China, and that with the smallest amount of means. Its frontier army is indeed but a burlesque compared with the well-appointed warriors of England and Russia; yet the Usbecks, Calmucs, and Kinghis are kept in subjection. The volume before us gives some insight into the mode in which this is accomplished.

A formidable insurrection, excited partly by religious enthusiasm, broke out in the western parts of Chinese Tatory in 1826. An able leader was found in Tehangir, a descendant of one of the former princes. He proclaimed himself the deliverer of the faithful from the infidel yoke, drew multitudes to his standard, and proceeded victoriously from city to city. The imperial army sent to quell this insurrection cost on an average £23,000 of our money per day; and though victories were, as usual, reported, there was no appearance of the war coming to a termination. What prowess could not effect was accomplished by bribery. The Mohammedans were themselves divided into rival factions; and the Karatak ('black caps') were induced by Chinese diplomacy to turn against the Altkak ('white caps'), to whom Tehangir belonged. He was betrayed, taken to Peking, and cut to pieces in presence of the emperor; after which, nearly the whole of Turkistan was laid waste by fire and sword. After twenty more of the rebels had been decapitated, the emperor enacted new laws for the country, with the view of attaching the people to himself by the mildness of his rule. The black caps were promoted either to offices of trust in their own country, or to places of distinction in the Chinese army. When Turkistan again became the seat of trouble in 1830, the emperor at once sent 4000 camels with 2,000,000 taels of silver (about £700,000) to settle matters, which was considered much wiser than to engage in a long and expensive war. A similar policy was pursued in 1847, when a formidable rising occurred, during which Kashgar was taken, and the Manchoo forces routed. The Mohammedan leaders agreed to accept the emperor's bounty; and on condition of all lives being spared, the imperial troops were allowed to recapture Kashgar as by military force. A splendid victory was of course announced in the *Peking Gazette*; and in the subsequent distribution of rewards, the diplomatist was raised ten steps above the general.

It is commonly believed that the Celestial Empire dwells in perpetual peace within itself, as the fruit of that universal spirit of subordination and filial obedience which is the great object of all its institutions. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous. Not

only do the restless Tatars frequently break into revolt, but in China itself, the extortions of the mandarins, or the occurrence of famine, frequently excites a village, a city, or even a large district to rebellion; and there are cases of an infuriated population actually broiling their magistrates over a slow fire. The usual policy of Taou-Kwang in all such cases was to send an army, but at the same time to set the leaders at loggerheads by administering suitable bribes, and inducing them to betray each other. In this manner, a civil war can be brought to a speedy conclusion; and then the cruelty of the victorious government knows no bounds. 'The treatment of political prisoners,' says our author, 'is really so shocking as to be incredible, if one had not been an eye-witness of these inhuman deeds.'

The volume affords us some amusing particulars connected with the collision with England. When the British fleet was expected in the Chinese waters, the imperial orders were, to 'listen to no proposals, but fire on the ships, and annihilate them at once.' To the great emperor, it would have appeared quite ridiculous to condescend to negotiation with so inferior a power as Britain: he had given his orders; these must be obeyed; and his minister had himself written a letter to Queen Victoria, that she might not plead ignorance of the high behests of his Celestial majesty. It was not till the fleet appeared at the mouth of the Pei-Ho, and the capital was in danger, that Taou-Kwang deigned to seek an accommodation by means of his smooth-tongued minister Keshen, who negotiated an armistice, promising that all wrongs would be redressed by a commission appointed to meet the British representatives at Canton. But as soon as the fleet turned southward, the danger was considered visionary; and again the cry arose to punish the insolence of the Western barbarians, as the English were politely designated. The empress-dowager, who was never before known to meddle with state affairs, told her son that 'the English and Chinese could not co-exist under the canopy of heaven; that the Celestial Empire must assert its superiority over these barbarian robbers; and that unless he waged war to their utter extermination, his ancestors would never acknowledge him in Hades.' Keshen was now denounced as a traitor to his country for having come to any terms; he was sentenced to death; and though his execution was deferred, yet his whole property, amounting in silver alone to the value of three millions sterling, was confiscated; his very wives were sold by auction; and he who had been one of the richest men in the empire, had not the means of buying himself a jacket.

Elepoo, the imperial commissioner at Ning-poo, opposite Chusan, was also denounced. His crime was, that he had, according to the terms of the truce, surrendered the English prisoners, notwithstanding the counter-orders he had received to send them to Peking as trophies of victory, to be cut to pieces according to custom. Among them was a captain's wife, who had been wrecked, and had thus fallen into his power. A happy thought struck some of the mandarins—that she might be passed off as the sister of the barbarian Queen. She was accordingly put into a cage, and carried about for exhibition; but Elepoo delivered her from the excruciating death she would have suffered as Queen Victoria's sister, and restored her to her countrymen. The whole cabinet was indignant; he was summoned to appear immediately before his exasperated sovereign, and sentenced to transportation to the deserts of Manchouria.

When it came to fighting in earnest, and there was for the Chinese, as we know, nothing but utter defeat, still there was no report sent to court but of victory. But as million after million of taels vanished, and grandees after grandees disappeared, the emperor was obliged to be informed of the real state of affairs, and his wrath knew

no bounds. In vain he threatened utter destruction to the barbarians, if they did not instantly leave the coasts; in vain called on the people to arm themselves *en masse*, and protect their lives and property: no one stirred, and the emperor resorted to new counsellors for new plans of defence. It was now gravely proposed, to build a fleet three times as powerful as that of the British, and station it near Singapore and Anjeer, to intercept the British vessels ere they reached China, and annihilate their fleet piecemeal. The forests were to be felled to supply materials: the only thing wanting was some English men-of-war, to serve as models. Again, Houchunn, the Marshal Ney of China, was ready to face the whole British fleet if he had but a steamer to carry 6000 men, half divers, half gunners; the divers would jump into the water, and sink the English ships by boring large holes in them, while the gunners would keep up an incessant fire. Striking as this plan appeared, the emperor doubted its practicability. Imitation steamships had been attempted already; but though they looked quite like the foreign ones, they would not move: the paddles had to be turned like a treadmill. Another great suggestion, was to march 300,000 men right through the Russian territories to London, and put a stop to all further operations by crushing the English at home!

Meanwhile, the British arms prevailed; and when the fleet reached the first bend in the Yang-tse-kiang, there happened a solar eclipse; it was impossible not to see that the sun of China had set for ever!

When Taou-Kwang found that the danger actually threatened his throne and his person, he hastily packed up his effects, and prepared to fly to some of the interior provinces; but being assured that peace might yet be obtained, he gave *carte blanche* for its conclusion. 'One can form no adequate idea,' says Dr Gutzlaff, 'of the utter amazement of the Chinese on perceiving that the "son of heaven" was not invincible; and that he was even fallible; a revulsion of feeling took place, such as had never been known before; and the political supremacy which China had so proudly asserted, was humbled in the dust.'

As soon as peace was concluded, the first care of Taou-Kwang was to punish the champions who had clamoured for war, but proved cowards in the fight. Some had already died of grief, some had committed suicide, and others had fled. But those who remained within the monarch's grasp, besides many civil and military officers who had been compelled to surrender their cities, were treated with merciless severity. Keshen's extreme sentence was reversed, and he was made pipe-bearer to the emperor.

A new era had now commenced. It had been proved to a demonstration, that the mandarins were common mortals, and that the great emperor did not sway the whole world. Democratic assemblies rose in every part of the land; the people must be consulted where their happiness was concerned; the citizens and peasants turned politicians; and if in any case remonstrance failed, they proceeded, *en masse*, to the government offices, and carried by force what was denied to courtesy. The emperor learning these movements, instantly took the popular side; laid all the blame on the mandarins, and superseded those who had given offence. The taxes which had been refused, he remitted as an act of sovereign favour; and the laws were relaxed—often to the injury of well-disposed citizens. The people were again and again termed the dear children of the emperor, and every member of the cabinet found his best interest in advocating popular measures.

The rest of Taou-Kwang's reign was spent chiefly in endeavours to improve his naval and military forces, and in fruitless struggles to replenish the exhausted treasury of the state. His own, meanwhile, was full to overflowing, having received immense accessions from the confiscated property of his unsuccessful generals

and degraded ministers. He died on the 25th of February 1850, aged sixty-nine. In his will, there appears the following notice of the English war: 'The little fools beyond the Western Ocean were chastised and quelled by our troops, and peace was soon made; but we presumed not to vaunt our martial powers.'

A GLIMPSE OF BALLYVOURNEY.

AMONG the various plans that have been suggested for ameliorating the condition of Ireland, and improving the moral and social status of her people, I know of few better calculated to produce these beneficial results than that of opening good lines of road through wild and uncultivated districts, and by this means facilitating the intercourse between the inhabitants of almost unknown regions and those of more advanced and enlightened districts. Where this has been done, in conjunction with other local improvements, a moral regeneration has taken place that could scarcely be credited by those who have not witnessed the effect. In proof of what I say, I will endeavour to give a short account of a journey I made last summer from Cork to the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. I had performed the same journey several years before; but I now travelled, after passing Macroom, by a road that had been made since my last visit, through Ballyvourney, a wild and mountainous district, formerly impassable. The territorial improvements there are now matter of history, it having been proved before the Commissioners of Land Inquiry, that land, valued at 3s. 9d. per acre, had been made permanently worth L.4 per acre by a small outlay, which, with all expenses, rent, and interest of money, was repaid in three years.

The land had been deep turf (peat), and all but useless for agricultural purposes. By drainage, cultivation, and irrigation, however, it was made to produce the finest meadow grass, sold annually by public auction for from L.4 to L.6 per acre; and sometimes it yielded a second, and even a third crop. The great secret of this improvement was, that the then proprietor gave his steward, who was likewise his relation, a permanent interest in his outlay, by letting him the land on lease for ever. In consequence of his doing so, the very worst land, judging by the surface, has been made equal in value to town fields; and in the progress of this work, the wildest race perhaps in the world, have now become a civilised and industrious people. Mr C—— has sold his interest in the improvements for L.10,000, calculated, on the average profit of past years, at twenty years' purchase.

When he first undertook the work, he had every difficulty to contend with: the people were unused to labour, and so wild and savage, that no stranger dared to settle among them. I was told that when the first land-steward was seen at the chapel in a dress which denoted him to be a stranger, he heard a man behind him telling another in Irish—which he supposed to be unknown to the stranger—the part of his neck in which he would plant a deadly wound before he got home. The steward fortunately understood the native tongue, and quitting the chapel before the service was over, he fled from the dangerous place.

The present civilisation and industrious habits of the people, compared with their barbarism thirty years ago, shews that the Irish character, when properly directed, is as capable of advancement as any other in the world. There was at that time no road into

or out of Ballyvourney: it was in this respect like the Happy Valley. The passes are yet in existence, and are fearful to look at, where a gentleman from Kenmare, on his journeys to Cork, used to bring his chariot, accompanied by a number of footmen, and unharnessing the horses, let it down by ropes from the top of the precipice. There is another spot of the kind on the road from Killarney to Cahersiveen and Valentia, where on the side of the Hill of Droum, nearly precipitous from the sea, is the track-mark of the carriage-road, if such it can be called, where the vehicle used to be supported and dragged by men. A new road has since been made there: the Atlantic Ocean is so directly beneath, that a passenger may drop a stone into it as he drives along; while Droum Hill stands perpendicularly above him. It is a most magnificent scene; terminating with the ruins of Daniel O'Connell's birthplace. Visitors to Ireland usually conclude their journey at Killarney; but if they would continue their route to Caragh Lake, Blackstone, Lady Headley's improvements, and go on through the Pass of Droum to Valentia and Cahersiveen, they would discover that Killarney is only the opening to a scene of grandeur and sublimity.

Mr C—— found Ballyvourney in the inaccessible state I have described. The people held every year, on Whitsunday, a royal faction-fight; and for this, preparation was made almost every Sunday in the year. They fought with deadly weapons, sticks loaded with lead, and stones. Pensioners, who were accustomed to firearms, were hired for the occasion; but the weapon chiefly used was a short scythe, and men may still be found bearing its mark in contracted legs and arms: one man having Tim Haliy, his mark; another, Paddy Murphy, his mark, indelibly inscribed on his body. They had little or no agriculture—no wheeled cart, and scarcely even a spade. A crop of oats was a curiosity; and when there was such a thing, the only mode of conveying it to market was on a horse's back. Their agricultural operations were confined to feeding cattle, and they depended on their milk and butter for paying their rent, and purchasing the necessaries of life. Their mode of carrying butter to Cork was curious. I have often seen crowds of thirty, forty, or fifty men, seated on little ill-formed horses, which had two panniers swinging on the back, containing frequently only a single firkin of butter in one, and a stone in the other, the man being seated between. They fed their horses on the road-side, never entering an inn-yard; and they generally travelled by night. No one would trust another with his property; and on their journey of forty Irish miles, they expended no money. The scythe was their farming-implement to cut such coarse hay as grew in the bottoms near rivers. On Whitsunday, whoever could keep possession of a large stone called *Carrigun na Killeagh*, was champion for the year, and the party to which he belonged was triumphant until the next annual battle. On one occasion, the battle was almost ended, the champion was possessor of the stone for nearly the prescribed time; he gave one cheer of victory, then another, and was about to give the crowning cheer, when a signal was made to a pensioner, who had been hired for the purpose, and placed in ambush. He fired, and the ball pierced the conqueror's neck, without mortally wounding him. The man fell, and while on the ground, was seen pulling the moss and grass around him, and stuffing them into the wound, to prevent the flow of blood, that he might again mount the rock of victory. The next day he was seen out of doors by the doctor, for whom his wife had secretly sent; and after much entreaty, his determination not to allow the opposite party to know that he had been seriously hurt was overcome, and he permitted the doctor to examine the wound, and replace the styptics of his own providing with more scientific remedies.

Another story of the barbarism of the people was told me on my journey. A farmer's cow had momentarily trespassed on another man's land, one of a hostile faction. The farmer offered to pay for the damage, but the reply he received was a shot which killed him on the spot. His brother, who saw the catastrophe, ran to raise the victim; but the man had already reloaded his gun, and shot the brother dead. A third brother, having seen the two fall, ran to the succour so quickly, that the murderer had not time to complete the re-loading of his gun; and as a crowd was collecting, he ran off. Mr C—— used every exertion to have him taken, and for three years was unsuccessful; until obtaining the aid of a neighbour, a petty chieftain of a hostile clan, he at last succeeded. On the trial, one of the men who had witnessed the murders, and whom Mr C—— called to swear informations, denied the guilt of the accused, swore an *alibi*, and declared that he had on the day in question sold him a cow at a fair twenty miles distant. He was, however, convicted, and hanged on the spot where the murders were committed. By punishments of various kinds—transporting the most hardened, and sending others to the treadmill—the people were at length brought into some sort of order.

Tim Haliy was Mr C——'s right-hand man—his manager, sub-agent, &c.: he was rich in cows and sheep; and though rather advanced in life, he married a very young girl, who had a fortune of forty cows. By degrees, Tim grew careless, lost his office, and resolved henceforth to enjoy a life of luxury. His habits became deteriorated; and during the latter years of his life, a gallon of whisky was sent for daily to the public-house; and this was put into the milk-pails, and the cows milked into it. Upon this sustenance, Tim and his wife lived; they spent the whole day at home drinking, and were not known to use bread or animal food. As may be supposed, the cows soon came to the market one by one; and Tim and his wife, after years of misery, died in great indigence.

In the year 1822, Mr C—— commenced his local improvements. The first thing he did was to obtain the opening of a new line of road from Macroom to Killarney, and another to Kenmare. In the various works connected with these, the people first learned the use of the spade and shovel, and became inured to a continued day's work. There was now a possibility of carrying corn to market if grown, or of bringing it into the parish; and Mr C—— built a mill for grinding it. He also built an inn, and induced a coach-proprietor to run his coach from Cork to Killarney through Ballyvourney, it being a better line in distance, level, picturesque, and beautiful—far surpassing in every respect the old road by Millstreet. He gave sixty acres of land for a clergyman's glebe, built a house for him, and undertook—long previous to the late laws—the payment of the incumbent. The Board of First Fruits built a church, but were obliged during the work to have the protection of the military. In a very extensive culture of turnip and corn crops; in drainage on a large scale; in the building of capacious farm-offices; in planting the land not of an arable quality; and latterly, in the thinning of these plantations—all under the direction of a Scotch steward—almost unlimited employment was given; in addition to which, the establishment of a dispensary, the constant residence of a valuable clergyman, a station for police, and the intercourse carried on by the daily running of two public vehicles, have combined to render the inhabitants of Ballyvourney as industrious and civilised as those in any part of the British islands. They have become a quiet and peaceable race; a riot is never heard of among them; and the Stone of Victory has long been covered with lichen, moss, and grass. The people annually assemble at the Holy Well, and go their

rounds at the station; and the little image of St Gobnet, in the walls of an old church, is still looked on with adoration, and handkerchiefs thrown up to touch it, that they may bring healing virtue to the sick. The rector's residence is closely adjacent to the Holy Well, the station, and the image of St Gobnet, and the stone of victory within a few feet of his hall door. Yet he can go to bed at night without a lock to a door, or a bar to a window. Women and girls may be found in abundance who can thin and hoe turnips in the best manner. As good ploughmen and agriculturists in the various departments may now be had in Bally-vourney as in most places. All faction-fights are at an end; and although, little more than twenty years ago, these were the weekly Sabbath occupation, they are now like an item of an old almanac. By employing similar means, might not other parts of this naturally fine country be equally improved, and made the abode of a thriving and contented people?

THE DAUGHTER OF THE BARDI.

A TRUE OLD TALE.

THE Via dei Bardi is one of the most ancient streets of Florence. Long, dark, and narrow, it reaches from the extremity of the Ponte Rubaconte to the right of the Ponte Vecchio. Its old houses look decayed and squalid now; but in former days they were magnificent and orderly, full of all the state of those times, being the residences of many of the Florentine nobility. How many struggles of faction, how many scenes of civil war, have these old houses witnessed! for in the period of their splendour, Florence was torn by intestine feuds; from generation to generation, Guelphs and Ghibelines, Bianchi and Neri, handed down their bitter quarrels, private and personal animosity mingling with public or party spirit, and ending in many a dark and violent deed. These combatants are all sleeping now: the patriot, the banished citizen, the timid, the cruel—all, all are gone, and have left us only tales to read, or lessons to learn, if we can but use them. But we are not skilled to teach a lesson; we would rather tell a legend of those times, recalled to mind, especially at present, because it has been chosen as the subject of a fine picture recently finished by a Florentine artist, Benedetto Serrolino.

In the Via dei Bardi stood, probably still stands, the house inhabited by the chief of the great and noble family from whom it takes its name—we write of the period of the fiercest struggles between the Guelphs and Ghibelines; and the Bardi were powerful partisans of the latter party. In that house dwelt a young girl of uncommon beauty, and yet more uncommon character. An old writer thus describes her: 'To look on her was enchantment; her eyes called you to love her; her smile was like heaven; if you heard her speak, you were conquered. Her whole person was a miracle of beauty, and her deportment had a certain maidenly pride, springing from a pure heart and conscious integrity.'

From the troubled scenes she had witnessed, her mind had acquired composure and courage unusual with her sex, and it was of that high stamp that is prone to admire with enthusiasm all generous and self-devoting deeds. Such a being, however apt to inspire love, was not likely to be easily won; accordingly, the crowd of lovers who at first surrounded Dianora gradually dropped off, for they gained no favour. All were received with the same bright and beautiful smile, and

a gay, charming grace, which flattered no man's vanity; so they carried their homage to other shrines where it might be more prized, though by an inferior idol. And what felt Dianora when her votaries left her? We are not told; but not long after, you might see, if you walked along the street of the Bardi towards evening, a beautiful woman sitting near a balcony: a frame of embroidery is before her; but her eyes are oftener turned to the street than to the lilies she is working. It is Dianora. But surely it is not idle curiosity that bends her noble brow so often this way, and beams in her bright, speaking eyes, and sweet, kind smile. On whom is it turned, and why does her cheek flush so quickly? A youth of graceful and manly appearance is passing her window; his name is Hyppolito: he has long cherished the image of Dianora as Dante did that of his Beatrice. In loving her, he loved more ardently everything that is good and noble in the world; he shunned folly and idleness, and strove to make himself worthy of what he believed Dianora to be. At length, one of Cupid's emissaries—whether nurse or friend the chronicle does not tell—aided Hyppolito in meeting Dianora. One meeting succeeded another, till she gave him her heart, as such a true, young heart is given, with entire confidence, and a strength of feeling peculiar to herself. But what could they hope? Hyppolito's family were of the opposite party, and they knew it was vain to expect from them even a patient hearing; nor were the Bardi behind in proper feelings of hatred. What was to be done! There was but one Dianora—but one Hyppolito in the world; so have many wise young people thought of each other both before and since the days of the Ghibelines; but these two might be excused for thinking so, for many who saw them were of the same opinion. To part—what was the world to them if they were parted? Their station, their years, their tastes—so removed from noisy and frivolous pleasures—their virtuous characters, seemed to point out that they were born for each other. What divided them? One only point—the adverse political feelings of their families. Shall they sacrifice themselves to these? No. Thus reasoned Hyppolito; but we think the chronicles exaggerate the virtues of Dianora's character; for how many a girl unchronicled by fame has, before the still tribunal of her own sense of duty to God and her parents, sacrificed her dearest hopes rather than offend them; and this, with all her heroism, Dianora did not, but gave up all these dear early claims for her new love.

Delays were needless, for time could do nothing to smooth their path; so it was determined that Hyppolito should bring a ladder to Dianora's window, and, aided by their friend, they should find their way to a priest prepared to give them his blessing. The night appointed came—still and beautiful as heart could wish; the stars sparkling in the deep blue sky, bright as they may now be seen in that fair clime. Hyppolito has reached the house; he has fixed the ladder of ropes; there is no moon to betray him; in a minute, his light step will have reached the balcony. But there is a noise in the street, and lights approaching; the night-guard is passing; they have seen the ladder, for the street is narrow. Hyppolito is down, and tries to escape—in vain. They seize and drag him to prison. What was he doing there? What can he reply? That he meant to enter the house, to carry something from it, or commit some bad deed, cannot be denied. He will not betray Dianora; it would only be to separate them for ever, and leave her with a stained name. He yields to his fate; the proofs are irresistible, and, by the severe law of Florence at that period, Hyppolito

must die. All Florence is in amazement. So estimable a youth, to all outward appearance, to be in reality addicted to the basest crimes! Who could have believed it? But he confesses; there is no room for doubt. Pardon is implored by his afflicted friends; but no pardon can be granted for so flagrant a crime.

Hyppolito had one consolation—his father never doubted him; if he had, one glance of his son's clear though sad eye, and candid, open brow, would have reassured him. He saw there was a mystery, but he was sure it involved no guilt on Hyppolito's part. Hyppolito also believed that his good name would one day be cleared, and that his noble Dianora would in due time remove the stain that clouded it. He consented to die, rather than live separated from her. Yet poor Hyppolito was sorry to leave the world so young; and sadly, though calmly, he arranged his small possessions, for the benefit of those he loved, and of the poor, to whom he had always been a friend.

He slept quietly the night preceding the time fixed for his execution, and was early ready to take his place in the sad procession. Did no thought cross Hyppolito's clear mind, that he was throwing away, in weak passion, a life given to him by God for noble ends? We know not; but there he was—calm, firm, and serious. His only request was, that the procession might pass through the street of the Bardi, which some thought was a sign of penitence, an act of humiliation. The sad train moves on. An old man sitting at a door rises, strains his eyes to catch a last glimpse of Hyppolito, and then covers them in anguish, and sinks down again. This is an old man he had saved from misery and death. Two youths, hand in hand, are gazing with sad faces, and tears run down their cheeks. They are orphans: he had clothed and fed them. Hyppolito sees them, and even in that moment remembers it is he who deprives them of a protector: but it is too late to think now; for he is approaching the scene of his fault and the place of his punishment, and other feelings swell in his heart. His brows are contracted; his eyes bent on the house of the Bardi, as if they would pierce the stones of its walls; and now they are cast down, as though he would raise them no more on earth. But he starts, for he hears a loud shriek, a rushing, and an opening of the crowd: they seem to be awed by something that approaches. It is a woman, whose violent gestures defy opposition; she looks like a maniac just escaped from her keepers; she has reached Hyppolito; his fettered arms move as if they would receive her, but in vain. She turns to the crowd, and some among them recognise the modest and beautiful daughter of Bardi. She calls out: 'He is innocent of every crime but having loved me. To save me from shame, he has borne all this disgrace. And he is going to death; but you cannot kill him now. I tell you he is guiltless; and if he dies, I die with him.'

The people stand amazed. At last there is a shout: 'It must be true! he is innocent!' The execution is stopped till the truth is ascertained, and Dianora's statement is fully confirmed. And who shall paint the return from death to life of poor Hyppolito? and to such a life! for blazoned as the story of her love had been, Dianora's parents, considering also her firm character, subjected even the spirit of party to the voice of affection and reason; and Hyppolito's family, softened by sorrow, gladly embraced their Ghibeline daughter. Whether in after-life Hyppolito and Dianora were distinguished by the qualities they had shewn in youth, and whether the promise of affection was realised by time and intimate acquaintance, no chronicle remains to tell. This short glimpse of both is all that is snatched from oblivion—this alone stands out in bright relief, to shew us they once were; the rest is lost in the darkness of time.

The moment chosen by the artist is when Dianora

rushes from her house into the midst of the crowd, and reaches Hyppolito, surrounded by priests and soldiers. It is easy to see to what a varied expression of passion and action this point of the story gives rise.

A CURIOSITY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE crustacean class of animals, of which the lobster, crab, and shrimp are familiar examples, have this peculiarity of structure—that their soft bodies are enclosed within a coat-of-mail formed of carbonate and phosphate of lime. In fact, they carry their skeleton outside their bodies, both for defence of the vital parts within, and for the attachment of the muscles which move their limbs, and every part of their frame. No warrior of old was ever more completely enveloped in his hard coat-of-mail, with its jointed greaves and overlapping scales, than is the lobster in its crustaceous covering; with this exception, that the warrior could at pleasure unbuckle himself from his armour, whereas the body and limbs of the crustacea are completely incased in hollow cylinders, firmly and accurately jointed, from which there is no such ready release. Now, as this shelly integument envelops them from their earliest youth, and as it does not expand and grow, the natural growth of the soft body beneath would be entirely prevented did not nature supply a remedy of a very curious kind—the exuviation, or periodical throwing off of the external crust, and the formation of a larger shell-covering fitted for the increasing growth of the animal. This is a circumstance which has long been familiar to naturalists, and indeed the most ordinary observer must have often remarked in the crabs and lobsters brought to table, appearances indicative of their change of external coverings. In the back of the edible crab, may often be noticed a red membrane lining the inner side of the shell, but so loose as to be readily detached. Along the greater part of its course this membrane has already assumed a half-crustaceous consistence, and is just the preparatory process to the old shell being thrown off by the animal. There is another curious circumstance which has also been long known—that crabs and lobsters can renew lost limbs. Some misconception, however, had existed regarding the manner in which this was effected, until the observations of the late Sir John Dalyell have thrown more accurate light on the subject.

This most amiable and eminent zoologist, who was lost to science last year, afforded a pleasing illustration of the solace and delight which the pursuit of the study of nature yields to the diligent inquirer into her mysteries. With a feeble constitution and frame of body, which precluded his mingling in the more active pursuits of everyday life, this sedentary philosopher collected around him examples of minute and curious being from the depths of the ocean, from lake and river, and for many long years found the delight of his leisure hours in watching the habits of the animals, and in discovering and describing many singular circumstances in the constitution of their bodies, and the peculiar adaptations of their structure and instincts to their modes of existence. One of his last communications to the public, imparted with all the modesty and simplicity of true genius, at the last meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, was on this subject of the exuviation of the crustacea.*

It appears from Sir John's observations that crustaceans begin to throw off their shells at a very early period of their life, even in that embryo state in which they first appear after having left the egg, and before they have yet assumed the real form of their mature state. During every successive exuviation in this embryo state, they assume more and more of their perfect and established form. While the crab is young

* Report of British Association, 1851. Pp. 120-122.

and rapidly growing, frequent exuviations take place at short intervals, from three to five times in the course of one year. Previous to the change, the animal almost ceases to feed, and becomes rather inactive; the proper time having at length arrived, exuviation is effected in the course of a few hours, body and limbs being alike relieved from their hard covering. Until the new shell acquires firmness and strength, the creature is very shy, and in the state of nature, retires into cavities below rocks or heaps of protecting sea-weed. Sir John had kept for some time one of our smaller species of shore-crabs (*Carcinus monas*), of medium size, of a brown colour, with one white limb. One summer evening it was put outside the window in a capacious glass-vessel of sea-water. In the morning a form exactly resembling its own, only somewhat larger, lay in the vessel. This was the same animal, which had performed exuviation, and extricated itself from the old shell during the night. The resemblance between both forms was complete—everything was the same, even the white limb was seen in both. Another specimen kept was of smaller size, the opposite extremities of the limbs being only thirteen lines asunder; its colour was green, with three white patches on the back. In the course of little more than a year five exuviations took place at irregular intervals, the new shell and animal becoming larger each time. The third shell came on uniformly green, the white spots being entirely obliterated. On the fourth exuviation, the limbs expanded two inches and a half. From the long slender form of the limbs of crustacea, they are very liable to mutilation. Crabs are also a very pugnacious family, and in their battles limbs are often snapped off. These mutilations, however, are readily repaired; although, contrary to what was the common belief, the restoration takes place only at the next regular period of exuviation.

The full-grown common crab (*Cancer pagurus*) is of a reddish-brown colour, the claws tipped black; but some of the young are naturally of the purest white, which remains long unsullied. This does not arise from confinement, which, according to Sir John, has no influence on colour. 'A young white specimen of the common crab was subjected to observation on 29th September. The body might have been circumscribed in a circle three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and the extended limbs by one-and-a-half inch in diameter. Its first exuviation ensued on 8th November, the second on the 30th of April following, and the shell then produced subsisted till 12th September, when another exuviation took place, introducing a new shell of such transparent white that the interior almost shone through it. All the shells were white, and increased somewhat in size successively. This last shell of 12th September subsisted until 29th March, being 197 days, when it was thrown off during another exuviation.'

But what was remarkable, the animal now had only the two large claws, the other eight limbs were deficient. 'Resting on its breast as it was, I did not at first discover the fact, that the creature presented a strange and very uncouth aspect. However, it fed readily, and proved very tame, though helpless; often falling on its back, and not being able to recover itself from the deficiency of its limbs. I preserved this mutilated object with uncommon care, watching it almost incessantly day and night: expecting another exuviation which might be attended with interesting consequences, I felt much anxiety for its survivance. My solicitude was not vain. After the defective shell had subsisted eighty-six days, its tenant meantime feeding readily, the desired event took place in a new exuviation on 23d June. On this occasion a new animal came forth, and in the highest perfection, quite entire and symmetrical, with all the ten limbs peculiar to its race, and of the purest and most beautiful white. I could not contemplate such a specimen of nature's energies restoring

perfection, and through a process so extraordinary, without admiration. Something yet remained to be established: was this perfection permanent, or was it only temporary? Like its precursor, this specimen was quite tame, healthy, and vigorous. In 102 days it underwent exuviation, when it appeared again, perfect as before, with a shell of snowy white, and a little red speckling on the limbs. Finally, its shell having subsisted 189 days, was succeeded by another of equal beauty and perfection, the speckling on the legs somewhat increased. As all the shells had gradually augmented, so was this larger than the others. The extended limbs would have occupied a circle of four inches diameter. About a month after this exuviation the animal perished accidentally, having been two years and eight months under examination. It was an interesting specimen, extremely tame and tranquil, always coming to the side of the vessel as I approached, and holding up its little claws as if supplicating food.'

The shrimp when in confinement becomes very tame, and readily exuviates. The process is frequent, the integument separates entire, and is almost colourless. In female crustaceans the roe is placed outside the shell to which it adheres. During the period of such adherence, the female crab, so far as observation goes, does not change its shell—a marked provision of nature to preserve the spawn.

We may remark that other classes of animals exuviate in a similar manner to the crustaceans. Thus serpents throw off in entire masses their scaly coverings, even a slough from the eyes; and various insects in their larva state are continually throwing off and renewing their skins.

THE AYAH.

Owing to our constant intercourse with India, there are few among us who are unacquainted with the word ayah. Some who live in London or its neighbourhood may perhaps have occasionally met with one of these sable guardian spirits, conducting one or more pale, precocious-looking little children to their British friends; or they may even have fallen in with a group of the tribe in Kensington Gardens, or other public promenades, escorting their little *bábás*, and herding together, like birds of a feather, attracted by the bonds and recollections of colour, climate, caste, and language.

Ayah, in the mouth of a lisping baby, is one of the prettiest words of the East, and is learned as soon as papa and mamma, being equally easy of articulation. The origin of the word is probably either Portuguese or Spanish (*aya*), although it has now become common to all classes, Christians, Mohammedans, and Hindoos alike. The Hindostanee word for nurse is *māmā-jee*, or *daee*; the Bengalee, *doodoo*, or *dye*.

The ayah is frequently a fixture of long standing in a family, descending from mother to daughter; and when this is the case, she is no doubt a valuable possession, and is consulted in all the momentous matters connected with the nursery. However, at the birth of the first baby, she is of course spick-and-span new; and in comes the dusky stranger, all pride and expectation, all hope and joy. It is fortunate that there is no difference in young babies—that the one is as ugly a little thing as the other—and so she is not disappointed: on the contrary, she sees with one glance of her dark glittering eyes, which have their source of sensation in her woman's heart, a thousand charms that distinguish her *bābā* from all the other babies in the universe. With something akin to a mother's feelings, she takes the infant in her arms, which seems incongruous to become a part of herself, lying all day on her

knees, and sleeping all night in her bosom; and from that moment the nurse, the child, and the paun-box are always together.

As the ayah is exclusively attached to the nursery, and has nothing to do with household affairs or the laying out of money, she is generally a favourite with the other servants, who seem to look upon her as holding an intermediate station between them and the mistress. Should any of them require leave of absence, for the purpose of attending a funeral or a wedding, he applies first to the ayah; or if a little tea is wanted for a sick wife or mother, through her also he obtains the simple, though to him expensive, restorative. If a pedler comes to the door with his box and bundles, he looks up, and spying the ayah in the veranda or at the window, he calls out: 'Is anything wanted for Mem-Sahib or the bábás? Tell the lady I have beautiful things to shew.' Away trips the ayah to her mistress, and good-naturedly, or perhaps—no, it shall be good-naturedly—lays the discovery before her that some trifle is wanted. The man is called in, and succeeds in disposing of some of his wares, ribbons, laces, or silks; and the ayah, besides having obliged the lady and the pedler, enjoys a small modicum of satisfaction herself—who would grudge it?—in pocketing the *dastóree*—a discount of two pice, or half an anna on each rupee.

There are ayahs of various castes. The Portuguese ayahs (Roman Catholic Christians, born in the country) are no doubt the most intelligent and useful; but they are more expensive than the Mussulman and Lall Beggies, and are therefore not so frequently employed: indeed, it is only in the neighbourhood of Calcutta that they are procurable at all. As the Hindostanee women neither knit nor sew, they seem to devote their energies exclusively to their infant charge. The bábá is their work and their play, the exercise of their thoughts, the substance of their dreams. He is the only book they read; and the only expansion their minds know is from the unfolding of the pages of his character. They are proud of that bábá, and proud of themselves for being his. What a sight it is, the ayah coming in at the dessert, in her rustling silks and transparent muslins—so stately in her humility, so smilingly self-satisfied—surrounded by the children, and holding in her dark, smooth, jewelled arms the son and heir of the family, whom she presents to papa to get a bit of cake or sweetmeat!

This is a grand moment for the ayah. Are not the children *hers*? Have they not lain upon her bosom all their little lives? And have not the charms which she detected with the first glance of her glittering eye, been developed under her care into the marvels now before the company? But the more tranquil and permanent happiness of the ayah is enjoyed while she is watching alone the opening of her buds of beauty, and steeping their slumbering senses in the sweet wild music of her country. I still sometimes hear in fancy her cradle-song humming in my own Old Indian ear as I am falling asleep—although many a long year has passed since I heard it in reality, and many a long league is now between me and the land of the dear, good, black, comical, kindly ayah. Let me try whether I cannot render it, even loosely, in our own strong Anglo-Saxon tongue, from the musical, melting Hindostanee:—

Sleep on, sleep on, my bábá dear!
Thy faithful slave is watching near.
The cradle wherein my babe I fondle,
Is made of the rare and bright-red sandal;*
And the string with which I am rocking my lord,
Is a gay and glittering silken cord.

Sleep on, sleep on, my bábá dear!
Thy faithful slave is watching near.
Thy father, my dear, is the jemadar
Of a province which stretches wide and far;
And his brother, my child, is a moonsif great,
Who ruleth o'er many a ryot's fate.

Sleep on, sleep on, my bábá dear!
Thy faithful slave is watching near.
Thy mother of hearts is the powerful queen,
The loveliest lady that ever was seen;
And there ne'er was slave more faithful, I trow,
Than she who is rocking thy cradle now.

I have said that our ayah sometimes comes home with her charges—comes to our home from her own. It is a bad exchange. She awakes slowly from her dream, as she sees the rosy cheeks, full pouting lips, and round wondering eyes, that are turned upon the dark stranger and her pale, thin, little ones. The comparison is painful; these cherub children have no sympathy with the lonely Hindoo; and the servants of the house, although awed at first by her foreign aspect, and calm, stately air, have no permanent respect for one who ranks neither with their superiors nor with themselves. The climate, too, is as chilling as the manners around her; her heretofore bábás are lords to nobody but herself; and so, with one thing and another, she grows home-sick, her heart yearns for her own sunny land, and she is glad—sorrowfully glad—when at last the announcement is made, that an ayah wants to go back to India with a family.

And in India once more, what then? Why then, the great ocean is between her and her fledged nurslings, and she looks round for some new objects of love and devotion. These she probably finds in another home, another mistress, another bábá; her heart begins its course anew; and the ayah lives a second life in the young lives of her children. No joyless existence is hers, no cares without ample compensations; but yet when I see in my own country one of these solitary, strangely-attired, dark-skinned women, I feel attracted towards her by an almost tearful sympathy, and have ever a kind look and a warm, gentle word for the poor ayah.

SMALL INVESTMENTS.

The investment of small savings in land with a view to spade-husbandry, was a few years ago brought prominently before the working-classes. We took occasion, at the time, to warn the humbler classes generally against projects of this kind, but without any beneficial effect. Land-schemes, as they were called, were puffed into popularity, and all our advices and remonstrances on the subject were rejected with disdain. Universal ruin has followed these schemes, and the unfortunate dupes are left to mourn their loss. Nothing is more specious than a plan of earning an independent livelihood by cultivating a few acres of land; but, practically, it is open to some serious drawbacks. First, the cultivator requires to be skilled in husbandry, and of a bodily frame to endure the fatigue of constant out-door labour. Second, his land must be tolerably good, and situated under a good climate. Third, the land must be close to a market, otherwise the produce cannot be disposed of. The cultivation of a small bit of land is in reality a kind of gardening. No horse-labour can be employed; all is to be done by the spade. It may be possible, therefore, to make a livelihood near a large town, where anything that is produced—milk and butter included—will find a ready market at no cost of transport; but in other circumstances the thing is almost hopeless. It

*The red sandal-wood is more rare and valuable than the yellow.

is a notorious fact, that the most wretched of the rural population of this country are small cultivators, even if the land costs next to nothing. We are aware that the small-farm system is more successful in Belgium and Lombardy. On the reasons for this, it is here needless to enter. We take the examples offered in Great Britain, where it has never come up to the expectations of philanthropists.

The purchase of forty-shilling freeholds has lately been put forward as a method of investing money by the working-classes. It is beyond our province to speak of the political aims of this form of investment. We can recognise a certain good in giving to a working-man the feeling, that he is the proprietor of a house or small portion of land yielding (along with the franchise in England) a rent of forty shillings per annum; but, at the same time, we recognise a corresponding evil, and we should be shrinking from our duty if we did not mention it in distinct terms. In those localities where operatives and others can reckon on constant remunerative employment, it may prove a real service in many ways for them to buy a house instead of renting one; indeed, we should highly recommend them to become the proprietors of the dwellings which they occupy. But in places where workmen possess no such assurance or reasonable prospect of employment, we would as earnestly dissuade them from taking a step of this kind. The capital of a working-man—that on which he must place his dependence—is his labour; and this labour he ought to be in a position to dispose of to the best advantage. On this account, he requires, as a general rule, to hold himself in readiness to go wherever his labour is in demand. Of all men, he has the most cause to be a citizen of the world. He may find it his interest to remove to localities hundreds of miles off; and therefore the fewer obstructions to his movements, the better. Heritable property is a fixture. A man cannot take it with him, and the sale of it, even when time is permitted to seek out a purchaser, is attended with expense and difficulty. No doubt the transfer of such property might and ought to be vastly lowered in cost; but not until this is done, will it be time for the more movable part of the working-classes to consider the propriety of saddling themselves with the ownership of lands and houses. Such, at least, is our opinion, after much consideration of the subject. So many melancholy instances have we seen of working-men being ruined by the want of power or will to leave small heritable possessions in country towns, where employment deserted them, that we entertain a strong feeling against this class of persons investing their earnings in fixed property.

Upon the whole, the best thing the humbler classes can do with small savings, is to let them accumulate as movable capital. They should perceive that, generally speaking, a little money has few advantageous outlets. It is only after its increase to a tolerable sum, that it can command a good investment. A short time ago, we adverted to the vast benefits that would accrue to the working-classes, by legalising partnerships in commandite; for this would allow the clubbing of means for trading purposes without chance of total loss. Another thing for improving the resources of such classes, would be the issue of small debentures on land, railways, and other kinds of property; these debentures to be registered in such a manner as would admit of legal recourse without the

tedious and expensive forms now required to enforce their liquidation. These, then, are things to be struggled for by the humbler orders, indeed by many who ostensibly belong to classes higher in social standing.

PLEASURES OF LITERATURE.

It may be remembered, that somewhat more than two years ago, Mr Willmott's *Journal of Summer-time in the Country* was noticed in these pages. Those who, through that or any other introduction, have since become acquainted with that exquisite little volume, will be glad to meet the author again, in the not less charming work which he has recently put forth, on the *Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature*.* The theme itself must be naturally attractive to all book-loving people; and we are prepared to say, that it is treated with felicity and discrimination. We do not aver that we always concur in the writer's judgments, or hold precisely his views of criticism; but we are, upon the whole, very decidedly impressed with the general force and truth of his Discourse, with the gracefulness of his allusions and illustrations, his elegant and pointed style, and the bland and genial temper in which he writes. The work consists of a series of short chapters on books, authors, the circumstances in which they wrote, the moods in which they should be read to be appreciated, the nature and specific qualities of taste, poetry, fiction, the drama, history, and philosophy. The author's turn of mind is chiefly retrospective: he writes more in the spirit of the last age than of the present. Indeed, he seems too much inclined to ignore the value of our later literature; almost the only modern authors whom he quotes are Hallam, Charles Lamb, and Southey; and it is evident, both from the style and matter of the work, that the range of his reading has been most extensive in what he terms the 'classical criticism and biography of the eighteenth century.' This, however, we note only in passing; and not at all in the way of condemnation; further than as it may indicate the limitations to be expected in his tone of thought and sentiment.

Mr Willmott, indeed, speaks disparagingly of some of the severer studies—especially of logic and mathematics; declaring that they 'can only be useful to a full mind,' and that, 'if they find it empty, they leave it in the same state.' Of course, he may be allowed to have his opinion on such a matter; but we presume it will not be very generally adopted. We agree with him that, 'in moral impression they are powerless;' yet we are bound to bear in mind that their aim is not a moral one; and we, furthermore, believe that, within their own scope and province, they may at least be serviceable in training and developing the understanding. Not to dwell longer on this little eccentricity of opinion, which is simply one of idiosyncrasy, let us follow the author into some of the more congenial sections of his dissertation. The following passage, on 'The three essential qualities of an author,' seems not unsuitable for quotation:—

'Sir Philip Sidney said, that the most flying wits must have three wings—art, meditation, exercise. Genius is in the instinct of flight. A boy came to Mozart, wishing to compose something, and inquiring the way to begin. Mozart told him to wait. "You composed much earlier?" "But asked nothing about it," replied the musician. Cowper expressed the same sentiment to a friend: "Nature gives men a bias to their respective pursuits, and that strong propensity, I suppose, is what we mean by genius." M. Angelo is hindered in his childish studies of art; Raffaele grows up with pencil and colours for playthings: one neglects school to copy drawings, which he dared not bring home; the

* *Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature. A Discourse, by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks. Bowditch: London.*

father of the other takes a journey to find his son a worthier teacher. M. Angelo forces his way; Raffaele is guided into it. But each looks for it with longing eyes. In some way or other, the man is tracked in the little footsteps of the child. Dryden marks the three steps of progress:—

"What the child admired,
The youth *endeavour'd*, and the man *acquired*."

'Dryden was an example of his own theory. He read Polybius, with a notion of his historic exactness, before he was ten years old. Witnesses rise over the whole field of learning. Pope, at twelve, feasted his eyes in the picture-galleries of Spenser. Murillo filled the margin of his school-books with drawings. Le Brun, in the beginning of childhood, drew with a piece of charcoal on the walls of the house. The young Ariosto quietly watched the fierce gestures of his father, forgetting his displeasure in the joy of copying from life, into a comedy he was writing, the manner and speech of an old man enraged with his son.

'Cowley, in the history of his own mind, shews the influence of boyish fancies upon later life. He compares them to letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which grow and widen with it. We are not surprised to hear from a school-fellow of the Chancellor Somers, that he was a weakly boy, who always had a book in his hand, and never looked up at the play of his companions; to learn from his affectionate biographer, that Hammond at Eton sought opportunities of stealing away to say his prayers; to read that Tournefort forsook his college class, that he might search for plants in the neighbouring fields; or that Smeaton, in petticoats, was discovered on the top of his father's barn, in the act of fixing the model of a windmill which he had constructed. These early traits of character are such as we expect to find in the cultivated lawyer, who turned the eyes of his age upon Milton; in the Christian, whose life was one varied strain of devout praise; in the naturalist, who enriched science by his discoveries; and in the engineer, who built the Eddystone Lighthouse.'

This accords very well with a notion of our own. We hold that men have a tendency to follow what they are by nature best qualified to succeed in; and that the fact ought to be regarded in the education of the individual. Education should include the study and trial of aptitudes, so that each may be directed to his appropriate vocation. It is true, there are sometimes such things as 'false tendencies' to be encountered; but these, as Goethe has shewn, may be readily detected, inasmuch as they are plainly 'unproductive'; that is to say, the thing aimed after does not come out as a recognisable success. False tendencies are more easily perceived in others than in ourselves—especially when ambition, interest, or vanity is involved in the consideration; and on this account the difficulty, perhaps, might not be insurmountable, if the charge of it could be committed to a really judicious educator. But to say anything further on the subject would be out of place at present; and, accordingly, we return to what is more immediately before us.

'The instinct of flight,' continues our author, 'is combined with the instinct of labour. Genius lights its own fire; but it is constantly collecting materials to keep alive the flame. When a new publication was suggested to Addison, after the completion of the *Guardian*, he answered: 'I must now take some time, *pour me delasser*, and lay in fuel for a future work.' The strongest blaze soon goes out when a man always blows and never feeds it. Johnson declined an introduction to a popular author with the remark, that he did not desire to converse with a person who had written more than he had read.

'It is interesting to follow great authors or painters in their careful training and accomplishing of the mind.

The long morning of life is spent in making the weapons and the armour which manhood and age are to polish and prove. Usher, when nearly twenty years old, formed the daring resolution of reading all the Greek and Latin fathers, and with the dawn of his thirty-ninth year he completed the task. Hammond, at Oxford, gave thirteen hours of the day to philosophy and classical literature, wrote commentaries on all, and compiled indexes for his own use.

'With these calls to industry in our ears, we are not to be deaf to the deep saying of Lord Brooke, the friend of Sidney, that some men overbuild their nature with books. The motion of our thoughts is impeded by too heavy a burden; and the mind, like the body, is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes. When Buffon and Hogarth pronounced genius to be nothing but labour and patience, they forgot history and themselves. The instinct must be in the mind, and the fire be ready to fall. Toil alone would not have produced the *Paradise Lost* or the *Principia*. The born dwarf never grows to the middle size. Rousseau tells a story of a painter's servant, who resolved to be the rival or the conqueror of his master. He abandoned his livery to live by his pencil; but instead of the Louvre, he stopped at a sign-post. Mere learning is only a compiler, and does with the pen what the compositor does with the type: each sets up a book with the hand. Stone-masons collected the dome of St Paul's, but Wren hung it in air.'

There is, perhaps, nothing very profound or original in this, but it is all very sensible and pleasant. Something of novelty, however, will be observed in the extract which follows next, on 'The Influence of Air and Situation on the Thoughts.' The consideration, at any rate, is curious, both under its physiological and metaphysical aspect.

'It has been a subject of ingenious speculation if country or weather may be said to cherish or check intellectual growth. Jeremy Collier considered that the understanding needs a kind climate for its health, and that a reader of nice observation might ascertain from the book in what latitude, season, or circumstances, it had been written. The opponents are powerful. Reynolds ridiculed the notion of thoughts shooting forth with greater vigour at the summer solstice or the equinox; Johnson called it a fantastic foppery.

'The atmospheric theory is as old as Homer. Its laureate is Montesquieu. The more northerly you go, he said, the sterner the man grows. You must scorch a Muscovite to make him feel. Gray was a convert. One of the prose hints for his noble fragment of a didactic poem runs thus: 'It is the proper work of education and government united, to redress the faults that arise from the soil and air.' Berkeley entertained the same feeling. Writing to Pope from Leghorn, and alluding to some half-formed design he had heard him mention of visiting Italy, he continues: "What might we not expect from a muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air with Virgil and Horace?"

'When Dyer attributes the faults of his *Fleece* to the Lincolnshire fens, he only awakes a smile. Keats wrote his Ode to a Nightingale—a poem full of the sweet south—at the foot of Highgate Hill. But we have the remark of Dryden—probably the result of his own experience—that a cloudy day is able to alter the thoughts of a man; and, generally, the air we breathe, and the objects we see, have a secret influence upon our imagination. Burke was certain that Milton composed *Il Penseroso* in the long, resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister, or ivied abbey. He beheld its solemn gloom in the verse. The fine nerves of the mind are braced, and the strings of the harp are tuned, by different kinds of temperature. "I think," Warburton remarked to Hurd, "you have often heard me say, that my delicious season is the autumn—the season which gives most life and

vigour to my intellectual faculties. The light mists, or, as Milton calls them, the steams that rise from the fields in one of these mornings, give the same relief to the views that the blue of the plum gives to the appetite."

'Mozart composed, whenever he had the opportunity, in the soft air of fine weather. His *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem* were written in a bowling-green and a garden. Chatterton found a full moon favourable to poetic invention, and he often sat up all night to enjoy its solemn shining. Winter-time was most agreeable to Crabbe. He delighted in a heavy fall of snow; and it was during a severe storm which blocked him within doors, that he portrayed the strange miseries of Sir Eustace Grey.'

There may be something in this supposed influence of temperature and seasons; but there certainly is no general law observable in the matter. Shakespeare asks—

'Oh who can take a fire in his hand
By thinking of the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow naked in December's snows
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?'

He might have been answered by Moore, who shut himself up in the wintry wilds of Derbyshire to write *Lalla Rookh*—a poem breathing of the perfumes, and glowing in the sunlight of the golden East; and by Scott, who, in Jermyn Street, St James's, with miles of brick houses round him, produced his famous introductions to *Marmion*, some of which may rank with the finest descriptions of natural scenery in the language. But the way in which people are influenced seems utterly capricious. We know a writer who is always unfavourably affected by a dull, still atmosphere, and whose faculties are as invariably exhilarated by a high wind. Cloudy weather does not influence him disagreeably if it be stormy, but calm, leaden November glooms oppress him with a feeling bordering upon stupor. These are altogether unproductive days with him. If authors, however, are subject in their moods to atmospheric and other circumstantial influences, it may be expected that readers also are to some extent possessed of a like tendency. Mr Willmott has, accordingly, a suitable suggestive word or two to guide them in their reading. He says:—

'A classification of authors to suit all hours and weathers might be amusing. Ariosto spans a wet afternoon like a rainbow. North winds and sleet agree with Junius. The visionary tombs of Dante glimmer into awfuller perspective by moonlight. Crabbe is never so pleasing as on the hot shingle, when we look up from his verses at the sleepy sea, and count the

"Crimson weeds, which spreading slow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below:
With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon."

'Some books come in with lanips and curtains, and fresh logs. An evening in late autumn, when there is no moon, and the boughs toss like foam raking its way back down a pebbly shore, is just the time for *Undine*. A voyage is read with deepest interest in winter, while the hail dashes against the window. Southey speaks of this delight—

"This pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times and feel that we are safe;
And with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us."

'The sobs of the storm are musical chimes for a ghost-story, or one of those fearful tales with which the blind fiddler in *Redgauntlet* made "the auld carlines shake on the settle, and the bits of bairns skirl on their minnies out frae their beds."

'Shakespeare is always most welcome at the chimney-corner; so is Goldsmith: who does not wish Dr

Primrose to call in the evening, and Olivia to preside at the urn? Elia affirms, that there is no such thing as reading or writing, but by a candle; he is confident that Milton composed the morning hymn of Eden with a clear fire burning in the room; and in Taylor's gorgeous description of sunrise, he found the smell of the lamp quite overpowering. . . . But Elia, he says further on, 'carried his fireside theory too far. Some people have tried "the affection of a book at noonday in gardens and sultry arbours," without finding their task of love to be unlearned. Indeed, many books belong to sunshine, and should be read out of doors. Clover, violets, and hedge-roses, breathe from their leaves; they are most lovable in cool lanes, along field-paths, or upon stilts overhung by hawthorn; while the black-bird pipes, and the nightingale bathes its brown feathers in the twilight cope.

'The sensation is heightened when an author is read amid the scenery or the manners which he describes—as Barrow studied the sermons of Chrysostom in his own see of Constantinople. What daisies sprinkle the walks of Cowper, if we take his *Task* for a companion through the lanes of Weston! Under the thick hedges of Horton, darkening either bank of the field in the September moonlight, *Il Penseroso* is still more pensive. And whoever would feel at his heart the deep pathos of Collins's lamentation for Thomson, must murmur it to himself, as he glides upon the stealing wave, by the breezy lawns and elms of Richmond.'

Our author has some judicious remarks on 'Criticism, its Curiosities and Researches,' and is himself a critic of refined and delicate appreciation. We certainly do not agree with him in thinking that the literature of the last century is superior to that of the present; but we can nevertheless admit that many of his favourite writers are deserving of a higher and more reverent regard than is now generally awarded them. We would quarrel with no man about his preferences; still, we cannot hold Mr Willmott justified in such sweeping condemnation of our current literature as he appears disposed to pass upon it. It would seem, indeed, that in his disgust at 'the corrupted streams of popular entertainment,' he has not cared to make himself acquainted with the best of our modern writers. Of these he seems—if we may judge from his total oversight of them—to have hardly a knowledge of the names. 'He lives,' as he admits, 'among the society of an elder age.' Here, however, he numbers 'tasteful learning with the chiefest blessings of his home.' If he had lived in the last century, he would probably have gone back for his idols to an earlier one; and yet his remarks on taste and criticism are of a catholic nature, although his just application of their canons have this chronological boundary. We have no room, however, for his disquisition on these elegant subjects; neither can we follow our accomplished clergyman into his disquisitions on fiction, history, biography, philosophy, and its pleasures, nor the 'domestic interiors' of taste and learning. We had intended to quote some fine sentences on the consolations of poetry, but find we have not room for them. The reader will do well to get the book, and read them there. It is a work altogether well worth reading. Nay, it will bear reading many times, and even become pleasanter as one's acquaintance with it increases. Indeed, it is not at all the kind of book to be run through rapidly, and so disposed of; the thought and observation in it are closely packed and methodised; and if you wish to derive any benefit, or even pleasure from the perusal, you will need to read deliberately. We should say the author thoroughly enjoyed his work while he was engaged in it; but the workmanship exhibits everywhere the greatest care and patience. The same habit of mind employed in writing it will be required in the reading. We may describe the book as being a graceful, suggestive review of literature, considered with regard

to its enjoyments. Refined, scholarly, tolerant, and judicious in all his tastes and sympathies, the author's influence upon other minds cannot be otherwise than wholesome, elevating, and benignant.

THE MISSING SHIP.

ALEXIS HIMKOF had just taken an affectionate leave of his wife, and stood looking after her, on the deck of the vessel to which he had been appointed mate, and which had been fitted up for the whale-fishery near Spitzbergen, by a merchant of the name of Jeremiah Oxladmkof, of Mesen, a town in the province of Jesovia, in the government of Archangel. She sailed in 1743 on her first voyage. We can conceive how lonely the home of Alexis must have been without him. We may be sure that his wife's last prayer at night was offered up for his safety. We constantly hear it said, in stormy weather: 'God help those who are at sea!' 'God help those who have friends at sea!' might be added to the petition; for there are hearts which quail at every gust of wind—there are thick-coming fancies, which can conjure up tempest-tossed vessels, sweeping gales, and raging billows; and yet the ship may at that very moment be in calm waters, or sailing with a prosperous breeze.

The time came that there might be some account of Himkof—then, that the vessel might be back; but no news or vessel came. Month after month passed on, and still it came not; and then years went by, and still there was no ship: whenever a sail was seen in the distance, the poor wife would hasten to the shore; but still the ship she looked for never came. With a sinking heart, she would retrace her steps homewards; but still she came again and again, so true it is that affection and hope are the last earthly companions that part company. The neighbours would look at her as she passed along, and shake their heads in pity.

The vessel, which had fourteen hands on board, had sailed on with a fair wind for eight days. On the ninth it veered, and instead of reaching the west of Spitzbergen, the place of rendezvous for the vessels employed annually in the whale-fishery, it was driven eastward of those islands. A few days brought her near one of them, known as East Spitzbergen. When within about two English miles, she was hemmed in by ice, and in extreme danger. In this dreadful emergency, the crew consulted on what was best to be done. Himkof mentioned that he had been told, some time before, that some men from Mesen, having decided on wintering on the island, had provided themselves with timber for building a hut, which they accordingly erected at some distance from the shore. Being quite aware, that if they remained in their present situation, they must inevitably perish, they determined to search for the hut, and to winter there, if so fortunate as to find it. Himkof, with three others, were selected to make the search. They were provided with a musket, twelve charges of powder, a dozen balls, an axe, a small kettle, a tinder-box and tinder, a wooden pipe for each, some tobacco, and a bag with twenty pounds of flour. This was as much as they could carry with safety, as they had to make their way for two miles over loose ridges of ice, which would be still more difficult and dangerous if they were overloaded, and it required the utmost caution to avoid falling between these ridges, which had been raised by the waves and driven together by the winds. The footing once lost, inevitable destruction must follow. They had not proceeded above an English mile, when, to their great delight, they descried the hut, at a distance of about a mile and a half from the shore. Its length was thirty-six feet, and its breadth and height eighteen. It consisted of two rooms. The ante-chamber was about twelve feet broad, and had two doors—one to exclude the outer air, the other by which

it communicated with the inner room, in which there was an earthen stove, such as is commonly used in Russia. A very slight inspection sufficed to shew that the hut had sustained great injury from the weather; but to have found it in any condition was a subject of great joy, and they availed themselves of its shelter for the night.

Eager to communicate the good news to their companions, they set out early the next morning; and as they went on, they chatted cheerfully about the stores of ammunition and provisions, and various requisites which could be conveyed from the ship, to be stored in the hut for winter use. They pursued their way in the highest spirits, picturing to themselves the delight which they were about to give to their companions. When they arrived on the shore, not a vestige of the ship was to be seen; no track through the waters marked her path; all was still and silent, desolate and bleak: no familiar face was seen; not one of their comrades was left to tell the hapless tale! They stood aghast, looking in mute despair upon the sea. The ice by which the vessel had been hemmed in had totally disappeared. The violent storm of the night before, they concluded, might have been the cause of this fatal disaster; the ice might have been disturbed by the agitation of the waves, and beaten violently against the ship, till she was shattered to pieces; or she might, perhaps, have been carried on by the current into the ocean, and there lost. However it might have been, they were never to see her again. What a difference a few short moments had made in their feelings and in their fate! They thought to have re-entered the hut with glad companions; they returned to it the sole inhabitants of that desolate region, disconsolate, and utterly hopeless of ever leaving it. When they could collect their thoughts, they were anxiously turned to the preservation of their lives, for which it was necessary to provide some kind of sustenance. The island abounded with reindeer, and they brought down one with every charge of their powder. They set about devising means to repair the hut, which, from the cracks and crevices produced by the weather, let in the piercingly cold air in various directions. No wood, or even shrub, grew on that sterile ground. Nothing could be more dreary than the prospect—a bleak waste without vegetation; the high mountains with their rock and crags; the everlasting ice and the vast masses of snow. The very sublimity of the scene was awfully impressed with all the marks of stern desolation and solitude. As in that cold climate wood is not liable to decay, they joined the boards of which the hut was constructed, with the help of their axe, very tolerably, filling up the crevices with moss, which grows in abundance all over the island. The poor men, like all of their country, were expert carpenters, for it is customary with them to build their own houses. No want could have been more dreadful than that of wood, for without firing, they could never bear up against the intense cold.

As they strayed along the beach, they found, to their joy, a quantity of wood which had been carried in by the tide. What they first got in this way were parts of the wreck of vessels, and afterwards trees, which had been uprooted by the overflowing of rivers, and borne by the waves into the ocean; but what proved a treasure to the poor castaways, were some boards which they discovered on the beach, with a long iron hook, some nails of five or six inches long, and thick in proportion, and other pieces of iron fastened in them—the sad memorials of some shattered vessel. Kind Providence seemed to have directed their steps where help was to be found. Just at the time when their provisions had nearly failed, and when they were without the means of replenishing their store, they perceived, not far from the boards, the root of a fir-tree, which had almost taken the form of a bow. With the

help of their knife, they soon brought it into more regular shape, but they were unprovided with a string and with arrows. They determined, in the first instance, to make two lances, to guard themselves against the formidable attacks of the ferocious white bear; but without a hammer, it was impossible to form their heads, or those of the arrows. However, by heating the iron hook, and widening a hole which it happened to have in the centre, with the help of one of the large nails, they inserted the handle, and a round button at one end of the hook, made the face of the hammer. A large pebble served for an anvil, and a pair of reindeer's horns were the tongs. Such were the tools with which they fashioned the heads for two spears, which they polished and sharpened on stones, and then tied them fast with strips of reindeer-skin to thick sticks, with which they were supplied from the branches of trees which had been wafted on shore. Thus armed, they attacked a white bear, and after a desperate struggle, they succeeded in killing him. They made use of the flesh for food, which they described as being like beef; by separating the tendons, they were supplied with filaments as fine as they pleased, which enabled them to string their bow. Their next work was to form pieces of iron into heads for their arrows, like the spears which they had already manufactured. They polished and sharpened them in the same way, and made them fast to pieces of the fir with the sinews of the white bear; feathers of sea-fowl being tied with the filaments. They were now equipped with a complete bow and arrows, which proved a most serviceable acquisition, and furnished them from time to time with reindeer to the amount of 250, besides vast numbers of the blue and white foxes; providing them not only with food, but with clothing, as their skins were a great defence from the coldness of the climate.

They destroyed no more than ten white bears; these animals defended themselves with prodigious strength and fury. The first was attacked by the sailors; the other nine were the assailants. Some of them were so daring as to walk into the hut in search of their prey. Those among them who were the least voracious were easily driven away, but the more ravenous were not to be deterred; and it was not without encountering the most imminent danger that the men escaped in the dreadful conflicts. But they were in continual fear of being devoured, as these ferocious animals repeated their visits to the hut, and renewed their attacks continually. When they succeeded in slaying one, they made use of its flesh as food, which, with that of the reindeer and the blue and white foxes, were the only kind they could have in that bleak region.

The want of the necessary conveniences obliged them for some time to make use of their food without cooking. They had nothing in the way of bread or salt. The stove within was set up after the Russian fashion, and could boil nothing. The cold was so intense, that all the wood they had was reserved for the stove; they had none to spare for making a fire outside, from which they would have had but little heat, and where they would run the risk of being attacked by the white bear. Besides, the masses of snow which fell during the winter months, and the heavy rains, would have made it quite impossible, for great part of the year, to have kept a fire burning in the open air. They, however, thought of a plan by which they were enabled to prepare some of their food. In the summer months, they exposed part of their animal food in the sun, and then hung it in the upper part of the hut, where it became thoroughly dried by the smoke. This food they used as bread, with that which they were obliged to eat half raw. By this means they were able to keep up a constant supply of provisions. They had water in the summer from the rills which fell from the rocks, and in winter, they were supplied from the snows and thawed ice.

Their only utensil for holding water, and substitute for a drinking-cup, was their small kettle.

Half of the flour had been consumed by the men with their meat; the remaining portion was preserved for a different purpose. The dread of their fire going out, and of the difficulty which they should find in lighting another, without match or tinder, set their wits to work to find means to avert so great a misfortune. They obtained from the middle of the island a particular kind of slimy clay, which they had observed, and of which they modelled a sort of lamp, and filled it with the fat of the reindeer. They contrived a wick with a piece of twisted linen. When they flattered themselves that their object was accomplished, they met with a great disappointment, for the melting grease ran through the lamp. To make a new one, and to fill up the pores of the material of which it was made, was now their care. When formed, they dried it in the air, and then heated it red-hot, in which state they immersed it in their kettle, in a preparation of flour, which had been boiled down to the consistence of starch. They now tested it by filling it with melted fat, and to their infinite delight, they found that they had succeeded in fashioning one that did not leak. To make it still more secure, they covered the outside with linen dipped in the starch.

In managing to have light during the dreary months of darkness, they had attained a great object, which had been doubly desirable on account of him who was languishing in sickness. That they might not be wholly dependent on one lamp, of which some accident might deprive them, they made another. In collecting such wood as had been cast on shore for fuel, they had fortunately found some cordage and a little oakum (the sort of hemp used for calking ships), which they turned to great account as wicks for their lamps. When this store was consumed, they had recourse to their shirts and drawers—a part of dress worn by almost all Russian peasants—to supply the want. Like the sacred fire, these lamps were never suffered to go out. As they were formed soon after their arrival, they were kept burning without intermission for the years they passed in their comfortless abode.

The sacrifice made of their shirts and drawers exposed them more to the intense cold. Their shoes, boots, and other parts of their dress, were worn out. In this emergency, it was necessary to form some plan for defending themselves from the inclemency of the climate. The skins of the reindeer and foxes, which they had converted into bedding, now afforded the materials for clothing. They were submerged in fresh water for several days, till the hair was so loosened that it was easily removed; the leather was then rubbed with their hands till nearly dry, then melted reindeer fat was spread over it, and then it was again rubbed. It thus became soft, and fit for the use to which it was to be put. Some of the skins which they wished to reserve for furs did not undergo exactly the same process, but were merely left in water for one day, and were then prepared in the same manner, without removing the hair. Though now furnished with the materials for clothing, they were without the implements necessary for making them into articles of dress. They had neither awls for making shoes and boots, nor needles for sewing their clothes. Their ingenuity was, therefore, again put to the test, and was not slow in making up the deficiency. They contrived to make both very well, out of the bits of iron which they had collected from time to time. One of their most difficult tasks, was to make eyes to their needles; but this they accomplished with the help of their knife; for having ground it to a very sharp point, and heated a kind of wire, forged for the purpose, red-hot, they pierced a hole through one end, and by whetting and smoothing it on stones, brought the other to a point. These needles were astonishingly well formed,

nothing being amiss with them but the roughness of the eye, by which the thread was sometimes cut. It was indeed surprising that they were so well made, considering the rude instruments with which they were fashioned. Having no scissors, they were obliged to cut out their clothes with the knife; and though this was their first attempt at the trade of shoemaker or tailor, yet they contrived to cut out the articles which they required with as much precision as if they had served a regular apprenticeship to the business. The sinews of the reindeer and bears answered for thread. They set earnestly to their work. For summer wear, they made a sort of jacket and trousers of the prepared skins; for winter, long fur-gowns, with hoods, made after the fashion of those worn by the Laplanders.

The constant employment which their necessities required, and the various difficulties which they had to overcome by ingenious contrivance, so far from having been a misfortune, may be considered as having been the means of preserving these poor men from sinking under their unhappy circumstances. But accordingly as their ingenuity had supplied their wants, and their minds became more disengaged from expedients, their melancholy increased, and they looked round despondingly on the sterile and desolate region where, they felt, they were to spend the rest of their days, far away from the hearths of home, and from early friends and companions. Even the probability of that little circle being lessened, and, it might be, reduced to one solitary being, was a dreadful thought: each felt that this might be his own fate. Then the fear of all means of sustenance failing, and the assaults of wild beasts, were dangers too glaring to be forgotten. Alexis Himkof, who had left a wife and three children, suffered perhaps the most from heart-yearnings after home.

They had already lost one of their companions from the effects of scurvy; and now, when six dreary years had nearly passed, another was taken from among them. It chanced on the 15th of August 1749, while they were lamenting their poor companion, that they desecrated a vessel. Who can describe the tumults of their feelings, the fluttering of their hearts? Their fate hung upon a chance. Oh, if she would come to relieve them! oh, if they could pass once more those rude barriers of ice, and cut through those interminable waves again! But she might pass on, and leave them to a fate rendered still more miserable by the fallacious gleam of hope. With trembling haste they ran hither and thither, and almost flew to light the signal-fires of distress along the hills, and now to the beach, to wave the rude flag, formed of a reindeer's skin fastened to a pole. What agitating hopes and fears were crowded into that space of time, as the vessel made her way through the waters! The signals of distress were seen—were heeded! She comes! she comes! and now she anchors near the shore. What a day of joy and thankfulness! But the delight of the poor mariners may be more easily conceived than described. Their bargain with the master of the ship—a Russian vessel—was soon made: they were to work for him on the voyage, and they agreed to pay eighty rubles on landing. He took them on board with all their possessions, consisting of two thousand pounds of the lard of the reindeer in the hides of those animals, and of the white and blue foxes, and the skins of the ten white bears that they had destroyed. They also took with them their bow and arrows, and all the implements which they had manufactured. These were deposited in a bone box, made with great ingenuity, with no tool but their knife. We have in these men a very remarkable example of the energy which can sustain in the most trying circumstances, and the ingenious skill which can furnish expedients, even in a region so destitute of resources. It may well teach us to trust in that good Providence which is indeed a present help in trouble.

They reached Archangel on the 28th of September

1749. What happy meetings may have been anticipated!—what calamities may have been dreaded during that voyage!—How may it have fared with those who were left? Will they all be there, to greet with a joyful welcome? What if Alexis's wife, worn out by suspense and anxiety, should have sunk into an early grave?—or if one among their children should have died?—or if the three should all have been swept away? The approaching sail had been seen; and the one who for years had clung to a forlorn-hope, was again at the water's edge. Alexis stood on the deck. Affection is quick-sighted; he was instantly seen and known by his wife! All was forgotten—all but that he was there. The distance between them, the waves that separated them, were unheeded! Uttering a wild cry of joy, she rushed forward to clasp him in her arms. She sprang into the water—a little time, and she was extricated. She was insensible when taken up. When she came to herself, she was in her husband's arms!—their children were about them! What tears of joy were shed!—what prayers of thankfulness were offered up!

The foregoing narrative, true in every respect, is drawn up by us from documents issued under the authority of the Russian government. It shews, in a convincing manner, that subsistence is by no means impossible for sailors wrecked and icebound within the polar regions.

WILD ANIMALS IN CONFINEMENT.

Were it not that custom reconciles us to everything, a Christian community would surely be shocked by the report, and still more by the sight, of the sacrifice of innocent and helpless creatures—pigeons and rabbits, for instance—to the horrible instincts of snakes, who will not eat anything but what is alive. An account was recently given of a night-visit to the place of confinement of these disgusting reptiles, in which the evident horror of their intended victims, confined in the same cages, was distinctly mentioned. The gratification of mere curiosity does not justify the infliction of such torture on the lower animals. Surely the sight of a stuffed boa-constrictor ought to content a reasonable curiosity. Imagine what would be felt if a child were subjected to such a fate, or what could be answered if the present victims could tell their agonies as well as feel them! Byron speaks of the barbarians who, in the wantonness of power, were 'butchered to make a Roman holiday;' and verily the horrors exhibited in our public gardens and menageries are something akin to the fights of gladiators: it is the infliction of misery for mere sport. With reference also to lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals kept in cages—if retained at all, the space allotted them ought to be much larger than it is, so as to allow them full room for healthful exercise. At present, they must be wretched; and considering also the quantity of food they consume, which might be converted to useful purposes—though this is taking a lower view of the matter—it is at least desirable that the number should be much smaller, and a much greater space allowed them to exhibit their natural vivacity. These remarks do not, of course, apply to fowls and other animals who are allowed a sufficient share of liberty to exist in comfort, and to whom it is not necessary to sacrifice the existence of other creatures.—*Ogden's Friendly Observer.*

[We entirely agree in reprobating the practice of placing live rabbits and other creatures within the cages of boa-constrictors. A recollection of a poor little rabbit cowering in the corner of one of these cages, as if aware of its approaching fate, has haunted us for years. No purpose of science can be answered by this constantly recurring barbarity. Zoological Societies should be careful not to run any risk of countenancing by such spectacles the elevated feelings they are so well calculated to foster.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

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PUFF AND PUSH.

It is said that everything is to be had in London. There is truth enough in the observation; indeed, rather too much. The conviction that everything is to be had, whether you are in want of it or not, is forced upon you with a persistence that becomes oppressive; and you find that, owing to everything being so abundantly plentiful, there is one thing which is *not* to be had, do what you will, though you would like it, have it if you could—and that one thing is just one day's exemption from the persecutions of Puff in its myriad shapes and disguises. But it is not to be allowed; all the agencies that will work at all are pressed into the service of pushing and puffing traffic; and we are fast becoming, from a nation of shopkeepers, a nation in a shop. If you walk abroad, it is between walls swathed in puffs; if you are lucky enough to drive your gig, you have to 'cut in and out' between square vans of crawling puffs; if, alighting, you cast your eyes upon the ground, the pavement is stencilled with puffs; if in an evening stroll you turn your eye towards the sky, from a paper balloon the clouds drop puffs. You get into an omnibus, out of the shower, and find yourself among half a score of others, buried alive in puffs; you give the conductor sixpence, and he gives you three pennies in change, and you are forced to pocket a puff, or perhaps two, stamped indelibly on the copper coin of the realm. You wander out into the country, but the puffs have gone thither before you, turn in what direction you may; and the green covert, the shady lane, the barks of columned beeches and speckled birches, of gnarled oaks and rugged elms—no longer the mysterious haunts of nymphs and dryads, who have been driven far away by the omnivorous demon of the shop—are all invaded by Puff, and subdued to the office of his ministering spirits. Puff, in short, is the monster megatherium of modern society, who runs rampaging about the world, his broad back in the air, and his nose on the ground, playing all sorts of ludicrous antics, doing very little good, beyond filling his own insatiable maw, and nobody knows how much mischief in accomplishing that.

Push is an animal of a different breed, naturally a thorough-going, steady, and fast-trotting hack, who mostly keeps in the Queen's highway, and knows where he is going. Unfortunately, he is given to break into a gallop now and then; and whenever in this vicious mood, is pretty sure to take up with Puff, and the two are apt to make wild work of it when they scamper about together. The worst of it is, that nobody knows which is which of these two termagant trampers: both are thoroughly protean creatures, changing shapes and

characters, and assuming a thousand different forms every day; so that it is a task all but impossible to distinguish one from the other. Hence a man may get upon the back of either without well knowing whither he will be carried, or what will be the upshot of his journey.

Dropping our parable, and leaving the supposed animals to run their indefinite career, let us take a brief glance at some of the curiosities of the science of Puffing and Pushing—for both are so blended, that it is impossible to disentangle one from the other—as it is carried on at the present hour in the metropolis.

The business of the shopkeeper, as well as of all others who have goods to sell, is of course to dispose of his wares as rapidly as possible, and in the dearest market. This market he has to create, and he must do it in one of two ways: either he must succeed in persuading the public, by some means or other, that it is to their advantage to deal with him, or he must wait patiently and perseveringly until they have found that out, which they will inevitably do if it is a fact. No shop ever pays its expenses, as a general rule, for the first ten or twenty months, unless it be literally crammed down the public throat by the instrumentality of the press and the boarding; and it is therefore a question, whether it is cheaper to wait for a business to grow up, like a young plant, or to force it into sudden expansion by artificial means. When a business is manageable by one or two hands, the former expedient is the better one, and as such is generally followed, after a little preliminary advertising, to apprise the neighbourhood of its whereabouts. But when the proprietor has an army of assistants to maintain and to salarise, the case is altogether different: the expense of waiting, perhaps for a couple of years, would swallow up a large capital. On this account, he finds it more politic to arrest the general attention by a grand stir in all quarters, and some obtrusive demonstration palpable to all eyes, which shall blazon his name and pretensions through every street and lane of mighty London. Sometimes it is a regiment of foot, with placarded banners; sometimes one of cavalry, with bill-plastered vehicles and bands of music; sometimes it is a phalanx of bottled humanity, crawling about in labelled triangular phials of wood, corked with woful faces; and sometimes it is all these together, and a great deal more besides. By this means, he conquers reputation, as a despot sometimes carries a throne, by a *coup d'état*, and becomes a celebrity at once to the million, among whom his name is infinitely better known than those of the greatest benefactors of mankind. All this might be tolerable enough if it ended here; but, unhappily, it does not. Experiment has shewn that, just as gudgeons will bite at

anything when the mud is stirred up at the bottom of their holes, so the ingenious public will lay out their money with anybody who makes a prodigious noise and clatter about the bargains he has to give. The result of this discovery is, the wholesale daily publication of lies of most enormous calibre, and their circulation, by means which we shall briefly notice, in localities where they are likely to prove most productive.

The advertisement in the daily or weekly papers, the placard on the walls or boardings, the perambulating vans and banner-men, and the doomed hosts of bottle-impis and extinguishers, however successful each may be in attracting the gaze and securing the patronage of the multitude, fail, for the most part, of enlisting the confidence of a certain order of customers, who, having plenty of money to spend, and a considerable share of vanity to work upon, are among the most hopeful fish that fall into the shopkeeper's net. These are the female members of a certain order of families—the amiable and genteel wives and daughters of the commercial aristocracy, and their agents, of this great city. They reside throughout the year in the suburbs: they rarely read the newspapers; it would not be genteel to stand in the streets spelling over the bills on the walls; and the walking and riding equipages of puffing are things decidedly low in their estimation. They must, therefore, be reached by some other means; and these other means are before us as we write, in the shape of a pile of circular-letters in envelopes of all sorts—plain, hot-pressed, and embossed; with addresses—some in manuscript, and others in print—some in a gracefully genteel running-hand, and others decidedly and rather obtrusively official in character, as though emanating from government authorities—each and all, however, containing the bait which the lady-gudgeon is expected to swallow. Before proceeding to open a few of them for the benefit of the reader, we must apprise him of a curious peculiarity which marks their delivery. Whether they come by post, as the major part of them do, not a few of them requiring a double stamp, or whether they are delivered by hand, one thing is remarkable—they *always come in the middle of the day*, between the hours of eleven in the forenoon and five in the afternoon, when, as a matter of course, the master of the house is not in the way. Never, by any accident, does the morning-post, delivered in the suburbs between nine and ten, produce an epistle of this kind. Let us now open a few of them, and learn from their contents what is the shopkeeper's estimate of the gullibility of the merchant's wife, or his daughter, or of the wife or daughter of his managing clerk.

The first that comes to hand is addressed thus: 'No. 2795.—DECLARATIVE NOTICE.—From the Times, August 15, 1851.' The contents are a circular, handsomely printed on three crowded sides of royal quarto glazed post, and containing a list of articles for peremptory disposal, under unheard-of advantages, on the premises of Mr Gobblemadam, at No. 541 New Ruin Street. Without disguising anything more than the addresses of these puffing worthies, we shall quote *verbatim* a few paragraphs from their productions. The catalogue of bargains in the one before us comprises almost every species of textile manufacture, as well native as foreign—among which silks, shawls, dresses, furs, and mantles are the most prominent; and amazing bargains they are—witness the following extracts:

'A marvellous variety of fancy silks, cost from 4 to 5 guineas each, will be sold for L.1, 19s. 6d. each.
Robes of damas and broche (foreign), cost 6 guineas, to be sold for 2½ guineas.
Embroidered muslin robes, newest fashion, cost 18s. 9d., to be sold for 9s. 6d.
Worked lace dresses, cost 35s., to be sold at 14s. 9d.
Do. do. cost 28s. 6d., to be sold at 7s. 6d.
Newest dresses, of fashionable materials, worth 35s., to be sold for 9s. 9d.

Splendid Paisley shawls, worth 2½ guineas, for 16s.
Cashmere shawls (perfect gems), cost 4 guineas, to be sold for 35s.

A long list of similar bargains closes with a declaration that, although these prices are mentioned, a clearance of the premises, rather than a compensation for the value of the goods, is the great object in view; that the articles will be got rid of regardless of price; and that 'the disposal will assume the character of a gratuitous distribution, rather than of an actual sale.' This is pretty well for the first hap-hazard plunge into the half-bushel piled upon our table. Mr Gobblemadam may go down. Let us see what the next will produce.

The second is addressed thus: 'To be opened within two hours after delivery.—SPECIAL COMMISSION.—Final Audit, 30th October 1851.' The contents are a closely-printed extra-royal folio broadside, issued by the firm of Messrs Shavelass and Swallowher, of Tottering Terrace West. It contains a voluminous list of useful domestic goods, presenting the most enormous bargains, in the way of sheetings, shirtings, flannels, diapers, damasks, dimities, table-cloths, &c. &c. The economical housewife is cautioned by this generous firm, that to disregard the present opportunity would be the utmost excess of folly, as the whole stock is to be peremptorily sold considerably under half the cost price. The following are a few of the items:

'Irish lines, warranted genuine, 9½d. per yard.
Fine cambric handkerchiefs, 2s. 6d. per dozen.
Curtain damask, in all colours, 6½d. per yard.
Swiss curtains, elegantly embroidered, four yards long, for 6s. 9d. a pair—cost 17s. 6d.
Drawing-room curtains, elaborately wrought, at 8s. 6d. a pair—cost 21s.'

The bargains, in short, as Messrs Shavelass and Swallowher observe, are of such an astounding description, as 'to strike all who witness them with wonder, amazement, and surprise;' and 'demand inspection from every lady who desires to unite superiority of taste with genuine quality and economy.'

The next is a remarkably neat envelope, with a handsomely embossed border, bearing the words, 'OX ESPECIAL SERVICE' under the address, and winged with a two-penny stamp. The enclosure is a specimen of fine printing on smooth, thin vellum, in the form of a quarto catalogue, with a deep, black-bordered title-page, emanating from the dreary establishment of Messrs Moan and Groan, of Cypress Row. Here commerce condescends to sympathy, and measures forth to bereaved and afflicted humanity the outward and visible symbols of their hidden griefs. Here, when you enter his gloomy penetralia, and invoke his services, the sable-clad and cadaverous-featured shopman asks you, in a sepulchral voice—we are not writing romance, but simple fact—whether you are not suited for inextinguishable sorrow, or for mere passing grief; and if you are at all in doubt upon the subject, he can solve the problem for you, if you lend him your confidence for the occasion. He knows from long and melancholy experience the agonising intensity of wo expressed by bombazine, crape, and Paramatta; can tell to a sigh the precise amount of regret that resides in a black bonnet; and can match any degree of internal anguish with its corresponding shade of colour, from the utter desolation and inconsolable wretchedness of dead and dismal black, to the transient sentiment of sorrowful remembrance so appropriately symbolised by the faintest shade of lavender or French gray. Messrs Moan and Groan know well enough, that when the heart is burdened with sorrow, considerations of economy are likely to be banished from the mind as out of place, and disrespectful to the memory of the departed; and, therefore, they do not affront their sorrowing patrons with the sublimary details of pounds, shillings, and pence. They speed

on the wings of the post to the house of mourning, with the benevolent purpose of comforting the afflicted household. They are the first, after the stroke of calamity has fallen, to mingle the business of life with its regrets; and to cover the woes of the past with the allowable vanities of the present. Step by step, they lead their melancholy patrons along the meandering margin of their flowing pages—from the very borders of the tomb, through all the intermediate changes by which sorrow publishes to the world its gradual subsidence, and land them at last in the sixteenth page, restored to themselves and to society, in the frontbox of the Opera, glittering in 'splendid head-dresses in pearl,' in 'fashionably elegant turbans,' and in 'dress-caps trimmed with blonde and Brussels lace.' For such benefactors to womankind—the dears—of course no reward can be too great; and, therefore, Messrs Moan and Groan, strong in their modest sense of merit, make no parade of prices. They offer you all that in circumstances of mourning you can possibly want; they scorn to do you the disgrace of imagining that you would drive a bargain on the very brink of the grave; and you are of course obliged to them for the delicacy of their reserve on so commonplace a subject, and you pay their bill in decorous disregard of the amount. It is true, that certain envious rivals have compared them to birds of prey, scenting mortality from afar, and hovering like vultures on the trail of death, in order to profit by his dart; but such 'caparisons,' as Mrs Malaprop says, 'are odorous,' and we will have nothing to do with them.

The next, and the last we shall examine ere Betty claims the whole mass to kindle her fires, is a somewhat bulky envelope, addressed in a neat hand: *To the Lady of the House*. It contains a couple of very voluminous papers, almost as large as the broad page of *The Times*, one of which advertises mysteriously to some appalling calamity, which has resulted in a 'most DISASTROUS FAILURE, productive of the most intense excitement in the commercial world.' We learn further on, that from various conflicting circumstances, which the writer does not condescend to explain, above L.150,000 worth of property has come into the hands of Messrs Grabble and Grab, of Smash Place, 'which they are resolute in summarily disposing of on principles commensurate with the honourable position they hold in the metropolis.' Then follows a list of tempting bargains, completely filling both the broad sheets. Here are a few samples:

'Costly magnificent long shawls, manufactured at L.6, to be sold for 18s. 6d.

Fur victorines, usually charged 18s. 6d., to sell at 1s. 3d.

2500 shawls (Barège), worth 21s. each, to sell at 5s.

Embroidered satin shawls (magnificent), value 20 guineas each, to be sold for 3 guineas.'

The reader is probably satisfied by this time of the extraordinary cheapness of these inexhaustible wares, which thus go begging for purchasers in the bosoms of families. It is hardly necessary to inform him, that all these enormous pretensions are so many lying delusions, intended only to bring people in crowds to the shop, where they are effectually fleeced by the jackals in attendance. If the lady reader doubt the truth of our assertion, let her go for once to the establishment of Messrs Grabble and Grab last named. An omnibus from any part of the city or suburbs will, as the circular informs you, set you down at the door. Upon entering the shop, you are received by a polite inquiry from the 'walker' as to the purpose of your visit. You must say something in answer to his torrent of civility, and you probably name the thing you want, or at least which you are willing to have at the price named in the sheet transmitted to you through the post. Suppose you utter the word 'shawl.' 'This way, madam,' says he; and forthwith leads you a long dance to the end of the counter, where he consigns you

over to the management of a plausible genius invested with the control of the shawl department. You have perhaps the list of prices in your hand, and you point out the article you wish to see. The fellow shews you fifty things for which you have no occasion, in spite of your reiterated request for the article in the list. He states his conviction, in a flattering tone, that *that* article would not become you, and recommends those he offers as incomparably superior. If you insist, which you rarely can, he is at length sorry to inform you that the article is unfortunately just now out of stock, depreciating it at the same time as altogether beneath *your* notice; and in the end succeeds in cramming you with something which you don't want, and for which you pay from 15 to 20 per cent. more than your own draper would have charged you for it.

The above extracts are given in illustration of the last new discovery in the science of puffing—a discovery by which, through the agency of the press, the penny-post, and the last new London Directory, the greatest rogues are enabled to practise upon the simplicity of our better-halves, while we think them secure in the guardianship of home. We imagine that, practically, this science must be now pretty near completion. Earth, air, fire, and water, are all pressed into the service. It has its painters, and poets, and literary staff, from the bard who tunes his harp to the praise of the pantaloons of the great public benefactor Noses, to the immortal professoress of crochet and cross-stitch, who contracts for L.120 a year to puff in 'The Family Fudge' the superexcellent knitting and boar's-head cotton of Messrs Steel and Goldseye. It may be that something more is yet within the reach of human ingenuity. It remains to be seen whether we shall at some future time find puffs in the hearts of lettuces and summer-cabbages, or shell them from our green-peas and Windsor beans. It might be brought about, perhaps, were the market-gardeners enlisted in the cause; the only question is, whether it could be made to pay.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE MONOMANIAC.

THE following narrative relates more to medical than to criminal history; but as the affair came in some degree under my notice as a public officer, I have thought it might not be altogether out of place in these slight outlines of police experience. Strange and unaccountable as it may at first appear, its general truth will hardly be questioned by those who have had opportunities of observing the fantastic delusions which haunt and dominate the human brain in certain phases of mental aberration.

On arriving in London, in 1831, I took lodgings at a Mr Renshaw's, in Mile-End Road, not far from the turnpike-gate. My inducement to do so, was partly the cheapness and neatness of the accommodation, partly that the landlord's maternal uncle, a Mr Oxley, was slightly known to me. Henry Renshaw I knew by reputation only, he having left Yorkshire ten or eleven years before, and even that knowledge was slight and vague. I had heard that a tragical event had cast a deep shadow over his after-life; that he had been for some months the inmate of a private lunatic asylum; and that some persons believed his brain had never thoroughly recovered its originally healthy action. In this opinion, both my wife and myself very soon concurred; and yet I am not sure that we could have given a satisfactory reason for such belief. He was, it is true, usually kind and gentle, even to the verge of simplicity, but his general mode of expressing himself and

conducting business was quite coherent and sensible; although, in spite of his resigned cheerfulness of tone and manner, it was at times quite evident, that whatever the mental hurt he had received, it had left a rankling, perhaps remorseful, sting behind. A small, well-executed portrait in his sitting-room suggested a conjecture of the nature of the calamity which had befallen him. It was that of a fair, mild-eyed, very young woman, but of a pensive, almost mournful, cast of features, as if the coming event, briefly recorded in the lower right-hand corner of the painting, had already, during life and health, cast its projecting shadow over her. That brief record was this:—'Laura Hargreaves, born 1804; drowned 1821.' No direct allusion to the picture ever passed his lips, in my hearing, although, from being able to chat together of Yorkshire scenes and times, we speedily became excellent friends. Still, there were not wanting, from time to time, significant indications, though difficult to place in evidence, that the fire of insanity had not been wholly quenched, but still smouldered and glowed beneath the habit-hardened crust which concealed it from the careless or casual observer. Exciting circumstances, not very long after my arrival in the metropolis, unfortunately kindled those brief wild sparkles into a furious and consuming flame.

Mr Renshawe was in fair circumstances—that is, his income, derived from funded property alone, was nearly £300 a year; but his habits were close, thrifty, almost miserly. His personal appearance was neat and gentlemanly, but he kept no servant. A charwoman came once a day to arrange his chamber, and perform other household work, and he usually dined, very simply, at a coffee-house or tavern. His house, with the exception of a sitting and bed room, was occupied by lodgers; amongst these, was a pale, weakly-looking young man, of the name of Irwin. He was suffering from pulmonary consumption—a disease induced, I was informed, by his careless folly in remaining in his wet clothes after having assisted, during the greater part of the night, at a large fire at a coach-factory. His trade was in gold and silver lace-work—bullion for epaulettes, and so on; and as he had a good connection with several West-end establishments, his business appeared to be a thriving one; so much so, that he usually employed several assistants of both sexes. He occupied the first floor, and a workshop at the end of the garden. His wife, a pretty-featured, well-formed, graceful young woman, of not more than two or three-and-twenty, was, they told me, the daughter of a schoolmaster, and certainly had been gently and carefully nurtured. They had one child, a sprightly, curly-haired, bright-eyed boy, nearly four years old. The wife, Ellen Irwin, was reputed to be a first-rate hand at some of the lighter parts of her husband's business; and her efforts to lighten his toil, and compensate by increased exertion for his daily diminishing capacity for labour, were unwearied and incessant. Never have I seen a more gentle, thoughtful tenderness, than was displayed by that young wife towards her suffering, and sometimes not quite evenly-tempered partner, who, however, let me add, appeared to reciprocate truthfully her affection; all the more so, perhaps, that he knew their time together upon earth was already shrunk to a brief span. In my opinion, Ellen Irwin was a handsome, even an elegant young person: this, however, is in some degree a matter of taste. But no one could deny that the gentle kindness, the beaming compassion, that irradiated her features as she tended the fast-sinking

invalid, rendered her at such times absolutely beautiful—angelised her, to use an expression of my wife's, with whom she was a prime favourite. I was self-debating for about the twentieth time one evening, where it was I had formerly seen her, with that sad, mournful look of hers; for seen her I was sure I had, and not long since either. It was late; I had just returned home; my wife was in the sick-room, and I had entered it with two or three oranges:—'Oh, now I remember,' I suddenly exclaimed, just above my breath; 'the picture in Mr Renshawe's room! What a remarkable coincidence!'

A low, chuckling laugh, close at my elbow, caused me to turn quickly towards the door. Just within the threshold stood Mr Renshawe, looking like a white stone-image rather than a living man, but for the fierce sparkling of his strangely gleaming eyes, and the mocking, triumphant curl of his lips. 'You, too, have at last observed it, then?' he muttered, faintly echoing the under-tone in which I spoke: 'I have known the truth for many weeks.' The manner, the expression, not the words, quite startled me. At the same moment, a cry of women rang through the room, and I immediately seized Mr Renshawe by the arm, and drew him forcibly away, for there was that in his countenance which should not meet the eyes of a dying man.

'What were you saying? What truth have you known for weeks?' I asked, as soon as we had reached his sitting-room.

Before he could answer, another wailing sound ascended from the sick-room. Lightning leaped from Renshawe's lustrous, dilated eyes, and the exulting laugh again, but louder, burst from his lips: 'Ha! ha!' he fiercely exclaimed. 'I know that cry! It is Death's!—Death's! Thrice-blessed Death, whom I have so often ignorantly cursed! But that,' he added quickly, and peering sharply in my face, 'was when, as you know, people said'—and he ground his teeth with rage—'people said I was crazed—mad!'

'What can you mean by this wild talk, my friend?' I replied in as unconcerned and quieting a tone as I could immediately assume. 'Come, sit down: I was asking the meaning of your strange words below, just now.'

'The meaning of my words? You know as well as I do. Look there!'

'At the painting? Well?'

'You have seen the original,' he went on with the same excited tone and gestures. 'It crossed me like a flash of lightning. Still, it is strange she does not know me. It is sure she does not! But I am changed, no doubt—sadly changed!' he added, dejectedly, as he looked in a mirror.

'Can you mean that I have seen Laura Hargreaves here?' I stammered, thoroughly bewildered. 'She who was drowned ten or eleven years ago?'

'To be sure—to be sure! It was so believed, I admit, by everybody—by myself, and the belief drove me mad! And yet, I now remember, when at times I was calm—when the pale face, blind staring eyes, and dripping hair, ceased for awhile to pursue and haunt me, the low, sweet voice and gentle face came back, and I knew she lived, though all denied it. But look, it is her very image!' he added fiercely, his glaring eyes flashing from the portrait to my face alternately.

'Whose image?'

'Whose image!—Why, Mrs Irwin's, to be sure. You yourself admitted it just now.' I was so confounded, that for several minutes I remained stupidly and silently staring at the man. At length I said: 'Well, there is a likeness, though not so great as I imagined'—

'It is false!' he broke in furiously. 'It is her very self.'

'We'll talk of that to-morrow. You are ill, over-

excited, and must go to bed. I hear Dr Garland's voice below: he shall come to you.'

'No—no—no!' he almost screamed. 'Send me no doctors; I hate doctors! But I'll go to bed—since—since you wish it; but no doctors! Not for the world!' As he spoke, he shrank cowering backwards, out of the room; his wavering, unquiet eyes fixed upon mine as long as we remained within view of each other: a moment afterwards, I heard him dart into his chamber, and bolt and double-lock the door.

It was plain that lunacy, but partially subdued, had resumed its former mastery over the unfortunate gentleman. But what an extraordinary delusion! I took a candle, and examined the picture with renewed curiosity. It certainly bore a strong resemblance to Mrs Irwin: the brown, curling hair, the pensive eyes, the pale fairness of complexion, were the same; but it was scarcely more girlish, more youthful, than the young matron was now, and the original, had she lived, would have been by this time approaching to thirty years of age! I went softly down stairs and found, as I feared, that George Irwin was gone. My wife came weeping out of the death-chamber, accompanied by Dr Garland, to whom I forthwith related what had just taken place. He listened with attention and interest; and after some sage observations upon the strange fancies which now and then take possession of the minds of monomaniacs, agreed to see Mr Renshawe at ten the next morning. I was not required upon duty till eleven; and if it were in the physician's opinion desirable, I was to write at once to the patient's uncle, Mr Oxley.

Mr Renshawe was, I heard, stirring before seven o'clock, and the charwoman informed me, that he had taken his breakfast as usual, and appeared to be in cheerful, almost high spirits. The physician was punctual: I tapped at the sitting-room door, and was desired to come in. Mr Renshawe was seated at a table with some papers before him, evidently determined to appear cool and indifferent. He could not, however, repress a start of surprise, almost of terror, at the sight of the physician, and a paleness, followed by a hectic flush, passed quickly over his countenance. I observed, too, that the portrait was turned with its face towards the wall.

By a strong effort, Mr Renshawe regained his simulated composure, and in reply to Dr Garland's professional inquiry, as to the state of his health, said with a forced laugh: 'My friend, Waters, has, I suppose, been amusing you with the absurd story that made him stare so last night. It is exceedingly droll, I must say, although many persons, otherwise acute enough, cannot, except upon reflection, comprehend a jest. There was John Kemble, the tragedian, for instance, who'—

'Never mind John Kemble, my dear sir,' interrupted Dr Garland. 'Do, pray, tell us the story over again. I love an amusing jest.'

Mr Renshawe hesitated for an instant, and then said with reserve, almost dignity of manner: 'I do not know, sir'—his face, by the way, was determinedly averted from the cool, searching gaze of the physician—'I do not know, sir, that I am obliged to find you in amusement; and as your presence here was not invited, I shall be obliged by your leaving the room as quickly as maybe.'

'Certainly—certainly, sir. I am exceedingly sorry to have intruded, but I am sure you will permit me to have a peep at this wonderful portrait.'

Renshawe sprang impulsively forward to prevent the doctor reaching it. He was too late; and Dr Garland, turning sharply round with the painting in his hand, literally transfixed him in an attitude of surprise and consternation. Like the Ancient Mariner, he held him by his glittering eye, but the spell was not an enduring one. 'Truly,' remarked Dr Garland, as he found the kind of mesmeric influence he had exerted beginning

to fail, 'not so very bad a chance resemblance; especially about the eyes and mouth!'

'This is very extraordinary conduct,' broke in Mr Renshawe; 'and I must again request that you will both leave the room.'

It was useless to persist, and we almost immediately went away. 'Your impression, Mr Waters,' said the physician as he was leaving the house, 'is, I daresay, the true one; but he is on his guard now, and it will be prudent to wait for a fresh outbreak before acting decisively; more especially as the hallucination appears to be quite a harmless one.'

This was not, I thought, quite so sure, but of course I acquiesced, as in duty bound; and matters went on pretty much as usual for seven or eight weeks, except that Mr Renshawe manifested much aversion towards myself personally, and at last served me with a written notice to quit at the end of the term previously stipulated for. There was still some time to that; and in the meanwhile, I caused a strict watch to be set, as far as was practicable, without exciting observation, upon our landlord's words and acts.

Ellen Irwin's first tumult of grief subsided, the next and pressing question related to her own and infant son's subsistence. An elderly man of the name of Tomlins was engaged as foreman; and it was hoped the business might still be carried on with sufficient profit. Mr Renshawe's manner, though at times indicative of considerable nervous irritability, was kind and respectful to the young widow; and I began to hope that the delusion he had for awhile laboured under had finally passed away.

The hope was a fallacious one. We were sitting at tea on a Sunday evening, when Mrs Irwin, pale and trembling with fright and nervous agitation, came hastily in with her little boy in her hand. I correctly divined what had occurred. In reply to my hurried questioning, the astounded young matron told me in substance, that within the last two or three days Mr Renshawe's strange behaviour and disjointed talk had both bewildered and alarmed her. He vaguely intimated that she, Ellen Irwin, was really Laura somebody else—that she had kept company with him, Mr Renshawe, in Yorkshire, before she knew poor George—with many other strange things he muttered rather than spoke out; and especially that it was owing to her son reminding her continually of his father, that she pretended not to have known Mr Renshawe twelve or thirteen years ago. 'In short,' added the young woman with tears and blushes, 'he is utterly crazed; for he asked me just now to marry him—which I would not do for the Indies—and is gone away in a passion to find a paper that will prove, he says, I am that other Laura something.'

There was something so ludicrous in all this, however vexatious and insulting under the circumstances—the recent death of the husband, and the young widow's unprotected state—that neither of us could forbear laughing at the conclusion of Mrs Irwin's story. It struck me, too, that Renshawe had conceived a real and ardent passion for the very comely and interesting person before us—first prompted, no doubt, by her accidental likeness to the portrait; and that some mental flaw or other caused him to confound her with the Laura who had in early life excited the same emotion in his mind.

Laughable as the matter was in one sense, there was—and the fair widow had noticed as well as myself—a serious, menacing expression in the man's eye not to be trifled with; and at her earnest request, we accompanied her to her own apartment, to which Renshawe had threatened soon to return. We had not been a minute in the room, when his hurried step was heard approaching, and Mrs Waters and I stepped hastily into an adjoining closet, where we could hear and partly see all that passed. Renshawe's speech

trembled with fervency and anger as he broke at once into the subject with which his disordered brain was reeling.

'You will not dare to say, will you, that you do not remember this song—that these pencil-marks in the margin were not made by you thirteen years ago?' he menacingly ejaculated.

'I know nothing about the song, Mr Renshawe,' rejoined the young woman with more spirit than she might have exhibited but for my near presence. 'It is really such nonsense. Thirteen years ago, I was only about nine years of age.'

'You persist, then, unfeeling woman, in this cruel deception! After all, too, that I have suffered: the days of gloom, the nights of horror, since that fearful moment when I beheld you dragged, a lifeless corpse, from the water, and they told me you were dead!'

'Dead! Gracious goodness, Mr Renshawe, don't go on in this shocking way! I was never dragged out of a pond, nor supposed to be dead—never! You quite frighten one.'

'Then you and I, your sister, and that thrice-cursed Bedford, did not, on the 7th of August 1821, go for a sail on the piece of water at Lowfield, and the skiff was not, in the deadly, sudden, jealous strife between him and me, accidentally upset? But I know how it is: it is this brat, and the memories he recalls, that'—

Mrs Irwin screamed, and I stepped sharply into the room. The grasp of the lunatic was on the child's throat. I loosed it somewhat roughly, throwing him off with a force that brought him to the ground. He rose quickly, glared at me with tiger-like ferocity, and then darted out of the room. The affair had become serious, and the same night I posted a letter to Yorkshire, informing Mr Oxley of what had occurred, and suggesting the propriety of his immediately coming to London. Measures were also taken for securing Mrs Irwin and her son from molestation.

But the cunning of lunacy is not easily baffled. On returning home the fourth evening after the dispatch of my letter, I found the house and immediate neighbourhood in the wildest confusion. My own wife was in hysterics; Mrs Irwin, I was told by half-a-dozen tongues at once, was dying; and the frightful cause of all was, that little George Irwin, a favourite with everybody, had in some unaccountable manner fallen into the river Lea, and been drowned. This, at least, was the general conviction, although the river had been dragged to no purpose—the poor child's black beaver-hat and feather having been discovered floated to the bank, a considerable way down the stream. The body, it was thought, had been carried out into the Thames by the force of the current.

A terrible suspicion glanced across my mind. 'Where is Mr Renshawe?' I asked. Nobody knew. He had not been seen since five o'clock—about the time, I soon ascertained, that the child was missed. I had the house cleared, as quickly as possible, of the numerous gossips that crowded it, and then sought a conference with Dr Garland, who was with Mrs Irwin. The distracted mother had, I found, been profusely bled and cupped, and it was hoped that brain-fever, which had been apprehended, would not ensue. The physician's suspicions pointed the same way as mine; but he declined committing himself to any advice, and I was left to act according to my own discretion. I was new to such matters at that time—unfortunately so, as it proved, or the affair might have had a less painful issue.

Tomlins and I remained up, waiting for the return of Mr Renshawe; and as the long, slow hours limped past, the night-silence only broken by the dull moaning, and occasional spasmodic screams of poor Mrs Irwin, I grew very much excited. The prolonged absence of Mr Renshawe confirmed my impressions of his guilt, and I determined to tax him with it, and take him into

custody the instant he appeared. It was two in the morning before he did so; and the nervous fumbling, for full ten minutes, with his latch-key, before he could open the door, quite prepared me for the spectral-like aspect he presented on entering. He had met somebody, it afterwards appeared, outside, who had assured him that the mother of the drowned child was either dead or dying. He never drank, I knew, but he staggered as if intoxicated; and after he had with difficulty reached the head of the stairs, in reply to my question as to where he had been, he could only stutter with white trembling lips: 'It—it—cannot be—be true—that Lau—that Mrs Irwin is—dying?'

'Quite true, Mr Renshawe,' I very imprudently replied, and in much too loud a tone, for we were but a few paces from Mrs Irwin's bedroom door. 'And if, as I suspect, the child has been drowned by you, you will have before long two murders on your head.'

A choking, bubbling noise came from the wretched man's throat, and his shaking fingers vainly strove to loosen his neck-tie. At the same moment, I heard a noise, as of struggling, in the bedroom, and the nurse's voice in eager remonstrance. I instantly made a movement towards Mr Renshawe, with a view to loosen his cravat—his features being frightfully convulsed, and to get him out of the way as quickly as possible, for I guessed what was about to happen—when he, mistaking my intention, started back, turned half round, and found himself confronted by Mrs Irwin, her pale features and white night-dress dabbled with blood, in consequence of a partial disturbance of the bandages in struggling with the nurse—a terrifying, ghastly sight even to me; to him utterly overwhelming, and scarcely needing her frenzied execrations on the murderer of her child to deprive him utterly of all remaining sense and strength. He suddenly reeled, threw his arms wildly into the air, and before I could stretch forth my hand to save him, fell heavily backwards from the edge of the steep stairs, where he was standing, to the bottom. Tomlins and I hastened to his assistance, lifted him up, and as we did so, a jet of blood gushed from his mouth; he had likewise received a terrible wound near the right temple, from which the life-stream issued copiously.

We got him to bed: Dr Garland and a neighbouring surgeon were soon with us, and prompt remedies were applied. It was a fruitless labour. Day had scarcely dawned before he heard from the physician's lips that life with him was swiftly ebbing to its close. He was perfectly conscious and collected. Happily there was no stain of murder on his soul: he had merely enticed the child away, and placed him, under an ingenious pretence, with an acquaintance at Camden-Town; and by this time both he and his mother were standing, awe-struck and weeping, by Henry Renshawe's death-bed. He had thrown the child's hat into the river, and his motive in thus acting appeared to have been a double one. In the first place, because he thought the boy's likeness to his father was the chief obstacle to Mrs Irwin's toleration of his addresses; and next, to bribe her into compliance by a promise to restore her son. But he could not be deemed accountable for his actions. 'I think,' he murmured brokenly, 'that the delusion was partly self-cherished, or of the Evil One. I observed the likeness long before, but it was not till the—' the husband was dying, that the idea fastened itself upon my aching brain, and grew there. But the world is passing: forgive me—Ellen—Laura'—He was dead!

The inquest on the cause of death returned, of course, that it was 'accidental,' but I long regretted that I had not been less precipitate, though perhaps all was for the best—for the sufferer as well as others. Mr Oxley had died some five weeks previously. This I found from Renshawe's will, where it was recited as a reason that, having no relative alive for whom he

cared, his property was bequeathed to Guy's Hospital, charged with L.100 a year to Ellen Irwin, as long as she lived unmarried. The document was perfectly coherent; and although written during the height of his monomania, contained not a word respecting the identity of the youthful widow and the Laura whose sad fate had first unsettled the testator's reason.

THE VINCEJO'S PRIZE.

[This somewhat curious incident in the under-current of history, is given on the authority of Mr H. G. Austen, of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, to whom the facts were communicated by his father, Sir F. W. Austen, who commanded one of the ships under the orders of Sir George Cockburn on the occasion referred to in the narrative.]

It is well known that when the French republican armies were overrunning the north of Italy, and commencing that wholesale system of plunder which was afterwards carried out to such perfection by Napoleon's marshals, the then reigning Duke of Florence offered the magnificent collection of pictures which adorned the Pitti Palace, to the English nation for the comparatively small sum of L.100,000—a sum which, as the late George Robins might have said, with less than his customary exaggeration, was 'hardly the price of the frames, gentlemen.' Mr Pitt seems, unfortunately, to have been less sensible of the value of the collection than scrupulous of asking parliament for the money; and the opportunity was lost of redeeming the national character, by such a set-off against the republican dispersion of the noble collection of Charles I. This circumstance is well known; but it will probably be new to most of our readers to learn, that many of the best pictures which had thus failed to become British property 'by purchase,' narrowly missed becoming such 'by conquest;' and that, in fact, they were for some hours in British custody. Such, however, was the fact, and the following narrative of the circumstance alluded to may perhaps not be considered devoid of interest.

It was in the latter part of the year 1799, that a squadron of British men-of-war was cruising in the Gulf of Genoa. It was known that the French were on the point of evacuating Italy, and these ships had been detached from Lord Keith's fleet, to watch that part of the coast, and to intercept, as far as possible, all communication between the ports of Italy and France. The squadron consisted of four vessels, under the orders of the present admiral of the fleet, Sir George Cockburn, then Captain Cockburn, whose pendant was flying in the *Minerve* frigate. Whilst some of the vessels kept pretty close in, so as to cut off all communications along-shore, others kept a look-out more to seaward, for any vessels that might attempt to make a straight run across the bay. One afternoon, four sails were discovered to seaward running towards the coast of France. The signal to chase was immediately made, and each of the British cruisers started off in pursuit of one of the strangers. Our concern is with the *Vincejo*, a brig of eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Long, which happened, from her position, to be the most advanced in the chase. She was standing off-shore on the larboard tack, with her head to the south-west, when the chase was discovered somewhat to leeward, standing nearly due west, with the wind on her starboard-quarter. The latter was a smart-looking ship of 600 or 700 tons, displaying no colours; though from the course she was steering, and her evident intention to avoid being overhauled, no doubt was entertained that she was an enemy.

Both vessels sailed well; and as the stranger gradually edged away, the *Vincejo* got more and more into her wake. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase; and though it was apparent from the first that the British, though much smaller, was the faster vessel, it was many

hours before she was enabled to get within range. About dusk, however, this was effected, and the first shot from the *Vincejo* produced an instantaneous effect on the chase: her head was thrown into the wind, and she appeared at once resigned to her fate. Great, of course, was the anxiety of the captors to learn her character, and comparatively keen the mortification which followed, when, in reply to their hail, the words 'the *Hercules* of Boston, in the United States,' were twanged across the water in unmistakable Yankee tones. Here was 'a lame and impotent conclusion.' England was at peace with the United States; and if the character of the stranger corresponded with her hail, she would prove after all no prize. The captors, however, were of course not to be put off without examination; and a boat was immediately despatched from the *Vincejo* to board, and see what could be made of her. The officer who was sent on board was received by the captain with a good deal of bluster and swagger: he loudly asserted his rights as a neutral, and threatened the vengeance of Congress if they should be infringed. His account of himself was, that he had come out from Boston with a cargo of 'notions,' which he had traded away at Leghorn; and finding some difficulty in getting a return cargo, he had agreed with some invalid French officers to take them home, and he was now bound for the first port in France he could make. This account appeared to be confirmed by his papers, and by the presence on board of several gaunt, sickly-looking figures, who had all the appearance of being military invalids. There were no visible signs of any cargo; and after a somewhat cursory examination, the lieutenant returned to his ship, after telling the skipper, more for the sake of annoyance than from any expectation of its being realised, 'that Captain Long would certainly detain him.'

This threat had the effect of determining the Yankee skipper to proceed on board the *Vincejo*, and try his eloquence on the captain; and in this expedition he was accompanied by some of his passengers. After their several natures they assailed Captain Long: the Yankee blustered and bullied; the Frenchmen were all suavity and politeness: 'They were quite sure M. le Capitaine was much too generous to take advantage of the chance which had thrown them into his hands—a few poor wounded and disabled invalids on their way home! The English were a brave people, who do not make war on invalids. What object could be gained by making them prisoners? Assuredly, M. le Capitaine would not think of detaining them.' Captain Long was sorely puzzled how to act. It must be owned, that the circumstances were suspicious. Here was a vessel just come from a port in possession of the enemy—for the French still occupied Leghorn—bound avowedly for the enemy's country, and with enemies on board. Were not these grounds enough to detain her? On the other hand, the captain's story might be true: no appearance of any cargo had been discovered; Captain Long doubted whether the presence of the Frenchmen on board would be sufficient to condemn the vessel; and there seemed something pitiful in making them prisoners under such circumstances, even if the laws of war would have sanctioned it. After some deliberation, he took a middle course, and announced that he should keep the American ship by him till daylight, when, if his senior officer should be in sight, he should take her down to him, to be dealt with as Captain Cockburn might decide: if, on the other hand, the *Minerve* should not be in sight, he would, on his own responsibility, allow the *Hercules* to proceed on her voyage. In the meantime, both vessels should return towards the point fixed on by Captain Cockburn as a rendezvous. 'And this,' he observed, 'ought to satisfy all parties, as the *Hercules* would be thereby brought nearer to her destination, which was more than her captain deserved, after the needless

chase he had led the *Vincejo*. This announcement seemed extremely unpalatable to the Yankee captain; and from a very energetic discussion which took place in under-tones between him and his passengers, it was evident they were dissuading him earnestly from some course which he was bent on taking. This was pointed out to Captain Long as an additional circumstance of suspicion, that there was something wrong about the American; and he was strongly urged to detain her, at all events, till he could get the opinion of Captain Cockburn: but he adhered to his decision. 'Ay, ay,' said he to the representations of his first-lieutenant; 'it's all very well for you, gentlemen. You share in the prize-money, but not in the responsibility of our captures; that rests upon me. And as I really think there is no ground for detaining the fellow, I'll not do more than I have said.'

Morning came; and with its first dawn many anxious eyes on board both vessels were scanning the horizon in hope or fear. The vessels had made good much of the distance they had run in the chase, and the bold cliffs of the coast between Genoa and Nice were distinctly visible from the mast-head to the north and west, but no *Minerve* greeted the searching gaze of the *Vincejo*'s look-out. The frigate was nowhere to be seen. The first-lieutenant of the *Vincejo* having communicated this fact to Captain Long, and made one more effort to prevail on him to detain the *Hercules*, till they could rejoin their senior officer, was most reluctantly compelled to give the order for communicating to the captain of that ship that she was free. The American did not wait for a second permission. Sail was made with all speed; and long before the *Vincejo* had reached her rendezvous, her late prize was safe in the harbour at Nice. When Captain Long had reported to Captain Cockburn what had taken place, the latter was by no means disposed to approve of his junior's decision. He thought the circumstance extremely suspicious, and quite sufficient to have justified the detention of the American; and not being under the influence of the gaunt aspects and energetic pleadings of the Frenchmen, he was not inclined to admit the weight of their arguments. 'I think,' said he, 'you might as well have brought her to me: I daresay I could have made something of her.' From the other captains of the squadron, too, Captain Long had to undergo much good-humoured railery for his tender-heartedness and gullibility; railery which certainly lost nothing in force, when in a few days the real nature of the adventure became known.

The French having soon afterwards abandoned Leghorn, Captain Cockburn sent one of his squadron into that port for supplies. The intelligence she brought back was truly mortifying. On the arrival of the *Theresa* at Leghorn, it appeared that the *Hercules* was the object of much interest there, and great eagerness had been displayed to learn whether anything was known of her fate. When the facts were communicated, they were received with absolute incredulity. 'Captured, examined, and let go! It was impossible. Nothing to condemn her! Why, she was loaded with booty. The plunder of Italy was on board her. Pictures, church-plate, statues, the *élite* of the spoilers' collections, had been sent off in her. She was actually ballasted with brass guns!' It was too true. Upon further inquiry, it appeared, beyond a doubt, that the vessel which had been so unfortunately dismissed as not worth detaining, had French plunder on board, which, on a moderate estimate, was valued at a million and a half sterling; and what made it still more vexatious was the discovery, that a detention of the vessel even for a few hours longer, would have led to the disclosure by the captain of the real nature of his venture. He had with difficulty been prevailed on to undertake the transport of the articles in question, and had only at last consented to do so, on an express agreement, that

if he should be detained twenty-four hours by a British cruiser, he should be at liberty to make terms for saving his vessel by denouncing the contents of his cargo. No doubt it was his intention to do this at once, against which the Frenchmen had been so earnestly remonstrating; and had Captain Long persevered in detaining him, nothing could have prevented the discovery, even if the American himself had not made the disclosure. A little ebullition of temper was to be expected when the news of what they had missed was circulated among the squadron. The captains' shares might be considered, as worth £40,000 or £50,000, a sum which it would require considerable philosophy to resign with equanimity. Whether the country could properly have benefited by the capture, may be a question for jurists. It might have been argued, that the captor of stolen goods could not be entitled to retain them against the original owner. It is probable, however, that no very nice inquiry would have been made into the title of the French possessors, and that it would have been considered a case in which, to use the language of Roderick Dhu, it was perfectly justifiable—

'To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend his prey.'

PAINTERS' MONOGRAMS.

ONE of the most curious among the studies of a professed connoisseur, is that of the signatures or marks, technically called 'monograms,' by which painters, sculptors, engravers, and other artists, are accustomed to distinguish their works. The dishonesty of the modern picture-market, however, has made it now little more than a curious study. As a practical guide in determining the genuineness of a work, the monogram, from the skill and precision with which fraudulent dealers have learned to counterfeit it in almost all its varieties, has long been far worse than equivocal, and the authorship of a picture must, now-a-days, often be decided on entirely independent grounds. But the history of the subject is, in many respects, extremely curious and interesting, although few have ever thought of bestowing attention upon it, except those whose actual experience as amateurs or collectors has brought it directly under their notice.

The practice of artists signing their works with their name appears to be as old as art itself. The odium excited against Phidias for his alleged impiety in inscribing his name upon the shield of his celebrated statue of Minerva, is a familiar example, which will occur to every reader; and there can be no doubt that the usage was also known to the painters of the classic times. But if we may judge from the Grecian and Roman remains, whether of sculpture, of fresco, of cameo, or of mosaic, which have come down to our times, the precaution of affixing the name was by no means universally, or even commonly adopted; and the monogram, properly so called, appears to have been entirely unknown among them.

It was so also at the first revival of art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The practice of using a single letter, or a single combination of letters or arbitrary characters, seems to have originated with the mediæval architects and other artists in stone. Neither the painters, nor the engravers, nor the metal-founders, nor the medalists of those ages, availed themselves of this device, nor do we find it at all general among such artists, till the very close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. But, once introduced, it became universal. Every artist of the

sixteenth, and of the greater part of the seventeenth century, has his monogram, more or less simple according to the taste or caprice of the designer; and to such a length was the practice carried, that the very excess produced a reaction, and led, for a time, to the abandonment of monograms altogether. With the painters of the eighteenth century, they fell into complete disfavour; and although, in the present century, the revival of ancient forms has led to their re-adoption in the German school, and among the cultivators of Christian art generally, yet many of the first painters of the present day seem to eschew the use of monograms, as savouring of transcendentalism, or of some other of the various affectations, by which modern art is accused of having been disfigured.

Independently altogether of its bearing upon art, the study of monograms has a certain amount of interest. There is a class of adventurers at the present day who make a livelihood from the curiosity or credulity of the public, by professing to decipher the peculiarities of an individual's character, and to read his probable destiny, in any specimen of his handwriting which may be submitted for their inspection. Without carrying the theory to these absurd lengths, it is impossible not to feel some interest about the autograph of any celebrated individual, and some tendency to compare its leading characteristics with our preconceived notions regarding him. A still wider field for speculation than that which grows out of the handwriting, is afforded by a device like the monogram, which, being in a great measure arbitrary, may naturally be expected to exhibit more decidedly the workings of the judgment, the fancy, or perhaps the caprice, of the artist.

The monogram, as we have seen, is a substitute for the full-length signature of the artist—the mode of marking their works originally adopted by the ancients. It is found in an almost infinite number of varieties.

The earliest, as well as the most natural and easy substitute, was a simple contraction of the name—as, 'angs ca.,' for Augustinus Caraccius; or JVL. ROM., for Julius Romanus. This contraction, however, cannot properly be called a monogram at all; and the same is to be said of the form of signature adopted by many of the most eminent painters—the simple, unconnected initials of the name. The idea of a monogram supposes that the characters, whatever may be their number considered separately, shall be all connected so as to form one single device.

The first such form which will occur to one's mind is the mere combination of the initial letters of the name—as, for example, AB, or AK, which are the actual monograms of Andrew Both, the celebrated Flemish landscape painter, and of Antony Kölbl, a distinguished Austrian artist of more modern times. In some instances, the monogram is found appended to the full signature of the artist, as in Albert Dürer's beautiful engraving of Adam and Eve, and in other less celebrated works, especially those of the early engravers. It is to be observed, however, that some artists were by no means uniform in the style of monogram which they employed. The device of the same artist often varies, not only in the size and figure of the letters which form it, but sometimes even in the letters themselves. Many artists have employed two, three, four, and even a greater number of devices; and of the celebrated engraver just named, Albert Dürer, we ourselves have

seen not less than thirty different modifications of the letters A D, the initials of his name.

These combinations are seldom so simple and intelligible as in the signature of Andrew Both, referred to above. In most of the earlier monograms, the initial of the family name is smaller than that of the Christian name. It is so in that of Albert Dürer; and it is remarkable that, through all the modifications of his signature which we have been able to discover, this characteristic is maintained—the D being invariably the smaller, and, as it were, the subordinate letter. Very often, one of the letters—generally the initial of the surname—is enclosed within the lines of the other. This peculiarity is also observable in Albert Dürer's signature; and we only know one single instance, among the numberless ones that occur, in which he has not maintained it.

In progress of time, it became fashionable to combine, not the initials merely of the name, but sometimes the most important letters, sometimes even all the letters, of the full name. Many of the monograms thus constructed would prove a puzzle even to the most accomplished decipherer, especially those in which the whole of the letters are not given, but only the most striking of them, and these, as very frequently occurs, not in their natural order. Sometimes the artist combined with the initials of his name that also of his place of birth or residence. It need scarcely be said that, especially in the earlier period, when the place of birth formed almost an invariable adjunct of the name, this practice also existed, even when the signature was given at full length.

A difficulty is sometimes created by the discovery of the letter V—very frequently smaller than the other letters of the monogram—between the initials of the artist's name. It occurs in the signatures of Flemish or German artists, and represents the *van* or *ron*, which, in the usage of these countries, was the characteristic of nobility. It is seen in the monogram of Esaias van de Velde, and is introduced rather curiously in that of Adrian van der Venne, who lived through the greater part of the seventeenth century. In this interesting monogram, the small v is inserted in the head of the large one, so as to form a figure not unlike one of the masonic emblems.

Sometimes the identity of the initial letter of the surname with that of the Christian name gives rise to a curious device in their combination. Thus, the signature of Francis Floris, a German engraver, who died about the middle of the seventeenth century, reverses the former of the two FFs, placing them back to back, with the down stroke common to both letters; while that of Francis Frederic Frank, in which the same letter is three times repeated, drove the ingenuity of the artist to a still more curious combination—the three letters being kept perfectly independent, yet interlaced, or rather overlapped, so that their lines exhibit a figure which has the curious property, like the cabalistic Abracadabra, of presenting the same appearance from whatever point it may be viewed.

Another, and often more puzzling uncertainty, may arise out of the practice of adding to the ordinary letters of the name, the initials F, P, D, or I—representing *fecit*, *pinxit*, *delineavit*, or *invenit*. Without adverting to this circumstance, few would recognise the distinguished name of Anthony van Dyck, in the monogram which he habitually employed, and of which the F seems to form a principal part; or that of our dear old friend, Hans Hemling, in the still more perplexing symbol by which his very best works may be distinguished. But besides the variations of which the

letters are susceptible when grouped in this manner, many of the artists have indulged in a variety of strange and puzzling accompaniments.

A more interesting class of monograms are those which employ symbols instead of letters; or, what is not uncommon, use both letters and symbols in combination. Many of these resemble the illustrated enigmas which have become fashionable in the pictorial journals both of England and of foreign countries, and of which Mr Knight, in the last issue of his *Penny Magazine*, set so beautiful an example in the poetical enigmas of Mr Mackworth Praed. The general character of this class will be sufficiently indicated by the example of the Italian painter, Palma, whose name is translated *palm*, and who used the emblem of a *palm* as well as the initial of his family name; or the still more characteristic one of a painter of Tübingen, Jacob *Züberlein* (*little tub*), who appended to his literal monogram the simple and striking, though not very graceful, emblem of a *tub*.

The several classes which are here slightly indicated, contain under them many subordinate varieties, which it would be tedious to enumerate, and which, indeed, it would be almost impossible to classify. It is a remarkable circumstance, however, in the history of art, that the signatures of the most distinguished painters are precisely those which, for themselves, and for their forms, possess the least interest. With few exceptions, it may be said of the great painters, that they appear to have avoided the affectation of the use of monograms; and certainly that those who did employ them, selected the very simplest and least fantastic forms. The greatest masters of the art—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Guido, Domenichino, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Guercino, Agostino Caracci, and many hardly less distinguished artists—either omitted to sign their pictures at all, or signed their name at full length, sometimes with the addition of their local surname, or employed the initial syllables or letters of their name in the ordinary Roman form, without any attempt at grouping them into a monogram. Even Salvator Rosa, with all the wildness and extravagance of his manner, used an exceedingly simple combination of the initials of his name. The monogram of the great Spanish painter, Bartholomew Esteban [Stephen] Murillo, consists simply of the three initial letters of the name, signed in the common Roman character, and combined with perfect simplicity, except that there is a curious inversion of their order. That of his countryman, Joseph Ribera—better known as *Espagnoletto*—is merely the combination of the same letters, written in a cursive hand; and his signature is even occasionally found at full length, or very slightly abridged.

There is one curious exception to this general preference for simplicity among the masters of the first class—that of the celebrated Anthony Allegri, more commonly known under his surname, Correggio. This eminent painter did not think a pun beneath the dignity of his art, and, accordingly, the device by which he distinguishes his pictures consists of a punning symbol, representing his name. We need hardly explain to our readers that *Correggio* may be read *Cor* (*cuore*) *Reggio* (*Royal Heart*). The painter has expressed this pun in two different ways: by the figure of a heart, with the word *Reggio* inscribed upon it in Roman letters; and again by the still more punning emblem of a heart surmounted by a crown, or, it should rather be said, of a crowned, and therefore royal, heart. In confirmation, however, of the general tendency to simplicity which we have observed as prevailing among his great contemporaries, we should add that some of Correggio's pictures are signed with the initial syllables of his name, printed in the ordinary Roman character.

It is perhaps more remarkable, that even among the

humorists the same simplicity should have prevailed. Our own Hogarth, both the Tenierses, Hans Holbein, Ostade, even Callot himself, with all his extravagant and capricious fantasies, fall into the general rule; and the lady artists, Diana Chisi, Angelica Kaufmann, and Anna Maria Schurman, may be cited as equally exhibiting the same simplicity. There are some, indeed, in whom this affectation of simplicity goes almost to the length of rudeness. A charming cabinet picture, in the possession of the writer of these pages, by the celebrated Philip Wouvermans, well known for the familiar 'gray horse' which characterises all his pictures, is scratched with a P. W. which would disgrace the lowest form in a charity school. And, with every allowance for haste and indifference, it is impossible not to suspect something like affectation in the rude and sprawling signatures which we sometimes find, not only in ancient, but even in comparatively modern artists.

It would carry us far beyond our allotted limits to pursue further the examination of individual monograms. But there are some in the class of symbolical monograms, already referred to, which we must notice more in detail. Most of the monograms of this class, like that of Correggio, given above, involve a pun, sometimes, indeed, not a very recondite one. Thus the French artist, Jacob *Stella*, who died in 1647, invariably signs his pictures with a *star*—a device which the modern artist, Frederic *Morgenstern*, has applied to himself, representing his own name by the letter M, prefixed to the same symbol.

In the same way, an ancient artist, Lauber (leaf-gatherer), adopted a leaf (in German, *Laub*), as his symbol. Hans Weiner, in allusion to the genial beverage from which his name is derived, marked his works with the sign of a bunch of grapes. David Vinkenbooms (Anglice, tree-finch), a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, took a 'finch perched upon a branch of a tree' as his pictorial emblem. Birnbaum (pear-tree) employed a similar emblem; while the monogram of Bernard Graat, a Dutch painter, who lived in the end of the seventeenth century, though utterly without significance to an English eye, would at once suggest the name of the painter to his own countrymen: Graat, in Dutch, signifying the spine of a fish, represented in this curious monogram.

The history of another emblem is perhaps still more remarkable. By a singular and perhaps humorously intended coincidence, three German painters, George Hufnagel, Sebastian Scharnagel, and John Nothnagel, have all employed the same homely emblem—a nail; the German name of which, *Nagel*, enters into the composition of all three surnames. Hufnagel (hoof-nail) has signed his pictures with a horse-shoe nail, sometimes crossed, sometimes curiously intertwined with the letters of his Christian name. Scharnagel has combined with a nail the figure of a spade or shovel (*schar*); while Nothnagel distinguishes himself from both by prefixing the letter N to their common emblem.

There is more of delicacy and ingenuity in the device employed by a female wood-engraver in the beginning of the sixteenth century, Isabella Quatrepomme (four-apple.) She was accustomed to sign her works with a neat and spirited sketch of an apple, marked with the numeral IV. This mark is found upon some old French woodcuts still in existence. There was some similar allusion, we have no doubt, concealed in the device of John Maria Pomedello, an Italian engraver of the time of Leo X. and Clement VII.; it has occasioned much speculation to the learned in these matters, but we must confess our inability to decipher all its significance. Nor was the use of these punning emblems confined to masters of the fine arts. Printers, too, frequently introduced them. The symbols of the olive, the sword, the dolphin, &c. so familiar to all bibliographers, had their origin in this

fanciful taste; and a more direct example than any—the leading feature of which is a rude image of a spur—is to be found in the imprint of the curious old German books published by Hans Sporer (spur-maker) during the very first years after the introduction of printing into Germany. Editions of books, with this characteristic imprint, still reckon among the choicest gems in a German book-collector's library, of what the amateurs in this department have chosen to call *Iacynabehn*.

To those who have given any attention to the deciphering of illustrated enigmas, many of the early monograms might furnish considerable amusement. That of the rather obscure artist, Colioloro, is a perfect counterpart of the most elaborate and fanciful of the modern enigmas. The curious combination, not alone of words, but of single letters, with the pictorial emblems, is fully as fanciful as any which we remember to have seen, even among those of the *Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung*, which seems to bestow more attention on the subject than any of its contemporaries.

It must be remembered, that the artist's full name is Artigli Coscia Colioloro. The device begins with a confused heap of birds' claws, paws of animals, &c.; next appears a thigh, cut short above the knee; this is followed by the letter C. Next in order is seen a flask pouring out a stream of oil; the letter l, with a comma above the line, comes next; and the whole is closed by a goodly heap of gold pieces. To an Italian scholar, it is hardly necessary to offer an explanation. The group of emblems at the left hand represents Artigli (limbs); the rude image which succeeds it stands for Coscia (a thigh); the C, followed by the little flask of oil (*olio*), forms Colio; and the l, with the comma, or rather the mark of apostrophe, followed by the heap of gold pieces (*oro*)—making together l'oro, completes the characters of the name—Artigli Coscia Colioloro.

It will not, however, be a matter of surprise, that the key to many of these emblems has, in the course of time, been lost; and that at present a considerable number of this class of monograms are a mystery even to the most learned in the art. Notwithstanding every appliance, the monogrammatists have occasionally been forced to confess themselves in doubt, and sometimes altogether at fault, as to the identification, or even the interpretation, of some of the emblems.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the whole of the eighteenth, the monogram went almost entirely out of fashion. In England, even still, its use is far from being general; and engravings, especially, are now-a-days almost invariably signed with the full name. But foreign artists, and particularly those of the *renaissance*, have revived the old usage. Frederic Overbeck, the great father of the Christian school of art: Cornelius, to whose magnificent conceptions Munich and Berlin owe their most glorious works, both historical and imaginative—as the fresco illustrations of the *Nibelungen Lied*, in the Royal Palace; the 'Last Judgment,' in the Ludwig-Kirche; and the 'History of St Boniface,' in the Bonifaz-Kloster—Storr, the great Austrian master, whose conception of 'Faust,' in the Royal Gallery at Vienna, is in itself a great poem; and the whole Düsseldorf school—have conformed to the ancient type. Even the humorists have made it, in some instances, a vehicle of their humour. Few of those who were wont to enjoy Richard Doyle's inimitable sketches in *Punch*, whose guiding-spirit he used to be, can forget the funny little figure, surmounted by his well-known initials; and the lovers of political caricature must often have smiled over the quizzical-looking gentleman who used to figure at the right-hand corner of HH's admirable sketches. But we doubt whether the fashion is destined to be ever fully restored, or whether the monogram is not rather doomed to remain a thing of the past—a

subject of speculation for that laborious, though not very practical class,

'Who delve 'mid nooks and sinuosities,
For literary curiosities.'

CLARET AND OLIVES.*

'WINE and Walnuts' was a good title for a gossiping book; 'Claret and Olives' is a better. It has a more decided flavour, a more elegant bouquet, a more gem-like colour. The other might refer to any denomination of that multitudinous stuff the English drink under the name of wine; or, if it has individuality at all, it relishes curiously of the coarse and heavy produce of Portugal, so beloved of Dr Johnson, and many other grave doctors, down to the last generation. This breathes all over of the sweet South; it babbles of green fields; it is full of gaiety and frolic, of song and laughter, and the sparkle of wit and crystal. The title, we say, is a good title; and the book has an unmistakable claret flavour—the best English claret, that is to say—which unites the strength of Burgundy with the bouquet of Château Margaux. Mr Reach despises a weak thin wine, and, by an idiosyncratical necessity, he has produced a sparkling, racy book. He traces the falling-off in our literature to a change in wine. 'The Elizabethans quaffed sack, or "Gascoyne, or Rochel wyn,"' quoth he; 'and we had the giants of those days. The Charles II. comedy writers worked on claret. Port came into fashion—port sapped our brains—and, instead of Wycherly's *Country Wife*, and Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, we had Mr Morton's *Wild Oats*, and Mr Cherry's *Soldier's Daughter*. It is really much to the credit of Scotland, that she stood stanchly by her old ally, France, and would have nothing to do with that dirty little slice of the worst part of Spain—Portugal, or her brandified potatoes. In the old Scotch houses, a cask of claret stood in the cellar, on the tap. In the humblest Scotch country tavern, the pewter *tappit hen*, holding some three quarts, "reamed," *Anglicè*, mantled, with claret just drawn from the cask. At length, in an evil hour, Scotland fell—

"Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,
Firm was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port!' the English statesman cried;
He drank the poison, and his spirit died!"

This will look like treason to a good many of our readers; but we beg them to reflect, that in preferring claret to port, Mr Reach is, after all, an advocate of temperance; and they may therefore hope, that by degrees his potations will become thinner and thinner, till they at last come down—like Mike Lambourne's intentions—to water, 'nothing save fair water.' Our belief, indeed, is, that the excessive duty placed on French wines is a main cause of intemperance in its modern forms; for the dearth of the article drives people to spirits, and other intoxicating agents. Let the light claret (*vin ordinaire*) of France become a cheap and accessible drink, and we say advisedly that there would soon be a marked improvement in the matter of general sobriety.

As our author proceeds towards the claret district—for the book is in the form of a tour—he chats away very agreeably about everything he sees on the road. We shall not meddle, however, with this part of the volume, otherwise than to notice a peculiarity we have ourselves been frequently struck with—the countryness of small towns in France. There is no aristocracy to be met with there, no higher classes to set the fashion, no professional functionaries to look up to. 'You hardly see an individual who does not appear to have been born and bred upon the spot, and to have no ideas and

* *Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone; or, Notes, Social, Picturesque, and Legendary, by the Way.* By Angus B. Reach. London: David Bogus. 1859.

no desires beyond it. Left entirely to themselves, the people have vegetated in these dull streets from generation to generation, and, though clustered together in a quasi town—perhaps with octroi and mairie, a withered tree of liberty, and billiard-tables by the half-dozen—the population is as essentially rural as though scattered in lone farms, unvisited, except on rent-day, by either landlord or agent.

After reaching Bordeaux, the tourist proceeded to the village of Margaux, in the true claret country—a general idea of which he gives by describing it as a debatable ground, stretching between the sterile Landes and the fat, black loam of the banks of the Garonne. The soil is sand, gravel, and shingle, scorched by the sun, and would be incapable of yielding as much nourishment to a patch of oats as is found on 'the bare hillside of some cold, bleak, Highland croft.' On this unpromising ground, grow those grapes which produce the finest wine in the world. As for the vines themselves, they have about as much of the picturesque as our drills of potatoes at home. 'Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow-ridges, and fastened with great care to low, fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers or lathes are cuttings of the walnut-trees around; and the tendrils of the vine are attached to the horizontally running stakes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every twig has been supported without being strained, and how things are arranged so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of sun.' There are some exceptions to this; but the low regular dwarfs are the great wine-givers. 'Walk and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weazened, scrubby, dwarfish, expanse of snobbish bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers like a man on the rack—these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing as they do the gravelly soil to shew in bald patches of gray shingle through the straggling branches—these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralysed and withered raspberries, it is which produce the most priceless, and the most inimitably flavoured wines.' The grapes are such mean and pitiful grapes as you would look at with contempt in Covent-Garden Market; and the very value of the soil contributes to its appearance of destitution—a rudely-carved stake marking the division of properties where a hedge or ditch would take up too much of the precious ground. The vineyards extend to the roadside, without any protection; and yet every living creature, whether man or animal, eats grapes habitually, morning, noon, and night, and to an excess that is perfectly wonderful.

When the fruit is ripe, the fact is announced to the community 'by authority;' and until the proclamation appears, no man must gather his grapes if they should be dropping from the bushes. The signal, however, is at length given, and the work begins. 'The scene is at once full of beauty, and of tender and even sacred associations. The songs of the vintagers, frequently chorused from one part of the field to the other, ring blithely into the bright summer air, pealing out above the rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted hither and thither. All the green jungle is alive with the moving figures of men and women, stooping among the vines, or bearing pails and basketfuls of grapes out to the grass-grown cross-roads, along which the labouring oxen drag the rough vintage-carts, groaning and cracking as they stagger along beneath their weight of purple tubs, heaped high with the tumbling masses of luscious fruit. The congregation of every age and both sexes, and the careless variety of costume, add additional features of picturesqueness to the scene.

The white-haired old man labours with shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-eyed imp of a grand-child carries rejoicingly away. Quaint, broad-brimmed straw and felt hats; handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling elf-locks; swarthy skins tanned to an olive-brown; black flashing eyes; and hands and feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume and appearance supply the vintage with its pleasant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy questions and more saucy retorts—of what, in fact, in the humble and unpoetic, but expressive vernacular, is called "chaff"—is kept up with a vigour which seldom flags, except now and then, when the but-end of a song, or the twanging close of a chorus, strikes the general fancy, and procures for the *morceau* a lusty *encore*. Meantime, the master wine-grower moves observingly from rank to rank. No neglected bunch of fruit escapes his watchful eye; no careless vintager shakes the precious berries rudely upon the soil, but he is promptly reminded of his slovenly work. Sometimes the tubs attract the careful superintendent: he turns up the clusters, to ascertain that no leaves nor useless length of tendril are entombed in the juicy masses, and anon directs his steps to the pressing-trough, anxious to find that the lusty treaders are persevering manfully in their long-continued dance.

The pressure of the grapes is a curious part of the process in an age of mechanical improvement like the present. It is performed by men treading among the fruit with their naked feet. 'The wine-press, or *cuvier de pressoir*, consists, in the majority of cases, of a massive shallow tub, varying in size from four square feet to as many square yards. It is placed either upon wooden trestles, or on a regularly built platform of mason-work, under the huge rafters of a substantial outhouse. Close to it stands a range of great butts, their number more or less, according to the size of the vineyard. The grapes are flung by tub and caskfuls into the *cuvier*. The treaders stamp diligently amid the masses, and the expressed juice pours plentifully out of a hole level with the bottom of the trough into a sieve of iron or wicker-work, which stops the passage of the skins, and from thence drains into tubs below. Suppose, at the moment of our arrival, the *cuvier* for a brief space empty. The treaders—big, perspiring men, in shirts and tucked-up trousers—spattered to the eyes with splashes of purple juice, lean upon their wooden spades, and wipe their foreheads. But their respite is short. The creak of another cart-load of tubs is heard, and immediately the wagon is backed up to the broad open window, or rather hole in the wall, above the trough. A minute suffices to wrench out tub after tub, and to tilt their already half-mashed clusters splash into the reeking *pressoir*. Then to work again. Jumping with a sort of spiteful eagerness into the mountain of yielding, quivering fruit, the treaders sink almost to the knees, stamping, and jumping, and rioting in the masses of grapes, as fountains of juice spurt about their feet, and rush bubbling and gurgling away. Presently, having, as it were, drawn the first sweet blood of the new cargo, the eager tramping subsides into a sort of quiet, measured dance, which the treaders continue, while, with their wooden spades, they turn the pulpy remnants of the fruit hither and thither, so as to expose the half-squeezed berries in every possible way to the muscular action of the incessantly moving feet. All this time, the juice is flowing in a continuous stream into the tubs beneath. When the jet begins to slacken, the heap is well tumbled with the wooden spades, and, as though a new force had been applied, the juice-jet immediately breaks out afresh. It takes, perhaps, half or three quarters of an hour thoroughly to squeeze the contents of a good-sized *cuvier*, sufficiently manned.'

In defence of this primitive process, it is alleged that no mechanical wine-press could perform the work with the same perfection as the human foot; and as for the impurities the juice may acquire from any want of cleanliness in the operations, these, and every other atom of foreign matter, are thrown to the surface in the act of fermentation.

The expressed juice is now carried away in tubs, and flung into the fermenting vats. Our author saw the vats in the Château Margaux cellars the day after they had been filled, and heard, deep down, 'perhaps eight feet down in the juice, a seething, gushing sound, as if currents and eddies were beginning to flow, in obedience to the influence of the working spirit; and now and then a hiss and a low bubbling throb, as though of a pot about to boil.' In a little while, it would have been impossible to breathe an atmosphere thus saturated with carbonic acid gas; and the superintendents can only watch the process of nature by listening outside the door to 'the inarticulate accents and indistinct rumblings' which proclaim a great metempsychosis. 'Is there not something fanciful and poetic in the notion of this change taking place mysteriously in the darkness, when all the doors are locked and barred—for the atmosphere about the vats is death—as if nature would suffer no idle prying into her mystic operations, and as if the grand transmutation and projection from juice to wine had in it something of a secret and solemn and awful nature—fenced round, as it were, and protected from vulgar curiosity by the invisible halo of stifling gas?'

The vintagers naturally claim our attention next. A portion of them are, of course, the peasantry of the village and neighbourhood; but a country like France, swarming with poor who are not mendicants, has of course a floating population, that surges almost instinctively upon every spot where there is pleasant work to do. The vintage not merely affords this work, but being attended with all sorts of jollity, the crowds it collects have a peculiarly vagabond character. You see at a glance that they are there upon a spree, and submit to the labour, not as anything they like, or are accustomed to, but as a mere passport to the fun. They are in France what the Irish harvesters and the Kent hop-pickers are in England, although always preserving the peculiarities that distinguish the former country, giving even her vagabondage a melodramatic look, just as if they were 'made up' for the occasion. 'The gendarmerie,' says our author, 'have a busy time of it when these gentry are collected in numbers in the district. Poultry disappear with the most miraculous promptitude; small linen articles hung out to dry have no more chance than if Falstaff's regiment were marching by; and garden fruit and vegetables, of course, share the results produced by a rigid application of the maxim, that *la propriété c'est le vol*. Where these people come from is a puzzle. There will be vagrants and strollers among them from all parts of France—from the Pyrenees and the Alps—from the pine-woods of the Landes and the moors of Brittany. They unite in bands of a dozen or a score men and women, appointing a chief, who bargains with the vine-proprietor for the services of the company, and keeps up some degree of order and subordination, principally by means of the unconstitutional application of a good thick stick. I frequently encountered these bands, making their way from one district to another; and better samples of 'the dangerous classes' were never collected. They looked vicious and abandoned, as well as miserably poor. The women, in particular, were as brazen-faced a set of slatterns as could be conceived; and the majority of the men—tattered, strapping-looking fellows, with torn slouched hats and tremendous cudgels—were exactly the sort of persons a nervous gentleman would have scruples about meeting at dusk in a long lane. It is when thus on the tramp that the petty pilfering, and

picking and stealing, to which I have alluded to, goes on. When actually at work, they have no time for picking up unconsidered trifles. Sometimes these people pass the night—all together, of course—in out-houses or barns, when the *chef* can strike a good bargain; at other times, they bivouac on the lee-side of a wood or wall, in genuine gipsy fashion. You may often see their watchfires glimmering in the night; and be sure that where you do, there are twisted necks and vacant nests in many a neighbouring henroost.' Mr Reach witnessed an altercation, respecting passage-money, between a party of these wanderers and a ferryman of the Garonne; and it ended in the vintagers refusing to cross the river, rather than submit to the overcharge, as they contended it was, of a sou. 'A bivouac was soon formed. Creeping under the lee of a row of casks, on the shingle of the bare beach, the women were placed leaning against the somewhat hard and large pillows in question; the children were nestled at their feet and in their laps; and the men formed the outermost ranks. A supply of loaves was sent for and obtained. The chief tore the bread up into huge hunks, which he distributed to his dependents; and upon this supper the whole party went coolly to sleep—more coolly, indeed, than agreeably—for a keen north wind was whistling along the sedge banks of the river, and the red blaze of high-piled fagots was streaming from the houses across the black, cold, turbid waters.'

If our author's picture of the vine is not *couleur de rose*, he is still less complimentary to the olive. Languedoc is the country of the latter luxury; and Languedoc is in the south of France—aptly termed 'the austere south.' 'It is austere, grim, sombre. It never smiles: it is scathed and parched. There is no freshness or rurality in it. It does not seem the country, but a vast yard—shadeless, glaring, drear, and dry. Let us glance from our elevated perch over the district we are traversing. A vast, rolling wilderness of clodded earth, browned and baked by the sun; here and there masses of red rock heaving themselves above the soil like protruding ribs of the earth, and a vast coating of drowsy dust, lying like snow upon the ground. To the left, a long ridge of iron-like mountains—on all sides rolling hills, stern and kneaded, looking as though frozen. On the slopes and in the plains, endless rows of scrubby, ugly trees, powdered with the universal dust, and looking exactly like mop-sticks. Sprawling and straggling over the soil beneath them, jungles of burnt-up, leafless bushes, tangled, and apparently neglected. The trees are olives and mulberries—the bushes, vines.' This is a picture that will not impress an Englishman with the due sensation of dreariness, unless he recollects that in France there are no enclosures—that the country lies spread out before him, in some parts and seasons, like a richly variegated carpet; in others, like an Arabian desert. The romantic, Eastern, Biblical olive!—what is it? 'The trunk, a weazened, sapless-looking piece of timber, the branches spreading out from it like the top of a mushroom; and the colour, when you can see it for dust, a cold, sombre, grayish green. One olive is as like another as one mop-stick is like another. The tree has no picturesqueness, no variety. It is not high enough to be grand, and not irregular enough to be graceful. Put it beside the birch, the beech, the elm, or the oak, and you will see the poetry of the forest, and its poorest and most meagre prose.'

The mop-stick appearance of the olive is an artificial beauty; to make it look like an umbrella is the *ne plus ultra* of arboriculture. But the present race of olives, twist and torment them as we will, are inferior to those of the times of our grandfather. 'Towards the close of the last century, there was a winter night of intense frost; and when the morning broke, the trees were nearly smitten to the core. That year, there was not an olive gathered in Provence or Languedoc. The

next season, some of the stronger and younger trees partially revived, and slips were planted from those to which the axe had been applied; but the entire species of the tree had fallen off—had dwindled, and pined, and become stunted; and the profits of olive cultivation had faded with it.' Olive-gathering, it will be felt, is a slow affair. The getting in this harvest is 'as business-like and unexciting as weeding onions, or digging potatoes. A set of ragged peasants—the country people hereabouts are poorly dressed—were clambering barefoot in the trees, each man with a basket tied before him, and lazily plucking the dull oily fruit. Occasionally, the olive-gatherers had spread a white cloth beneath the tree, and were shaking the very ripe fruit down; but there was neither jollity nor romance about the process. The olive is a tree of association, but that is all. Its culture, its manuring and clipping, and trimming and grafting—the gathering of its fruits, and their squeezing in the mill, when the ponderous stone goes round and round in the glutinous trough, crushing the very essence out of the oily pulps, while the fat oleaginous stream pours lazily into the greasy vessels set to receive it; all this is as prosaic and uninteresting, as if the whole Royal Agricultural Society were presiding in spirit over the operations.'

Our readers will now see that this is a racy, vigorous book, full of new remark and clever painting; and we recommend them to test the correctness of our opinions, therefore, by having recourse to the volume itself, which is neither large nor expensive.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

April 1852.

A good many comments and congratulations have passed of late touching the change of system introduced into one of our official strongholds, which dates from the days of the Plantagenets, perhaps earlier; for Sir J. Herschel, as Master of the Mint, has made his first Report to the Lords of the Treasury concerning the money-coining establishment over which he presides, with little ostentation, but much benefit. According to the Order in Council, issued in March of last year, the Mint-Board, the contract with the melter, and the moneyers' privileges, were all abolished, and a new system of business introduced. The melter's arguments in favour of retaining his portion of the establishment were not successful, as it has been found that the melting and refining can be done much cheaper at private works; and the melting department is now separated from the Mint, and leased, it is said, to one of the Rothschilds. Of course, the dispossessed functionaries get compensation and pensions, as also the moneyers' apprentices, who had paid L.1000 to learn the 'art and mystery,' with the prospect of one day becoming members of the fraternity. The coining is still to be carried on on the premises, as the contracts offered for doing the work out of doors were too high or too incompetent; the 'engraver or die-sinker' is no longer to be permitted to work on his own private account; and, what is still better, when a new medal or new model is wanted, the best artists of the country are to have the opportunity of shewing their skill in the requisite designs; and, last, dealers in bullion will no longer be allowed to refine their gold at the public cost, for all the metal sent in in future 'must not exceed the standard weight.' Thus, a most important reform is accomplished—one that will give general satisfaction, stimulate talent, and save L.11,000 a year to the country, when the L.8000 now paid as pensions reverts to the Treasury.

The Post-office is helping on the work of intercommunication with praiseworthy diligence. Think of now being able to send a pound of 'books, maps, or prints, and any quantity of paper, vellum, or parchment,

either printed, written, or plain, or any mixture of the three'—for sixpence, to any part of the United Kingdom! There are many branches of business that will be materially improved by this regulation; and we may hope to see it followed by others not less in accordance with the advancing requirements of the age.

The Nineveh sculptures are now being arranged in the British Museum; one of them weighs fifteen tons, and is an extraordinary specimen of Assyrian art. When in their places, they will be much studied; and, fortunately, more time is to be allowed for this purpose, for the authorities of the Museum have announced, that they will open the doors at nine in the morning, and keep them open till six in the evening, during the best part of the summer. The fate of the Crystal Palace is for the moment a pressing subject of talk. Perhaps the French would buy it, if it be really condemned, for they are already talking of a Great Exposition to be held in 1854, and have come to the conclusion, that twenty-seven months will not be too long to make the preparations: it is expected that all nations will be invited to join. There is to be an exhibition this year also at Breslau, in a building composed in good part of glass, at which Prussia will make a display of her handiwork, and try to get customers for the articles carried home unsold from our spectacle. In more ways than one, the beneficial consequences of the Exhibition of 1851 are shewing themselves. To take but one particular—it has produced a vast amount of literature, and will yet produce more.

Before this appears in print, the new arctic expedition will probably have sailed, to make what we must consider as the final search for Sir John Franklin. This time, Sir Edward Belcher is commander, who, though a rigid disciplinarian, and something beyond, is well known as a most energetic and persevering officer. He is to explore that portion of Wellington Channel discovered by Captain Penny, and to get as far to the north-west as possible—to Behring's Strait, if he can. Whatever else may happen, there are few who will not hope that the mystery respecting the missing explorers, who sailed on their fatal voyage in 1845, may now be cleared up. In order to facilitate Captain Beaton's operations, the Emperor Nicholas has sent instructions to the governors of the Russian trading-ports on the arctic coast, to lend such aid as may be in their power. Thus, good-will is not lacking; indeed, if that could have found the lost adventurers, they would have been discovered long ago.

Some of our engineers and naval men are greatly interested in a subject which has, from time to time, during many years, met with a passing notice—namely, the gradual growth of the banks and shoals in the North Sea from the solid matters carried into it by the rivers of England and Holland. Although slow, the increase is said to be such as to lead to the inference, that this sea will be filled up at some future day. A large chart has just been published, with contour lines of the various banks, to illustrate a treatise on the subject. If these be correct, we have at once valuable data by which to test the question of increase of magnitude. The matter will shortly be discussed by one of our scientific societies. Meantime, the reclamation of a new county from the sea is going on on the Lincolnshire coast; and there appears to be a prospect of a similar work being undertaken on the western shore—at Liverpool. Mr G. Rennie has prepared a plan for a breakwater five miles long, to be constructed at the mouth of the Mersey, stretching out from Black Rock Point. If carried into execution, it will reclaim a vast extent of sandbanks lying within it, and greatly improve the navigable channel of the river. A proposal has been made to apply sewage manure to the reclaimed land, in such ways as will constitute a satisfactory trial of this means of fertilisation; and also to reserve suitable portions as sites for building societies. Such

a project as this would be worthy of the enterprise of Liverpool; but it would be well for the promoters to bear in mind a fact which has lately been urged, that by encroaching on the space of an estuary, you prevent the inflow of the tide, and consequently diminish or weaken the outflow, whereby the whole harbour becomes shallower, and the bar at the mouth augments in bulk.

Although there is nothing extraordinary to talk about in the way of scientific discovery at present, workers in science are not idle, and are steadily pursuing their investigations. Faraday has added another chapter to his 'Experimental Researches in Electricity;' Mr Grove has contributed somewhat to our knowledge of the 'Polarity of Gases;' a paper by Mr Wharton Jones, entitled 'Discovery that the Veins of the Bat's Wing (which are furnished with Valves) are endowed with Rhythmical Contractility, and that the Onward Flow of Blood is accelerated by each Contraction,' is considered to be decisive of a question of some importance in physiology—namely, that the circulation of the blood in the wings is independent of the motion of the heart. Mr Huxley's paper in the Philosophical Transactions is also a remarkable one—one of those which really constitute progress. Although it is not easy to give a popular exposition of it, I may tell you that it discusses the subject of 'alternate generation;' a favourite one, as you will remember, with several naturalists, according to whom, certain of the *Medusæ* are of one sex at one period of their lives, and of the other sex at another. But Mr Huxley shews, by observation and experiment on *Salpa* and *Pyrosoma*, that each has independent powers of reproduction, and his facts are conclusive against the theory of 'alternation of generations.' The two generations, as now appears, are not of distinct individuals, but are both required to make a complete individual. This paper will be sure to provoke criticism, and perhaps excite further research. Mr Hopkins has been enlightening the Geological Society 'On the Causes of the Changes of Climate at Different Geological Periods;' and assigns as one of the causes, the flowing of the gulf-stream in a different direction formerly to that which it follows at present, whereby the northern ice was brought down in great masses to form our glacial period.

Some of our *savans* are interested in Professor Simpson's communication to your Edinburgh Botanical Society, concerning his experiments on Alpine plants kept covered with snow by artificial means in an ice-house for several months. He finds that plants and seeds so treated sprout and germinate rapidly when exposed to the warm air of spring and summer. It appears also that chrysalises similarly treated become moths in about one-tenth of the time required under ordinary circumstances; from which facts, and the celerity of vegetation in Canada and the arctic regions, Professor Simpson infers that, if we in this country were to keep our grain in ice-houses during the winter, we should get quicker and better crops, and avoid the ill consequences which sometimes attend sowing in autumn, or too early in spring. The subject is novel as well as interesting, to say nothing of its bearing on agriculture, and we shall be glad to see the promised results of further inquiry.

There are one or two other Scottish matters which may be mentioned. One is the discovery by Dr Penny of Glasgow, of potash salts in considerable quantity in the soot from blast-furnaces. In our iron districts, and among our iron merchants, it is undergoing that sort of discussion which savours of profit. Potash salts are so valuable, that if the discovery can be reduced to economical practice, there is no doubt that the hitherto wasted and unrecognised substance will be turned to good account. The other is the 'Platometer,' invented by Mr Sang of Kirkcaldy, described as a 'self-acting calculator of surface;' in other words, by using this contrivance, you may get the 'square measure included within any boundary-line around which a pen attached

to the instrument may be carried'—in the plan of an estate, or a map, for example, where the plots of ground are often extremely irregular in form, and difficult to measure, without much complicated calculation. When Arthur Young wished to ascertain the relative proportions of cultivated and uncultivated land in France, he cut up a map of the country, and weighed them one against the other; but the platometer would have helped him to a more satisfactory conclusion. The mode by which it effects its purpose is very simple, 'the essential parts being merely two axles, one of them carrying a cone, by which the computations are silently performed as the pen proceeds on its journey; and the other a small wheel, having numbers on it which tell the result in square measure.' The contents are given with considerable rapidity, and, it is said, with more exactitude than by any other process: the instrument, therefore, is practically useful as well as curious.

Among matters connected with the Académie, Prince Demidoff has asked for instructions as to how he may best serve the cause of science during a journey which he proposes to undertake into Siberia, accompanied by a scientific staff. The prince, who is proprietor of the richest malachite mines in Russia, has already made similar explorations in other parts of Europe, and published the results at his own cost, superbly illustrated, and has presented copies of the works to most of the scientific societies. He could not have better advisers for the purpose contemplated, than he will find among those to whom he has applied. Then a M. Rochas informs the Académie, that a photographic image on a metal-plate, transferred immediately to albumenised glass, may be reproduced and multiplied on paper in any number. Daguerreotypes of waves beating on the sea-shore have been exhibited, which were taken on glass thus prepared in a very minute fraction of a second. Add to this, a plan for a double line of submarine railway from Calais to Dover; a statement from M. Gaietta, that the aurora borealis is nothing more than spontaneously inflamed carburet of hydrogen; and a report from a learned anatomist, on the use, instead of the knife in amputation, of a platinum wire heated red-hot by a battery—and you may form a notion of the variety of communications that comes before the French *savans*. M. Peligot furnishes some details respecting silk-worms. He shews that in every 100 parts of mulberry leaves, as supplied, the result is from 8 to 9 of worms, 36 to 40 of egeated matters, and 45 to 46 of dry litter and waste. That the sixth part only of what the worms consume tends to their nourishment, the remainder goes in respiration and dejection; and that, with the data now obtained, it is possible to calculate the maximum weight of cocoons from a given weight of leaves—it being from 60 to 70 in 1000. He shews further, that in years when leaves are scarce, the loss to the proprietors need not be total, for it is possible to keep the worms on short allowance, and collect their produce, though not so largely as when no privation exists. And what is singular, that the weight of silk is not in proportion to the weight of the worm or moth; heavy and light cocoons contain the same quantity of silk, the difference arises only from the different weight of the worms. Hence M. Peligot considers, that it would be well to destroy the females when first hatched—of course with a reserve for breeding—and keep only the males, which eat less, and give an equal quantity of silk. But as yet the sexes cannot be distinguished, while in the worm state.

You are aware that one of the most interesting geological problems of our day is, that of the rise and fall of the land in Sweden: a good deal has been said on both sides. The Academy of Sciences at Stockholm has, however, taken measures to settle the question. It has chosen sixteen stations, chiefly between Haparanda and Strömstad, where daily observations

are made and recorded on the height of the sea. This is the great point to be determined; hitherto, it has been left too much to chance, or to the attention of casual travellers. In connection with it, the rate of elevation would be ascertained, whether it is everywhere the same, and continuous or intermittent. It has been stated, that at Stockholm the rise was four feet in 100 years, and greater still in the Gulf of Bothnia; but Mr Erdmann of Stockholm, in a memoir on the subject, shews reason to doubt the fact. The house in which he resides, standing near the port, was built at the beginning of the seventeenth century; when the water of the adjacent sea is raised two feet above the ordinary level, which happens but rarely, his cellar is always flooded. Therefore, assuming the rise of the land at four feet in the century, it follows, with only half that height, that when the house was built, the floor of the cellar was constantly under water, which is hardly likely to have been the case. He mentions also the observations made at the sluices of the Mælar Lake, from which a rise of one foot in a century had been inferred, but states that a defect in the measuring-scale completely invalidates the results. In addition to what the Academy are doing, he has had a reference-mark cut on the face of the steep rock of the citadel, so that, in the course of a few years, we shall be in a position to judge in how far the theory of elevation and subsidence of land in Sweden is borne out by the facts.

This reminds one that coral-reefs have been much talked about of late: the opinion is, that they grow in height about an inch and a quarter yearly. Means have also been taken to decide this question. When the American Exploring Expedition lay at Tahiti, Captain Wilkes had a stone-slab fixed on Point Venus, and the distance from it to the Dolphin Shoal below carefully ascertained, so that future measurements will test the theory.

Mr Wells, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shews that there are causes, besides those usually assigned, which will produce stratification, or those interruptions which occur in deposits. He was engaged in examination of soils; and washed earth through a filter, at times so slowly as to occupy fourteen days in the process, and dried the sediment at a temperature of 250 degrees. This, when dry, he found to be perfectly stratified in divisional planes; sometimes accordant, at others irregular, and shewing difference of material—namely, silica and alumina.

'The strata so produced,' he says, 'were in some instances exceedingly perfect and beautiful, not altogether horizontal, but slightly curved, and in some degree conforming to the shape of the funnel. The production of laminae was also noticed, especially by the cleavage of the strata produced into thin, delicate, parallel plates, when moistened with water. These arrangements, it is evident, were not caused by any interruption or renewal of the matter deposited, or by any change in the quality of the particles deposited, but from two other causes entirely distinct, and which I conceive to be these—first, from a tendency in earthy matter, subjected to the filtering, soaking, and washing of water for a considerable period, to arrange itself according to its degree of fineness, or, perhaps, according to the specific gravity of the particles, and thus form strata; and, secondly, from a tendency in earthy matter, consolidated both by water and subsequent exsiccation, to divide, independently of the fineness or quality of its component particles, into strata or laminae.'

Whether Mr Wells be right in his conclusions, remains to be proved; geologists will not fail to examine into his proofs. They may, however, remember, that Agassiz has remarked, that saw-dust through which water has been filtered, will 'assume a regular stratified appearance;' and that, in beds of clay and clay-slate, the deposits are such as to justify these conclusions.

The *Felix Meritis* Society at Amsterdam propose to give their gold medal, or twenty gold ducats (L.10), for the best answer to the questions—'What are the re-agents the most proper to demonstrate, in a sure and easy way, the presence of ozone, and to determine its quantity? Does ozone always exist in the atmosphere, and under what circumstances, regard being had to the seasons and hour of the day, is it found to increase or diminish? From what properties can it be inferred that ozone is favourable or hurtful to the animal economy, and what has experiment made known in this respect, particularly in the appearance or disappearance of epidemic diseases?'

The treatises to be distinguished by a device, not by the author's signature: they may be written in English, French, Dutch, or German, and are to be sent addressed—*Felix Meritis*, Amsterdam, before May 1, 1858. The Society reserve to themselves the right of publishing the successful paper at their own cost.

SONNET:

ON OVERHEARING A LITTLE CHILD (A VISITOR) SAYING
'MAMMA' IN THE NEXT ROOM.

HARK! through the wall it comes! and to my ear
It sounds the sweetest of all silvery tones,
So soft, yet syllabled distinct and clear,
'Mamma!'—and happy she the name who owns!
Nor would I all suppress this starting tear,
Which blinds me, while that infant's voice I hear!
Say it again, fair child; I like it well,
Although I sit alone, within my room,
Like hermit-hearted man within his cell.
It wakens Reminiscence, like a bell;
And summons up a vanished Form most dear,
Which, long years since, I laid within the tomb!
Strange, that a simple sound should reach so deep,
And flood my heart with thoughts, and make me weep!

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FORCED BENEFITS.

THE maxim, that men may safely be left to seek their own interest, and are sure to find it, appears to require some slight qualification, for nothing can be more certain, than that men are often the better of things which have been forced upon them. Those who advocate the idea in its rigour, forget that there are such things as ignorance and prejudice in the world, and that most men only become or continue actively industrious under the pressure of necessity. The vast advantages derived from railway communication afford a ready instance of people being benefitted against their will. At the bare proposal to run a line through their lands, many proprietors were thrown into a frenzy of antagonism; and whole towns petitioned that they might not be contaminated with the odious thing. In spite of remonstrances, and at a vast cost, railways were made; and we should like to know where opponents are now to be found. Demented land-proprietors are come to their senses; and even recalcitrant Oxford is glad of a line to itself.

Cases of this kind suggest the curious consideration, that many remarkable benefits now experienced were never sought for or contemplated by the persons enjoying them, but came from another quarter, and were at first only grudgingly submitted to. A singular example happens to call our attention. There is a distillery in the west of Scotland, where it has been found convenient to establish a dairy upon a large scale, for the purpose of consuming the refuse of the grain. Seven hundred cows are kept there; and a profitable market is found for their milk in the city of Glasgow. That the refuse of the cow-houses might be applied to a profitable purpose, a large farm was added to the concern, though of such land as an amateur agriculturist would never have selected for his experiments. Thus there was a complete system of economy at this distillery: a dairy to convert the draff into milk, and a farm to insure that the soil from the cows might be used upon the spot. But, as is so generally seen in this country, the liquid part of the refuse from the cow-houses was neglected. It was allowed to run into a neighbouring canal; and the proprietors would have been contented to see it so disposed of for ever, if that could have been permitted. It was found, however, to be a nuisance, the very fishes being poisoned by it. The proprietors of the canal threatened an action for the protection of their property, and the conductors of the dairy were forced to bethink them of some plan by which they should be enabled to dispose of the noxious matter without injury to their neighbours. They could at first hit upon no other than that of carting away the liquid

to the fields, and there spreading it out as manure. No doubt, they expected some benefit from this procedure; and, had they expected much, they might never have given the canal company any trouble. But the fact is, they expected so little benefit, that they would never have willingly taken the trouble of employing their carts for any such purpose. To their surprise, the benefit was such as to make their lean land superior in productiveness to any in the country. They were speedily encouraged to make arrangements at some expense for allowing the manure in a diluted form to flow by a regular system of irrigation over their fields. The original production has thus been *increased fourfold*. The company, finding no other manure necessary, now dispose of the solid kind arising from the dairy, among the neighbouring farmers, who still follow the old arrangements in the management of their cows. The sum of L.600 is thus yearly gained by the company, being not much less than the rent of the farm. If to this we add the value of the extra produce arising from the land, we shall have some idea of the advantage derived by this company from having been put under a little compulsion.

An instance, perhaps even more striking, was supplied a few years ago by certain chemical works which vented fumes noxious to a whole neighbourhood. Being prosecuted for the nuisance, the proprietors were forced to make flues of great length, through which the fumes might be conducted to a considerable distance. The consequence was surprising. A new kind of deposit was formed in the interior of the flues, and from this a large profit was derived. The sweeping of a chimney would sometimes produce several thousand pounds. At the same time, nothing can be more certain than that this material, but for the threat of prosecution, would have been allowed to continue poisoning the neighbourhood, and, consequently, not yielding one penny to the proprietors of the works.*

It has pleased Providence to order that from all the forms of organic life there shall arise a refuse which is offensive to our senses, and injurious to health, but calculated, under certain circumstances, to prove highly beneficial to us. The offensiveness and noxiousness look very much like a direct command from the Author of Nature, to do that which shall turn the refuse to a good account—namely, to bury it in the earth. Yet, from sloth and negligence, it is often allowed to cumber the surface, and there do its evil work instead. An

* The idea of this article, and the above facts, are derived from a valuable memoir just published by the Board of Health, with reference to the practical application of sewage water and town manures to agricultural production.

important principle is thus instanced—the essential identity of Nuisance and Waste. Nearly all the physical annoyances we are subjected to, and nearly all the influences that are operating actively for our hurt, are simply the exponents of some chemical solecism, which we are, through ignorance or indifference, committing or permitting. There is here a double evil—a positive and a negative. When the Londoner groans at the smokiness of his streets, and the particles of soot he finds spread over his shirt, his toilet-table, and every nice article of furniture he possesses, he has the additional vexation of knowing, that the smoke and soot should have been serving a useful purpose as fuel. When he passes by a railway over the tops of the houses in some mean suburb, and looks down with horror and disgust on the pools and heaps of filth which are allowed to encumber the yards, courts, and narrow streets of these localities, to the destruction of the health of the inhabitants, he has a second consideration before him, that all these matters ought to be in the care of some easy-acting system, by which, removed to the fields, they should be helping to create the means of life, instead of death. We never can look upon a great factory chimney pouring forth its thick column of smoke, without a twin grief—for the disgust it creates, and the good that is lost by it. Properly, that volatile fuel should be doing duty in the furnace, and effecting a saving to the manufacturer, instead of rendering him and his concerns a nuisance to all within five miles.

Troublesome as these nuisances are, there is such an inaptitude to new plans, that they might go on for ever, if an interference should not come in from some external quarter. It matters little whence the interference comes, so that the end be effected. We cannot, however, view the proceedings of a Board of Health in ordering cleanly arrangements, or those of a municipal council putting down factory smoke, without great interest, for we think we there see part, and an important one too, of the great battle of Civilisation against Barbarism. And this interest is deepened when we observe the benefits which Barbarism usually derives from its own defeats. The factory-owner, for instance, will find that, in applying an apparatus by which smoke may be prevented, he will not merely be sparing his neighbours a great annoyance, but economising fuel to an extent which must more than repay the outlay. By repressing nuisance, he will be in the same measure repressing waste.* Were there, in like manner, a general measure for enforcing the removal of refuse from the neighbourhood of human habitations, the rate-payers would in due time see blessed effects from the compulsion to which they had been subjected. Their groans would be succeeded by gladness, and they would thank the legislators who had slighted their remonstrances. When the cholera approached in 1849, our British Board of Health ordered a general cleaning out of stables, and a daily persistence in the practice. It was complained of as a great hardship; but the Board ascertained that owners of valuable race-horses cause their stables to be thoroughly cleaned daily, as a practice necessary for the health of the animals; the Board, therefore, very properly insisted on forcing this benefit upon the proprietors of horses generally. Can we doubt that a similar policy might be followed with the like good consequences at all times, and with regard to the habitations of men as well as horses?

It would thus appear, that men may really be allowed a too undisturbed repose in their views and maxims, and, if always left to seek their own interests,

would often fail to find the way. If, indeed, it were true that men are sure to find out their own interest, no country should be behind another in any of the processes or arts necessary for the sustenance and comfort of the people; whereas we know the contrary to be the case. If it were true, there should be no class in our own country willing to sit down with the dubious benefits of monopoly, instead of pushing on for the certain results of enlightened competition. It could only be true at the expense of the old proverb, that necessity is the mother of invention; for do we not every day see men submitting idly and languidly to evils which can just be borne? whereas, if these were a little greater, and therefore insupportable, they would at once be remedied. An impulse *ab extra* seems in a vast number of instances to be necessary, to promote the good of both nations and individuals. Now, whether this shall come in the ordinary course of things, and be recognised as necessity, or from an enlightened power having a certain end, generally beneficial, in view, does not appear to be of much consequence, provided only we can be tolerably well assured against the abuses to which all power is liable. It may be well worthy of consideration, whether, in this country, we have not carried the principle of *Laissez faire*, or *leave us alone*, a little too far in certain matters, where some gentle coercion would have been more likely to benefit all concerned.

MONSIEUR JEROME AND THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

ON arriving at Blois, I went to the Hôtel de la Tête Noire—a massive, respectable-looking building, situated on the quay nearly opposite a bridge that crosses the river to the suburb of St Etienne. The comfort of the rooms, and the excellence of the dinners that succeeded one another day by day, induced me to stay longer than I had intended, and rendered me spectator and part-actor in an adventure not uncommon in French-land. My apartment was numbered 48—by the way, who ever saw No. 1 in a hotel, or upon a watch?—and next door—that is, at No. 49—dwelt a very dignified-looking gentleman, always addressed as M. Jerome. I often take occasion to say, that I pique myself on being something of a physiognomist; and as I have been several times right in my judgment of character and position from inspection of the countenance, the occasions in which I have been mistaken may be set down as exceptions. M. Jerome at once interested me; and as I was idly in search of health, and had taken care to have nothing whatever to do but to kill time, the observation of this gentleman's appearance and manners naturally formed a chief part of my occupation.

I began by ascertaining exactly the colour of his eyes and hair—nearly black; the shape of his nose—straight, and rather too long; and would have been glad to examine the form of his mouth, but a huge moustache hanging over his lips in the French military style—see the portrait of General Cavaignac—prevented me from ascertaining the precise contour of what one of my old philosophers calls the Port Equiline of Derision. M. Jerome was, upon the whole, a handsome man, with a romantically bilious complexion; and the expression of his large dark eyes was really profound and striking. His costume was always fashionable, without being showy; and there was nothing to object to but a diamond ring, somewhat too ostentatiously displayed on the little finger, which, in all his manual operations, at dinner or elsewhere, always cocked up with an impertinent 'look-at-me air,' that I did not like. When, indeed, this dandy walked slowly out of the dining-room to the door-step, and lighted his cigar, the said little finger became positively obnoxious; and I used to think whether it were

* We understand that this has been the case with factory-owners at Manchester who have applied the smoke-preventing apparatus. The saving from such an apparatus in the office where this sheet is printed, appears to be about 5 per cent.; an ample equivalent for the outlay.

possible that that human being had been created purposely as a scaffolding whereon to exhibit a flashing little stone, set in twenty shillings worth of gold.

M. Jerome, though not, strictly speaking, a silent man, was sufficiently reserved at table. The early courses were by him always allowed to pass without any further remark than what politeness requires—as: 'Shall I send you some more of this *blanquette*?' or, 'With pleasure, sir;' and so forth. When dessert-time approached, however, he generally began to unbend, to take part in the general conversation, and throw in here and there a piquant anecdote. He did this with so much grace, that had it not been for the diamond ring, I should have been disposed to consider him as a man of large experience in the best society. The other people who generally attended at table—travellers, commercial and otherwise, with one or two smart folks from the town, on the look-out for Parisian gossip, to retail to the less adventurous members of their circle—were all delighted with M. Jerome: it was M. Jerome here, and M. Jerome there; and if M. Jerome happened to dine out, every one seemed to feel uneasy, and look upon him as guilty of a great dereliction of duty. They could almost as well have done without their *demi-tasse*.

Although I am an inquisitive, I am not a very impertinent man. I like to pry into other people's affairs only in so far as I can do so without hurting their feelings, or putting my own self-love in danger of a check. If, therefore, I gave the reins to my curiosity, and devoted myself to studying the more apparent movements of this M. Jerome, I shrank from putting any direct questions to the *garçon*, who might probably at once have given me a very prosaic account of him. On one occasion, I threw in casually a remark, to the effect that the gentleman at No. 49 seemed a great favourite with the fair sex; but the only reply was a smile, and an acknowledgment that, in general, people of fascinating exterior—here the *garçon* glanced at the mirror he was dusting—were great favourites with the fairer portion of the creation. 'We Frenchmen,' it was added, 'know the way to the female heart better than most men.' The waiter had paused with his duster in his hand. I felt that he was going to give me his Art of Love; and opportunely remembering that I had a letter to put into the post, I escaped the infliction for the time.

I had, indeed, observed that if the public generally admitted the valuable qualities of M. Jerome as a companion, his reputation was based principally on the approval of the ladies. All these excellent judges agreed that he was a nice, quiet, agreeable person; and 'so handsome!' At least the seven members of an English family, who had come to visit Chambord, and lingered at the hotel a week—five of them were daughters—all expressed this opinion of M. Jerome; and even a supercilious French lady, with a particle attached to her name, admitted that he was 'very well.'

One day, a new face appeared at table to interest me; and as the mysterious gentleman and his diamond ring had puzzled me for a fortnight, during which I had made no progress towards ascertaining his real position and character, I was not sorry to have my attention a little diverted by a mysterious lady. Madame de Mourairef—a Russian name, thought I—was a very agreeable person to look at; much more so to me than M. Jerome. She was not much past twenty years of age; small, slight, elegant in shape, if not completely so in manners; and with one of those charming little faces which you can analyse into ugliness, but which in their synthesis, to speak as moderns should, are admirable, adorable, fascinating. I should have thought that such a *minois* could belong only to Paris—the city, by the way, of ugly women, whom art makes charming. However, there

it was above the shoulders, high of course—swannecked women are only found in England—above the shoulders of a Russian marchioness, princess, czarina, or what you will, who called for her cigarettes after dinner, was attended by a little *soubrette*, named Penelope, and looked for all the world as if she had just been whirled off the boards of the Opera Comique.

I at first believed that this was a mere *masquerade*; but when a letter in a formidable envelope, with the seal of the Russian embassy, arrived, and was exhibited in the absence of the lady herself, to every one of the lodgers, in proof of the aristocratic character of the customer of the Tête Noire, I began to doubt my own perspicacity, and to imagine that I had now a far more interesting object of study than M. Jerome and his diamond ring. Madame de Mourairef was an exceedingly affable person; and the English family aforesaid, whom I have reason to believe were Cockney tradesfolks, pronounced her to be very high-bred—without a fault, indeed, if it had not been for that horrid habit of smoking, which, as they judiciously observed, however, was a peculiar characteristic of the Russians. I am afraid, they would have set her down as a vulgar wretch, had they not been forewarned that she was aristocratic. The French lady seemed to look upon the foreign one as an intruder, and scarcely deigned to turn her eyes in that direction. Probably this was because she was so charming, and monopolised so much of the attention of us gentlemen.

'They no sooner looked than they loved,' says Rosalind. This was not, perhaps, quite the case with M. Jerome and the Russian princess, who took care to let it be known that she was a widow; but in a very few days what is called 'a secret sympathy' evidently sprang into existence. The former, of course, made the first advances. His diplomatic and seductive arts were not, however, put to a great test, for in three days the lady manifestly felt uneasy until he presented himself at dinner; and in a week, I met them walking arm in arm on the bridge. It was easy to see that he was on his good behaviour; and from some fragments of conversations I overheard between them when they met in the passage opposite my door, I learned that he was 'doing the melancholy dodge,' as in the vernacular we would express it; and had many harrowing revelations to make as to the manner in which his heart had been trifled with by unfeeling beauties.

'There is a tide in the affairs of an hôtel!' I am in a mood for quoting from my favourite authors; and whereas we had at one time sat down nearly twenty to table, we suddenly found ourselves to be only three—M. Jerome, the princess, and myself. A kind of intimacy was the natural result. We made ourselves mutually agreeable; and I was not at all surprised, when one evening Madame de Mourairef invited us two gentlemen to take tea with her in her little sitting-room. Both accepted joyfully; and though I am persuaded that M. Jerome would have preferred a tête-à-tête, he accepted my companionship with tolerable grace. We strolled together, indeed, on the quay for half an hour. It was raining slightly, and I had a cough; but I have too good an opinion of human nature to imagine that my new acquaintance kept me out by his fascinating conversation, in order to make me catch a desperate cold, that would send me wheezing to bed.

The tea was served, as I suppose it is served in Russia, very weak, with a plentiful admixture of milk and accompaniment of *biscuits glacés*. Madame de Mourairef did the honours in an inexpressibly graceful manner; and I observed that there was a delightful intimacy between her and her maid Penelope, that quite upset my ideas of northern serfdom. I think they even once exchanged a wink, but of this I am not sure. There is nothing like experience to expand one's ideas, and I made up my mind to re-examine the whole

of my notions of Muscovite vassalage. M. Jerome seemed less struck by these circumstances than myself—being probably too much absorbed in contemplation of our hostess—but even he could not avoid exclaiming, 'that if that were the way in which serfs were treated, he should like to be a serf—of such a mistress!'

'You Frenchmen are so gallant!' was the reply.

A little while afterwards, somebody proposed a game of whist. There was an objection to 'dead-man,' and Penelope, with a semi-oriental salaam, offered to 'take a hand.' Madame de Mourairef was graciously pleased to order her to do so. We shuffled, cut, and played; and when midnight came, and it was necessary to retire, I felt almost afraid to examine into my own heart, lest I might find that the soubrette appeared to me at least as high-bred as the mistress.

We spent some delightful evenings in this manner, and perhaps still more delightful days, for by degrees we became inseparable, and all our walks and drives were made in common. The garçon often looked maliciously at me, even offered once or twice to develop his Art of Love; but I did not choose to be interrupted in my physiognomical studies, and gave him no opportunity.

A picnic was proposed, and agreed upon. We intended at first to go to Chambord; but there was danger of a crowd; and a valley on the road to Vendôme was pitched upon. A *calèche* took us to the place, and set us down in a delightful meadow, enamelled with flowers, as all meadows are in poetry. A few great trees, forming almost a grove, shaded a slope near the banks of a sluggish stream that crept along between an avenue of poplars. Here the cloth was laid at once for breakfast; and whilst M. Jerome and the princess strolled away to talk of blighted hopes, Russia, serfdom, wedlock, and the conflagration of the Kremlin, Penelope made the necessary preparation; and I, in my character of a fidgety old gentleman, first advised and then assisted her. I am afraid the young damsel had designs upon my heart, for she put several questions to me on the state of vassalage in England; and when I developed succinctly the principles and advantages of our free constitution, and said some eloquent things that formed a French edition of 'Britons never shall be slaves,' she became quite enthusiastic; her cheeks flushed, her eyes brightened; and with a sort of Theriogne-de-Mericourt gesture, she cried: 'Vive la République!' This was scarcely the natural product of what I had said; but so lively a little creature, in her dainty lace-cap and flying pink ribbons, neat silk *caraco*, plaid-patterned gown, with pagoda sleeves, as she called them, and milk-white *manchettes*—her *bottines* from the Rue Vivienne, and her face from Paradise—could reconcile many a harder heart than mine to greater incongruities. Our arrangements being made, therefore, I sat down on a camp-stool, whilst Penelope reclined on the grass; and I endeavoured to explain to her the great advantages of a moderate constitutional government, with checks, balances, and so forth. Although she yawned, I am sure it was not from ennui, but in order to shew me her pretty pearly teeth.

M. Jerome and the princess came streaming back over the meadow—even affected to scold me for having remained behind. They were evidently on the best possible terms, and I took great satisfaction in contemplating their happiness. Either my perspicacity was at fault, however, or both had some secret cause of uneasiness that pressed upon their minds as the day advanced. Had they been only betrayed into a declaration and a plighting of their troth in a hurry? Did they already repent? Did Madame de Mourairef regret the barbarous splendour of her native land? Did M. Jerome begin to modern over the delights of bachelorship? These were the questions I put to myself without being able to invent any satisfactory answer. The day passed,

however, pleasantly enough; and the *calèche* came in due time to take us back to Blois.

Next morning, M. Jerome entered my room with a graceful bow, to announce his departure for Paris, whither it was necessary for him to go to obtain the necessary papers for his marriage, and Madame de Mourairef, he added, accompanied him. I uttered the necessary congratulations, and gave my address in Paris, that he might call upon me as soon as he was settled in the hôtel he proposed to take.

'I take two persons with me,' he said, smiling; 'but one of them leaves her heart behind, I am afraid.'

This alluded to Penelope; but I was determined not to understand. I went to say adieu to Madame de Mourairef, who seemed rather excited and anxious. Penelope almost succeeded in wringing forth a tear; but I did not think it was decreed that at my age I should really make love to a Russian serf, however charming. So off they went to the railway station, leaving me in a very dull, stupid, melancholy mood.

'What a fortunate man M. Jerome is!' said the garçon, as he came into my room a few minutes afterwards.

'Yes,' I replied; 'Madame de Mourairef seems in every way worthy of him.'

'I should think so,' quoth he. 'It is not every waiter, however fascinating, that falls in with a Russian princess.'

'Waiter! M. Jerome!'

'Of course,' replied my informant. 'You seem surprised; but M. Jerome is really a waiter at the Café —, on the Boulevard des Italiens; came down for his health. We were comrades once, and I promised to keep the secret, for he thought it extremely probable that he might meet a wealthy English lady here, who might fall in love with him—your countrywomen are so eccentric. He has found a Russian princess, which is better. I suppose we must now call him Monseigneur?'

Although, like the rest of my species, disposed to laugh at the misfortunes of my fellow-creatures, I confess that I pitied Madame de Mourairef; for I felt persuaded that M. Jerome had passed himself off as a very distinguished personage. However, there was no remedy, and I had no right to interfere in the matter. The lady, indeed, had been in an unpardonable hurry to be won, and must take the consequences.

In the afternoon, there was a great bustle in the hôtel, and half-a-dozen voices were heard doing the work of fifty. I went out into the passage, and caught the first fragments of an explanation that soon became complete. M. Alphonse, courier to M. de Mourairef, had arrived, and was indignantly maintaining that Sophie and Penelope, the two waiting-maids of the princess, had arrived at the Tête Noire, to take a suite of rooms for their mistress; whilst the landlord and his coadjutors, slow to comprehend, averred that the great lady had herself been there, and departed. The truth at length came out—that these two smart Parisian lasses, having a fortnight before them, had determined to give up their places, and play the masquerade which I have described. When M. and Madame de Mourairef, two respectable, middle-aged people, arrived, they were distastefully made acquainted with the sacrilege that had been committed; but as no debts had been contracted in their name, and their letters came in a parcel by the post from Orleans, they laughed heartily at the joke, and enjoyed the idea that Sophie had been taken in.

The following winter, I went into a café newly established in the Rue Poissonnière, and was agreeably surprised to see Sophie, the pseudo-princess, sitting behind the counter in magnificent toilette, receiving the bows and the money of the customers as they passed before her, whilst M. Jerome—exactly in appearance as before, except that prosperity had begun

to round him—was leaning against a pillar in rather a melodramatic attitude, a white napkin gracefully depending from his hand. They started on seeing me, and were a little confused, but soon laughed over their adventure; called Penelope to take her turn at the counter—the little serf whispered to me as she passed, that I was 'a traitor, a barbarian,' and insisted on treating me to my coffee and my *petit verre*, free, gratis, for nothing.

MEMOIRS OF LORD JEFFREY.

Is the crisis of the French Revolution, British society was paralysed with conservative alarms, and all tendency to liberal opinions, or even to an advocacy of the most simple and needful reforms, was met with a ruthless intolerance. In Scotland, there was not a public meeting for five-and-twenty years. In that night of unreflecting Toryism, a small band of men, chiefly connected with the law in Edinburgh, stood out in a profession of Whiggism, to the forfeiture of all chance of government patronage, and even of much of the confidence and esteem of society. Three or four young barristers were particularly prominent, all men of uncommon talents. The chief was Francis Jeffrey, who died in 1850, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, after having passed through a most brilliant career as a practising lawyer and judge, and one still more brilliant, as the conductor, for twenty-seven years, of the celebrated *Edinburgh Review*. Another was Henry Cockburn, who has now become the biographer of his great associate. It was verily a remarkable knot of men in many respects, but we think in none more than a heroic probity towards their principles, which were, after all, of no extravagant character, as was testified by their being permitted to triumph harmlessly in 1831-2. These men anticipated by forty years changes which were ultimately patronised by the great majority of the nation. They all thrived professionally, but purely by the force of their talents and high character. As there was not any precisely equivalent group of men at any other bar in the United Kingdom, we think Scotland is entitled to take some credit to herself for her Jeffreys, her Cranstons, her Murrys, and her Cockburns: at least, she will not soon forget their names.

Lord Jeffrey—his judicial designation in advanced life—was of respectable, but not exalted parentage. After a careful education at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford, he entered at the bar in 1793, when not yet much more than twenty years of age. His father, being himself a Tory, desired the young lawyer to be so too, seeing that it would be favourable to his prospects; but he could not yield in this point to paternal counsel. The consequence was, that this able man practised for ten years without gaining more than £100 per annum. All this time, he cultivated his mind diligently, and was silently training himself for that literary career which he subsequently entered upon. His talents were at that time known only to a few intimates: there were peculiarities about him, which prevented him from being generally appreciated up to his deserts. His figure, to begin with, was almost ludicrously small. Then, in his anxiety to get rid of the Scottish accent, he had contracted an elocution intended to be English, but which struck every one as most affected and offensive. His manners were marked by levity, and his conversation to many seemed flippant. His literary musings also acted unfavourably on the solicitors, the leading patrons of young counsellors. Reduced by dearth of business almost to despair, he had at one time serious thoughts of flinging himself upon the London press for a subsistence. The first smile of fortune beamed upon him in 1802, when the *Edinburgh Review* was started—a work of which he quickly assumed the management. That it brought

him income and literary renown, we gather from Lord Cockburn's pages; but we do not readily find it explained how. While more declaredly a literary man than ever, he now advanced rapidly at the bar, and quickly became a man of wealth and professional dignity. We suspect that, after all that is said of the effect of literary pursuits on business prospects, the one success was a consequence in great measure of the other.

The value of this work rests, in our opinion, on the illustration which it presents of the possibility of a man of sound though unpopular opinions passing through life, not merely without suffering greatly from the wrath of society, but in the enjoyment of some of its highest honours. After reading this book, one could almost suppose it to be a delusion that the world judges hardly of any man's speculative opinions, while his life remains pure, and his heart manifestly is alive to all the social charities. The heroic consistency of Jeffrey is the more remarkable, when it now appears that he was a gentle and rather timid man, keenly alive to the sympathies of friends and neighbours—indeed, of *womanish* character altogether. As is well known, his time arrived at last, when, on the coming of the Whigs into power in 1830, he was raised to the dignified situation of Lord Advocate for Scotland, and was called upon to take the lead, officially, in making those political changes which he had all along advocated. It is curious, however, and somewhat startling, to learn how little gratification he professed to feel in what appeared so great a triumph. While his rivals looked with envy on his exaltation, and mobs deemed it little enough that he should be entirely at their beck in requital for the support they gave him, Mr Jeffrey was sighing for the quiet of private life, groaning at his banishment from a happy country-home, and not a little disturbed by the troubled aspect of public affairs. Mr Macaulay has somewhere remarked on the general mistake as to the 'sweets of office.' We are assured by Lord Cockburn, that Jeffrey would have avoided the advocateship if he could. He accepted it only from a feeling of duty to his party. He writes to a female relation of the 'good reason I have for being sincerely sick and sorry at an elevation for which so many people are envying, and thinking me the luckiest and most elevated of mortals for having attained.' And this subject is still further illustrated by an account he gives of the conduct of honest Lord Althorpe during the short interval in May 1832, when the Whigs were out. 'Lord Althorpe,' he says, 'has gone through all this with his characteristic cheerfulness and courage. The day after the resignation, he spent in a great sale-garden, choosing and buying flowers, and came home with five great packages in his carriage, devoting the evening to studying where they should be planted in his garden at Althorpe, and writing directions and drawing plans for their arrangement. And when they came to summon him to a council on the Duke's giving in, he was found in a closet with a groom, busy oiling the locks of his fowlingpieces, and lamenting the decay into which they had fallen during his ministry.'

In some respects, the book will create surprise, particularly as to the private life and character of the great Aristarch. While the *Edinburgh Review* was in progress under the care of Mr Jeffrey, it was a most unrelenting tribunal for literary culprits, as well as a determined assertor of its own political maxims. The common idea regarding its chief conductor represented him as a man of extraordinary sharpness, alternating between epigrammatic flippancy and democratic rigour. Gentle and refined feeling would certainly never have been attributed to him. It will now be found that he was at all times of his life a man of genial spirit towards the entire circle of his fellow-creatures—that his leading tastes were for poetry and the beautiful in external nature, particularly fine scenery—that he revelled in

the home affections, and was continually saying the softest and kindest things to all about him—a lamb, in short, while thought a lion. The local circle in which he lived was somewhat limited and exclusive, partly, perhaps, in consequence of having been early shut in upon itself by its dissent from the mass of society on most public questions; but in this circle Jeffrey was adored by men, women, and children alike, on account of his extreme kindness of disposition. He was almost, to a ridiculous degree, dependent on the love of his friends; and the terms in which he addresses some of them, particularly ladies, sound odd in this common-sense world. Thus, the wife of one of his friends is, 'My sweet, gentle, and long-suffering Sophia.' He pours out his very heart to his correspondents, and with an effect which would reconcile to him the most irascible author he ever scarified. Thus, to his daughter, who had just left him with her husband:—'I happened to go up stairs, and passing into our room, saw the door open of that little one where you used to sleep, and the very bed waiting there for you, so silent and desolate, that all the love, and the *miss* of you, which fell so sadly on my heart the first night of your desertion, came back upon it so heavily and darkly, that I was obliged to shut myself in, and cry over the recollection, as if all the interval had been annihilated, and that loss and sorrow were still fresh and unsubdued before me; and though the fit went off before long, I feel still that I must vent my heart by telling you of it, and therefore sit down now to write all this to you, and get rid of my feelings, that would otherwise be more likely to haunt my vigils of the night.' Thus, on the death of a sister in his early days:—'A very heavy blow upon us all, and much more so on me than I had believed possible. The habit of seeing her almost every day, and of living together intimately since our infancy, had wound so many threads of affection round my heart, that when they were burst at once, the shock was almost overwhelming. Then, the unequalled gentleness of her disposition, the unaffected worth of her affections, and miraculous simplicity of character and manners, which made her always appear as pure and innocent as an infant, took so firm, though gentle a hold on the heart of every one who approached her, that even those who have been comparatively strangers to her worth, have been greatly affected by her loss. . . . During the whole of her illness, she looked beautiful; and when I gazed upon her the moment after she had breathed her last, as she lay still, still, and calm, with her bright eyes half closed, and her red lips half open, I thought I had never seen a countenance so lovely. A statuery might have taken her for a model. Poor, dear love! I kissed her cold lips, and pressed her cold, wan, lifeless hand, and would willingly at that moment have put off my own life too, and followed her. When I came here, the sun was rising, and the birds were singing gaily, as I sobbed along the empty streets.'

The sensibility of Jeffrey to all fine expression that comes to us through the medium of literature was intense, most so in his latter days, when his whole character seems to have undergone a mellowing process. While pining under his greatness as Lord Advocate, and an authority in parliament (1833), he says: 'If it were not for my love of beautiful nature and poetry, my heart would have died within me long ago. I never felt before what immeasurable benefactors these same poets are to their kind, and how large a measure, both of actual happiness and prevention of misery, they have imparted to the race. I would willingly give up half my fortune, and some little fragments of health and bodily enjoyment that yet remain to me, rather than that Shakespeare should not have lived before me.' Who that had only read his lively, acute articles in the formal Review, could have believed him to be so deeply sympathetic with an unfortunate poet, as he shews in the following fine passage in one of his letters

(1837)? 'In the last week, I have read all Burns's *Life and Works*—not without many tears, for the life especially. What touches me most, is the pitiable poverty in which that gifted being (and his noble-minded father) passed his early days—the painful frugality to which their innocence was doomed, and the thought how small a share of the useless luxuries in which we (such comparatively poor creatures) indulge, would have sufficed to shed joy and cheerfulness in their dwellings, and perhaps to have saved that glorious spirit from the trials and temptations under which he fell so prematurely. Oh! my dear Empson, there must be something *terribly* wrong in the present arrangements of the universe, when those things can happen, and be thought natural. I could lie down in the dirt, and cry and grovel there, I think, for a century, to save such a soul as Burns from the suffering, and the contamination, and the *degradation*, which these same arrangements imposed upon him; and I fancy that, if I could but have known him, in my present state of wealth and influence, I might have saved, and reclaimed, and preserved him, even to the present day. He would not have been so old as my brother-judge, Lord Glenlee, or Lord Lynedoch, or a dozen others that one meets daily in society. And what a creature, not only in genius, but in nobleness of character, potentially at least, if right models had been put *gently* before him!'

The narrative of Lord Cockburn occupies only one volume, the other being filled with a selection from Lord Jeffrey's letters. It is a brief chronicle of the subject; many will feel it to be unsatisfactorily slight. The author seems to have been afraid of becoming tedious. It is, however, a manly and faithful narration, with the rare merit of going little, if at all, beyond bounds in its appreciation of the hero or his associates, or the importance of the circumstances in which he moved. The sketches of some of Jeffrey's contemporaries, as John Clerk, Sir Harry Moncreiff, and Henry Erskine, are vigorous pieces of painting, which will suggest to many a desire that the author should favour the public with a wider view of the men and things of Scotland in the age just past. With a natural partiality as a friend and as a biographer, he seems to us to set too high an estimate on Jeffrey when he ranks him as one of a quartett, including Dugald Stewart, Sir Walter Scott, and Dr Chalmers, 'each of whom in literature, philosophy, or policy, caused great changes,' and 'left upon his age the impression of the mind that produced them.' Few of his countrymen would claim this rank for either Jeffrey or Stewart. Jeffrey, no doubt, raised a department of our literature from a low to a high level; he was a Great Voice in his day. But he produced nothing which can permanently affect us; he gave no great turn to the sentiments or opinions of mankind. His only original effort of any mark, is his exposition of the association theory of beauty, which rests on a simple mistake of what is pleasing for what is beautiful, and is already nothing. We suspect that no man with his degree of timidity will ever be very great, either as a philosopher or as a man of deeds. He was a brilliant *writer*—the most brilliant, and, with one exception, the most versatile in his age; but to this we would limit his panegyric, apart from the glory of his long and consistent career as a politician, which we think can scarcely be overestimated.

So many of the most remarkable passages of the work have been already hackneyed through the medium of the newspapers, that we feel somewhat at a loss to present any which may have a chance of being new to our readers. So early as his twentieth year, we find Mr Jeffrey thus sensibly expressing himself on an important subject:—

'There is nothing in the world I detest so much as companions and acquaintances, as they are called. Where intimacy has gone so far as to banish reserve,

to disclose character, and to communicate the reality of serious opinions, the connection may be the source of much pleasure—it may ripen into friendship, or subside into esteem. But to know half a hundred fellows just so far as to speak, and walk, and lounge with them; to be acquainted with a multitude of people, for all of whom together you do not care one farthing; in whose company you speak without any meaning, and laugh without any enjoyment; whom you leave without any regret, and rejoin without any satisfaction; from whom you learn nothing, and in whom you love nothing—to have such a set for your society, is worse than to live in absolute solitude; and is a thousand times more pernicious to the faculties of social enjoyment, by circulating in its channels a stream so insipid.

At the peace of Amiens, Jeffrey wrote thus to his friend Morehead, 7th October 1801: 'It is the only public event in my recollection that has given me any lively sensation of pleasure, and I have rejoiced at it as heartily as it is possible for a private man, and one whose own condition is not immediately affected by it, to do. How many parents and children, and sisters and brothers, would that news make happy? How many pairs of bright eyes would weep over that gazette, and wet its brown pages with tears of gratitude and rapture? How many weary wretches will it deliver from camps and hospitals, and restore once more to the comforts of a peaceful and industrious life? What are victories to rejoice at, compared with an event like this? Your bonfires and illuminations are dimmed with blood and with tears, and battle is in itself a great evil, and a subject of general grief and lamentation. The victors are only the least unfortunate, and suffering and death have, in general, brought us no nearer to tranquillity and happiness.' It may be well thus to bring the value of a peace before the public mind. Let those who only know of war from history, reflect how great must be the evils of a state the cessation of which gives such a feeling of relief.

Here is a curious passage about the society of Liverpool in 1813, and his love of his native country. We must receive the statement respecting the Quakers with something more than doubt, at least as to the extent to which it is true:—'I have been dining out every day for this last week with Unitarians, and Whigs, and Americans, and brokers, and bankers, and small fanciers of pictures and paints, and the Quaker aristocracy, and the fashionable vulgar, of the place. But I do not like Liverpool much better, and could not live here with any comfort. Indeed, I believe I could not live anywhere out of Scotland. All my recollections are Scottish, and consequently all my imaginations; and though I thank God that I have as few fixed opinions as any man of my standing, yet all the elements out of which they are made have a certain national cast also. In short, I will not live anywhere else if I can help it; nor die either; and all old Esay's* eloquence would have been thrown away in an attempt to persuade me that *banishment furth the kingdom* might be patiently endured. I take more to Roscoe, however: he is thoroughly good-hearted, and has a sincere, though foolish concern for the country. I have also found out a Highland woman with much of the mountain accent, and sometimes get a little girl to talk to. But with all these resources, and the aid of the Botanical Garden, the time passes rather heavily; and I am in some danger of dying of ennui, with the apparent symptoms of extreme vivacity. Did you ever hear that most of the Quakers die of stupidity—actually and literally? I was assured of the fact the other day by a very in-

telligent physician, who practised twenty years among them, and informs me that few of the richer sort live to be fifty, but die of a sort of atrophy, their cold blood just stagnating by degrees among their flabby fat. They eat too much, he says; take little exercise; and, above all, have no nervous excitement. The affection is known in this part of the country by the name of *the Quaker's disease*, and more than one-half of them go out so. I think this curious, though not worth coming to Liverpool to hear, or writing from Liverpool, &c.'

He was at this time about to sail for America, in order to marry a lady of that country. In a letter to Morehead, he recalls his old-fashioned country residence of Hatton, in West Lothian, and Mr Morehead's family now resident there. Tuckey was a nickname for one of Mr Morehead's daughters; Margaret was another. Till the last, he had pet names for all his own descendants and relatives, having no doubt felt how much they contribute to the promotion of family affection. 'I am almost ashamed of the degree of sorrow I feel at leaving all the early and long-prized objects of my affection; and though I am persuaded I do right in the step which I am taking, I cannot help wishing that it had not been quite so wide and laborious a one. You cannot think how beautiful Hatton appears at this moment in my imagination, nor with what strong emotion I fancy I hear Tuckey telling a story on my knee, and see Margaret poring upon her French before me. It is in your family that my taste for domestic society and domestic enjoyments has been nurtured and preserved. Such a child as Tuckey I shall never see again in this world. Heaven bless her, and she will be a blessing both to her mother and to you.' After touching upon a volume of poems which Mr Morehead had published—'If I were you, however, I would live more with Tuckey, and be satisfied with my gardening and pruning—with my preaching—a good deal of walking and comfortable talking. What more has life? and how full of vexation are all ambitious fancies and perplexing pursuits! Well, God bless you! Perhaps I shall not have an opportunity to inculcate my innocent epicurism upon you for a long time again. It will do you no harm.'

It will be a new fact to most of the admirers of Jeffrey, that he had in early life devoted himself to the writing of poetry. Of what he wrote between 1791 and 1796, the greater part has disappeared from his repositories. 'But,' says his biographer, 'enough survives to attest his industry, and to enable us to appreciate his powers. There are some loose leaves and fragments of small poems, mostly on the usual subjects of love and scenery, and in the form of odes, sonnets, elegies, &c.; all serious, none personal or satirical. And besides these slight things, there is a completed poem on *Dreaming*, in blank verse, about 1800 lines long. The first page is dated Edinburgh, May 4, 1791, the last Edinburgh, 25th June 1791; from which I presume that we are to hold it to have been all written in these fifty-three days—a fact which accounts for the absence of high poetry, though there be a number of poetical conceptions and flowing sentences. Then there is a translation into blank verse of the third book of the *Argonauticon* of Apollonius Rhodius. The other books are lost, but he translated the whole poem, extending to about 6000 lines. . . . And I may mention here, though it happens to be in prose, that of two plays, one, a tragedy, survives. It has no title, but is complete in all its other parts. . . . He was fond of parodying the *Odes* of Horace, with applications to modern incidents and people, and did it very successfully. The *Otium Divos* was long remembered. Notwithstanding this perseverance, and a decided poetical ambition, he was never without misgivings as to his success. I have been informed, that he once went so far as to leave a poem with a bookseller, to be published, and fled to the

* Lord Esqgrove, a judge, who consoled a friend he was obliged to banish, by assuring him that there really were places in the world, such as England, for example, where a man, though out of Scotland, might live with some little comfort.

country; and that, finding some obstacle had occurred, he returned, recovered the manuscript, rejoicing that he had been saved, and never renewed so perilous an experiment.

There may be some who would like to see these compositions, or specimens of them, both on their own account, and that the friends of the many poets his criticism has offended might have an opportunity of retaliation, and of shewing, by the critic's own productions, how little, in their opinion, he was worthy to sit in judgment on others. But I cannot indulge them. Since Jeffrey, though fond of playing with verses privately, never delivered himself up to the public as the author of any, I cannot think that it would be right in any one else to exhibit him in this capacity. I may acknowledge, however, that, so far as I can judge, the publication of such of his poetical attempts as remain, though it might shew his industry and ambition, would not give him the poetical wreath, and of course would not raise his reputation. Not that there are not tons of worse verse published, and bought, and even read, every year, but that their publication would not elevate Jeffrey. His poetry is less poetical than his prose. Viewed as mere literary practice, it is rather respectable. It evinces a general acquaintance, and a strong sympathy, with moral emotion, great command of language, correct taste, and a copious possession of the poetical commonplaces, both of words and of sentiment. But all this may be without good poetry.

Having given little of Lord Cockburn in our extracts, we shall conclude with a passage of his narration which stands out distinctly, and has a historical value. It refers to Edinburgh in the second decade of the present century, but takes in a few names of deceased celebrities:—'The society of Edinburgh was not that of a provincial town, and cannot be judged of by any such standard. It was metropolitan. Trade or manufactures have, fortunately, never marked this city for their own; but it is honoured by the presence of a college famous throughout the world, and from which the world has been supplied with many of the distinguished men who have shone in it. It is the seat of the supreme courts of justice, and of the annual convocation of the Church, formerly no small matter; and of almost all the government offices and influence. At the period I am referring to, this combination of quiet with aristocracy made it the resort, to a far greater extent than it is now, of the families of the gentry, who used to leave their country residences and enjoy the gaiety and the fashion which their presence tended to promote. Many of the curious characters and habits of the receding age—the last purely Scotch age that Scotland was destined to see—still lingered among us. Several were then to be met with who had seen the Pretender, with his court and his wild followers, in the Palace of Holyrood. Almost the whole official state, as settled at the Union, survived; and all graced the capital, unconscious of the economical scythe which has since mowed it down. All our nobility had not then fled. A few had sense not to feel degraded by being happy at home. The Old Town was not quite deserted. Many of our principal people still dignified its picturesque recesses and historical mansions, and were dignified by them. The closing of the continent sent many excellent English families and youths among us, for education and for pleasure. The war brightened us with uniforms, and strangers, and shows.

Over all this, there was diffused the influence of a greater number of persons attached to literature and science, some as their calling, and some for pleasure, than could be found, in proportion to the population, in any other city in the empire. Within a few years, including the period I am speaking of, the College contained Principal Robertson, Joseph Black, his successor Hope, the second Munro, James Gregory, John Robison, John Playfair, and Dugald Stewart; none of them

confined monastically to their books, but all—except Robison, who was in bad health—partaking of the enjoyments of the world. Episcopacy gave us the Rev. Archibald Alison; and in Blair, Henry, John Home, Sir Harry Moncreiff, and others, Presbytery made an excellent contribution, the more to be admired that it came from a church which eschews rank, and boasts of poverty. The law, to which Edinburgh has always been so largely indebted, sent its copious supplies; who, instead of disturbing good company by professional matter—an offence with which the lawyers of every place are charged—were remarkably free of this vulgarity; and being trained to take difference of opinion easily, and to conduct discussions with forbearance, were, without undue obtrusion, the most cheerful people that were to be met with. Lords Monboddo, Hailes, Glenlee, Meadowbank, and Woodhouselee, all literary judges, and Robert Blair, Henry Erskine, and Henry Mackenzie, senior, were at the earlier end of this file; Scott and Jeffrey at the later—but including a variety of valuable persons between these extremities. Sir William Forbes, Sir James Hall, and Mr Clerk of Eldin, represented a class of country gentlemen cultivating learning on its account. And there were several, who, like the founder of the Huttonian theory, selected this city for their residence solely from the consideration in which science and letters were here held, and the facilities, or rather the temptations, presented for their prosecution. Philosophy had become indigenous in the place, and all classes, even in their gayest hours, were proud of the presence of its cultivators. Thus learning was improved by society, and society by learning. And unless when party-spirit interfered—which at one time, however, it did frequently and bitterly—perfect harmony, and, indeed, lively cordiality, prevailed.

And all this was still a Scotch scene. The whole country had not begun to be absorbed in the ocean of London. There were still little great places—places with attractions quite sufficient to retain men of talent or learning in their comfortable and respectable provincial positions, and which were dignified by the tastes and institutions which learning and talent naturally rear. The operation of the commercial principle which tempts all superiority to try its fortune in the greatest accessible market, is perhaps irresistible; but anything is surely to be lamented which annihilates local intellect, and degrades the provincial spheres which intellect and its consequences can alone adorn. According to the modern rate of travelling, the capitals of Scotland and of England were then about 2400 miles asunder. Edinburgh was still more distant in its style and habits. It had then its own independent tastes, and ideas, and pursuits. Enough of the generation that was retiring survived to cast an antiquarian air over the city, and the generation that was advancing was still a Scotch production. Its character may be estimated by the names I have mentioned, and by the fact, that the genius of Scott and of Jeffrey had made it the seat at once of the most popular poetry and the most brilliant criticism that then existed. This city has advantages, including its being the capital of Scotland, its old reputation, and its external beauties, which have enabled it, in a certain degree, to resist the centralising tendency, and have hitherto always supplied it with a succession of eminent men. But now that London is at our door, how precarious is our hold of them, and how many have we lost!

We would just add one remark which occurs to us after reviewing the career of this eminent patriot and writer, and it may be of service to young men now entering upon the various paths of ambition. It is the fortune of many to be led by whim, prejudice, and other reasons, into certain tracks of opinion, which, as they do not lead to the public good, so neither do they conduce to any ultimate benefit for those treading

them. How striking the contrast between the retrospect of a literary man, who has spent, perhaps, brilliant abilities in supporting every bad cause and every condemned error of his time, and necessarily found all barren at last, and the reflections of one like Francis Jeffrey, who, having embraced just views at first, continued temperately to advocate them until he saw them adopted as necessary for the good of his country, and had the glory of being almost universally thanked for his share in bringing about their triumph! Let young literary men particularly take this duly to heart, for it may save them from many a bitter pang in their latter days.

THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

A NUMBER of years ago, a gentleman in Clydesdale offered me a situation as head-groom, which I accepted. He had one horse which was kept in a stable by himself, and was, without exception, the ugliest and most savage animal of his kind I had ever seen. There was not a single point of a strong or a fast horse about him. He was as black as charcoal; he was named Satan, and richly did he deserve the name. He would fly at you, like a dog, with his teeth; attempt to beat you down with his fore-feet; and strike round a corner at you with his hind ones. He had beaten off all the rough-riders, grooms, and jockeys in that part of the country.

After being in the place for a few days, I was asked by the gentleman, if I thought I could make anything of Satan. I replied, that if he beat me, he would be the only horse which had ever done so; but still I considered him to be by far the most savage I had ever seen. 'Try him to-morrow at one o'clock,' said he, as he turned to go away: 'I will have a few friends with me to see how you succeed.'

I determined, however, to try him that night, and without any witness to see whether I succeeded or not. My room was over the stables, and as the moon did not rise till eleven o'clock, I threw myself upon the bedclothes, and, contrary to my intention, fell asleep. When I awoke, it was twelve, the moon was shining brightly, and rendering everything as visible as if it were day.

I went down to the stable with a bridle prepared for the purpose, and a heavily-loaded whip in my hand. I knew that it would be impossible to saddle him; and, indeed, I should be safer on his bare back, in the event of his throwing himself down. I opened the stable-door gently, and there he was prone on his side, his legs and neck stretched out, as I have often seen horses lying after sore fatigue. I clapped my knee upon his head, loosed the collar that bound him, slipped the bit into his mouth, buckled the throat-band, raised him to his feet, backed him out, and leaped upon his back before he had time to get his eyes right opened. But open them now he did, and that with a vengeance; he pawed, and struck the walls with his fore-feet, till the fire flashed from the stones; and then he reared till he fell right back upon the pavement. I was prepared for this, and slipped off him as he went down, and then leaped on him again as he rose. I had not as yet touched him with whip, bridle, or spur; but now I gave him the curb and the spurs at the same instant. He gave one mad bound, and then went off at a rate that completely eclipsed the speed of the fleetest horse I had ever ridden. He could not trot, but his gallop was unapproachable, and consisted in a succession of leaps, performed with a precision, velocity, and strength, absolutely bewildering.

He fairly overturned all my preconceived notions of a fast horse. On he thundered, till we came under the shadow of a fir-wood, and then, whether out of mischief or dread of the darkness, he halted instantaneously, his fore-feet so close together that you might have put them

into a bucket. Owing to the depression of his shoulders—for he had no more withers than an ass—the way that he jerked down his head, and the suddenness of the stop, a monkey, although he had been holding on with his teeth, must have been unseated. For me, I was pitched a long way over his head, but alighted upon a spot so soft and mossy, that it looked as if some kind hand had purposely prepared it for me. Had I been in the slightest degree stunned, or unable to regain my feet, that instant he would have torn me to pieces with his teeth, and beaten my mangled body into the earth with his hoofs. But I at once sprang to my feet, and faced him. I could have escaped by leaping into the wood; but my blood was up, my brain clear, and my heart gave not one extra pulsation. There he stood upon his hind-legs nearly upright, beating the air with his fore-feet, his mouth open, his upper lip curled, his under one drawn down, his large white teeth glancing like ivory in the moonlight. As soon as he saw me upon my feet, he gave a yell such as I had never heard from a horse before, save once, and which I believe is never elicited from that animal, except when under the domination of frantic rage or fear.

This unearthly cry roused every living thing within hearing. An army of rooks, startled from their encampment in the wood, circled and wheeled between us and the moon, shading her light; and filling the midnight air with their discordant screams. This attracted the attention of Satan, and, bringing his fore-feet to the ground, he pricked up his ears, and listened. I sprang forward, seized him by the mane, and vaulted upon his back. As I stooped forward to gather up the reins, which were dangling from his head, he caught me by the cuff of the jacket—luckily it was but the cuff!—and tore it up to the shoulder. Instantly he seized me again; but this time he succeeded rather better, having a small portion of the skin and flesh of my thigh between his teeth. The intense pain occasioned by the bite, or rather bruise, of a horse's mouth, can only be properly judged of by those who have felt it. I was the madder of the two now; and of all animals, an enraged man is the most dangerous and the most fearless. I gave him a blow between the ears with the end of the whip; and he went down at once, stunned and senseless, with his legs doubled up under him, and his nose buried in the ground. I drew his fore-legs from under him, that he might rise the more readily, and then lashed him into life. He turned his head slowly round, and looked at me, and then I saw that the savage glare of his eye was nearly quenched, and that, if I could follow up the advantage I had gained, I should ultimately be the conqueror. I now assisted him to rise, mounted him, and struck at once with whip and spur. He gave a few bounds forward, a stagger or two, and then fell heavily upon his side. I was nearly under him; however, I did save my distance, although that was all. I now began to feel sorry for him; his wonderful speed had won my respect; and as I was far from being naturally cruel, whip or spur I never used except in cases of necessity: so I thought I would allow him to lie for a few minutes, if he did not incline to get up of himself. However, as I had no faith in the creature, I sat down upon him, and watched him intently. He lay motionless, with his eyes shut; and had it not been for the firm and fast beat of his heart, I should have considered him dying from the effects of the blow; but the strong pulsation told me that there was plenty of life in him; and I suspected that he was lying quiet, meditating mischief. I was right. Every muscle began presently to quiver with suppressed rage. He opened his eyes, and gave me a look, in which fear and fury were strangely blended. I am not without superstition, and for an instant I quailed under that look, as the thought struck me, that the black, unshapely brute before me might actually be the spirit indicated by his name. With a muttered growl at my folly, I threw the

idea from me—leaped up—seized the reins—with a lash and a cry made him spring to his feet—mounted him as he rose, and struck the spurs into his sides. He reared and wheeled; but finding that he could not get rid of me, and being unable to stand the torture of the spurs, which I used freely (it was no time for mercy!) he gave two or three plunges, and then bounded away at that dreadful leaping gallop—that pace which seemed peculiarly his own. I tried to moderate his speed with the bridle; but found, to my surprise, that I had no command over him. I knew at once that something was wrong, as, with the bit I had in his mouth, I ought to have had the power to have broken his jawbone. I stooped forward to ascertain the cause; the loose curb dangling at the side of his head gave a satisfactory explanation.

He had it all his own way now; he was fairly off with me; and all I could do was to bear his head as well up as I could, to prevent him from stumbling. However, as it would have been bad policy to let him know how much he was master, I gave him an occasional touch with the spur, as if wishing him to accelerate his pace; and when he made an extra bound, I patted him on the neck, as if pleased with his performance.

A watery cloud was passing over the face of the moon, which rendered everything dim and indistinct, as we tore away down a grassy slope; the view terminating in a grove of tall trees, situated upon a rising-ground. Beyond the dark outline of the trees, I saw nothing.

As we neared the grove, Satan slackened his speed; this I thought he did with a view to crush me against the trunks of the trees. To prevent him from having time to do this, I struck him with the spurs, and away again he went like fury. As he burst through the trees, I flung my head forward upon his neck, to prevent myself from being swept off by the lower branches. In doing this, the spurs accidentally came in contact with his sides. He gave one tremendous leap forward—the ground sank under his feet—the horse was thrown over his own head—I was jerked into the air—and, amid an avalanche of earth and stones, we were hurled down a perpendicular bank into the brown, swollen waters of the Clyde.

Owing to a bend in the river, the force of the current was directed against this particular spot, and had undermined it; and although strong enough to bear a man or a horse, under ordinary circumstances, yet down at once it thundered under the desperate leap of Satan. However, it did not signify, as nothing could have prevented us from surging into the water at the next bound.

A large quantity of rain had fallen in the upper part of the shire; and, in consequence, the river was full from bank to brae. I was nearly a stranger to the place; indeed, so much so, that I had supposed we were running from the river. This, combined with the suddenness of the shock, and the appearance of a turbid, rapid river—sweeping down trees, brushwood, branches, hay, corn, and straw before it, with resistless force—was so foreign to my idea of the calm, peaceful Clyde, that when I rose to the surface, I was quite bewildered, and had very serious doubts as to my own identity.

I was roused from this state of bewilderment by the snorting and splashing of the horse: he was making a bold attempt to scale the perpendicular bank. Had I been thrown into the body of the stream, I should have been swept away, and the animal must have perished; but in all heavy rapid runs of water, salt or fresh, there is what is termed an eddy stream, running close in-shore, in a contrary direction to the main body of the water. I have seen Highlanders in their boats catching fish in the eddy stream of the Gulf of Corrievrekin, within a short distance of the main tide, which, had it

but got the slightest hold on their boat, would have swept them with fearful velocity into the jaws of the roaring gulf. I was caught by this eddy, which kept me stationary, and enabled me, by a few strokes, to reach the horse's side. To cross the river, or to land here, was alike impossible; so I took the reins in my right hand, wheeled the horse from the bank, and dashed at once with him into the strength of the current. Away we went, Satan and I, in capital spirits both; not a doubt of our effecting a safe landing ever crossing my mind. And the horse evinced his certainty upon that subject, by snatching a bite out of a heap of hay that floated at his side, and eating it as composedly as if he had been in the stable.

We soon swept round the high bank that had caused our misfortune, and came to a level part of the country, which was flooded far up into the fields. I then struck strongly out in a slanting direction for the shore, and soon had the satisfaction of finding myself once more upon the green turf. Satan shook himself, pricked up his ears, and gave a low neigh. I then stroked him, and spoke kindly to him. He returned the caress by licking my hand. Poor fellow! he had contracted a friendship for me in the water—a friendship which terminated only with his life; and which was rendered the more valuable, by his never extending it to another living thing.

THE GOLD-FEVER IN AUSTRALIA.

THE discovery of gold in the new continent has thrown the country into a state which well merits examination. The same circumstance in California was no interruption to progress of any kind. It merely peopled a desert, and opened a trade where there was none before; while in Australia it finds an established form of civilisation, and a commerce flowing in recognised channels. It is an interesting task, therefore, to trace the nature of the influence exercised in the latter country over old pursuits by the new direction of industry; and it is with some curiosity we open a mercantile circular, dated Sydney, 1st November 1851. This, we admit, is a somewhat forbidding document to mere literary readers; but we shall divest its contents of their technical form, and endeavour, by their aid, to arrive at some general idea of the real state and prospects of the colony.

Up to the middle of last May, the colonial heart beat high with hope. Trade was good; the pastoral interests were flourishing; the country properties, as a matter of course, were improving; and the introduction of the alpaca, the extended culture of the vine, and the growth of cotton, appeared to present new and rich sources of wealth. At that moment came the discovery of the Gold Fields; and a shock was communicated to the whole industrial system, which to some people seemed to threaten almost annihilation. The idea was, that gold-digging would swallow up all other pursuits, and the flocks perish in the wilderness from the want of shepherds. Nor was this altogether without foundation; for the stockholders have actually been considerable sufferers: all the industrial projects mentioned have been stopped short; and the gold-diggings still continue to attract to themselves, as if by a spell, the labour of the country. The panic, however, has now subsided. It is seen that the result is not so bad as was anticipated, and hopes are entertained that the evil will go no further. A stream of population, it is thought, will be directed to Australia from abroad, and the labour not demanded by gold may suffice for other pursuits. Up to the date of the circular, the value of gold shipped for England

from New South Wales had been L.217,000, and it was supposed that about L.180,000 more remained at Sydney and in the hands of the miners: 10,000 persons were actually engaged in mining, and 5000 more concerned otherwise in the business; and as the result of the exertions of that multitude, the amount of gold fixed arbitrarily for exportation during the next twelve months, is L.2,000,000.

But, on the other hand, in the Sydney district alone, the trade in wool has already fallen off to the extent of several thousand bales—a deficiency, however, not as yet attributed to the diminished number of the sheep. It is supposed that the high rates of labour will operate chiefly in disinclining the farmers to extend their operations; and if this at the same time affords them leisure and motive to attend better to the state of their clips, it will ultimately have an effect rather beneficial than otherwise. Australian wool has hitherto been attainable by foreigners only in the English market; but it is a favourable symptom that two cargoes left Sydney last year direct for Hamburg. To shew the falling off in trade during the gold year, it may be mentioned that the exports of wool in the two previous years were about 52,000 bales; and in 1850-1, about 48,000. There was likewise a deficiency of about 6000 casks of tallow, and 3000 hides.

It is interesting to notice, that preserved meats are sent from New South Wales to the neighbouring colonies and to England in considerable quantities. Timber for shipbuilding is rising in estimation in the English market. Australian wines are said to be fully equal to Rhenish; and a Vineyard Association has been formed for the purpose of improvement. Wool, however, is at present the great staple; and the Circular seems to derive some consolation from the idea, that if the crop should continue deficient, prices in England will probably be maintained. 'To anticipate the future prices for our staples,' it says, 'in a market open to so many influences as that of Great Britain, is almost impossible; but it may be well to point out the causes which are likely to affect their value—we allude more especially to wool. We have stated that the production thereof, in New South Wales, is likely to be checked by the attraction of the gold-diggings; and still further, by the gradual abandonment of indifferent or limited runs, which formerly supported a large number of sheep, but which will not pay to work at present prices of wool and labour. Therefore, if we bear in mind that Australia has furnished half of the entire quantity of the wools imported into Great Britain, and that the English buyers have hitherto been purchasing in anticipation of a large annual increase from hence, which for the present, at any rate, will not be forthcoming, we think we need be under no apprehension of lower prices than the present.'

It will be remarked, that this somewhat unfavourable report is made at the end of the first six months of the gold-fever. That kind of gold-seeking, however, which unsettles the habits of a population, and represses the other pursuits of industry, is not likely to endure very long in any country. It must give way in time to scientific mining, which is as legitimate a business as any other, and which, by the wealth it circulates, will tempt men into new avenues of industry, and recruit, to any extent that may be desirable, the supply of labour. Hitherto that supply has come in inadequate quantities, or from polluted sources; but we have now precisely what the colony wanted—a stream of voluntary emigration, which, in the process of time, when

skilled labour only can be employed, will flood the diggings, and its superfluous portions find their level in the other employments afforded by the country. That this will take place without the inconvenience of a transition period, is not to be expected; but, upon the whole, we look upon the present depression of the legitimate trade of the colony as merely a temporary evil, arising out of circumstances that are destined to work well for its eventual prosperity.

The same process, it should be observed, has already been gone through in California. The lawless adventurers who rushed to the gold-fields from all parts of the world subsided gradually into order from mere motives of self-preservation; and as the precious metal disappeared from the surface, multitudes were driven by necessity or policy into employments more remunerative than digging. The large mining population—the producers of gold—became the consumers of goods; markets of all kinds were opened for their supply; emporia of trade rose along the coast; and a country that so recently was almost a desert, now promises to become one of the great marts of the commerce of the world. If this has been the case in California, the process will be much easier in Australia, where the rudiments of various businesses already exist, and where the staple articles of produce are such as can hardly be pushed to a superfluous extent.

The true calamity, however, under which the fixed colonists, the producers of the staples, suppose themselves to suffer, is the change occasioned in the price of labour by the golden prospects of the diggings. On this question there is always considered to be two antagonistical interests—that of the employers, and that of the employed; the former contending for the minimum, and the latter for the maximum rate. But this is a fallacy. The interest of the two is identical; and for these obvious reasons, that if wages be too high, the capitalist must cease to produce and to employ; and if too low, the working population must sink to the position of unskilled labourers at home, and eventually bring about that very state of society from which emigration is sought as an escape. In supposing their interests to be antagonistical, the one party reasons as badly as the other; but, somehow, there always attaches to the bad reasoning of the employed a stigma of criminality, from which that of the other is free. This is unjust enough in England, but in Australia it is ridiculous. A capitalist goes out, provided with a sum so small as to be altogether useless at home as a means of permanent support, but which, in the colony, he expects, with proper management, to place him for the rest of his life in a position of almost fabulous prosperity. These cheering views, however, he confines to his own class. The measure of his happiness will not be full unless he can find cheap labour, as well as magnificent returns. For this desideratum he will make any sacrifice. He will take your paupers, your felons—your rattlesnakes; anything in the shape of a drudge, who will toil for mere subsistence, and without one of the social compensations which render toil in England almost endurable.

We are never sorry to hear of the high price of labour in countries where the employers live in ease and independence; and we join heartily in the counsel to the higher class of working-men in this country given by Mr Burton in his *Emigrant's Manual*—'never to confound a large labour-market with good sources of employment.' It does not appear to us to be one of the least of the benefits that will accrue after convalescence from the gold-fever in Australia, the higher value the employed will set upon their labour. We cannot reason from the English standard, which has not been deliberately fixed, but forced upon us by competition, excessive population, public burdens, and the necessities of social position. In a new country, however, where all these circumstances are absent, and whither

employers and employed resort alike for the purpose of bettering their condition, we should like to see traditions cast aside, and the fabric of society erected on a new basis.

BURGOMASTER LAW IN PRUSSIA.

On turning out, and then turning over, a mass of old papers which had lain packed up in a heavy mail-trunk for a period of more than forty years, I came the other day upon a little bundle of documents in legal German manuscript, the sight of which set me, old as I am, a laughing involuntarily, and brought back in full force to my memory the circumstances which I am about briefly to relate. A strange thing is this memory, by the way, and strangely moved by trifles to the exercise of its marvellous power. For more than thirty years—for the average period that suffices to change the generation of man upon earth—had this preposterous adventure, and everything connected with it, lain dormant in some sealed-up cavity of my brain, when the bare sight of the little bundle of small-sized German foolscap, with its ragged edges and blotted official pages, has set the whole paltry drama, with all its dignified performers, in motion before the retina of my mind's eye with all the reality of the actual occurrence.

It was in the spring or early summer of the year 1806, that, in the capacity of companion and interpreter to a young nobleman who was making the tour of Germany, I was travelling on the high-road from Magdeburg to Berlin. We rolled along in a stout English carriage drawn by German post-horses, and having left Magdeburg after an early breakfast, stopped at a small neat town, some eighteen or twenty miles on our route—my patron intending to remain there for an hour or two, in the hope of being rejoined by a friend who had promised to overtake us. He ordered refreshment, and sat down and partook of it, while I, not choosing to participate, seated myself in the recess of an old-fashioned window, and kept my eyes fixed upon our travelling-carriage, from which the wearied horses had been removed, and which stood but a few paces from where I sat. At the end of an hour, my patron having satisfied his appetite, declined to wait any longer, and proposed that we should proceed on our journey. It was my office to discharge all accounts, and of course to check any attempt at speculation which might be made. I summoned the innkeeper, whose just demand was soon paid, and ordered the horses to be put to. This was done in a few minutes, and the stable-man, as we walked out to the carriage, came forward and presented his little bill. As I ran it hastily over before paying it, I saw that the rascal had charged for services which he had not rendered. With the design of making the most of a chance-customer, he had put down in his account a charge for greasing the wheels of the carriage. Now, as I had never taken my eyes from the carriage during the whole period of our stay, I could not be deceived in the conviction that this was a fraud. True, it was the merest trifle in the world; but the fellow who wanted to exact it was the model of an ugly, impudent, and barefaced rogue, and therefore I resolved not to pay him. Throwing him the money, minus the attempted imposition, I told him to consider himself fortunate that he had got that, which was more than such a rogue—*schurke* was the word I used—deserved.

'Do you call me a rogue?' said he.

'Certainly; a rogue is your right name,' I replied, and sprang into the carriage.

'Ho! ho!' said he; 'that is against the law. Hans Felder,' he bawled to the postilion, 'I charge you not to move; the horses may be led back to the stable: the gracious gentleman has called me a rogue. Stiefel, run for the police: the gracious gentleman says I am a rogue. I will cite him before the council.'

It was in vain that I put my head out of the window,

and bawled to the postilion to proceed. He was evidently afraid to move. In a few minutes a crowd began to collect around us, and in less than a quarter of an hour half the inhabitants of the place had assembled in front of the inn. The noise of a perfect Babel succeeded in an instant to the dull silence of the quiet town. I soon gathered from the vehement disputes that arose on all sides, that the populace were about equally divided into two parties. The more reasonable portion were for allowing us to proceed on our journey, and this would perhaps have been permitted, had not my companion, on understanding what was the matter, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and repeated the offensive word, accompanying it with a declaration in French, which many of the bystanders understood, that he considered it generally applicable. The landlord of the inn now came forth, and after a not very energetic attempt to conciliate the oetler, who refused to forego his determination to obtain legal redress, invited us to alight and resume our quarters in the inn. This we were compelled to do, to escape the annoyance of the crowd; and the carriage being housed under a shed, the horses returned to the stable. We had not been three minutes in the inn before the police appeared to take me into custody, and march me off to durance vile. By this time I began to see that the charge, and the dilemma into which it had led us, was no joke. I might perhaps have bribed the scoundrel who preferred it, and have sent away the police with a gratuity; but I felt as little disposed to do that as to go to prison. I refused to leave the inn, protested against the jurisdiction of their absurd laws over strangers, and at length, with the assistance of my companion, and a good deal of threatening talk, succeeded in ejecting the two police functionaries from the room. They kept watch, however, at the door, and planted sentinels at the windows, to prevent an ignominious flight that way.

In the meanwhile, the whole town was in commotion, and everybody was hurrying towards the *rathhaus*, or town-hall, where it was plain enough that preparations were making for putting me immediately upon my trial. I saw the old *burgermeister* go waddling by in his robe of office, accompanied by a crowd of nondescript officials, with one of whom my villainous-looking adversary was in close confabulation. In a short space of time, a band of very scurvy-looking police, plainly vamped up for the occasion, made its appearance; and one of the band entering the room without ceremony, presented me with a summons, couched in legal diction, citing me to appear instantly before the commission then sitting, to answer an indictment preferred against me by Karl Gurtler, Supernumerary Deputy Road Inspector of the district, whose honourable character I had unjustly and wantonly assailed and deteriorated by the application of the scandalous and defamatory term, *schurke*. There was nothing for it but to obey the mandate; and accordingly, requesting the bearer to convey my compliments to the assembled council, and to say that I would have the honour of attending them in a few minutes, I dismissed him, evidently soothed with my courteous reception. I did this with a view of getting rid of the *posse comitatus*, in whose company I did not much relish the idea of being escorted as a prisoner. My politeness, however, had not the anticipated effect, as, upon emerging from the inn, we found the whole squad waiting at the door as a sort of body-guard, to make sure of our attendance.

On arriving at the *rathhaus*, which was crammed to overflowing with all the inhabitants of the place who could possibly wedge themselves into it, way was cleared for us through the crowd to the seats which had been considerably allotted for us, in front of the tribunal. A more extraordinary bench of justice was perhaps never convened. It was plain that the little village was steeped in poverty to the lips, and that I, having been entrapped, through an unconscious expression,

in the meshes of some antiquated law, was doomed to administer in some measure to their need by the payment of a penalty and costs. The fat old fellow who presided as judge, and beneath whose robe of office an unctuous leathery surtout was all too visible, peered in vain through a pair of massive horn-spectacles into a huge timber-swathed volume in search of the act, the provisions of which I had violated. At length, the schoolmaster—a meagre, pensive-looking scarecrow, industriously patched all over—came to his assistance, turned over the ponderous code by which the little community were governed, and having rummaged out the law, and the clause under the provisions of which I had been so summarily arrested, handed it to the clerk, who I shrewdly suspected to be nothing more or less than the village barber. He, at the command of the judge, read it aloud for the information of all present, and for my especial admonition. From the contents, it appeared to have been decreed, how long ago I had no means of judging, that, for the better sustentation of good morals and good-breeding, and for the prevention of quarrelling, or unseemly and abusive conversation, any person who should call or designate any other person in the said town by the name of thief, villain, rascal, rogue (*schurke*), cheat, charlatan, impostor, wretch, coward, sneak, suborner, slanderer, tattler, and sundry other titles of ill-repute, which I cannot recollect now, and could not render into English were I to recall them, should, upon complaint of the person aggrieved, and upon proof of the offence by the evidence of worthy and truth-speaking witnesses, be amerced in such penalty, not exceeding a certain sum, as in the estimation of the presiding magistrate should be held to be a proper compensation for the injury to his reputation suffered by the plaintiff. When the clerk drew breath at the end of the long-winded clause, I inquired if the law in question made no counter-provision for cases which might occur where, the abusive term being richly deserved, it could be no crime to apply it. The schoolmaster, who, despite his patched habiliments, was a clever fellow, at once answered my question in the negative, and justified the omission of any such provision by contraverting the position I had advanced upon moral grounds. This he did in a speech of some length, and with remarkable ingenuity and good sense; proving—to the satisfaction of his fellow-townsmen at least—that to taunt a malefactor openly with his misdeeds, was not the way to reform him, while it was a sure mode of producing a contrary result; and winding up with an assurance, that the law was a good law, and perfect in all its parts; and that if I had suffered wrong, I might obtain at their hands redress as readily and with as much facility as my antagonist.

I had nothing to reply to this, and the proceedings went on in due form. Without being sworn, the plaintiff was called upon to state his case, which he did with an elaborate circumlocution altogether without a parallel in my experience. He detailed the whole history of his life—from his birth, in Wolfenbüttel, up to his seven years' service in the army; then followed his whole military career; and after that, his service under the *weg-inspector*, which was rewarded at length by the gratification of his honest ambition, in his appointment as supernumerary deputy road inspector of the district. He enlarged upon the service he had rendered to, and the honours he had received from, his country; and then put it to his judges to decide whether, as a public officer, a soldier, and a man of honour, he could submit to be stigmatised as a *schurke*, without appealing to the laws of his Fatherland to vindicate his character. Of course it was not to be thought of. He then detailed the circumstances of the assault I had made upon his character, forgetting to mention, however, the provocation he had given by the fraudulent charge for greasing. Having finished his peroration, he proceeded to call witnesses to the fact of

the abuse, and cited Hans Felder, our postilion, to be first examined. Hans, who had heard every syllable that passed, was not, however, so manageable a subject as the plaintiff expected to find him. Whether, like Toby Allspice in the play, he 'made it a rule never to disoblige a customer;' or whether, which was not unlikely, he owed Karl Gurtler a grudge, either for stopping him on his route, or for some previous disagreement with that conscientious public functionary; or whether, which was likeliest of all, he feared to compromise his claim for *trinkgeld* from the highborn, gracious gentlemen he had the honour of driving, I cannot pretend to determine. Certain it is, that when brought to the bar, he had heard nothing, and seen nothing, and knew nothing, and could recollect nothing, and say nothing, about the business in hand; and nothing but nothing could be got out of him by a single member of the bench, though all took him in hand by turns. He was finally sent down. By this time, so dilatory had been the proceedings, the sun was sinking in the west. My companion, weary of the prosecutor's long story, had withdrawn to the inn to order dinner. As the second witness was about to give his testimony, a note was handed to the old burgermeister, who, having given it a glance, immediately adjourned the court till the next morning at nine o'clock. The assembly broke up, and, returning to the inn, I found that the proceedings had been stopped by the landlord, to save the reputation of his cookery, which would have been endangered had the dinner waited much longer. Having first consulted my fellow-traveller, he had despatched directions to the judge to adjourn the case till the morrow, who, like a good and obliging neighbour, had accordingly done so.

The little town was unusually alive and excited that evening. Karl Gurtler was the centre of an admiring circle, who soon enveloped him in the incense of their meerschauts. He held a large levée in the common room of the inn, where a succession of very terrific battle-songs kept us up to a late hour, as it was of no use to think of slumber during their explosion. The next morning, at the appointed hour, the proceedings recommenced, and the remainder of the witnesses were examined at full length. It was in vain that I offered to plead guilty, and pay the penalty, whatever it might be, so that we might be allowed to proceed on our journey. I was solemnly reminded, that it was not for me to interrupt the course of justice, but to await its decision with patience. I saw they were determined to prevent our departure as long as possible; and, judging that the only way to assist in the completion of the unlucky business, was to interpose no obstacle to its natural course, I henceforth held my peace, conjuring my companion on no account to give directions for dinner. After a sitting of nearly seven hours on the second day, when everything that could be lugged into connection with the silly affair had been said and reiterated ten times over, the notary in attendance read over his condensed report of the whole, and I was called upon for my defence. I told them plainly that I did not choose to make any; that I was sick of the company of fools; that since it was a crime to speak the truth in their good town, I was willing to pay the penalty for so doing, for the privilege of leaving it; that I was astonished and disgusted at the spectacle of a company of grave men siding with such a beggarly *räuber* (I believed that term was not proscribed in their precious statute) as Karl Gurtler was, and taking advantage of the law, of which a stranger must necessarily be ignorant, to obstruct him on his journey, and levy a contribution on his purse; and I added, finally, for I had talked myself into an angry mood, that if the farce were not immediately brought to a conclusion, I should despatch my friend forthwith to Berlin, and lay a report of their proceedings before the British ambassador. I could perceive something like

consternation in the broad visage of the burgermeister as I concluded my harangue; but without attempting to answer it, the Solons on the bench laid their heads together, and after a muttering of a few minutes' duration, the schoolmaster pronounced the sentence of the court, which was, that I should indemnify the plaintiff to the amount of one dollar, and pay the costs of the proceedings, which amounted to three more. I could scarce forbear laughing at the mention of a sum so ludicrous. Fifteen shillings for penalty and costs of a trial which had lasted nearly two days! I threw down the money, and was hastening from the court, when the notary called upon me to stop for one moment, while he concluded his report of the case, to which, it appeared, their laws gave me a valid claim. I took the papers, and crammed them into my valise, in the hasty packing which took place so soon as I got back to my companion. In a quarter of an hour, we were on our road towards Berlin, having been taught a lesson of politeness, even towards rogues, at the expense of a stoppage of more than thirty hours on our route. I have no recollection how the papers found their way into the old trunk from which they were lately unkenelled. They are now before me, and consist of nearly fifty sides of small foolscap, written in a bold legal hand, affording a unique specimen of the cheapness of law amongst a community who, it is to be supposed, had but little demand for it.

A few short months after this event, and the little town where it took place, had something else to think of. The ill-advised step of the Prussian government, who, relying upon the aid of Russia, declared war against Napoleon, brought the devastating hordes of republican France among them. The battle of Jena placed the whole kingdom at the foot of the conqueror; and few towns suffered more, comparatively, than the little burgh which, by the decree of a very doubtful sort of justice, had mulcted me in penalties for calling a very ill-favoured rogue by his right name.

TRACES OF THE DANES AND NORWEGIANS IN ENGLAND.

MR J. J. A. WORSAAE, a conspicuous member of that brilliant corps of northern antiquaries who have of late given a new wing to history, travelled through the United Kingdom in 1846-7, on a commission from his sovereign the king of Denmark, to make inquiry respecting the monuments and memorials of the Danes and Norwegians, which might still be extant in these islands. The result of his investigations appeared in a concise volume, which has been translated into English, and published by Mr Murray in a handsome style, being illustrated by numerous wood-cuts.* It is a work which we would recommend to the attention of all who feel any interest in our early history, as calculated to afford them a great gratification. One is surprised to find in how great a degree the Northmen affected Britain; what an infusion of Scandinavian blood there is in our population; how many traces of their pre-dominance survive in names of places and in more tangible monuments. Mr Worsaae writes with a warm feeling towards his country and her historical reminiscences, but without allowing it to carry him into any extravagances. He is everywhere clear and simple—sometimes rises into eloquence; and always displays a close and searching knowledge of his subject.

From the end of the eighth century till the time of the Norman Conquest, the restless chiefs of Denmark and Norway were continually in the practice of making piratical expeditions to our shores. They committed

terrible devastations, and made many settlements, almost exclusively on the eastern coast. Finally, as is well known, we had a brief succession of Danish kings in England, including the magnanimous Canute. When we look at the quiet people now inhabiting Denmark and Norway, we are at a loss to understand whence came or where resided that spirit of reckless daring which inspired such a system of conquest, or how it came so completely to die out; but the explanation is, that the Northmen of those days were heathens, animated by a religion which made them utterly indifferent to danger. Whenever they became Christianised, they began to appreciate life like other men, and ceased, of course, to be the troublemakers they had once been. Mr Worsaae draws a line from London to Chester—the line of the great Roman road (Watling Street)—to the north of which the infusion of Scandinavian population is strong, and their monuments abundant. A vast number of names of places in that part of the island are of Danish origin—all ending in *by*, which in Danish signifies a town, as Whitby (the White Town), Derby (Deoraby, the town of Deer), Kirby (the church town), &c.—all ending in *thwaite*, which signifies an isolated piece of land—all ending in *thorpe* (Old Northern, a collection of houses separated from some principal estate)—all ending in *ness*, a promontory, and *ey* or *æ*, an island. *Toft*, a field; *with*, a forest; *beck*, a streamlet; *tarn*, a mountain-lake; *force*, a waterfall; *garth*, a large farm; *dale*, a valley; and *fell*, a mountain, are all of them common elements of names of places in England, north of the line above indicated, and all are Scandinavian terms. The terminations *by*, *thwaite*, and *thorpe*, are still common in Denmark.

Mr Worsaae found many memorials of the Northmen in London: for example, the church of St Clement's Danes, where this people had their burial-place; the name *Southwark*, which is 'unmistakably of Danish or Norwegian origin'; St Olave's Church there, and even Tooley Street, which is a corruption of the name of that celebrated Norsk saint; but, above all, in the fact that 'the highest tribunal in the city has retained in our day its pure old northern name "Husting." The fact is, that about the time of Canute, the Danes predominated over the rest of the population of London. Mr Worsaae was not able to trace the Danish face or form as a distinct element in the modern population. In going northward, however, he soon began to find that the prevailing physiognomy was of a northern character: 'The form of the face is broader, the cheek-bones project a little, the nose is somewhat flatter, and at times turned a little upwards; the eyes and hair are of a lighter colour, and even deep-red hair is far from being uncommon. The people are not very tall in stature, but usually more compact and strongly built than their countrymen towards the south. The Englishman himself seems to acknowledge that a difference is to be found in the appearance of the inhabitants of the northern and southern counties; at least, one constantly hears in England, when red-haired, compact-built men with broad faces are spoken of: "They must certainly be from Yorkshire;" a sort of admission that light hair, and the broad peculiar form of the face, belong mostly to the north of England people. . . . In the midland, and especially in the northern part of England, I saw every moment, and particularly in the rural districts, faces exactly resembling those at home. Had I met the same persons in Denmark or Norway, it would never have entered my mind that they were foreigners. Now and then I also met with some whose taller growth and sharper features reminded me of the inhabitants of South Jutland, or Sleswick, and particularly of Angeln; districts of Denmark which first sent colonists to England. It is not easy to describe peculiarities which can be appreciated in all their details only by the eye; nor dare I implicitly conclude that in the above-named cases I have really

* *An Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland.* By J. J. A. Worsaae, For. F.S.A. London: Author of *Primæval Antiquities of Denmark.* London: Murray. 1852.

met with persons descended in a direct line from the old Northmen. I adduce it only as a striking fact, which will not escape the attention of at least any observant Scandinavian traveller, that the inhabitants of the north of England bear, on the whole, more than those of any other part of that country, an unmistakable personal resemblance to the Danes and Norwegians.

Scandinavian words abound in the popular language of those districts. 'On entering a house there, one will find the housewife sitting with her *rock* (Dan., *Rok*; Eng., a distaff) and *spoele* (Dan., *Spole*; Eng., spool, a small wheel on the spindle); or else she has set both her *rock* and her *garnwindle* (Dan., *Garnvinde*; Eng., reel or yarn-winder) aside, whilst standing by her *back-board* (Dan., *Bagebord*; Eng., baking-board) she is about to knead dough (Dan., *Deig*), in order to make the oaten-bread commonly used in these parts, at times, also, barley-bread; for *clap-bread* (Dan., *Klappebrød*, or thin cakes beaten out with the hand), she lays the dough on the *clap-board* (Dan., *Klappebord*.) One will also find the *bord-claith* spread (Dan., *Bordklæde*; Eng. table-cloth); the people of the house then sit on the *bank* or *bink* (Dan., *Bænk*; Eng., bench), and eat *Aandorn* (Eng., afternoon's repast), or, as it is called in Jutland and Fünen, *Onden* (dinner). The chimney (*lover*) stands in the room; which name may perhaps be connected with the Scandinavian *lyre* (Icelandic, *ljón*)—namely, the smoke-hole in the roof or thatch (*thack*), out of which, in olden times, before houses had regular chimneys and "*lofts*" (Dan., *Løft*; Eng., roof, an upper room), the smoke (*reak* or *reik*, Dan., *Røg*) left the dark (*mirk* or *murk*, Dan., *Mørk*) room. Within is the *bower* or *boor* (Eng., bed-chamber), in Danish, *Buur*; as, for instance, in the old Danish word *Jomfrubuur* (the maiden's chamber), and in the modern word *Fudebuur* (the pantry).'

Mr Worsaae only speaks the truth when he remarks how the name of the Danes has been impressed on the English mind. 'Legends about the Danes are,' he says, 'very much disseminated among the people, even in the south of England. There is scarce a parish that has not in some way or another preserved the remembrance of them. Sometimes, they are recorded to have burned churches and castles, and to have destroyed towns, whose inhabitants were put to the sword; sometimes, they are said to have burned or cut down forests; here are shewn the remains of large earthen mounds and fortifications which they erected; there, again, places are pointed out where bloody battles were fought with them. To this must be added the names of places—as, the *Danes-walls*, the *Danish forts*, the *Dane-field*, the *Dane-forest*, the *Danes-banks*, and many others of the like kind. Traces of Danish castles and ramparts are not only found in the southern and south-eastern parts of England, but also quite in the south-west, in Devonshire and Cornwall, where, under the name of *Castellon Danis*, they are particularly found on the sea-coast. In the chalk-cliffs, near Uffington, in Berkshire, is carved an enormous figure of a horse, more than 300 feet in length; which, the common people say, was executed in commemoration of a victory that King Alfred gained over the Danes in that neighbourhood. On the heights, near Eddington, were shewn not long since the intrenchments, which, it was asserted, the Danes had thrown up in the battle with Alfred. On the plain near Ashdon, in Essex, where it was formerly thought that the battle of Ashington had taken place, are to be seen some large Danish barrows which were long, but erroneously, said to contain the bones of the Danes who had fallen in it. The so-called dwarf-alder (*Sambucus ebulus*), which has red buds, and bears red berries, is said in England to have germinated from the blood of the fallen Danes, and is therefore also called *Daneblood* and *Danevoort*. It flourishes principally in the neighbourhood of Warwick; where it is said to have sprung from, and been dyed

by, the blood shed there, when Canute the Great took and destroyed the town.

'Monuments, the origin of which is in reality unknown, are, in the popular traditions, almost constantly attributed to the Danes. If the spade or the plough brings ancient arms and pieces of armour to light, it is rare that the labourer does not suppose them to have belonged to that people. But particularly if bones or joints of unusual size are found, they are at once concluded to be the remains of the gigantic Danes, whose immense bodily strength and never-failing courage had so often inspired their forefathers with terror. For though the Englishman has stories about the cruelties of the ancient Danes, their barbarousness, their love of drinking, and other vices, he has still preserved no slight degree of respect for Danish bravery and Danish achievements. "As brave as a Dane," is said to have been an old phrase in England; just as "to strike like a Dane" was, not long since, a proverb at Rome. Even in our days, Englishmen readily acknowledge that the Danes are the "best sailors on the continent;" nay, even that, themselves of course excepted, they are "the best and bravest sailors in all the world." It is, therefore, doubly natural that English legends should dwell with singular partiality on the memorials of the Danes' overthrow. Even the popular ballads revived and glorified the victories of the English. Down to the very latest times was heard in Holmesdale, in Surrey, on the borders of Kent, a song about a battle which the Danes had lost there in the tenth century.'

In our own northern land, the Northmen committed as many devastations, and made nearly as many settlements, as in England. The Orcadian Islands formed, indeed, a Norwegian kingdom, which was not entirely at an end till the thirteenth century. In that group, and on the adjacent coasts of Caithness and Sutherlandshires, the appearance of the people, the names of places, and the tangible monuments, speak strongly of a Scandinavian infusion into the population. Sometimes, between the early Celtic people still speaking their own language, and the descendants of the Norwegians, a surprisingly definite line can be drawn. The island of Harris is possessed for the most part by a set of Celts, 'small, dark-haired, and in general very ugly;' but at the northern point, called 'the Ness,' we meet with people of an entirely different appearance. 'Both the men and women have, in general, lighter hair, taller figures, and far handsomer features. I visited several of their cabins, and found myself surrounded by physiognomies so Norwegian, that I could have fancied myself in Scandinavia itself, if the Gaelic language now spoken by the people, and their wretched dwellings, had not reminded me that I was in one of those poor districts in the north-west of Europe where the Gaels or Celts are still allowed a scanty existence. The houses, as in Shetland, and partly in Orkney, are built of turf and unhewn stones, with a wretched straw or heather roof, held together by ropes laid across the ridge of the house, and fastened with stones at the ends. The houses are so low, that one may often see the children lie playing on the side of the roof. The family and the cattle dwell in the same apartment, and the fire, burning freely on the floor, fills the house with a thick smoke, which slowly finds its way out of the hole in the roof. The sleeping-places are, as usual, holes in the side-walls.

'It is but a little while ago that the inhabitants of the Ness, who are said to have preserved faint traditions of their origin from Lochlin—called also in Ireland, Lochlan—or the North, regarded themselves as being of better descent than their neighbours the Gaels. The descendants of the Norwegians seldom or never contracted marriage with natives of a more southern part of the island, but formed among themselves a separate community, distinguished even by a peculiar costume, entirely different from the Highland

Scotch dress. Although the inhabitants of Ness are now, for the most part, clothed like the rest of the people of Lewis, I was fortunate enough to see the dress of an old man of that district, which had been preserved as a curiosity. It was of thick, coarse woollen stuff, of a brown colour, and consisted of a close-fitting jacket, sewn in one piece, with a pair of short trousers, reaching only a little below the knees. It was formerly customary with them not to cover the head at all.

The people of the Ness are described as good fishermen—a striking trait of their original national character, for nothing could distinguish them more from their neighbours, the ordinary Highlanders being everywhere remarkable for their inaptitude to a sea-life.

Tradition speaks loudly all over Scotland of the ancient doings of the Danes. So much, indeed, is this the case, that every antiquity which cannot be ascribed to the Romans, is popularly thought to be Danish, an idea which has been implicitly adopted by a great number of the Scotch clergy in the Statistical Account of their respective parishes. In the Highlands, Mr Worsaae found the people retaining a very fresh recollection of the terrors of the Northmen, and ready to believe that their incursions might yet be renewed. 'Having employed myself,' he says, 'in examining, among other things, the many so-called "Danish" or Pictish towers on the west and north-west coast of Sutherland, the common people were led to believe, that the Danes wished to regain possession of the country, and with that view intended to rebuild the ruined castles on the coasts. The report spread very rapidly, and was soon magnified into the news, that the Danish fleet was lying outside the sunken rocks near the shore, and that I was merely sent beforehand to survey the country round about; nay, that I was actually the Danish king's son himself, and had secretly landed. This report, which preceded me very rapidly, had, among other effects, that of making the poorer classes avoid, with the greatest care, mentioning any traditions connected with defeats of the Danes, and especially with the killing of any Dane in the district, lest they should occasion a sanguinary vengeance when the Danish army landed. Their fears were carried so far, that my guide was often stopped by the natives, who earnestly requested him, in Gaelic, not to lend a helping-hand to the enemies of the country by shewing them the way; nor would they let him go, till he distinctly assured them that I was in possession of maps correctly indicating old castles in the district which he himself had not previously known. This, of course, did not contribute to allay their fears; and it is literally true, that in several of the Gaelic villages, particularly near the firths of Loch Inver and Kyle-Sku, we saw on our departure old folks wring their hands in despair at the thought of the terrible misfortunes which the Danes would now bring on their hitherto peaceful country.'

We have here been obliged wholly to overlook Mr Worsaae's curious chapters about Ireland and the Isle of Man, and to give what we cannot but feel to be a very superficial view of the contents of his book generally; but our readers have seen enough to inspire them with an interest in it, and we trust that this will lead many of them to its entire perusal.

CHILDREN OF PRISONS.

When I was in Berlin, I went into the public prison, and visited every part of the establishment. At last I was introduced to a very large hall, which was full of children, with their books and teachers, and having the appearance of a Prussian school-room. 'What!' said I, 'is it possible that all these children are imprisoned here for crime?' 'O no,' said my conductor, smiling at my simplicity; 'but if a parent is imprisoned for

crime, and on that account his children are left destitute of the means of education, and are liable to grow up in ignorance and crime, the government places them here, and maintains and educates them for useful employment.' This was a new idea to me. I know not that it has ever been suggested in the United States; but surely it is the duty of government, as well as its highest interest, when a man is paying the penalties of his crime in a public prison, to see that his unoffending children are not left to suffer and inherit their father's vices. Surely it would be better for the child, and cheaper as well as better for the state. Let it not be supposed that a man will go to prison for the sake of having his children taken care of; for those who go to prison, usually have little regard for their children. If they had, discipline like that of the Berlin prison would soon sicken them of such a bargain.—*Professor Stone.*

JUPITER, AN EVENING STAR.

RULER and hero, shining in the west
With great bright eye,
Rain down thy luminous arrows in this breast
With influence calm and high,
And speak to me of many things gone by.

Rememberest thou—'tis years since, wandering star—
Those eyes in June,
When thou hung'st quivering o'er the tree-tops far,
Where, with discordant tune,
Many-tongued rooks hailed the red-rising moon!

Some watched thee then with human eyes like mine,
Whose boundless gaze
May now pierce on from orb to orb divine
Up to the Triune blaze
Of glory—nor be dazzled by its rays.

All things they know, whose wisdom seemed obscure;
They, sometime blamed,
Hold our best purities as things impure:
Their star-glance downward aimed,
Makes our most lamp-like deeds grow pale and shamed.

Their star-glance!—What if through those rays there
gleam
Immortal eyes
Down to this dark? What if these thoughts, that seem
Unbidden to arise,
Be souls with my soul talking from the skies!

I know not. Yet awhile, and I shall know!—
Thou, to thy place
Slow journeying back, there startlingly to shew
Thy orb in liquid space,
Like a familiar death-lost angel face—

O planet! thou hast blotted out whole years
Of life's dull round;
The Abel-voice of heart's-blood and of tears
Sinks dumb into the ground,
And the green grass waves on with lulling sound.

GRATUITOUS SERVICES.

Never let people work for you *gratis*. Two years ago, a man carried a bundle for us to Boston, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.—*American paper.*

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THE MUSICAL SEASON.

'The English are not a musical people.' The dictum long stood unquestioned, and, in general estimation, unquestionable. All the world had agreed upon it. There could be no two opinions: we had no national airs; no national taste; no national appreciation of sweet sounds; musically, we were blocks! At length, however, the creed began to be called in question—were we so very insensible? If so, considering the amount of music actually listened to every year in London and the provinces, we were strangely given to an amusement which yielded us no pleasure; we were continually imposing on ourselves the direst and dreariest of tasks; we were tormenting ourselves with symphonies, and lacerating our patience with sonatas and rondos. What was the motive? Hypocrisy was very generally assigned. We only affected to love music. It was intellectual, spiritual, in all respects creditable to our moral nature, to be able to appreciate Mozart and Beethoven, and so we set up for connoisseurs, and martyred ourselves that Europe might think us musical. Is there more truth in this theory than the other? Hypocrisy is not generally so lasting as the musical fervour has proved itself to be. A fashion is the affair of a season; a mania goes as it came; but regularly and steadily, for many years back, has musical appreciation been progressing, and as regularly have the opportunities for hearing good music of all kinds been extending.

Take up a daily newspaper, published any time between April and August, and range your eye down the third or fourth column of the first page—what an endless array of announcements of music, vocal and instrumental! Music for the classicists; music for the crowd; symphonies and sonatas; ballads and polkas; harmonic societies; choral societies; melodists' clubs; glee clubs; madrigal clubs. Here you have the quiet announcement of a quartett-party; next to it, the advertisement of one of the Philharmonic Societies—the giants of the musical world; pianoforte teachers announce one of their series of classic performances; great instrumental soloists have each a concert for the special behoof and glorification of the *bénéficiaire*. Mr So-and-so's grand annual concert jostles Miss So-and-so's annual benefit concert. There are Monday concerts, and Wednesday concerts, and Saturday concerts; there are weekly concerts, fortnightly concerts, and monthly concerts; there are concerts for charities, and concerts for benefits; there are grand morning concerts, and grand evening concerts; there are *matinées musicales*, and *soirées musicales*; there are meetings, and unions, and circles, and associations—all of them

for the performance of some sort of music. There are musical entertainments by the score: in the City; in the suburbs; at every institute and hall of science, from one end of London to the other. One professor has a ballad entertainment; a second announces a lecture, with musical illustrations; a third applies himself to national melodies. All London seems vocal and instrumental. Every dead wall is covered with flaming *affiches*, announcing in long array the vast army of vocal and instrumental talent which is to assist at such and such a morning performance; and the eyes of the owner of a vast musical stomach are dazzled and delighted by programmes which will at least demand five hours in the performance.

So is London, in the course of the season, the congress of nearly all the performing musical notabilities of Europe. Time has been when they came to London for cash, not renown; now they come for both. A London reputation is beginning to rival a Parisian vogue, besides being ten times more profitable; and, accordingly, from every musical corner in Christendom, phenomena of art pour in, heralded by the utmost possible amount of puffing, and equally anxious to secure English gold and a London reputation. It is strange to observe how universally the musical tribute is paid. A tenor turns up from some Russian provincial town; a basso works himself to London from a theatre in Constantinople; rumours arrive of a peerless prima donna, with a voice which is to outstrip everything ever heard of, who has been dug out, by some travelling amateur, from her native obscurity in a Spanish or Norwegian village; an extraordinary soprano has been discovered in Alexandria; a wondrous contralto has been fished up from Riga. The instrumental phenomena are not one whit scarcer. Classical pianists pour in from Germany principally; popular pianists, who delight in fantasias rather than concertos, and who play such tricks with the key-boards, that the performances have much more of the character of legerdemain than of art, arrive by scores; violinists, violoncellists, professors of the trombone, of the ophicleide, of the bassoon, of every unwieldy and unmanageable instrument in fact, are particularly abundant; and perhaps the most popular of all are the particularly clever gentlemen who, by dint of a dozen years' or so unremitting practice, have succeeded in making one instrument sound like another. Quackery as this is, it is enormously run after by no small proportion of the public. Not that they do not appreciate the art of the device at its proper level, but that the trick is curious and novel; and most people, even the dignified classicists, have a gentle toleration for a little—just a little—*outré* amusement of the kind in

question. Paganini was the founder of this school. He might have played on four strings till he was tired, without causing any particular sensation; but the single string made his fortune. Sivori is one of the cleverest artists of the present day, who resorts to tricks with his violin, and wonderfully does he perform them. At a concert last season, he imitated the singing of a bird with the strangest and happiest skill. The 'severe' shook their heads, but smiled as they did so, and owned that the trick was clever enough, and withal agreeable to hear. But it is gentlemen who make one instrument produce the sounds of another, or, at all events, who extract from it some previously unknown effect, who carry all before them. The present phenomenon in this way is Bottesini, who, grasping a huge double-bass, the most unwieldy of instruments, tortures out of it the notes of a violin, of an oboe, and of a flute. A season or two ago, M. Vivier took all London by storm, by producing a chord upon the French horn, a feat previously considered impossible, and probably only the fruit of the most determined and energetic practice, extending over many years. At all the popular concerts, this trick-music is in immense request. Bottesini was the lion of Jullien's last series; but in his place in the orchestra of the Philharmonic, he plays his part and holds his instrument like any ordinary performer. Bagpipe music is not much appreciated on the banks of the Thames; but I can assure any enterprising Scotsman, that if he can only succeed in producing the notes of the bagpipe out of the trombone, he will make a fortune in five seasons or less.

Such is musical London, then—rushing from concert to concert, and opera to opera—from severe classicism to the most miscellaneous *omnium gatherum*—from solemn ecclesiastical harmonic assemblages to the chanting of merry glees, and the warbling of sentimental ballads. Let us, then, contemplate a little closer the different kinds of concerts—their features and their character—their performers and their audiences. Our sketch must be very hurried and very vague, but it will give an idea of some of the principal characteristics of the London musical season.

First, then, among the performances of mingled vocal and instrumental music, stand the two Sacred Harmonic Societies, which execute oratorios and similar works in Exeter Hall. The original Sacred Harmonic Society has within the last couple of years split into two bodies. It had long contained within itself the elements of division. There were the Go-ahead party and the Conservative party—the first, eager to try new ground, and aim at new effects; the second, lovers of the beaten way. At length, the split took place. The progressists flung themselves into the arms of M. Costa, the famous conductor of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra, and the highest and most Napoleonic of musical commanders. The Tories of the society went peaceably on in the jog-trot ways of Mr Sarman, the original conductor. Each society can now bring into the field about 800 vocal performers, the immense majority of them amateurs, and their concerts take place alternately—Exeter Hall being invariably crammed upon either occasion. The Costaites, no doubt, have the *pas*. The discipline of their chief is perfect, and as rigid as it is excellent. The power which this gentleman possesses over his musical troops is very curious. The whole mass of performers seem to wait upon his will as the spirits did on Prospero. At the spreading of his arms, the music dies away to the most faintly-whispered murmurs. A crescendo or musical climax works gradually up step by step, and bar by bar, until it explodes in a perfect crash of vocal and instrumental tempest. The extraordinary choral effects produced in the performance of the *Fuguenots* almost bewildered the hearers; and the wondrous lights and shades of sound given in many of the oratorios, are

little behind the dramatic achievement. The aspect of Exeter Hall on an oratorio night is one of the grandest things in London. The vastness of the assemblage, the great mountain of performers, created by the organ, and rising almost to the ceiling, are thoroughly impressive, while the first burst of the opening chorus is grand in the extreme. The oratorio is, in fact, the Opera of the 'serious' world. It is at once a place in which to listen to music and a point of social reunion. There are oratorio *habitués* as well as Opera *habitués*; and between the parts of the performance, the same buzzing hum of converse rises from the assemblage which you hear in the Opera corridors and lobbies. A glance at the audience will enlighten you as to their character. They represent the staid respectability of the middle class. The dresses of the ladies are often rich, seldom brilliant, and there is little sparkle of jewellery. You very frequently perceive family parties, under the care of a grave *pater familias* and his staid and stately partner. Quakers abound; and the number of ecclesiastically-cut coats shews how many clergymen of the church are present. The audience are in the highest degree attentive. The rules forbid applause, but a gentle murmur of admiration rises at the close of almost every *morceau*. Here and there, you have a practical amateur, or a group of such with the open score of the oratorio before them, eagerly following the music. Often these last gentlemen are members of the rival Society, and, as might be expected, pick plenty of holes in the execution of their opponents, for which charitable purpose only they have probably attended. But in M. Costa's Society, at all events, the task is difficult; the orchestra 'goes,' as the phrase is, like one instrument, and the singers are beautifully under the control of the master-spirit who directs them.

Let us pass from Exeter Hall to Hanover Square. Here, in the Queen's Concert Room—a *salle* which once was smart, and the decorations of which were fashionable seventy years ago—we have unnumbered concerts, and chief among them the twelve annual performances of the Philharmonic Society. The 'Philharmonic,' as it is conversationally called, holds almost the rank of a national institution. The sovereign patronises it in an especial manner. It is connected with the Royal Academy of Music, and Her Majesty's private band is recruited from the ranks of its orchestra. The Philharmonic band may be indeed taken as the representative of the nation's musical executive powers; and, as such, comparisons are often instituted between it and the French, Austrian, and Prussian Philharmonics. The foreigners who hold places in the orchestra are resident, and in some sort naturalised, but the bulk of the executants are English. To be a member of the Philharmonic orchestra is, indeed, to take a sort of degree in executive music, and at once stamps the individual as a performer of distinguished merit. The music performed is entirely classic, and principally instrumental. New compositions are seldom given; and, in fact, it was the practice of adhering so exclusively to the standard works of great composers which started the new Philharmonic Society, which has just come into existence. The elder body stick stanchly to the safe courses of Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. The newly-created association proclaim that their mission is to look after aspirants, as well as to honour the veterans of the art; and accordingly they bring forward many compositions experimentally—a meritorious policy, but one not without its dangers. Few unprofessional people are aware of the cost of producing elaborate compositions. When *William Tell* was played some years ago at Drury Lane—to mention one single item—the price of copying the parts from the full score, at 8d. a page, came to L.350. All the old music is of course to be had printed; and to these standard scores the steady-going Philharmonic principally devotes

itself. Each performance consists in general of two symphonies, or a symphony and an elaborate concerto, each occupying at least three-quarters of an hour, with two overtures, and solos, vocal and instrumental—the former generally sung by performers from either Opera, but usually from Covent Garden. M. Costa wields the baton at Hanover Square as at Exeter Hall; and under his management, the band have attained a magnificent precision and *ensemble* of effect. Its musical peculiarity over ordinary orchestras is the vast strength of stringed instruments, which gives a peculiar *verve* and light vigour to the performances. The rush of the violins in a rapid passage is overwhelming in its impetuosity and vigour, and is said, of late years especially, to beat the 'attack,' as it is technically called, of any of the continental Philharmonic Societies. The Philharmonic concerts are very fashionable. It is good taste, socially and artistically, to be present; and, consequently, the room is always crowded by an assemblage who display most of the characteristics of an Opera audience. The musical notabilities of town always muster in full force at the Philharmonic. Composers, executants, critics, amateurs, and connoisseurs, are all there, watching with the greatest care the execution of those famous works, the great effect of which can only be produced by the most wary and appreciative tenderness of rendering. In the interval between the first and second parts, the very general hum of conversation announces how great the degree of familiarity subsisting among the *habitués*. There is none of the common stiffness of waiting one sees at ordinary entertainments. Everybody seems to know everybody else, and one general atmosphere of genial intercourse prevails throughout the room.

Let us change the scene to a classic concert of quite another kind. In a quiet West-end street, we are in a room of singular construction. It is in the form of a right-angled triangle; and at the right angle, upon a small dais, is placed the pianoforte and the desks, and so forth, for the performers. The latter are thus visible from all points; but about one-half the audience in each angle of the room is quite hidden from the other. Everybody is in evening dress; the ladies very gay, and the party very quiet—a still, drawing-room sort of air presides over the whole. Many of the ladies are young—quite girls; and a good many of the gentlemen are solemn old foggies, who appear strongly inclined to go to sleep, and, in fact, sometimes do. Meantime, the music goes on. A long, long sonata or concerto—piano and violin, or piano, violin, and violoncello—is listened to in profound silence, with a low murmur of applause at the end of each movement. Then perhaps comes a little vocalism—sternly classic though—an aria from Gluck, or a solemn and pathetic song from Mendelssohn: the performer being either a well-known concert-singer, or a young lady—very nervous and a little uncertain—who, it is whispered, is 'an Academy girl,' a pupil, that is, of the institution in question. Sometimes, but not often—for it is *de rigueur* that entertainments of this species shall be severely classic—we have a phenomenon of execution upon some out-of-the-way instrument, who performs certain miracles with springs or tubes, and in some degree wakens up the company, who, however, not unfrequently relapse into all their solemn primness, under a concerto manuscript, or a trio manuscript, the composition of the *bénéficiaire*. Between the parts, people go quietly into a room beneath, where there are generally some mild prints to be turned over, some mild coffee to drink, some mild conversation about mild things in general; and then the party remount the stairs, and mildly listen to more mild music. This is the common routine of a classical pianoforte soirée. The *bénéficiaire* is a fashionable teacher, and, in a small way, a composer. He gives, every season, a series, perhaps two or three series, of classic evenings. The pupils and their families form

the majority of the audience, interspersed with a few pianoforte amateurs, and those *fanatici per la musica* who are to be found wherever a violin is tuned, or a piano is opened.

Another species of classic concert is to be found in the quartett-meetings. These take place in some small concert-room, such as that I have described, or at the houses of the executants; and the audience comprehends a far larger proportion of gentlemen than the last-mentioned entertainments. The performers are four—pretty sure to be gentlemen of the highest professional abilities. The instruments are first and second violin, viola, and violoncello; and three or four quartetts by the great masters, or, very probably, as many compositions, marking the different stages of Beethoven's imagination, are played with the most consummate skill and the tenderest regard for light and shade. People not deep in the sympathies and tastes of the musical world, have no idea how these compositions are loved and studied by the real disciples of Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn; how particular passages are watched for; and how old gentlemen nod their heads, or shake them at each other, according as they agree or disagree in the manner of the interpretation. Half the audience probably know every bar of the music by heart, and no inconsiderable number could perhaps perform it very decently themselves. It is indeed at these quartett and quintett meetings, that you see genuine specimens of musical knowledge and musical enthusiasm. They take place by half-dozens during the season; and you always find the same class of audience, often the same individuals, regularly ranged before the executants.

But place now for the real grand, miscellaneous, popular, and populous morning concert! Now for elephantine dimensions and leviathan bills of fare. It is nominally, perhaps, or really, perhaps, the annual benefit concert of some well-known performer, or it is the speculation of a great musical publishing house, in the name of one of their composing or performing *protégés*. The latter is, indeed, a very common practice. But whether the music-publishing and opera-box-letting firm be the real concert-giver, or merely the agent, to it is left the whole of the nice operation of 'getting up' the entertainment. It has then exhausted all the dodges of puffery in pumping up an unusual degree of excitement. The affair is to be a 'festival' or a 'jubilee'; 'all the musical talent' of London is to be concentrated; the continent has been dragged for extra-ordinary executive attractions; every musical hit of the season is to be repeated; every effect is to be got up with new *éclat*: never was there to be such a *super extra, ne plus ultra* musical triumph. The day approaches. Rainbow-hued *affiches* have done their best; placard-bearers, by scores, have paraded, and are parading, the streets; advertisements have blazoned the scheme day after day, and week after week; the gratis-tickets have been duly 'planted'; puffs, oblique and implied, have hinted at the coming attraction in every Sunday paper; and programmes are fluttering in every get-at-able shop-front. The day comes. A long line of fashionable carriages, strangely intermingled with shabby cabs, file up to the doors, and the gay morning dresses, flaunting with colours, disappear between the two colossal placards which grace the entrance. The room is filled. *Habitués*, and knowing musical men on town, recognise each other, and congregate in groups, laughingly comparing notes upon the probabilities of what artists announced will make an appearance, and upon what apologies will be offered in lieu of those who don't. A couple of these last are probably already in circulation. Madame Sopranini is confined to bed with an inflammatory attack; and Signor Bassinini has got bronchitis. Nevertheless, the concert begins; and oh! the length thereof. The principal vocalists seem to have mostly mistaken the

time at which they would be wanted; and the chopping and changing of the programme are bewildering. Bravuras take the place of concertos; a duet being missing, an aria closes the ranks; a solo on the trombone not being forthcoming, a vocal trio (unaccompanied) is hurriedly substituted. Still, there is plenty of the originally announced music; all the favourite airs, duets, and trios from the fashionable operas; all the ballads in vogue—the music published by the house which has set the whole thing on foot, of course; all the phenomena of executive brilliance are there, or are momentarily expected to appear. We begin after an overture with, say, an air from the *Puritani*, by a lovely tenor; another, from the *Somnambula*, by a charming soprano; a fantasia by a legerdemain pianist, with long hair, and who comes down on the key-board as though it was his enemy; the famous song from *Figaro*—encored; the madrigal, 'Down in a Flowery Vale'—the latter always a sure card; a duet from *Semiramide*, by two young ladies—rather shaky; solo on the clarinet, by a gentleman who makes the instrument sound like a fiddle—great applause; 'In manly Worth,' by an oratorio tenor; the overture to *Masaniello*, by the band; concerto (posthumous, Beethoven), by a stern classical man—audience yawn; pot pourri, by a romantic practitioner—audience waken up; ballad, 'When Hearts are torn by manly Vows,' by an English tenor—great delight, and encouragement of native talent; glee, 'Glorious Apollo,' or, 'The Red-cross Knight'—very well received; recitative and aria, from *Lucia di Lammermoor*—very lachrymose; violin solo, by Signor Rosinif, who throws the audience into a paroxysm of delight by imitating a saw and a grindstone; 'The Bay of Biscay,' by the 'veteran' Braham, being positively his last appearance (the 'veteran' is announced for four concerts in the ensuing week!); ballad, again, by the native tenor, 'When Vows are torn by slumbering Hearts'—more great applause; the page's song from the *Huguenots*, for the contralto; 'When the Heart of a Man,' *Beggars' Opera*; quartett for four pianofortes, great bustle arranging them, and then only three performers forthcoming—an apology—attack of bronchitis—but Mr Braham will kindly (thunders of applause) sing 'The Death of Nelson'; quartett for double-bass, trombone, drum, and triangles—curious effect; the audience hardly know whether they like it or not; the bravura song of the 'Queen of Night,' from *Zauberflöte*; overture to *William Tell*; ballad, 'When Slumber's Heart is torn by Vows'; duet, 'I know a Bank,' by the *Semiramide* young ladies; fantasia pianoforte, from the *Fille du Régiment*; 'Rodo's air, with variations,' from the text; and the storm movement of the *Sinfonia Pastorale*, by Beethoven!

Such may be taken as a fair specimen-slice of a *Concert Monstre*; and in listening to this wild agglomeration of chaotic music, the day passes, very likely from two o'clock until six. In a future paper, I may touch upon the peculiarities of the artists performing.

A. B. R.

THE TALLOW-TREE OF CHINA.

It is one happy recommendation of the Natural system of botany, that many of its orders form groups of plants distinguished not only by the characteristics of general physiognomy, and the more accurate differences of structure, but in an especial manner by the medicinal and economical properties which they possess, and which are indeed frequently peculiar to the order. Such is the case with the natural order *Euphorbiaceæ*, or spurge family, to which the tallow-tree of China belongs. The order includes 2500 species, all of which are more or less acrid and poisonous, these properties being especially developed in the milky juices which abound in the plants, and which are contained,

not in its ordinary tissues, but in certain special vessels. Many important substances are derived from this order, notwithstanding its acrid and poisonous character. Castor-oil is obtained from the seeds of *Ricinus communis*; croton-oil, and several other oleaginous products of importance in medicine and the arts, are obtained from plants belonging to the order. The root of *Janipha Manihot*, or Manioc-plant, contains a poisonous substance, supposed to be hydrocyanic acid, along with which there is a considerable proportion of starch. The poisonous matter is removed by roasting and washing, and the starch thus obtained is formed into the cassava-bread of tropical countries, and is also occasionally imported into Europe as Brazilian arrow-root.

Many of the important economical productions of China are little known in this country; we are, however, daily gaining additions to our knowledge of them; and within the last few years, much valuable information has been obtained respecting the productive resources of the Eastern Empire. The grass-cloth of China only became known in Europe a few years ago, but it now ranks as one of the important fabrics of British manufacture. Daily discoveries seem to shew that there are Chinese products of equal importance, as yet unknown to us. On the present occasion, we call the attention of our readers to a substance which has been long known, as well as the plant which produces it, but neither of which has hitherto been prominently brought into general notice in Britain. For our information respecting the uses of the tallow-tree, we express our chief obligations to a paper by Dr D. J. Macgowan, published in the Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India.*

The tallow-tree of China is the *Stillingia sebifera* of botanists; a plant originally indigenous to China, where it occurs in wet situations, but which is now somewhat common in various parts of India and America, chiefly as an ornamental tree. In Roxburgh's time, it was very common about Calcutta, where, in the course of a few years, it became one of the most common trees; and it has become almost naturalised in the maritime parts of South Carolina. In China alone, however, is it as yet appreciated as an economical plant, and there alone are its products properly elaborated. It is chiefly prized for the fatty matter which it yields, and from which it derives its appropriate name; but it affords other products of value: 'its leaves are employed as a black dye; its wood being hard and durable, may be easily used for printing-blocks and various other articles; and, finally, the refuse of the nut is employed as fuel and manure. . . . It grows aliko on low alluvial plains and on granite hills, on the rich mould at the margin of canals, and on the sandy sea-beach. The sandy estuary of Hangchan yields little else; some of the trees at this place are known to be several hundred years old, and though prostrated, still send forth branches and bear fruit. . . . They are seldom planted where anything else can be conveniently cultivated—but in detached places, in corners about houses, roads, canals, and fields.'

The sebaceous matter, or vegetable tallow, is contained in the seed-vessels of the *Stillingia*. The

* 'Uses of the *Stillingia Sebifera*, or Tallow-Tree, &c., by Dr D. J. Macgowan, M.D., &c.' The substance of the same communication was laid before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, 12th February, 1838, having been communicated by Dr Coldstream.

processes adopted for abstracting it are of importance, and meet with due consideration in Dr Macgowan's valuable paper. The following clear account is given of the whole process, as practised in China:—'In mid-winter, when the nuts are ripe, they are cut off with their twigs by a sharp crescentic knife, attached to the extremity of a long pole, which is held in the hand, and pushed upwards against the twigs, removing at the same time such as are fruitless. The capsules are gently pounded in a mortar, to loosen the seeds from their shells, from which they are separated by sifting. To facilitate the separation of the white sebaceous matter enveloping the seeds, they are steamed in tubs, having convex open wicker bottoms, placed over caldrons of boiling water. When thoroughly heated, they are reduced to a mash in the mortar, and thence transferred to bamboo sieves, kept at a uniform temperature over hot ashes. A single operation does not suffice to deprive them of all their tallow; the steaming and sifting are therefore repeated. The article thus procured becomes a solid mass on falling through the sieve; and to purify it, it is melted and formed into cakes for the press. These receive their form from bamboo hoops, a foot in diameter, and three inches deep, which are laid on the ground over a little straw. On being filled with the hot liquid, the ends of the straw beneath are drawn up and spread over the top; and when of sufficient consistence, are placed with their rings in the press. This apparatus, which is of the rudest description, is constructed of two large beams, placed horizontally so as to form a trough capable of containing about fifty of the rings with their sebaceous cakes; at one end it is closed, and at the other adapted for receiving wedges, which are successively driven into it by ponderous sledge-hammers, wielded by athletic men. The tallow oozes in a melted state into a receptacle below, where it cools. It is again melted, and poured into tubs, smeared with mud, to prevent its adhering. It is now marketable, in masses of about eighty pounds each—hard, brittle, white, opaque, tasteless, and without the odour of animal tallow; under high pressure, it scarcely stains bibulous paper, and it melts at 104 degrees Fahrenheit. It may be regarded as nearly pure stearine. . . . The seeds yield about 8 per cent. of tallow, which sells for about five cents per pound.'

There is a separate process for pressing the oil, which is carried on at the same time. The kernels yield about 30 per cent. of oil, which answers well for lamps. It is also employed for various purposes in the arts, and has a place in the Chinese pharmacopoeia, because of its quality of changing gray hair to black, and other imaginary virtues.

The husks are used to feed the furnaces; the residuary tallow-cakes are also employed for fuel—a small quantity remaining ignited a whole day. The oil-cake forms a valuable manure, and is of course carefully used for this purpose in China, where so very great regard is paid to the collecting of manures. This kind is particularly used for enriching tobacco-fields, its powerful qualities recommending it for such a scouring crop.

With regard to the uses of the vegetable tallow, Dr Macgowan observes: 'Artificial illumination in China is generally procured by vegetable oils, but candles are also employed. . . . In religious ceremonies, no other material is used. As no one ventures out after dark without a lantern, and as the gods cannot be acceptably worshipped without candles, the quantity consumed is very great. With an unimportant exception, the candles are always made of what I beg to designate as vegetable stearine. When the candles, which are made by dipping, are of the required diameter, they receive a final dip into a mixture of the same material and insect-wax, by which their consistency is preserved in the hottest weather. They

are generally coloured red, which is done by throwing a minute quantity of alkanet-root (*Anchusa tinctoria*), brought from Shan-tung, into the mixture. Verdigris is sometimes employed to dye them green.' We are not aware that the vegetable tallow has as yet been imported into Britain to any extent.

THE TOLLMAN'S STORY.

SOME local travellers of about twenty-five years' practice, may still remember the keeper of a toll-bar on one of the western approaches to Glasgow, known in his neighbourhood as English John. The prefix was given, I believe, in honour of his dialect, which was remarkably pure and polished for one of his station in those days; and the solution of that problem was, that he had been from childhood, till the gray was thickening on his hair, in the service of an English family, who had come into possession, and constantly resided on, a handsome estate in his native parish in Dumbartonshire.

Through their interest, he had been appointed to the office of power and trust in which I made his acquaintance. John was one of my earliest friends, though the remnant of his name was never heard nor inquired after by me. The great town has now grown much nearer his toll-house, which then stood alone on the country road, with no building in sight but the school, at which I, and some two score of the surrounding juveniles, were supposed to be trained in wisdom's ways, by the elder brother of our parish minister. A painstaking, kindly teacher he was; but the toll-house was a haunt more pleasant to our young fancies than his seminary. John was the general friend and confidant of all the boys; he settled our disputes, made the best tops and balls for us, taught us a variety of new tricks in play, and sometimes bestowed upon us good advices, which were much sooner forgotten. John never married. He had a conviction, which was occasionally avowed, that all women were troublesome; and whether this evidence be considered *pro* or *con*, he was a man of rough sense and rustic piety, of a most fearless, and, what the Germans call, a self-standing nature—for solitude or society came all alike to John. You would as soon expect a pine-tree to be out of sorts, as his hard, honest face, and muscular frame. John was never sick, or disturbed in any way; he performed his own domestic duties with a neatness and regularity known to few housekeepers, and was a faithful and most uncompromising guardian of the toll-bar. I well remember how our young imaginations were impressed with the fact, that no man could pass, without, as it were, paying tribute to him; and George IV., though he appeared on the coppers with which we bought apples, cast by no means so mighty a shadow on our minds as English John. Before this glory waned, I was removed from his neighbourhood, being sent to cheer the heart and secure the legacy of a certain uncle who was a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and believed to be in profitable practice and confirmed bachelorhood. The worthy man has long ago married his landlady's daughter, and been blessed with a family sufficient to fill a church-pew. My own adventures—how I grew from garment to garment, how I became a law-student, and at length a writer myself—have little to do with the present narrative, and are therefore spared the reader in detail; but the first startling intelligence I received from home was, that English John had resigned his important office at the toll-house, and gone, nobody knew whither!

Years had passed; my professional studies were finished, and I had occasion to visit a Fife laird near the East Neuk. The gentleman was notable for his

taste in kitchen-gardening; and having a particularly fine bed of Jerusalem artichokes which I must see, he conducted me to the scene of his triumphs, when, hard at work with the rake and hoe, whom should I find as the much esteemed gardener, but my old friend English John! His hair had grown quite gray, and his look strangely grave, since last I saw him: time had altered me still more; nevertheless, John knew me at once—he had always a keen eye—but I perceived it was his wish not to be recognised at all in presence of the laird. That worthy was one of those active spirits who extend their superintendence to every department. He commanded in the pantry as well as on the farm; and while expatiating over the artichokes, a private message from his lady summoned him back to the house, as I sincerely believe, on some matter connected with the dinner; and he left me, with an understood permission to admire the artichokes, and the garden in general, as long as I pleased. Scarcely was he fairly out of sight, till I was at the gardener's side. 'John, my old fellow,' cried I, grasping his hand, 'I'm glad to see you once again. How has the world behaved to you these many years?'

'Pretty well, Master Willie,' said John, heartily returning my shake; 'and I'm glad to see you too; but your memory must be uncommon good, for many a one of the boys has passed me by on street and highway. How have they all turned out?' And he commenced a series of inquiries after schoolmates and old neighbours, to which my answers were as usual in such cases—some were dead, some were married, and some gone far away.

'But, John,' said I at last, determined to make out the mystery which had so long puzzled me and the entire parish—'in exchange for all my news, tell me why you left the toll-house? It was surely a better place than this?'

'You know what the old proverb says, Master Willie: "Change is lightsome,"' said John, beginning to dig, as if he would fain stave off the explanation.

'Ha, John, that won't do!' said I; 'your mind was never so unsteady. Tell me the truth, for old times' sake; and if there is anything in the story that should not be made public, you know I was always a capital secret-keeper. Maybe it was a love-matter, John: are you married yet?'

'No, Master Willie,' cried my old friend, with a look of the most sincere self-gratulation I ever saw. 'But it's a queer story, and one I shouldn't care for telling; only, you were always a discreet boy, and it rather presses on my mind at times. The master won't be back for awhile; he'll have the roast to try, and the pudding to taste—not to talk of seeing the table laid out, for there are to be some half-dozen besides yourself to-day at dinner. That's his way, you see. And I'll tell you what took me from the toll-house—but mind, never mention it, as you would keep peace in the west country.'

This is John's story, as nearly in his own words as I can call them to mind:—

The family in whose service I was brought up lived on their estate in Dumbartonshire, which came through the mistress of the mansion, who had been heiress of entail, and a lady in her own right; we called her Lady Catherine, and a prouder woman never owned either estate or title. Her father had been a branch of the Highland family to whom the property originally belonged. Her mother was sprung from the old French nobility, an emigrant of the first Revolution, and she had been brought up in England, and married in due time to an Honourable Mr — there. When she first came to the estate, her husband had been some years dead, and Lady Catherine brought with her a son, who was to be heir—at that time a boy like

myself—and two handsome grown-up daughters. The castle was a great fabric, partly old and partly new. It stood in the midst of a noble park, with tall trees and red deer in it. Its last possessor had been a stingy old bachelor; but after Lady Catherine's coming, the housekeeping was put on a grand scale. There was a retinue of English servants, and continual company. I remember it well, for just then my poor mother died. She had been a widow, living in a low cottage hard by the park-wall, with me and a gray cat for company, and her spinning-wheel for our support. I was but a child when she died; and having neither uncle nor aunt in the parish, they took me, I think, by her ladyship's order, into the castle, to run small errands, and help in the garden; from which post, in process of time, I rose to that of footman. Lady Catherine was in great odour with the country gentry for her high-breeding, her fashionable connections, and her almost boundless hospitality. She was popular with the tenantry too, for there was not a better managed estate in the west, and the factor had general orders against distress and ejectment.

They said her ladyship had been reckoned a beauty in London drawing-rooms, and our parish thought her wonderfully grand for the gay dresses and rich jewellery she wore. Doubtless, these were but the cast-offs of the season, for regularly every spring she and the family went up to London, where they kept a fine house, and what is called the best society. How much the gay dresses had to do with the beauty is not for me to say, but Lady Catherine was a large, stately woman, with a dark complexion, and very brilliant red, which the servants whispered was laid on in old court fashion. Her manner to her equals was graceful, and to her inferiors, gracious; but there was a look of pride in her dark gray eyes, and a stern resolution about the compressed lips, which struck my childish mind with strange fear, and kept older hearts in awe. Her daughters, Florence and Agnes, were pictures of their mother—proud, gay ladies, but thought the flower of the county. Their portions were good, and they would have been co-heiresses but for their brother Arthur. He was the youngest, but so different from his mother and sisters, that you wouldn't have thought him of the same family. His fair face and clear blue eyes, his curly brown hair and merry look, had no likeness to them, though he was not a whit behind them in air or stature. At eighteen, there was not a finer lad in the shire; and he had a frank, kindly nature, which made the tenantry rejoice in the prospect of his being their future landlord.

Near the castle there stood a farmhouse, occupied by an old man whose great-grandfather had cultivated the same fields. He was not rich, but much respected by his neighbours for an honest, upright life. His wife was as old as himself. They had been always easy-living people, and had no child but one only daughter. Menie was a delicately pretty girl, a little spoiled, perhaps, in her station, for both father and mother made a queen of her at home. She was never allowed to do any rough work, was always dressed, and her neighbours said, kept in the parlour. Menie had a great many admirers, but her parents thought her too good for everybody, and had a wonderful belief of their own, that she was somehow to get a great match, and be made a lady. There was a strange truth in that notion, as things turned out, for we servants at the castle began to remark how often the young master was seen going and coming about the farmhouse. Maybe the old farmer and his wife encouraged him, for they had a story concerning their own descent from some great chief of the western Highlands, and a family of wild proud cousins, who lived up among the hills; but of this I know nothing more, only that the farmer's daughter was the prettiest girl in the parish. Master Arthur was beginning his nineteenth year, and there was a

storm up stairs, such as had never been heard before in the castle, when Lady Catherine found out what was going on, as I think through our minister, who considered it his duty to let her know what every one talked of, but nobody else would dare to mention in her presence. Whether the tempest was more than Master Arthur could stand, or whether Lady Catherine, in her fury—for she had no joke of a tongue and temper—said something of Menie which drove the boy to finish the business in his own way, was long a disputed point in the servants' hall; but next morning he was missed in the castle, and in the course of my duties the same forenoon, I brought a letter from the village post-office, the reading of which sent the young ladies off in hysterics, and made Lady Catherine retire to her room—for it announced that her heir of entail and the farmer's daughter were gone to get married in Glasgow.

The young ladies recovered in about two hours, and her ladyship came out, but only to prepare for a journey to Paris; and quick work she made of it. Within twenty-four hours from the receipt of that letter, she and her daughters were off in the family carriage; the best part of the servants despatched to live at their town-house on board-wages; all the good rooms locked up, and nobody but the gardener, a kitchen-girl, and myself left with the old housekeeper at the castle. The next news we heard was, that the old farmer and his wife had set out to bring home their daughter and son-in-law, saying—poor people, in their pride or folly—that Menie and her husband could live with them till Providence cleared their way to the estate, which nobody could keep from them. I believe it was that speech, coming to her ears by some busy tongue or other, that made Lady Catherine so bitter afterwards; but Master Arthur and his bride came home to the farmhouse, where the parlour and the best bedroom were set apart for their use; and the poor old father and mother were proud to serve and entertain them. They were a young pair; for, as I have said, he was in his nineteenth, and she in her seventeenth year—a handsome pair, too, and more alike than one would have supposed from the difference of their birth. Menie had a genteel, quiet carriage, and really looked like a lady in the church-pew beside our young master, whom we seldom saw but at a distance—for his spirit was too high to come near the castle—and though it wasn't just told us, we all knew that going to the farmhouse would be reckoned the full value of our places.

It was the fall of the year when Lady Catherine left us—all that winter she spent in Paris; and when the spring again came round, we heard of her opening house with even more than usual gaiety in London. That was a great season with her ladyship. In its course, she got her daughters both married to her mind. The one wedded a baronet, and the other a right honourable; but scarcely had the newspapers fully announced his sisters' wedding-breakfasts, and how the happy pairs set out, when Master Arthur was seized with sudden sickness. He had been fishing in a mountain-lake, and got drenched to the skin by the rain of a thunder-storm, overexerted himself in walking home, and caught a pleurisy. The whole parish felt for the poor young man, who had been so hardly used by his mother, and many were the inquiries made for him at the farmhouse. There was wild wo there, for every day he got worse; and within the week, Menie was left a widow. Lady Catherine had gone back to Paris at the close of the season; one of her married daughters was in Italy, and the other in Switzerland; but two cousins of their father were to be found in England; and Master Arthur was laid in the family vault, under our old parish church, before the intelligence reached them. Lady Catherine came back in deep mourning, and alone, but not a whit subdued in spirit: she had been heard to say, that her

son was better dead than disgraced; and her estate was at least safe from being shared by peasants. Of her daughter-in-law, she never took the slightest notice. People said, the poor young widow's heart was broken, for she had thought more of Arthur than of his rank and property, and kept well out of the proud, hard woman's way. Her ladyship did not seem to like living at the castle; she stayed only to regulate matters with the factor at Martinmas, and went back again to London. Before she went, a report began to rise, that poor Menie had drooped and pined into a real sickness. They said it was a rapid decline, and a dog would have pitied the father and mother's grief. How strangely they strove to keep that only child, asking the prayers of the congregation, and sending for the best doctors; but all was in vain, for Menie died some days before Christmas. The girl had a simple wish to rest beside Arthur. It was the last words she spoke; and her relations believed that, being his wife, she had a right to a place in the vault without asking anybody's leave. So they laid her quietly beside her husband, no one about the castle caring to interfere, except the factor, who thought it incumbent on him to let her ladyship know.

By way of answer to his letter, down came Lady Catherine herself, one dark, wintry morning; and, without so much as changing her travelling dress, she sent for four labourers, took them with her to the church, and saying her family burying-place was never intended for a peasant's daughter, made them take out Menie's coffin, and leave it at her parents' door. They said that the old pair never got over that sight; and the mother, in her bitterness of heart, declared that Providence had many a way to punish pride, and the woman who had disturbed her dead child, would never be suffered to keep her own grave in peace.

The story made a marvellous stir in our parish, and grand as Lady Catherine was, she did not escape blame from all quarters. There was a great gathering of Highland relatives and Lowland friends to a second funeral, when they laid poor Menie among her humble kindred in the church-yard. It was but a little way from the park gate, and I stood there to see the crowd scatter off in that frosty forenoon. Many a sad and angry look was cast in the direction of the castle; but my attention was particularly drawn to an old man and two boys, who stood gazing on the place. He was close on the threescore-and-ten—they were little more than children; but all three had the same gaunt, yet powerful frames; dark-red hair, which in the old man was but slightly sprinkled with gray; almost swarthy complexions; and a fierce, hard look in the deep-set eyes. By after inquiries, I learned that these were the father of the Highland cousin family, and his two youngest sons. There were three elder brothers, but they were married, and settled on rough sheep-farms; and the old man intended to maintain the ancient honours of his house, by putting his younger boys into some of the learned professions.

The married sisters, now heiresses of entail, never visited the castle again in my time. Lady Catherine came regularly at the terms from London, where she lived constantly; but her stay was no longer than the rent-roll required, and her maid said she rested but badly at night. So years passed on, and I rose in the service. On one of her visits, Lady Catherine thought I would do for a footman, which she happened to want, and sent me to be trained at the house in London. What great and gay doings I saw there needn't be told just now. Lady Catherine kept the best and most fashionable company, and she was never at home an evening that the house was not full. There was money to be made, and plenty of all things; but I did not like it; and having saved a trifle, one of her ladyship's sons-in-law—he was the best of the two—got me the place at the toll-bar.

You remember me there, Master Willie, and what great times we had on Saturday afternoons. You may recollect, too, how many foot-passengers used to come and go. It was my amusement to watch them when I had nothing better to do; but of all who passed my window, there were none took my attention so completely as two young men, who always walked arm-in-arm, and seemed to be brothers. I thought I had seen their strongly-marked Highland faces before, and by degrees learned that they were none other than the old man's two sons, who had been at poor Menie's last funeral, but were now grown up, and studying for the medical profession at the college in Glasgow. Their father evidently kept them on short allowance, judging from their coarse tartan clothes, and continual munching of oatmeal cakes: but I was told they were hard students, and particularly clever in the anatomy class. One dark, dreary morning, about the Christmas-time, I noted that Lady Catherine and her family had been in my dreams all night—their grand house, and gay goings-on in London, mingling strangely with the old story of Master Arthur and the farmer's daughter. When the newspaper, which I shared with the school-master, came, judge of my astonishment to read that her ladyship had died suddenly in a fit of apoplexy, which came upon her at the whist-table, and her remains had been conveyed to the family vault in Dumbartonshire. There was a lesson on the uncertainty of life! and it is my trust that I found in it a use of warning; but the continual news and strangers at the toll-bar, the exact gathering in of the ducs, which was not always an easy task, and your own merry school-mates, Master Willie, had in a manner shuffled it out of my mind before the second evening.

It had been a dark, foggy day, and I went early to sleep, there being few travellers; but in the dead of night, between twelve and one, I was roused by a thundering summons at the toll-bar. The night was calm and starless, a mass of heavy clouds covered the sky, broken at times by gusts of moaning wind from the west, and broad bursts of moonlight. I threw on my coat, lit my lantern, and hurried out. There stood a large gig with three persons. They must have been tightly packed in it, and I never saw a more impatient horse. There was some delay in getting out the silver, and I had time to see that the two men who sat, one on each side, were the Highland brothers. There was a woman between them, in a dingy cloak and bonnet, with a thick black veil. She neither moved nor spoke, though the toll somehow puzzled the students. I was determined to have it any way, and one of them saying something to his companion in Gaelic, reached a half-crown to me. I knew I had no change, and told him so. 'I'll call in the morning,' said he; but the horse gave a bound, and the silver flew out of his fingers. Both the brothers looked down after it. I had a strange curiosity about their companion, and that instant a gust of wind blew back the veil, and the moonlight shone clear and full upon the face: it was the dead visage of Lady Catherine! I saw but one glance of it; the next moment the heavy veil had fallen. 'Get the silver yourself, and keep it all,' cried the two men, as I opened for them without a word: and from that day to this, no one has ever heard the story from me. I put the half-crown in the poor's-box next Sabbath. But, Master Willie, after that night I never cared for keeping the toll-bar. The sound of wheels coming after dark had always a strange effect on me, and I could never see a gig pass without shivering. So I gave up my situation, and took to the old trade of gardening again. The pleasant plants and flowers bring no dark stories to one's mind. But yonder's the laird: dinner will be ready by this time.

And John was right; for it was ready, with a jovial party to despatch it. But I never saw my old friend

after. He emigrated to Canada with his managing master in the following spring; and, having at least kept the real names with enjoined secrecy, it seems at this distance of time no breach of trust to repeat the toll-keeper's story.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI

Among the lions of Rome during the last twenty years, not the least attractive, especially for literary visitors, was the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti. Easy of access to foreigners of every condition, simple, unpretending, cheerful, courteous even to familiarity, he never failed to make a most favourable impression upon his visitors; and marvellous as were the tales in circulation concerning him, the opportunity of witnessing more closely the exercise of his almost preternatural powers of language, served but to deepen the wonder with which he was regarded. The extent, the variety, and the solidity of his attainments, and, still more, his complete and ready command, for the purposes of conversation, of all the motley stores which he had laid up, were so far beyond all example, whether in ancient or modern times, as not only to place him in the very first rank of the celebrities of our generation, but to mark him out as one of the most extraordinary personages recorded in history.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Mezzofanti was born at Bologna in 1774, of an extremely humble family. His father was a poor carpenter; and the eminence to which, by his own unassisted exertions, Mezzofanti, without once leaving his native city, attained in the exercise of the faculty of language—which is ordinarily cultivated only by the arduous and expensive process of visiting and travelling in the different countries in which each separate language is spoken—is not the least remarkable of the many examples of successful 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,' which literary history supplies. He was educated in one of the poor schools of his native city, which was under the care of the fathers of the celebrated Congregation of the Oratory; and the evidence of more than ordinary talent which he exhibited, early attracted the notice of one of the members of the order, to whose kind instruction and patronage Mezzofanti was indebted for almost all the advantages which he afterwards enjoyed. This good man—whose name was Respighi, and to whose judicious patronage of struggling genius science is also indebted for the eminent success of the distinguished naturalist Ranzani, the son of a Bolognese barber, and a fellow-pupil of Mezzofanti—procured for his young protégé the instruction of the best masters he could discover among his friends. He himself, it is believed, taught him Latin; Greek fell to the share of Father Emmanuel da Ponte, a Spanish ex-Jesuit—the order had at this time been suppressed; and the boy received his first initiation into the great Eastern family of languages from an old Dominican, Father Ceruti, who, at the instance of his friend Respighi, undertook to teach him Hebrew. Beyond this point, Mezzofanti's knowledge of languages was almost exclusively the result of his own unassisted study.

From a very early age, he was destined for the church, and he received holy orders about the year 1797. During the period of his probationary studies, however, he obtained, through the kindness of his friend F. Respighi, the place of tutor in the family of the Marescalchi, one of the most distinguished among the

nobility of Bologna; and the opportunities for his peculiar studies afforded by the curious and valuable library to which he thus enjoyed free access, may probably have exercised a decisive influence upon his whole career.

His attainments gradually attracted the notice of his fellow-citizens. In the year 1797, he was appointed professor of Arabic in the university; a few years later, he was named assistant-librarian of the city library; and in 1803, he succeeded to the important chair of Oriental Languages. This post, which was most congenial to his tastes, he held, with one interruption, for a long series of years. In 1812, he was advanced to a higher place in the staff of the library; and in 1815, on the death of the chief librarian, Pozetti, he was appointed to fill his place. When it is considered how peculiarly engrossing the study of languages is known to be, and especially how attractive for an enthusiastic scholar like Mezzofanti, it might be supposed that for him the office of librarian could have been little more than a nominal one. But the library of Bologna to the present day bears abundant evidence that it was far otherwise. The admirable order in which the Greek and Oriental manuscripts are arranged, the excellent *catalogue raisonné* of these manuscripts, and the valuable additions to the notices of them by Assemani and Talmir which it contains, are all the fruit of Mezzofanti's labour as librarian.

During his occupancy of this office, too, he continued to hold his professorship of Oriental languages, and, for a considerable part of the time, that of Greek literature in addition. Nor was he exempt from those domestic cares and anxieties which are often the most painful drawback upon literary activity. The death of a brother, which threw upon him the care of an unprotected family of eleven children, was the severest trial sustained in Mezzofanti's otherwise comparatively quiet career; and by driving him to the ordinary expedient of distressed scholars—that of giving private lectures—it tended more than all his public occupations to trench upon his time, and to abridge his opportunities of application to his favourite study.

Perhaps, indeed, of all who have ever attained to the same eminence in any department which Mezzofanti reached in that of languages, there hardly ever was one who had so little of the mere student in his character. In the midst of these varied and distracting occupations, he was at all times most assiduous in his attendance upon the sick in the public hospitals, of which he acted as the chaplain. There was another also of his priestly duties, for the zealous discharge of which he was scarcely less distinguished, and which became subsidiary, in a very remarkable way, to his progress in the knowledge of languages. In the absence, up to the present time, of any regular memoir of him, it is impossible to fix with precision the history of his progress in the acquisition of the several languages. But it is well known, that at a very early period he was master of all the leading European languages, and of those Oriental tongues which are comprised in the Semitic family. Very early, therefore, in Mezzofanti's career, he was marked out among the entire body of the Bolognese clergy as in an especial manner the 'foreigners' confessor' (*confessario dei forestieri*). In him, visitors from every quarter of the globe had a sure and ready resource; and in several cases, it was to the very necessity thus created he was indebted for the acquisition, or at least the rudimentary knowledge, of a new language. More than once, it occurred that a foreigner, introduced to the *confessario dei forestieri*, for the purpose of being confessed, found it necessary to go through the preliminary process of instructing his intended confessor. For Mezzofanti's marvellous and almost instinctive power of grasping and systematising the leading characteristics even of the most original language, the names of a few

prominent ideas in the new idiom sufficed to open a first means of communication. His prodigious memory retained with iron tenacity every word or phrase once acquired; his power of methodising, by the very exercise, became more ready and more perfect with each new advance in the study; and, above all, a faculty which seemed peculiar to himself, and which can hardly be described as other than instinctive, of seizing and comprehending by a single effort the general outlines of the grammatical structure of a language from a few faint indications—as a comparative anatomist will build up an entire skeleton from a single bone—enabled him to overleap all the difficulties which beset the path of ordinary linguists, and to attain, almost by intuition, at least so much of the required language as enabled him to interchange thought with sufficient freedom and distinctness for the purposes of this religious observance, which is so important in the eyes of Catholics. And he used to tell, that it was in this way he acquired more than one of his varied store of languages. For it will hardly be believed, that this prodigy of the gift of tongues had never, till his forty-eighth year, travelled beyond the precincts of his native province; and that, up to the period of his death, his most distant excursion from Rome, in which city he had fixed his residence in 1832, did not exceed a hundred miles—namely, to Naples, for the purpose of visiting the Chinese College which is there established.

It is true that at the period of which we speak, Bologna lay upon the high-road to Rome, and that travellers more frequently rested for a space upon their journey, than in these days of steam-boat and railway communication. But, even then, the opportunities of intercourse with foreign-speaking visitors in Bologna were few and inconsiderable compared with the prodigious advances which, under all his disadvantages, Mezzofanti contrived to make. The ordinary European languages presented but little difficulty; the frequent passings and repassings of the allied forces during the later years of the war, afforded him a full opportunity of acquiring Russian; and the occasional establishment of Austrian troops in Bologna, brought him into contact with the motley tongues of that vast empire—the Magyar, the Czechish, the Serbian, the Walachian, and the Romani; but beyond this, even his spirit of enterprise had no vent in his native city; and all his further conquests were exclusively the result due to his own private and unassisted study.

His fame, nevertheless, began to extend to foreign countries. Among many distinguished foreigners to whose acquaintance his extraordinary faculties as a linguist became a passport, was the celebrated Russian general, Suwarow; and with him Mezzofanti long maintained the most friendly relations. From the Grand-Duke of Tuscany he received a pressing invitation to fix himself at Florence; and Napoleon himself, with that engrossing spirit which desired to make Paris the centre of all that is great in science, in art, and in literature, offered him a most honourable and lucrative appointment, on condition of his removing to the French capital. But Mezzofanti declined both the invitations, and continued to reside in his native city, till the year 1832. At the close of those political disturbances, of which Bologna was the centre, in the early part of the pontificate of Gregory XVI., it was resolved to send a deputation to Rome on the part of the citizens. Of this deputation, Mezzofanti, as the chief celebrity of the city, was naturally a leader; and the pope, who had long known him, and who, before his elevation to the pontificate, had frequently corresponded with him on philological subjects, urged him so earnestly to remain at Rome, that with all his love of Bologna he was induced to consent. He was immediately appointed, in 1832, a canon of St Peter's; and on the translation of the celebrated Angelo (now Cardinal) Mai to the office of secretary of the Propaganda, he was named to

succeed him in the honourable post of librarian of the Vatican.

In this office Mezzofanti continued till the year 1840, when, in conjunction with the distinguished scholar just named, he was raised to the cardinalate. During the interval since his fixing his residence at Rome, he had enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Gregory XVI.; and although his narrow resources were utterly unequal to the very considerable expense which the state of a cardinal entails, Gregory, in acknowledgment of his distinguished merit, himself settled the necessary income upon the humble Bolognese; and even, with characteristic delicacy, supplied from his own means the equipage and other appurtenances which a new cardinal is obliged to provide on entering upon his office.

From this period, Mezzofanti continued to reside at Rome. Far, however, from relaxing in the pursuit of his favourite study after his elevation, he only used the opportunities thus afforded for the purpose of cultivating it with more effect. When the writer of these pages first had the honour of being presented to him, he was in the full flush of the excitement of a new study—that of the language of the Californian Indians, two of whom had recently come as pupils to the College of the Propaganda; and up to his very last year, the same zeal continued unabated. His death occurred March 16, 1849, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was most probably hastened by the excitement and distress caused by the political troubles of the period.

Such is a brief outline of the quiet and uneventful career of this extraordinary man. It remains that we give a short account of the nature and extent of his prodigious attainments as a linguist. It is observed by the author of an interesting paper read a few weeks since at a meeting of the Philological Society, that, taking the account of the linguistic accomplishments of King Mithridates even in the most exaggerated form in which it is given by the ancients, who represent him as speaking the languages of twenty-two nations, it fades into insignificance in contrast with the known and ascertained attainments of Mezzofanti. A Russian traveller, who published in 1846 a collection of *Letters from Rome*, writes of Mezzofanti:—'Twice I have visited this remarkable man, a phenomenon as yet unparalleled in the learned world. He spoke eight languages fluently in my presence. He expressed himself in Russian very purely and correctly. Even now, in advanced life, he continues to study fresh dialects. He learned Chinese not long ago. I asked him to give me a list of all the languages and dialects in which he was able to express himself, and he sent me the name of God written with his own hand in fifty-six languages, of which thirty were European, not including their dialects; seventeen Asiatic, also without counting their dialects; five African, and four American!' We should add, however, from the cardinal's own avowal to ourselves, that of the fifty-six languages here alluded to, there were some which he did not profess to speak, and with which his acquaintance was more limited than with the rest; an avowal the honesty of which will be best appreciated when it is considered, on the one hand, how difficult it would have been to test his knowledge of the vast majority among these languages; and, on the other, how marvellously perfect was his admitted familiarity with those which he did profess really to know.

The author of the memoir submitted to the Philological Society, has collected a number of notices of Mezzofanti by travellers in Italy, who had seen him at different periods of his career. Mr Stewart Rose, in 1817, tells of him that a Smyrniote servant, who was with him, declared that he might pass for a Greek or a Turk throughout the dominions of the Grand Signior. A few years later, while he was still residing at Bologna,

he was visited by the celebrated Hungarian astronomer, Baron Zach, editor of the well-known *Correspondances Astronomiques*, on occasion of the annular eclipse which was then visible in Italy. 'This extraordinary man,' writes the baron, February 1820, 'speaks thirty-two languages, living and dead—in the manner I am going to describe. He accosted me in Hungarian, with a compliment so well - turned, and in such excellent Magyar, that I was quite taken by surprise. He afterwards spoke to me in German, at first in good Saxon, and then in the Austrian and Swabian dialects, with a correctness of accent that amazed me to the last degree, and made me burst into a fit of laughter at the thought of the contrast between the language and the appearance of this astonishing professor. He spoke English to Captain Smyth, Russian and Polish to Prince Volkonski, with the same volubility as if he had been speaking his native tongue.' As a last trial, the baron suddenly accosted him in *Walachian*, when, 'without hesitation, and without appearing to remark what an out-of-the-way dialect had been taken, away went the polyglot with equal volubility;' and Zach adds, that he even knew the Zingler or gipsy language, which had long proved a puzzle to himself. Molbech, a Danish traveller, who had an interview with him in 1820, adds to his account of this miraculous polyglotist, that 'he is not merely a linguist, but is well acquainted with literary history and bibliography, and also with the library under his charge. He is a man of the finest and most polished manners, and at the same time, of the most engaging good-nature and politeness.'

It would be easy to multiply anecdotes, shewing the enthusiasm with which Mezzofanti entered on the study of language after language. He sought out new tongues with an insatiable passion, and may be said to have never been happy but when engaged in the mastering of words and grammars. No degree of bad health interrupted his pursuit. Till the day of his death, he was engaged in his darling task: life closed on him while so occupied. He died just as he had acquired a thorough proficiency in Californian—a singular instance of the power of mind exercised on a favourite subject, and shewing what may be accomplished when men set their heart on it. The career of this remarkable linguist, however, cannot be considered exemplary. We would recommend no person to plunge headlong into an absorbing passion for any accomplishment. Mezzofanti was a curiosity—a marvel—the wonder of the world of letters; and it is chiefly as such that a notice of him here will be considered interesting.

CURIOSITIES OF POSTHUMOUS CHARITY.

THE curious observer, in his rambles about town, is occasionally struck with some singular demonstrations for which he is at a loss to account. Sometimes they assume a benevolent form, and sometimes they have a holiday-making aspect, yet with a touch of the lugubrious. In London, or in some one of the thriving towns lying within a score of miles of it, he strolls into a church, where he sees a number of loaves of bread piled up at the back of the communion-table, or ranged, as they are in a baker's shop, upon shelves against the wall. It is a pleasant sight, but apt to be somewhat puzzling. Perhaps he saunters into a country church-yard, and there finds amongst the rank grass and moss-grown and neglected memorials of the silent multitude, one trim and well-tended monument, uninvaded by cryptogamia, free from all stain of the weather, and the surrounding grassy sward neatly mown and fenced in, it may be, with budding willow branches or a circle of clipped box. Or

he finds his way through a suburban village, blocked up some fine morning by a crowd of poor women and girls, clustered round the door of a retired tradesman or the curate of the place, from which three or four at a time emerge with gratified looks, and go about their business, while others enter in their turn. Such demonstrations as these, and we might mention many others, have their origin in certain charitable dispositions and bequests, many of which are of considerable antiquity. There is one in operation to this day, near Winchester, which dates from the time of William of Wykeham; by virtue of which every traveller passing that way, if he choose to make the demand, is regaled with a pint of beer and a meal of bread and cheese. There is another similar antique charity in operation in Wiltshire, near Devizes, where, on one occasion, the dispenser of the benevolence, in the exercise of his privilege to feed the hungry, threw a loaf of bread into the carriage of George III. as the royal cortege passed the spot. The name of these post-mortem charities is legion. They abound in every city, burgh, town, and hamlet in England, to an extent absolutely startling to a person who looks into the subject for the first time. The number of them belonging to the city of London alone—that is, originating among her citizens, and mostly dispensed under the direction of the several worshipful companies—can hardly be fewer than 1500, if so few. The parochial charities only of London city yield an income of nearly L.40,000 a year. The history of all these charities would fill many bulky volumes. We propose merely to take a passing glance at a few, which are interesting from their singularity, or from the light which they reflect upon the benevolent aspect of a certain section of society in times long past; and which, perhaps, may be found in some degree instructive and suggestive, as illustrating the operation of post-mortem benevolence.

At St — Church, not a hundred miles from St Martin's Le Grand, there prevails an amusing instance of the perversion of the funds of a charity to purposes which could not possibly have been intended by the founder. Many centuries ago, a Roman Catholic gentleman, dying, bequeathed to that church a small estate, the proceeds of which he directed should be devoted to the purpose of supplying the officiating priests with refreshment on the Sabbath-day. The Roman Catholic service has long since given place to a Protestant one, and the band of officiating priests has dwindled down to one clergyman—while the value of the estate has increased perhaps fiftyfold. At the present moment, the sum which the estate originally produced is paid over to the church-wardens, who are at times a little puzzled as to what to do with it. They get rid of a good portion in this way: at every service which is held in the church, they place a bottle of the best sherry which can be procured for money upon the vestry-table; from this the 'officiating priest' strengthens his inner man with a glass or two before commencing his ministrations, and then the church-wardens sit down and finish the remainder comfortably by themselves, while the reverend gentleman is in the reading-desk or the pulpit. The cost of the wine, however, does not amount to half the sum in their hands, and the remainder goes to form a fund from which the church is painted, repaired, decorated, and kept in apple-pie order—the whole fabric undergoing a thorough revision and polish both outside and in as often as a pretext can be found.

What becomes of the bulk of the property—the large surplus arising from the increased value of the devised estate—this deponent sayeth not: the reader may be in a condition to guess by the time he has read to the end of this paper.

In the year 1565, a Mr Edward Taylor willed to the Leathersellers' Company a messuage, tenement, and melting-house, in the parish of St Olave, and other messuages in the same parish, upon condition that they should, quarterly and for ever, distribute among the poorest and neediest people in the Poultry Compter one kilderkin of beer and twelve pennyworths of bread, and the same to the poor of Wood Street Compter, Newgate, and the Fleet, the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea prisons. Under this bequest, the Company are at present in possession of considerable property, vastly increased in value since the date of the will; in respect of which property, 1s. worth of penny-loaves, and 2s. in money, in lieu of beer, are sent by them every quarter to the poor prisoners in each of the prisons mentioned in the original testament!

Robert Rogers devised in 1601 the sum of L.400 to the Leathersellers' Company, 'to be employed in lands, the best pennyworth they could get; and that the house should have 40s. of it a year for ever. The remainder was to be bestowed upon poor scholars, students of divinity—two of Oxford, and two of Cambridge, for four years; and after them to two others of each university; and after them, to others; and so on for ever. He also, by the same will, devised L.200 to be lent to four young men, merchant adventurers, at L.6, 18s. 4d., for the L.200, interest. The whole of the interest was to be spent in bread—to be distributed among poor prisoners—and coal for poor persons, with the exception of some small fees and gratuities to the parish clerk and beadle, for their trouble in carrying out his intentions. •

Lewisham, once a town in Kent, but now nothing more than a suburb of London, enjoys the benefactions of the Rev. Abraham Colfe, who, in 1656, bequeathed property for the maintenance of numerous charities. Some of them are singularly characteristic. Having provided for the erection of three strong alms-houses, he directed that certain alms-bodies should be periodically chosen, who were to be 'godly poor inhabitants of Lewisham, and being single persons, and threescore years old, past their hard bodily labour, and able to say the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments,' &c. &c. All these alms-bodies were to have '3d. each allowed them every day for their comfortable sustenance—that is, 21d. a week—to be paid them every month during their single life, and as long as they should behave themselves honestly and godly, and duly frequent the parish church.' They were to be summarily removed if guilty of profane or wicked conduct. The alms-bodies were not to exceed five in number at any one time. He directed a buttery to be built for their convenience, and also a little brick room, with a window in it, for the five alms-bodies to assemble in daily for prayer, and that the schoolmaster of the reading-school should pray with them there. He further directed the enclosure of gardens, of sixteen feet broad at the least, for their recreation. Mr Colfe also left money for lectures at Lewisham Church, as well as a sum for the purchase of Bibles, until they should amount to the number of thirty or forty, which were to be chained to the pews, or otherwise preserved; and he left 12d. a quarter to the clerk for writing down the names of those that should use them; also 2s. 8d. to him for taking care of the clock and dial; also, 10s. for a sermon on the 5th of November, and 12d. in bread for the poor who should come and hear it, and 6d. to the parish clerk; also 20s., to be distributed a penny at a time, to the children and servants who could best say their catechism, and 6d. to the minister for catechising them; also, a yearly

sum of money for distributing on every Lord's-day after the morning service, seven penny wheaten loaves, to seven of the most honest, peaceable, and godly poor householders of Lewisham, who could say the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments; also, 5s. a year to poor maid-servants, who at the time of their marriage had continued seven years with their master or mistress in Lewisham; with numerous other bequests. He further left moneys for the preservation of his father's, grandfather's, his wife's, and his own monument—his own being an oaken plank oiled, and a stone 'a foot square every way, and three feet long.' The stone and plank were removed many years ago, and an inscribed tablet has been set into the outer wall of the church.

The practice of leaving money for the sustentation of tomb-stones and monuments, appears to have prevailed for many generations; and may be very naturally accounted for, by the repugnance which most men would feel, to the idea of having their bones knocked about by the sexton's spade, and then wheeled off to the bone-house, if there happens to be a bone-house, or shot into the neighbouring river, or on a farmer's dung-heap, if there is no such convenience as a bone-house at hand. It was this feeling that induced the celebrated sculptor, Chantrey, to make sure of a quiet resting-place for his remains.* In so doing, he was, though perhaps unconsciously, but following the example of many who have gone before him. We have more than once encountered a sober party upon their annual visit to some country church-yard tomb, of which, by virtue of some bequest—which provides them with a good dinner upon the occasion—they are the appointed guardians. The worshipful members of the London companies sometimes choose to rest from their labours in a rural grave; and when they do, survivors are always to be found not unwilling to enjoy once a year a pensive holiday, coupled with the creature comforts, which the quiet comrade whose behest they execute has taken care to provide for them. It would be perhaps difficult to find a single church in all the little towns and hamlets within a dozen miles of London, which does not contain one tenant at least who has thus secured permanent possession of his last resting-place. So strong is this feeling in some individuals, that they shrink from confiding even in the stone-vaults in the interior of a city church. Thus, Sir William Rawlins, not so very long ago, bequeathed a certain sum of money for the preservation of his tomb and monument in Bishopsgate Church. The bequest provides for the remuneration of the visitors, who are specified parish functionaries, and entertains them with a good dinner on the day of the annual visitation, which they are bound to make—to inspect the monument and tomb, and to guarantee their good condition. In many instances, the sum originally devised for the sustentation of a grave or monument is not sufficient, in the present day, to remunerate residents in London for looking after it, and the money has been transferred to the parish in which the testator lies, and has become the perquisite of the sexton.

In the year 1635, one John Fletcher bequeathed to the Fishmongers' Company the sum of L.120, to supply 10s. every month to the poor of St Peter's Hospital, to provide them with a dinner on Sunday.

In the year 1653, Mr James Glassbrook bequeathed, after his wife's death, the sum of L.500 in the following words: 'and L.500 more to such uses as follow—to the poor of the parish of St Bololph Without, in which I dwell, L.5 in bread yearly; L.5 to the poor of St Giles's yearly in bread; to the poor of St Sepulchre's yearly in bread, L.5, to be given every Sabbath-day in the churches.' The amount of bread at the present time given away in London under this disposition, supplied

by some smaller bequests, is sixty-eight half-quartern loaves a week. The same poor persons, when they once get on the list, continue to receive the bread during their whole lives, unless they cease to reside in the parish, or are struck off the list of pensioners for misconduct.

One Daniel Midwinter, in 1750, left L.1000 to the Stationers' Company, to pay L.14 a year to the parish of St Faith's; and a like sum to Hornsey parish, to be applied in apprenticing two boys or girls of the several parishes, and to fit them out in clothes. At the present time, the money is paid over to the parties receiving the apprentices, with a recommendation to lay it out in clothes for the children.

By the will of John Stock, the parish of Christchurch received, among other legacies, the sum of L.100, the interest of which was directed to be applied in the following manner: one guinea to be paid to the vicar for a sermon to be preached by him on Good-Friday; 10s. to the curate for reading the prayers on that day; and the remainder to be equally distributed among such poor women as chose to remain and receive the sacrament after the service!

A Mr James Wood, amongst other curious provisions, devised to the church-wardens of the parish of St Nicholas Cole Abbey, the sum of 15s. annually, to be given away in twopences to such poor people as they should meet in the streets when going and returning from church on a specified day.

The inhabitants of Watling Street, and other districts in the vicinity of St Antholin's Church, are familiar with the sound of what is known in the neighbourhood as the 'Fish-bell.' This is a bell which rings out every Friday night from St Antholin's tower, to summon the inhabitants to evening prayers: very few people attend to the summons, which comes at an inconvenient time for that busy locality. There stands almost against the walls of the church a pump, which is always in good repair, and yields an excellent supply of water, greatly to the convenience of the neighbourhood. Both the pump and the prayers are the legacy of an old fish-woman of the last century. It is said, that for forty years of her life she was in the habit of purchasing fish in the small hours of the morning at Billingsgate Market; these she washed and prepared for her customers at a small spring near St Antholin's Church, and afterwards cried them about the town upon her head. Having prospered in her calling, she bequeathed a sufficient sum to perpetuate a weekly service in the church, and a good and efficient pump erected over the spring of which she had herself enjoyed a life-long privilege.

In St George's in the East, there is a charity, well-known as Raine's Charity, which was founded by Henry Raine, Esq., in the earlier part of the last century. The charity consists of two endowed schools, sufficiently well provided for the maintenance and instruction of fifty boys and as many girls, and the payment and support of a master and mistress. It is one part of the system of management, that six pupils of either sex leave the schools every year, to make room for as many new ones. By a somewhat whimsical provision in the will of the founder, a species of annual lottery comes off at the discharge of the six girls. If they have behaved well, have been attentive and obedient, and punctual and exact in the observance of their religious duties, they are entitled to draw lots for the sum of L.100, which will be paid to the fortunate holder of the prize as a marriage-portion upon her wedding-day. It is further provided, that the wedding is to take place on the 1st day of May; and that, in addition to the portion, L.5 is to be expended upon a marriage-dinner and a merry-making.

Bequests for the portioning of poor girls and virtuous servant-maids are, indeed, not at all uncommon. In the village of Bawburgh, in Norfolk, there is one

* See Chambers's Pocket Miscellany, vol. iv.

founded in the last century by a Quaker gentleman, who left a sum of money, the interest of which is shared among the servant-girls in the place who get married. The amount is not payable until twelve months after the wedding. The village being small, it will sometimes happen that a good sum accumulates before an applicant comes forward who can substantiate a claim upon it. The object of such bequests as these is sufficiently plain: the donors had evidently in view the counteracting of the wretched tendency of the old poor-law, which, by giving the mother of an illegitimate child a claim upon the parish funds, actually placed a premium upon female frailty.

In London, there are charitable dispositions and bequests for the nursery of every virtue that could be named, but more especially of industry, providence, and thrift. A man may be brought into the world by voluntary contributions; he may be maintained and educated at a foundling asylum, if his parents, as thousands do, choose to throw him upon the public compassion; he may ride into a good business upon the back of a borrowed capital, for which he pays but a nominal interest; and if he fail to realise a competence by his own endeavours, he may perchance revel in some corporation sinecure, or, at the worst, luxuriate in an alms-house, and be finally deposited in the church-yard—and all at other people's expense. On the other hand, if he be made of the right metal, he may carve his way to fortune and to civic fame, and may die full of years and honours—in which case, he is pretty sure to add one more to the list of charitable donors whose legacies go to swell the expectancies of the city poor. It would be difficult for any eccentric testator in the present day to hit upon a new method of disposing of the wealth which he can no longer keep. Every device for the exercise of posthumous generosity seems to have been exhausted long ago.

The trust-estates, the source of so many of the city of London charities, are mostly, if not all, under the control of the corporate companies. How they are managed, is a secret altogether unknown to the public, and of which, indeed, the livery and freemen of some of the companies have but a very limited knowledge. The revenue derived from the trust-estates, according to their own shewing, is not much less than £90,000 a year; but they have large revenues, of which they do not choose to shew any account at all. These are supposed to arise mainly from the increase in value of property originally devised to charitable uses—which increase it is their custom to appropriate as they please. 'Thus, for example,' says a writer on this subject, 'if a testator left to any one of these companies a piece of land then worth £10 per annum, directing that £10 should be annually appropriated to the support of a school, and the land subsequently increases in value to £500, then the master and wardens of the company claim the right of appropriating to their own uses the surplus of £490. In no equitable view of the case can this be deemed to be private property.' It seems probable that these things will be looked into before long. From a motion lately made in the House of Commons, we learn that a thorough investigation is contemplated into the management and application of all charities throughout the kingdom, the inquiry to be conducted at the cost of the several charities, the largest of which are not to pay more than £50, and the smaller ones twopence in the pound, upon the amount of their capital. Perhaps this inquiry may lead to the recovery of some of the charities which are stated to be lost, and of which nothing but the titles, under the denomination of So-and-so's gift, remain upon the corporation records.

The secret management of the trust-estates contrasts curiously with the pompous exhibition which some of the worshipful companies make of their deeds of

benevolence. Some of the smaller and older churches of London are stuck over in the interior with enormous black boards, as big as the church door almost, upon which are emblazoned, in gilt letters, the donations to the poor, to the school, to the repair of the fabric, &c. from the worshipful company of This and That, from the days of King James—the inscriptions of whose time are illegible through the smoke and damp of centuries—down to the days of Queen Victoria, and the donations of last Christmas, fresh and glittering from the hands of the gilder. Thus, the interesting old church of St Bartholomew the Great is lined with the eleemosynary exploits of the worshipful Iron-mongers' Company, whose multitudinous banners of black and gold are in abominable discordance with the severe and simple architecture of the ancient edifice. 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth,' is a monition apparently not much in repute among the corporate companies.

The reader may gather from the perusal of the above desultory examples, selected from a mass of similar ones, some idea of the enormous amount of the funds, intended for benevolent purposes, which Christian men have bequeathed to the world; and they may perhaps serve to enlighten the curious observer on the subject of some of the unobtrusive phenomena which occasionally excite his admiration and arouse his conjecture. They are the silent charities of men in the silent land. How much good they do, and how much harm, and on which side the balance is likely to lie—these are questions which for the present we have neither time nor space to discuss.

LABOUR STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET.

THE condition of the working-classes in this country is a subject of intense interest to all thinking men; but it is profitable as well as amusing to transfer our attention sometimes to the same portions of society in other countries. In Germany, for instance, the people are as busy as we are with their 'hand-workers,' and the questions of freedom of industry and general instruction are as warmly discussed as at home. We have now before us a little volume by the philosopher and historian, Zschokke, which, in the form of a fictitious narrative, treats very fully of the status of the mechanic in Fatherland; and we are tempted to cull a few extracts which may afford the reader materials for perhaps an interesting comparison.*

The real hero of the story is Hand-labour, and his progress is described throughout three generations of men. He is the Thought of the book, illustrated by adventure and vicissitude; living when the human agents die in succession; and leaving a distinct and continuous track in the reader's mind, when the names and persons fade or conglomerate in his memory. And yet some of these names and persons are not feebly individualised. The father, the son, and the grandson stand well out upon the canvas; and while the family likeness is strictly preserved from generation to generation, the men are seen independent and alone, each in his own special development. The patriarch was a travelling tinker, who wheeled his wares about the country in a barrow; and then, rising in the world, attained the dignity of a hawker, with a cart of goods, drawn by a little gray ass. His son Jonas trotted on foot beside him in all his journeys, dining like his father on bread and water, and sleeping in barns or stables. But when the boy was old enough, he was

* *Labour Stands on Golden Feet; or, the Life of a Foreign Workman, &c.* By Heinrich Zschokke. London: Groombridge.

turned off to pick up his own subsistence like the red-breasts, the sparrows, and the woodpeckers. 'Listen, my lad,' quoth Daddy Thaddaeus; 'this is the spring. Look for sloes and elderberries, rose-leaves and others for ointment; marjoram, spurge, and thyme, wherever thou mayst and canst. These we will sell to the apothecaries. In summer, gather basketfuls of strawberries, bilberries, and raspberries; carry them to the houses: they will yield money. In winter, let us gather and dry locks of wool, for the saddlers and tapestry-makers, and withes for the basket and mat manufacturers. From the table of the bountiful God, a thousand crumbs are falling for us: these we will pick up. They will give thee cheese to thy bread, and a piece of meat to thy potatoes. Only get to work! I will give thee a little barrow, and a belt for thy shoulders.'

This was his first essay in business on his own account, and he worked hard and thrived well. His separation from his father taught him how to stand on his own legs—an important piece of knowledge in a world that is as full of leave-takings as of meetings; and when they did come together, and the boy counted out his kreutzers, and the father patted him approvingly on the cheek, that boy would have changed places with no prince that ever sat on a throne. Jonas was at length apprenticed to a girdler, or worker in metals; and the old tinker in due time died, leaving his son the parting advice, to 'work, save, and pray,' and a box containing a thousand guilders.

Jonas's apprenticeship passed on pretty much according to universal rule; that is, he did the drudgery of the house as well as learned the trade, and received kicks and cuffs from the journeymen. But in five years his servitude was out, and he was a journeyman himself. He was now, by the rules of his guild, obliged to travel for improvement; he spent five or six years in going to and fro upon the earth, and then came back to Altenheim an accomplished girdler. To become a master, it was necessary to prepare his 'master-piece,' as a specimen of what he could do; and the task allotted to him was to engrave on copper, without rule or compass, the prince's family-crest, and then to gild the work richly. This accomplished, he was received into the guild of masters with much pomp, strange ceremonies, and old-fashioned feasting—all at the charge of the poor beginner. 'Without reckoning the heavy expenses of his mastership, or of clothing, linen, and furniture, in the hired lodgings and workshops, no small sum was requisite for the purchase of different kinds of tools—a lathe, an anvil, crucibles, dies, graving-implements, steel pins, hammers, chisels, tongs, scissors, &c.; and also for the purchase of brass and pinchbeck ware, copper, silver, lead, quicksilver, varnish, brimstone, borax, and other things indispensable for labour. He had also taken, without premium, an apprentice, the child of very poor people, to help him. He would have been very glad to put the rest of his money out to interest again; but he had to provide the means of subsistence for at least one year in advance, for he had to begin with neither wares nor customers.'

Jonas now appears in the character of a lover, and his wooing is one of the most beautiful pictures in the book. His choice has fallen upon a servant-girl, whom he had known in boyhood.

'One morning, Master Jordan sent his apprentice with a message: "Miss Fenchel was to come to him

directly: he had found a good place for her." Martha hastened thither gladly.

"Hast thou found a place for me, dear Jonas?" asked she, giving him her hand gracefully. "Thank God! I began to fear becoming troublesome to our kind friends. Come, tell me where?"

'He looked anxiously into her joyous blue eyes; then, in confusion, down to the ground; then again upwards to the roof of the room, and round the four sides, as though he were seeking something lost.

"Come, tell me, then?" repeated she. "Why art thou silent?"

'He collected himself, and began, hesitating: "It is—but Martha—thou must not be angry with me."

'In surprise, she smiled. "Angry with thee, Jonas! If I would be, and should be, could I be?"

"Listen, Martha; I will shew thee—I must tell thee—I know a man anxious to have thy heart and hand—who—even who?"

"O Jonas, reproach me rather, but do not make mockery of me, a poor maiden!" exclaimed she, shocked or hurt, while her face lost all its colour, and she turned from him.

"Martha, look at me. He is assuredly no bad man. I will bring him to thee; I will give him to thee myself."

"No, Jonas! no! From thee, least of all, can I receive a lover."

"From me, least of all!" asked he with visible emotion. "From me, least of all! And if—I don't know—if I would give thee myself—Look at me, Martha! Tell me."

'Here silence ensued. She stood before him with downcast eyes and glowing cheeks, and played with her apron-string. Then, as if still doubting, she looked up again, her eyes swimming with tears, and said, with trembling lips: "What must I say, then?"

'Jonas took courage, and whispered, half aloud: "Dost thou love me with all thy heart?"

'Half aloud, Martha whispered back: "Thy heart knows it."

"Canst thou be satisfied with dry bread and salt?"

"Rather salt from thee than tears from me!"

"Martha, I will work for thee; wilt thou save for me?"

"I will be sparing in everything, except my own pains!"

"Well then, darling, here is my hand! Take it. Wilt thou be mine?"

"Was I not thine eight years ago and more? Even as a child? Yet no! It ought not to be, Jonas."

'Alarmed, he looked in her face, and asked: "Not be? and why?"

"Think well over it, Jonas! Do thyself no injustice. I am a poor creature, without portion or property. Any other burgher's daughter in the town would be glad to give thee her hand and heart, and a good dowry beside. Thou mightst live much better."

"Say nothing about that," cried Jonas, stretching out both his hands imploringly. "Be still: I shall feel that I am but beginning to live, if thou wilt promise to live with me."

"Live, then!" said she, in blushing embarrassment, and gave him her hand.

'He took her hand, and at the same time clasped his bride to his bosom, that heaved with unwonted emotion. She wept on his breast in silent joy.'

We would fain, if we had room, add to this the marriage sermon, preached by the bridegroom, and well preached too; for Jonas had knowledge, although, as he said himself, he never found half so much in books as is lying everywhere about the road.

Martha was just the wife for the honest, sensible hand-worker; and as it frequently happens with such characters, his affairs prospered from the date of his

marriage. He took a larger house in a better situation for trade; and having presented the useless 'master-piece'—which nobody would buy—to the prince, he was rewarded by the dignity of 'Master-girdler to the Court.' But still 'uprightly and hardily the court-girdler lived with his wife, just as before; active in the workshop and warehouse, at markets and at fairs. Year after year fled, though, before the last guildler could be paid off, of the debt on the house. Days of joy and of sorrow succeeded each other in turn. They were all received with gratitude to God—these as well as those.'

We now come hastily to the third generation; for Jonas had a son called Veit, who was first apprenticed to his father, and then sent to travel as a journeyman. The patriarch had had no education at all; Jonas had snatched at his just as opportunities permitted; but Veit went regularly through the brief and practical curriculum fitted for a tradesman's son. He was, consequently, better informed and more refined than either his father or grandfather; and spent so much time in gaining a thorough insight into the branches connected with his own business, that honest Jonas was quite puzzled. 'Where did the boy get all these notions?' said he. 'He did not get them from me, I'm sure.' Veit had a bad opinion of the travelling custom, and for these reasons: 'How should these men, most of them badly brought up, attain to any greater perfection in their business, if they have left home and school without any preparation for it? No one can understand, if his understanding has not been developed. From one publican they go to another, and from one workshop to another; everywhere they find the old common track—the mechanical, mindless life of labour, just as in the very first place to which they were sent to learn their trade. At most, they acquire dexterity by practice. Now and then they learn a trick from a master, or get a receipt, which had been cautiously kept secret; when possessed of this, they think something of themselves. Even the character of these rambles is not seldom destroyed by intercourse with their fellows. They learn drinking and rioting, gambling and licentiousness, caballing and debating. Many are ruined before they return to their native place. Believe me, dearest father, the time of travel is to very few a true school for life; one in which, through frequent change of good and evil days, the head acquires experience, the thoughts strength and clearness, the heart courage, and reliance on God. Very few, even of those who bring a scientific education with them, can gain much of value for their calling in life; extend their views, transfer and apply to their own line of business the inventions and discoveries that have been made in other departments of art and industry.'

Jonas understood little of the refinements of his son, but he opened his eyes when Veit obtained a lucrative appointment in a large metallic manufactory, first in London and then in Paris. In a letter informing his parents of this good-fortune, were enclosed the whole of the savings from his salary. 'Master Jordan shook his head at this passage, and cried out, deeply moved, yet as though vexed, while a tear of motherly tenderness stole down Martha's cheek: "No! no! by no means! What is the fool thinking of? He'll want the money himself—a simpleton. Let him wait till he comes to the master-piece. What pleases me most in the story, is his contentment and his humility. He is not ashamed of his old silver watch yet. It is not everybody that could act so. There must be strong legs to support such extraordinary good-luck. These the bursch has!"'

After years of absence, the young man at last walks suddenly into the paternal home, on his father's birthday, and makes them all scream and weep with joy. "Hark ye, bursch!" exclaimed Jonas, who regarded him with fatherly delight, "thou seem'st to me almost

too learned, too refined, and too elegant for Veit Jordan. What turner has cut so neat a piece of furniture out of so coarse a piece of timber?" His stay, however, was short. M. and Mme Bellarme (his employer at Paris) 'had been loth, almost afraid, to let him go. The feeble state of health of the former began to be so serious, that he durst not engage in the bulk of his affairs. In the space of a year, both felt so complete confidence in Veit's knowledge of business, and in his honour, that they had taken him as a partner in trade, and in the foundry. Henceforth, M. Bellarme contributed his capital only; Veit his knowledge, care, and industry.'

The reform of the guilds, and the establishment of a technological school for the young hand-workers—both through the instrumentality of Jonas—we have no room to touch; for we must say a parting word on the reunion of the family by Veit's return permanently from abroad. Notwithstanding the prosperity of the now old couple, 'everything, ay, everything, was as he had left it years ago—as he had known it from childhood—only Christiane not. There stood yet the two well-scoured old deal-tables, wrinkled, though, from the protruding fibres of the wood; there were the straw-bottomed stools still; and at the window, Mother Martha's arm-chair, before which, as a child, he had repeated his lessons; there still hung the same little glass between the windows; and the wall-clock above the stove sent forth its tic-tac as fastly as ever. Father Jonas, in his enlarged workshop, with more journey-men and apprentices, smelted and hammered, filed and formed still, from morning to night, as before. The noble housewife flew about yet busy as a bee: she had managed the housekeeping without a servant since Christiane had been grown up. And Veit came back with the same cheerful disposition that he had ever shewn. In the simply-furnished rooms which Martha had fitted up for him, in the upper storey of the house, he forgot the splendid halls, the boudoirs, and antechambers of London, Paris, and the Bellarme estate; the Gobelin tapestry, the gold-framed pictures; the convenience of elegant furniture, and the artificial delicacies of the table on silver-plate.' Assisted by the patronage of the prince, he established a great foundry in his native town, of ball and cannon, bronze and brass; and on his marriage with the aforesaid Christiane, the sovereign made him a handsome present, in a handsome manner, 'as a small token of his gratitude to a family that had been so useful to the country.'

In addition to the hand-workers' school, there now arose, under the auspices of this family, a training-school for teachers, a labour-school for females, and other establishments. The town was embellished; the land in the neighbourhood rose in value; uncleanness and barbarism in food, clothing and houses, disappeared. 'Only old men and women, grown rusty in the habits and the ignorance of many years, complain that the times are worse; at the sight of a higher civilisation, they complain of "the luxury and the pride of the world now-a-days;" as superstition dies out, they complain of "human incredulity, and the downfall of religion." "The day of judgment," say they, is at hand.'

'But Master Jonas, when seventy years had silvered his hair, stood almost equal to a strong man of thirty, happy, indeed, by the side of the pious Martha, in a circle of his children and children's children, honoured by his fellow-citizens, and honoured by his prince. He often told the story of his boyhood, how he used to go about hawking with Father Thaddaeus the tinker; and his face glowed with inward satisfaction, when he compared the former period with present changes, in the production of which he could never have imagined he was to have so considerable a share. Then he used to exclaim: "Have I not always said it? Clear

understanding only in the head, love to one's neighbour in the heart, frugality in the stomach, and industry in the fingers—then: **HAND - WORK STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET.**"

LORD ROSSE'S DISCOVERIES.

As Professor Nichol very truly remarks, 'investigation regarding such aggregations is virtually a branch of atomic and molecular inquiry,' with stars in place of atoms, mighty spheres in place of 'dust,' 'the firmament above' instead of 'the firmament beneath.' In fact, the astronomer, in sweeping with his telescopic eye the 'blue depths of ether,' is, as it were, some Lilliputian inhabitant of an atom prying into the autumnal structure of some Brobdiagnian world of saw-dust, organised into spiral and other elementary forms, of life, it may be, something like our own. The infinite height appears, in short, like the infinite depth, and we knowing not precisely where we stand between the two immensities of depth and height! The shapes evolved by the wonderful telescope of Lord Rosse are, many of them, absolutely fantastical; wonder and awe are mingled with almost ridiculous feelings in contemplating the strange apparitions—strange monstrosities we had almost called them—that are pictured on the background of the illustrations. One aggregation looms forth out of the darkness like the skeleton face of some tremendous mammoth, or other monstrous denizen of ancient times, with two small fiery eyes, however, gazing out of its great hollow orbits; another consists of a central nucleus, with arms of stars radiating forth in all directions, like a star-fish, or like the scattering fire-sparks of some pyrotechnic wheel revolving; a third resembles a great wisp of straw, or twist or coil of ropes; a fourth, a cork-screw, or other spiral, seen on end; a fifth, a crab; a sixth, a dumb-bell—many of them scroll or scrolls of some thin texture seen edgewise; and so on. It is even a suggestion of the author's, that some of the spiral and armed wheels may be revolving yet in the vast ocean of space in which they are engulfed. Thus has the telescope traced the 'binding' influences of the Pleiades, loosened the bands of 'Orion'—erst the chief *nebulous* hazy wonders, once and for all revealing its separate stars: and thus, in brief, has this wondrous instrument 'unrolled the heavens as a scroll.' Yet even these astonishing results are as nothing to the fact, that those fantastic shapes which it has revealed in the depths of this *lambo* of creation, are not shapes merely of the present time—that thousands of years have passed since the light that shewed them left the starry firmaments only now revealed—that the telescope, in short, in reflecting these astonishing shapes, deliver to the eye of mind turned inward on the long-stored records of a universal and eternal memory of the past, than to a mere eye of sense looking outward on the things of passing time!—*The Builder.*

SOUTH-AFRICAN REPTILES.

I was going quietly to bed one evening, wearied by a long day's hunting, when, close to my feet, and by my bedside, some glittering substance caught my eye. I stooped to pick it up; but, ere my hand had quite reached it, the truth flashed across me—it was a snake! Had I followed my first natural impulse, I should have sprung away, but not being able clearly to see in what position the reptile was lying, or which way his head was pointed, I controlled myself, and remained rooted breathless to the spot. Straining my eyes, but moving not an inch, I at length clearly distinguished a huge puff-adder, the most deadly snake in the colony, whose bite would have sent me to the other world in an hour or two. I watched him in silent horror: his head was from me—so much the worse; for this snake, unlike any other, always rises and strikes back. He did not move; he was asleep. Not daring to shuffle my feet, lest he should awake and spring at me, I took a jump backwards, that would have done honour to a gymnastic master, and thus darted outside the door of the room. With a thick stick, I then returned and settled his worship. Some parts of South

Africa swarm with snakes; none are free from them. I have known three men killed by them in one harvest on a farm in Oliphant's Hoek. There is an immense variety of them, the deadliest being the puff-adder, a thick and comparatively short snake. Its bite will kill occasionally within an hour. One of my friends lost a favourite and valuable horse by its bite, in less than two hours after the attack. It is a sluggish reptile, and therefore more dangerous; for, instead of rushing away, like its fellows, at the sound of approaching footsteps, it half raises its head and hisses. Often have I come to a sudden pull-up on foot and on horseback, on hearing their dreaded warning! There is also the cobra-capello, nearly as dangerous, several black snakes, and the boom-slang, or tree-snake, less deadly, one of which I once shot seven feet long. The Cape is also infested by scorpions, whose sting is little less virulent than a snake-bite; and by the spider called the tarantula, which is extremely dreaded.—*The Cape, by A. W. Cole.*

LINES.

Ask me not with simple grace,
Pearls of thought to string for thee;
For upon thy smiling face,
Perfect gems I see—
In thine eyes of beauty trace
Lights that fadeless be.

Did me not from Memory's land,
Cull fair flowers of rich perfume;
Love will shew with trembling hand,
Where far fairer bloom—
Clustering on thy cheek they stand,
Blushing deep—for whom?

Bid me not with Fancy's gale
Wake the music of a sigh;
From thy breath a sweeter tale,
Silver-winged, floats by;
Melodies that never fail,
Heard when thou art nigh!

Ask me not—yet, oh! for thee
Dearer thoughts my bosom fill,
Dimmed with tears I cannot see
To do thy gracious will:
Take, then, my prayer—In heaven may we
Behold thee lovelier still!

PERCIE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF EXTREME MINUTENESS.

Dr Wollaston obtained platinum-wire so fine, that 30,000 pieces, placed side by side in contact, would not cover more than an inch. It would take 150 pieces of this wire bound together to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk. Although platinum is the heaviest of the known bodies, a mile of this wire would not weigh more than a grain. Seven ounces of this wire would extend from London to New York. Fine as is the filament produced by the silkworm, that produced by the spider is still more attenuated. A thread of a spider's web, measuring four miles, will weigh very little more than a single grain. Every one is familiar with the fact, that the spider spins a thread, or cord, by which his own weight hangs suspended. It has been ascertained that this thread is composed of about 6000 filaments.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

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LONDON CROSSING-SWEEPERS.

THERE is no occupation in life, be it ever so humble, which is justly worthy of contempt, if by it a man is enabled to administer to his necessities without becoming a burden to others, or a plague to them by the parade of shoeless feet, fluttering rags, and a famished face. In the multitudinous drama of life, which on the wide theatre of the metropolis is ever enacting with so much intense earnestness, there is, and from the very nature of things there always must be, a numerous class of supernumeraries, who from time to time, by the force of varying circumstances, are pushed and hustled off the stage, and shuffled into the side-scenes, the drear and dusky background of the world's proscenium. Of the thousands and tens of thousands thus rudely dealt with, he is surely not the worst who, wanting a better weapon, shoulders a birch-broom, and goes forth to make his own way in the world, by removing the moist impediments of filth and refuse from the way of his more fortunate fellows. Indeed, look upon him in what light you may, he is in some sort a practical moralist. Though far remote from the ivy chaplet on Wisdom's glorious brow, yet his stump of withered birch inculcates a lesson of virtue, by reminding us, that we should take heed to our steps in our journeyings through the wilderness of life; and, so far as in him lies, he helps us to do so, and by the exercise of a very catholic faith, looks for his reward to the value he supposes us to entertain for that virtue which, from time immemorial, has been in popular parlance classed as next to godliness.

Time was, it is said, when the profession of a street-sweeper in London was a certain road to competence and fortune—when the men of the brooms were men of capital; when they lived well, and died rich, and left legacies behind them to their regular patrons. These palmy days, at anyrate, are past now. Let no man, or woman either, expect a legacy at this time of day from the receiver of his copper dole. The labour of the modern sweeper is nothing compared with his of half a century ago. The channel of viscous mud, a foot deep, through which, so late as the time when George the Third was king, the carts and carriages had literally to plough their way, no longer exists, and the labour of the sweeper is reduced to a tithe of what it was. He has no longer to dig a trench in the morning, and wall up the sides of his fosse with stiff earth, boarded for the purpose, as we have seen him doing in the days when 'Boney' was a terror. The city scavengers have reduced his work to a minimum, and his pay has dwindled proportionately. The twopences which used to be thrown to a sweeper will now

pay for a ride, and the smallest coin is considered a sufficient guerdon for a service so light. But what he has lost in substantial emolument, he has gained in *morale*; he is infinitely more polite and attentive than he was; he sweeps ten times as clean for a half-penny as he did for twopence or sixpence, and thanks you more heartily than was his wont in the days of yore. The truth is, that civility, as a speculation, is found to pay; and the want of it, even among the very lowest rank of industrials in London, is at the present moment not merely a rarity, but an actual phenomenon—always supposing that something is to be got by it.

The increase of vehicles of all descriptions, but more especially omnibuses, which are perpetually rushing along the main thoroughfares, has operated largely in shutting out the crossing-sweepers from what was at one period the principal theatre of their industry. Independent, too, of the unbroken stream of carriages which renders sweeping during the day impossible, and the collection of small coin from the crowd who dart impatiently across the road when a practicable breach presents itself, equally so, it is found that too dense a population is less favourable to the brotherhood of the broom than one ever so sparse and thin. Had the negro of Waithman's obelisk survived the advent of Shillibeer, he would have had to shift his quarters, or to have drawn upon his three-and-a-half per cents. to maintain his position. The sweepers who work on the great lines of traffic from Oxford Street west to Aldgate, are consequently not nearly so numerous as they once were, though the members of the profession have probably doubled their numbers within the last twenty years. They exercise considerable judgment in the choice of their locations, making frequent experiments in different spots, feeling the pulse of the neighbourhood, as it were, ere they finally settle down to establish a permanent connection.

We shall come to a better understanding of the true condition of these muddy nomads by considering them in various classes, as they actually exist, and each of which may be identified without much trouble. The first in the rank is he who is bred to the business, who has followed it from his earliest infancy, and never dreamed of pursuing any other calling. We must designate him as

No. 1. *The Professional Sweeper.*—He claims precedence before all others, as being to the manner born, and inheriting his broom, with all its concomitant advantages, from his father, or mother, as it might be. All his ideas, interests, and affections are centered in one spot of ground—the spot he sweeps, and has swept daily for the last twenty or thirty years, ever since it was bequeathed to him by his parent. The

companion of his childhood, his youth, and his maturer age, is the post buttressed by the curb-stone at the corner of the street. To that post, indeed, he is a sort of younger brother. It has been his friend and support through many a stormy day and blustering night. It is the confidant of his hopes and his sorrows, and sometimes, too, his agent and cashier, for he has cut a small basin in the top of it, where a passing patron may deposit a coin if he choose, under the guardianship of the broom, which, while he is absent for a short half-hour discussing a red herring and a crust for his dinner, leans gracefully against his friend the post, and draws the attention of a generous public to that as the deputy-receiver of the exchequer. Our professional friend has a profound knowledge of character: he has studied the human face divine all his life, and can read at a glance, through the most rigid and rugged lineaments, the indications of benevolence or the want of it; and he knows what aspect and expression to assume, in order to arouse the sympathies of a hesitating giver. He knows every inmate of every house in his immediate neighbourhood; and not only that, but he knows their private history and antecedents for the last twenty years. He has watched a whole generation growing up under his broom, and he looks upon them all as so much material destined to enhance the value of his estate. He is the humble pensioner of a dozen families: he wears the shoes of one, the stockings of another, the shirts of a third, the coats of a fourth, and so on; and he knows the taste of everybody's cookery, and the temper of everybody's cookmaid, quite as well as those who daily devour the one and scold the other. He is intimate with everybody's cat and everybody's dog, and will carry them home if he finds them straying. He is on speaking terms with everybody's servant-maid, and does them all a thousand kind offices, which are repaid with interest by surreptitious scraps from the larder, and jorums of hot tea in the cold wintry afternoons. On the other hand, if he knows so much, he is equally well known: he is as familiar to sight as the Monument on Fish Street Hill to those who live opposite; he is part and parcel of the street view, and must make a part of the picture whenever it is painted, or else it won't be like. You cannot realise the idea of meeting him elsewhere; it would be shocking to your nerves to think of it: you would as soon think of seeing the Obelisk walking up Ludgate Hill, for instance, as of meeting him there—it could not be. Where he goes when he leaves his station, you have not the least notion. He is there so soon as it is light in the morning, and till long after the gas is burning at night. He is a married man, of course, and his wife, a worthy helpmate, has no objection to pull in the same boat with him. When Goggs has a carpet to beat—he beats all the carpets on his estate—Mrs Goggs comes to console the post in his absence. She usually signalises her advent by a desperate assault with the broom upon the whole length of the crossing: it is plain she never thinks that Goggs keeps the place clean enough, and so she brushes him a hint. Goggs has a weakness for beer, and more than once we have seen him asleep on a hot thirsty afternoon, too palpably under the influence of John Barleycorn to admit of a doubt, his broom between his legs, and his back against his abstinent friend the post. Somehow, whenever this happens, Mrs G. is sure to hear of it, and she walks him off quietly, that the spectacle of a sweeper overtaken may not bring a disgrace upon the profession; and then, broom in hand, she takes her stand, and does his duty for the remainder of the day. The receipts of the professional sweeper do not vary throughout the year so much as might be supposed. They depend very little upon chance contributions: these, there is no doubt, fall off considerably, if they do not fail altogether, during a continuance of dry weather,

when there is no need of the sweeper's services; but the man is remunerated chiefly by regular donations from known patrons, who form his connection, and who, knowing that he must eat and drink be the weather wet or dry, bestow their periodical pittances accordingly.

No. 2 is the *Morning Sweeper*.—This is rather a knowing subject, one, at least, who is capable of drawing an inference from certain facts. There are numerous lines of route, both north and south of the great centres of commerce, and all converging towards the city as their nucleus, which are traversed, morning and evening, for two or three consecutive hours, by bands of gentleman-looking individuals: clerks, book-keepers, foremen, business-managers, and such like responsible functionaries, whose unimpeachable outer integuments testify to their regard for appearances. This current of respectability sets in towards the city at about half-past six in the morning, and continues its flow until just upon ten o'clock, when it may be said to be high-water. Though a large proportion of these agents of the world's traffic are daily borne to and from their destination in omnibuses, still the great majority, either for the sake of exercise or economy, are foot-passengers. For the accommodation of the latter, the crossing-sweeper stations himself upon the dirtiest portion of the route, and clearing a broad and convenient path ere the sun is out of bed, awaits the inevitable tide, which must flow, and which can hardly fail of bringing him some remuneration for his labour. If we are to judge from the fact, that along one line of route which we have been in the habit of traversing for several years, we have counted as many as fourteen of these morning sweepers in a march of little more than two miles, the speculation cannot be altogether unprofitable. In traversing the same route in the middle of the day, not three of the sweepers would be found at their post; and the reason would be obvious enough, since the streets are then comparatively deserted, being populous in the morning only, because they are so many short-cuts or direct thoroughfares from the suburbs to the city. The morning sweeper is generally a lively and active young fellow; often a mere child, who is versed in the ways of London life, and who, knowing well the value of money from the frequent want of it, is anxious to earn a penny by any honest means. Ten to one, he has been brought up in the country, and has been tutored by hard necessity, in this great wilderness of brick, to make the most of every hour, and of every chance it may afford him. He will be found in the middle of the day touting for a job at the railway stations, to carry a portmanteau or to wheel a truck; or he will be at Smithfield, helping a butcher to drive to the slaughter-house his bargain of sheep or cattle; or in some livery-yards, currying a horse or cleaning out a stable. If he can find nothing better to employ him, he will return to his sweeping in the evening, especially if it be summer-time, and should set in wet at five or six o'clock. When it is dark early, he knows that it won't pay to resume the broom; commercial gentlemen are not particular about the condition of their Wellingtons, when nobody can see to criticise their polish, and all they want is to exchange them for slippers as soon as possible. If we were to follow the career of this industrious fellow up to manhood, we should in all probability find him occupying worthily a hard-working but decent and comfortable position in society.

No. 3 is the *Occasional Sweeper*.—Now and then, in walking the interminable streets, one comes suddenly upon very questionable shapes, which, however, we don't question, but walk on and account for them mythically if we can. Among these singular apparitions which at times have startled us, not a few have borne a broom in their hands, and appealed to us for a reward for services which, to say the best of them, were extremely doubtful. Now an elderly gentleman

in silver spectacles, with pumps on his feet, and a roquelaure with a fur-collar over his shoulders, and an expression of unutterable anguish in his countenance, holds out his hand and bows his head as we pass, and groans audibly the very instant we are within earshot of a groan; which is a distance of about ten inches in a London atmosphere. Now an old, old man, tall, meagre, and decrepit, with haggard eye and moonstruck visage, bares his aged head to the pattering rain—

'Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream like a meteor to the troubled air.'

He makes feeble and fitful efforts to sweep a pathway across the road, and the dashing cab pulls up suddenly just in time to save him from being hurled to the ground by the horse. Then he gives it up as a vain attempt, and leans, the model of despair, against the wall, and wrings his skeleton fingers in agony—when just as a compassionate matron is drawing the strings of her purse, stopping for her charitable purpose in a storm of wind and rain, the voice of the policeman is heard over her shoulder: 'What! you are here at it again, old chap? Well, I'm blown if I think anything 'll cure you. You'd better put up your pus, marm: if he takes your money, I shall take him to the station-us, that's all. Now, old chap—trot, trot, trot!' And away walks the old impostor, with a show of activity perfectly marvellous for his years, the policeman following close at his heels till he vanishes in the arched entry of a court.

The next specimen is perhaps a 'swell' out at elbows, a seedy and somewhat ragged remnant of a very questionable kind of gentility—a gentility engendered in 'coal-boles' and 'cider-cellars,' in 'shades,' and such-like midnight 'kens'—suckled with brandy and water and port-wine negus, and fed with deviled kidneys and toasted cheese. He has run to the end of his tether, is cleaned out even to the last disposable shred of his once well-stocked wardrobe; and after fifty high-flying and desperate resolves, and twice fifty mean and sneaking devices to victimise those who have the misfortune to be assailable by him, 'to this complexion he has come at last.' He has made a track across the road, rather a slovenly disturbance of the mud than a clearance of it; and having finished his performance in a style to indicate that he is a stranger to the business, being born to better things, he rears himself with front erect and arms a-kimbo, with one foot advanced after the approved statuesque model, and exhibits a face of scornful brass to an unsympathising world, before whom he stands a monument of neglected merit, and whom he doubtless expects to overwhelm with unutterable shame for their abominable treatment of a man and a brother—and a gentleman to boot. This sort of exhibition never lasts long, it being a kind of standing-dish for which the public have very little relish in this practical age. The 'swell' sweeper generally subsides in a week or two, and vanishes from the stage, on which, however ornamental, he is of very little use.

The occasional sweeper is much oftener a poor countryman, who has wandered to London in search of employment, and, finding nothing else, has spent his last fourpence in the purchase of a besom, with which he hopes to earn a crust. Here his want of experience in town is very much against him. You may know him instantly from the old *habitué* of the streets: he plants himself in the very thick and throng of the most crowded thoroughfare—the rapids, so to speak, of the human current—where he is of no earthly use, but, on the contrary, very much in the way, and where, while everybody wishes him at Jericho, he wonders that nobody gives him a copper; or he undertakes impossible things, such as the sweeping of the whole width of Charing Cross from east to west, between the equestrian statue and Nelson's Pillar, where, if he sweep the whole, he can't collect, and if he collect, he can't sweep,

and he breaks his heart and his back too in a fruitless vocation. He picks up experience in time; but he is pretty sure to find a better trade before he has learned to cultivate that of a crossing-sweeper to perfection.—Many of these occasional hands are Hindoos, Lascars, or Orientals of some sort, whose dark skins, contrasted with their white and scarlet drapery, render them conspicuous objects in a crowd; and from this cause they probably derive an extra profit, as they can scarcely be passed by without notice. The sudden promotion of one of this class, who was hailed by the Nepaulese ambassador as he stood, broom in hand, in St Paul's Churchyard, and engaged as dragoman to the embassy, will be in the recollection of the reader. It would be impossible to embrace in our category even a tithe of the various characters who figure in London as occasional sweepers. A broom is the last resort of neglected and unemployed industry, as well as of sudden and unfriended ill-fortune—the sanctuary to which a thousand victims fly from the fiends of want and starvation. The broken-down tradesman, the artisan out of work, the decayed gentleman, the ruined gambler, the starving scholar—each and all we have indubitably seen brooming the muddy ways for the chance of a half-penny or a penny. It is not very long since we were addressed in Water Street, Blackfriars, by a middle-aged man in a garb of seedy black, who handled his broom like one who played upon a strange instrument, and who, wearing the words *pauper et pedester* written on a card stuck in his hat-band, told us, in good colloquial Latin, a tale of such horrifying misery and destitution, that we shrink from recording it here. We must pass on to the next on our list, who is—

No. 4, the *Lucius-a-non*, or a sweeper who never sweeps.—This fellow is a vagabond of the first-water, or of the first-mud rather. His stock in trade is an old worn-out broom-stump, which he has shouldered for these seven years past, and with which he has never displaced a pound of soil in the whole period. He abominates work with such a crowning intensity, that the very pretence of it is a torture to him. He is a beggar without a beggar's humbleness; and a thief, moreover, without a thief's hardihood. He crawls lazily about the public ways, and begs under the banner of his broom, which constitutes his protection against the police. He will collect alms at a crossing which he would not cleanse to save himself from starvation; or he will take up a position at one which a morning sweeper has deserted for the day, and glean the sorry remnants of another man's harvest. He is as insensible to shame as to the assaults of the weather; he will watch you picking your way through the mire over which he stands sentinel, and then impudently demand payment for the performance of a function which he never dreams of exercising; or he will stand in your path in the middle of the splashy channel, and pester you with whining supplications, while he kicks the mire over your garments, and bars your passage to the pavement. He is worth nothing, not even the short notice we have taken of him, or the trouble of a whipping, which he ought to get, instead of the coins that he contrives to extract from the heedless generosity of the public.

No. 5 is the *Sunday Sweeper*.—This neat, dapper, and cleanly variety of the genus besom, is usually a young fellow, who, pursuing some humble and ill-paid occupation during the week, ekes out his modest salary by labouring with the broom on the Sunday. He has his regular 'place of worship,' one entrance of which he monopolises every Sabbath morning. Long before the church-going bell rings out the general invitation, he is on the spot, sweeping a series of paths all radiating from the church or chapel door to the different points of the compass. The business he has cut out for himself is no sinecure; he does his work so effectually, that you marvel at the achievement, and doubt

if the floor of your dwelling be cleaner. Then he is himself as clean as a new pin, and wears a flower in his button-hole, and a smile on his face, and thanks you so becomingly, and bows so gracefully, that you cannot help wishing him a better office; and of course, to prove the sincerity of your wish, you pay him at a better rate. When the congregation are all met, and the service is commenced, he is religious enough, or knowing enough, to walk stealthily in, and set himself upon the poor bench, where he sits quietly, well behaved and attentive to the end; for which very proper conduct he is pretty sure to meet an additional reward during the exit of the assembly, as they defile past him at the gate when all is over. In the afternoon, he is off to the immediate precinct of some park or public promenade; and selecting a well-frequented approach to the general rendezvous, will cleanse and purify the crossing or pathway in his own peculiar and elaborate style, vastly to the admiration of the gaily-dressed pedestrians, and it is to be supposed, to his own profit. Besides this really clever and enterprising genius, there is a numerous tribe of a very different description, who must sally forth literally by the thousand every Sunday morning when the weather is fine, and who take possession of every gate, stile, and wicket, throughout the widespread suburban districts of the metropolis in all directions. They are of both sexes and all ages; and go where you will, it is impossible to go through a gate, or get over a stile, without the proffer of their assistance, for which, of course, you are expected to pay, whether you use it or not. Some of these fellows have a truly ruffianly aspect, and waylay you in secluded lanes and narrow pathways; and carrying a broom-stump, which looks marvellously like a bludgeon, no doubt often levy upon the apprehensions of a timorous pedestrian a contribution which his charity would not be so blind as to bestow. The whole of this tribe constitute a monster-nuisance, which ought to be abated by the exertions of the police.

No. 6 are the *deformed, maimed, and crippled sweepers*, of whom there is a considerable number constantly at work, and, to do them justice, they appear by no means the least energetic of the brotherhood. Nature frequently compensates bodily defects by the bestowal of a vigorous temperament. The sweeper of one leg or one arm, or the poor cripple who, but for the support of his broom, would be crawling on all-fours, is as active, industrious, and efficient as the best man on the road; and he takes a pride in the proof of his prowess, surveying his work when it is finished with a complacency too evident to escape notice. He considers, perhaps, that he has an extra claim upon the public on account of the afflictions he has undergone, and we imagine that such claim must be pretty extensively allowed: we know no other mode of accounting for the fact, that now and then one of these supposed maimed or halt performers turns out to be an impostor, who, considering a broken limb, or something tantamount to that, essential to the success of his broom, concocts an impromptu fracture or amputation to serve his purpose. Some few years ago, a lively, sailor-looking fellow appeared as a one-handed sweeper in a genteel square on the Surrey side of the water. The right sleeve of his jacket waved empty in the wind, but he flourished his left arm so vigorously in the air, and completed the gyration of his weapon, when it stuck fast in the mud, so manfully by the impulse of his right leg, that he became quite a popular favourite, and won 'copper opinions from all sorts of men,' to say nothing of a shower of sixpences from the ladies in the square. Unfortunately for the continuance of his prosperity, a gentleman intimate with one of his numerous patronesses, while musing in the twilight at an upstairs window, saw the fellow enter his cottage after his day's work, release his right arm from the durance in which it had lain beneath his jacket for ten or twelve hours,

and immediately put the power of the long-imprisoned limb to the test by belabouring his wife with it. That same night every tenant in the square was made acquainted with the disguised arm, and the use for which it was reserved, and the ingenious performer was the next morning delivered over to the police. The law, however, allows a man to dispose of his limbs as he chooses; and as the delinquent was never proved to have said that he had lost an arm; and as he urged that one arm being enough for the profession he had embraced, he considered he had a right to reserve the other until he had occasion for it—he was allowed to go about his business.

No. 7, and the last in our classification, are the *Female Sweepers*.—It is singular, that among these we rarely if ever meet with young women, properly so called. The calling of a crossing-sweeper, so far as it is carried on by females, is almost entirely divided between children or young girls, and women above the age of forty. The children are a very wandering and fickle race, rarely staying for many weeks together in a single spot. This love of change must militate much against their success, as they lose the advantage of the charitable interest they would excite in persons accustomed to meet them regularly in their walks. They are not, however, generally dependent upon the produce of their own labours for a living, being for the most part the children of parents in extremely low circumstances, who send them forth with a broom to pick up a few halfpence to assist in the daily provision for the family. The older women, on the other hand, of whom there is a pretty stout staff scattered throughout the metropolis, are too much impressed with the importance of adhering constantly to one spot, capriciously to change their position. They would dread to lose a connection they have been many years in forming, and they will even cling to it after it has ceased to be a thoroughfare through the opening of a new route, unless they can discover the direction their patrons have taken. When a poor old creature, who has braved the rheumatism for thirty years or so, finds she can stand it no longer, we have known her induct a successor into her office by attending her for a fortnight or more, and introducing the new-comer to the friendly regard of her old patrons. The exceptions to these two classes of the old and the very juvenile, will be found to consist mostly of young widows left with the charge of an infant family more or less numerous. Some few of these there are, and they meet with that considerate reception from the public which their distressing cases demand. The spectacle of a young mother, with an infant on one arm muffled up from the driving rain, while she plies a broom single-handed, is one which never appeals in vain to a London public. With a keen eye for imposture, and a general inclination to suspect it, the Londoner has yet compassion, and coin, too, to bestow upon a deserving object. It is these poor widows who, by rearing their orphaned offspring to wield the broom, supplement the ranks of the professional sweepers. They become the heads of sweeping families, who in time leave the maternal wing, and slift for themselves. We might point to one whom we have encountered almost daily for the last ten years. In 1841, she was left a widow with three small children, the eldest under four, and the youngest in arms. Clad in deep mourning, she took up a position at an angular crossing of a square, and was allowed to accommodate the two elder children upon some matting spread upon the steps of a door. With the infant in one arm, she plied her broom with the other, and held out a small white hand for the reception of such charity as the passers-by might choose to bestow. The children grew up strong and hearty, in spite of their exposure to the weather at all seasons. All three of them are at the present moment sweepers in the same line of route, at no great distance from the mother, who, during the

whole period, has scarcely abandoned her post for a single day. Ten years' companionship with sun and wind, and frost and rain, have doubled her apparent age, but her figure still shews the outline of gentility, and her face yet wears the aspect and expression of better days. We have frequently met the four returning home together in the deepening twilight, the elder boy carrying the four brooms strapped together on his shoulder.

The sweeper does better at holiday seasons than at any other time. If he is blessed with a post for a companion, he decks it with a flower or sprig of green, and sweeps a clear stage round it, which is said to be a difficult exploit, though we have never tried it. At Christmas, he expects a double fee from his old patrons, and gets it too, and a substantial slice of plum-pudding from the old lady in the first floor opposite. He decks the entrance to his walk with laurel and holly, in honour of the day, and of his company, who walk under a triumphal arch of green, got up for that occasion only. He is sure of a good collection on that day, and he goes home with his pocket heavy and his heart light, and treats himself to a pot of old ale, warmed over a fire kindled with his old broom, and sipped sparingly to the melody of a good old song about the good old times, when crossing-sweepers grew rich, and bequeathed fortunes to their patrons.

INSECT WINGS.

ANIMALS possess the power of feeling, and of effecting certain movements, by the exercise of a muscular apparatus with which their bodies are furnished. They are distinguished from the organisations of the vegetable kingdom by the presence of these attributes. Every one is aware, that when the child sees some strange and unknown object he is observing start suddenly into motion, he will exclaim: 'It is alive!' By this exclamation, he means to express his conviction that the object is endowed with *animal* life. Power of voluntary and independent motion and animal organisation are associated together, as inseparable and essentially connected ideas, by even the earliest experience in the economy and ways of nature.

The animal faculty of voluntary motion, in almost every case, confers upon the creature the ability to transfer its body from place to place. In some animals, the weight of the body is sustained by immersion in a fluid as dense as itself. It is then carried about with very little expenditure of effort, either by the waving action of vibratile cilia scattered over its external surface, or by the oar-like movement of certain portions of its frame especially adapted to the purpose. In other animals, the weight of the body rests directly upon the ground, and has, therefore, to be lifted from place to place by more powerful mechanical contrivances.

In the lowest forms of air-living animals, the body rests upon the ground by numerous points of support; and when it moves, is wriggled along piecemeal, one portion being pushed forward while the rest remains stationary. The mode of progression which the little earthworm adopts, is a familiar illustration of this style of proceeding. In the higher forms of air-living animals, a freer and more commodious kind of movement is provided for. The body itself is raised up from the ground upon pointed columns, which are made to act as levers as well as props. Observe, for instance, the tiger-beetle, as it runs swiftly over the uneven surface of the path in search of its dinner, with its eager antennæ thrust out in advance. Those six long and slender legs that bear up the body of the insect, and still keep advancing in regular alternate order, are steadied and worked by cords laid along on the hollows and grooves of their own substance. While some of them uphold the weight of the superincumbent

body, the rest are thrown forwards, as fresh and more advanced points of support on to which it may be pulled. The running of the insect is a very ingenious and beautiful adaptation of the principles of mechanism to the purposes of life.

But in the insect organisation, a still more surprising display of mechanical skill is made. A comparatively heavy body is not only carried rapidly and conveniently along the surface of the ground, it is also raised entirely up from it at pleasure, and transported through lengthened distances, while resting upon nothing but the thin transparent air. From the top of the central piece—technically termed thoracic—of the insect's body, from which the legs descend, two or more membranous sails arise, which are able to beat the air by repeated strokes, and to make it, consequently, uphold their own weight, as well as that of the burden connected with them. These lifting and sustaining sails are the insect's wings.

The wings of the insect are, however, of a nature altogether different from the apparently analogous organs which the bird uses in flight. The wings of the bird are merely altered fore-legs. Lift up the front extremities of a quadruped, keep them asunder at their origins by bony props, fit them with freer motions and stronger muscles, and cover them with feathers, and they become wings in every essential particular. In the insect, however, the case is altogether different. The wings are not altered legs; they are superadded to the legs. The insect has its fore-legs as well as its wings. The legs all descend from the under surface of the thoracic piece, while the wings arise from its upper surface. As the wings are flapping above during flight, the unchanged legs are dangling below, in full complement. The wings are, therefore, independent and additional organs. They have no relation whatever to limbs, properly so called. But there are some other portions of the animal economy with which they do connect themselves, both by structure and function. The reader will hardly guess what those wing-allied organs are.

There is a little fly, called the May-fly, which usually makes its appearance in the month of August, and which visits the districts watered by the Seine and the Marne in such abundance, that the fishermen of these rivers believe it is showered down from heaven, and accordingly call its living clouds, manna. Reaumur once saw the May-flies descend in this region like thick snow-flakes, and so fast, that the step on which he stood by the river's bank was covered by a layer four inches thick in a few minutes. The insect itself is very beautiful: it has four delicate, yellowish, lace-like wings, freckled with brown spots, and three singular hair-like projections hanging out beyond its tail. It never touches food during its mature life, but leads a short and joyous existence. It dances over the surface of the water for three or four hours, dropping its eggs as it flits, and then disappears for ever. Myriads come forth about the hour of eight in the evening; but by ten or eleven o'clock not a single straggler can be found alive.

From the egg which the parent May-fly drops into the water, a six-legged grub is very soon hatched. This grub proceeds forthwith to excavate for himself a home in the soft bank of the river, below the surface of the water, and there remains for two long years, feeding upon the decaying matters of the mould. During this aquatic residence, the little creature finds it necessary to breathe; and that he may do so comfortably, notwithstanding his habits of seclusion, and his constant immersion in fluid, he pushes out from his shoulders and back a series of delicate little leaf-like plates. A branch of one of the air-tubes of his body enters into each of these plates, and spreads out into its substance. The plates are, in fact, gills—that is, respiratory organs, fitted for breathing beneath the water. The little

fellow may be seen to wave them backwards and forwards with incessant motion, as he churns up the fluid, to get out of it the vital air which it contains.

When the grub of the May-fly has completed his two years of probation, he comes out from his subterranean and subaqueous den, and rises to the surface of the stream. By means of his flapping and then somewhat enlarged gills, he half leaps and half flies to the nearest rush or sedge he can perceive, and clings fast to it by means of his legs. He then, by a clever twist of his little body, splits open his old fleshy skin, and slowly draws himself out, head, and body, and legs; and, last of all, from some of those leafy gills he pulls a delicate crumpled-up membrane, which soon dries and expands, and becomes lace-netted and brown-fretted. The membrane which was shut up in the gills of the aquatic creature, was really the rudiment of its now perfected wings.

The wings of the insect are then a sort of external lungs, articulated with the body by means of a movable joint, and made to subserve the purposes of flight. Each wing is formed of a flattened bladder, extended from the general skin of the body. The sides of this bladder are pressed closely together, and would be in absolute contact but for a series of branching rigid tubes that are spread out in the intervening cavity. These tubes are air-vessels; their interiors are lined with elastic, spirally-rolled threads, that serve to keep the channels constantly open; and through these open channels the vital atmosphere rushes with every movement of the membranous organ. The wing of the May-fly flapping in the air is a respiratory organ, of as much importance to the wellbeing of the creature in its way, as the gill-plate of its grub prototype is when vibrating under the water. But the wing of the insect is not the only respiratory organ: its entire body is one vast respiratory system, of which the wings are offsets. The spirally-lined air-vessels run everywhere, and branch out everywhere. The insect, in fact, circulates air instead of blood. As the prick of the finest needle draws blood from the flesh of the backboned creature, it draws air from the flesh of the insect. Who will longer wonder, then, that the insect is so light? It is aerial in its inner nature. Its arterial system is filled with the ethereal atmosphere, as the more stolid creature is with heavy blood.

If the reader has ever closely watched a large fly or bee, he will have noticed that it has none of the respiratory movements that are so familiar to him in the bodies of quadrupeds and birds. There is none of that heaving of the chest, and out-and-in movement of the sides, which constitute the visible phenomena of breathing. In the insect's economy, no air enters by the usual inlet of the mouth. It all goes in by means of small air-mouths placed along the sides of the body, and exclusively appropriated to its reception. Squeezing the throat will not choke an insect. In order to do this effectually, the sides of the body, where the air-mouths are, must be smeared with oil.

In the vertebrated animals, the blood is driven through branching tubes to receptacles of air placed within the chest; the air-channels terminate in blood extremities, and the blood-vessels cover these as a net-work. The mechanical act of respiration merely serves to change the air contained within the air-receptacles. In the insects, this entire process is reversed; the air is carried by branching tubes to receptacles of blood scattered throughout the body; the blood-channels terminate in blood-extremities, and a capillary net-work of air-vessels is spread over these. Now, in the vertebrated creature, the chest is merely the grand air-receptacle into which the blood is sent to be aerated; while in the insect, the chest contains but its own proportional share of the great air-system. In the latter case, therefore, there is a great deal of available space, which would have been, under other

circumstances, filled with the respiratory apparatus, but is now left free to be otherwise employed. The thoracic cavity of the insect serves as a storeroom for the bulky and powerful muscles that are required to give energy to the legs and wings. The portion of the body that is almost exclusively respiratory in other animals, becomes almost as exclusively motor in insects. It holds in its interior the chief portions of the cords by which the moving levers and membranes are worked, and its outer surface is adorned by those levers and membranes themselves. Both the legs and wings of the insect are attached to the thoracic segment of its body.

The extraordinary powers of flight which insects possess are due to the conjoined influences of the two conditions that have been named—the lightness of their air-filled bodies, and the strength of their chest-packed muscles. Where light air is circulated instead of heavy blood, great vascularity serves only to make existence more ethereal. Plethora probably takes the insect nearer to the skies, instead of dragging it towards the dust. The hawk-moth, with its burly body, may often be seen hovering gracefully, on quivering wings, over some favourite flower, as if it were hung there on cords, while it rifles it of its store of accumulated sweets by means of its long unfolded tongue. The common house-fly makes 600 strokes every second in its ordinary flight, and gets through five feet of space by means of them; but when alarmed, it can increase the velocity of its wing-strokes some five or six fold, and move through thirty-five feet in the second. Kirby believed, that if the house-fly were made equal to the horse in size, and had its muscular power increased in the same proportion, it would be able to traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning. The dragon-fly often remains on the wing in pursuit of its prey for hours at a stretch, and yet will sometimes baffle the swallow by its speed, although that bird is calculated to be able to move at the rate of a mile in a minute. But the dexterity of this insect is even more surprising than its swiftness, for it is able to do what no bird can: it is able to stop instantaneously in the midst of its most rapid course, and change the direction of its flight, going sideways or backwards, without altering the position of its body.

As a general rule, insect wings that are intended for employment in flight are transparent membranes, with the courses of the air-tubes marked out upon them as opaque nervures. These air-tubes, it will be remembered, are lined by spires of dense cartilage; and hence it is that they become nervures so well adapted to act like tent-lines in keeping the expanded membranes stretched. In the dragon-flies, the nervures are minutely netted for the sake of increased strength; in the bees, the nervures are simply parallel. Most insects have two pairs of these transparent membranous wings; but in such as burrow, one pair is converted into a dense leather-like case, under which the other pair are folded away. In the flies, only one pair of wings can be found at all, the other pair being changed into two little club-shaped bodies, called balancers.

Butterflies and moths are the only insects that fly by means of opaque wings; but in their case the opacity is apparent rather than real, for it is caused by the presence of a very beautiful layer of coloured scales spread evenly over the outer surface of the membranes. When these scales are brushed off, membranous wings of the ordinary transparent character are disclosed. The scales are attached to the membrane by little stems, like the quill-ends of feathers, and they are arranged in overlapping rows. The variegated colours and patterns of the insects are entirely due to them. If the wings of a butterfly be pressed upon a surface of card-board covered with gum-water to the extent of their own outlines, and be left there until the gum-water is dry, the outer layer of scales may be rubbed off with a handkerchief, and the double membranes and

intervening nervures may be picked away piecemeal with a needle's point, and there will remain upon the card a most beautiful representation of the other surface of the wings, its scales being all preserved by the gum in their natural positions. If the outlines of the wings be carefully pencilled first, and the gum-water be then delicately and evenly brushed on, just as far as the outlines, a perfect and durable fac-simile, in all the original variety of colour and marking, is procured, which needs only to have the form of the body sketched in, to make it a very pretty and accurate delineation of the insect.

RUSTICATION IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

POVERTY is difficult to bear under any circumstances, but when compelled entirely to alter our habits of life in the same place where we have lived differently, we certainly feel it more acutely than when we at once change the scene, and see around us nothing we can well compare with what is past. It is unnecessary to say by what means our easy fortune was reduced to a mere pittance; but, alas! it was so, and we found ourselves forced to seek another dwelling-place. Following the example of most of our country-people in a similar situation, therefore, we resolved to go abroad; not, indeed, to enjoy society on an income which would in England totally shut us out from it, but to live in absolute retirement upon next to nothing. A cousin of mine—whose friend, Mlle de Flotte, long resident in England, had married a countryman of her own, and settled in Normandy—wrote to Mme de Terelcourt accordingly, to ask if there was a habitable hut in her neighbourhood where we might find shelter for three years, before which time we were told the settlement of our affairs could scarcely be completed. The answer was favourable: there was, she said, near the village of Flotte, a cottage which contained a kitchen, three rooms, and a garret where a *bonne* might sleep. A large garden was attached to it full of fruit-trees, though in a most neglected condition, and even the house requiring to be made weather-tight; but as the landlord undertook this latter business, and the rent for the whole was only L.12 a year, we gladly closed with the offer, and at the end of the month of April proceeded to take possession of our new home.

The situation was most lovely. The garden surrounded three sides of the cottage; and a large green field, or rather thinly-planted apple-orchard, the other, where grazed four fine cows belonging to a farm on the opposite side of the lane, which supplied us with butter, eggs, and milk, and was near enough not to annoy but to gratify our ears with the country sounds so pleasant to those fond of rural things, and to give us the feeling of help at hand in case of any emergency. We were on the slope of a tolerably lofty hill; the high-road was below, where we could see and hear the diligence pass; but saving this, the farm-yard noises, and the birds and bees in the garden, were the only disturbers of our perfect quiet, except, indeed, the soothing sound of a small brook tinkling over a tiny waterfall, quite audible, although a good way on the other side of the *grande route*. The town of C— was seen to our right, the sea glittering beyond; and a rocky, shrubby dell, through which the little stream above mentioned murmured merrily on its way, turning a rustic mill, was the prospect from the windows. Two lime-trees stood at the gate, inside of which we joyfully discovered an unexpected lodge or cottage, containing

two little rooms and a large shed, which had not been mentioned in the description, and which we found most useful for stowing away packing-cases, hampers, and boxes, keeping potatoes and apples, and a hundred things besides. The short road—avenue, our landlord termed it—which led from this to the house, had a strawberry-bank on one side, a row of cherry-trees on the other; and the garden, although overgrown with weeds and sprawling shrubs, looked quite capable of being easily made very pretty indeed. The entrance to this our magnificent chateau was through the kitchen only; for the room next it, although it could boast of an outside-door likewise, had none which opened into the interior of the house, was neither lathed nor plastered, and the bare earth was all there was to tread upon. Upstairs the flooring consisted merely of planks laid down; and you could hear when below the pins dropped from above, unless, indeed, they fell, as they generally did, into the large crevices. The *bonne's mansarde* was but a garret, where, till you got into the very middle, you could not stand upright; and although the tiled roof had been just painted and repaired, the breath of heaven came woefully in every direction, even through the thick-leaved vines which covered it, closely trained up there, to make room for the apricots that grew against the wall below. Close by, a little stair led you out upon a terrace, where a road, bordered by peach-trees and backed by plums, gave a dry walk in all weathers; but you could go higher, higher, and higher still, terrace after terrace, till it terminated in a rock covered with briars and brambles—the fruit of which latter were as large and as good as mulberries. This we called our garden-wall, and it had a sunny seat commanding an extensive view, and from which all we saw was beautiful. How often have I sat there dreaming, lulled by the murmur of the insect world around, till the merry fife of a band of conscripts on their march, or the distant boom of a cannon from the forts, restored me to a consciousness that I was still at least in the world, although not of it.

But now I am going to descend to figures, and can assure my incredulous English readers, that what I relate is strictly true—*vraie*, although not *vraisemblable*. We hired a stout girl to weed and wash, without food, at 2½d. a day; and another for L.5 per annum undertook to be our sole servant—to clean, and cook, and dress madame, only stipulating that she was to have *soupe à la graisse* and brown bread *à discrétion* three times a day, two sous for cider, her aprons, and washing; but hoped if she gave satisfaction, that sometimes upon Sunday she might be allowed a bit of meat: on Fridays an egg and an apple contented her, and an occasional fish made her shout with joy. An old soldier, who had returned to his primitive employment of gardener, and lived near, undertook to dig, prune, and plant in the garden for a franc a day, during the time we ourselves were engaged with the inside of our mansion, and to come afterwards at 2d. an hour when we wanted him, either to go to C— for marketing, or to do anything else we required, for the hamlet of Flotte did not possess many shops. At this hamlet, however, we obtained bread and a variety of small articles on very moderate terms.

Having hired the requisite furniture, and papered the walls of our apartments, the humble tenement looked clean and comfortable. To get all into order, we both worked hard, and very soon could sit down by 'our own fireside' in a quiet, cheerful house, almost the work of our own hands, and therefore every creek and cranny in it full of interest. Mme de Terelcourt, with refined politeness, did not attempt

to visit us herself until she understood we could receive her *sans gêne*; but she sent fruit and vegetables, and kind messages constantly, and at last a note intimating that she would, if convenient, call upon us after church next day. Strawberries and cream, butter, eggs, fresh bread, and the commonest *vin ordinaire*, were easily procured, of which our guest ate heartily, saying she would bring the rest of the family next day to partake of a similar feast. They came accordingly, and with them a cart loaded with shrubs, plants, flowers, and a whole hive of honey-comb, and various little comforts besides, pretending that they were thankful to us for receiving their superabundance, instead of obliging them to throw it away. This hospitable, unaffected kindness continued unabated the whole time of our stay, and the kind beings always contrived to make out that they were the obliged persons, and we so polite and condescending for deigning to receive such trifles. M. and Mme de Terelcourt lived with M. le Marquis de Flotte and his wife; and her brother, the Count de Belgravin, occupied a house a quarter of a mile distant, which, although by no means a comfortable residence, he rented purposely to be near his sister. These amiable people spent a part of every day together, for they did not associate much with the inhabitants of C—; and I look back with much pleasure to our social evenings, when light-hearted merriment constantly prevailed; and I often thought how few of the many who talk so gravely of patience and resignation to the will of God, could or would understand that cheerfulness is, in fact, but a different way of shewing that resignation.

Our maid, Batilde, knew nothing about the *cuisine* beyond a good *roux* and a bad omelet; and except making a bed, appeared ignorant of all housework—even washing, dusting, or sweeping thoroughly. She, however, did everything we did not do for ourselves, and ironed the linen after a fashion. Tonette washed for us in the little river aforesaid, where she used an incredible quantity of soap, thumping our things with a piece of flat wood upon a great stone, most conveniently, as she observed, placed there for the purpose 'by the saints in heaven'; which method, if it hastened its wearing out, made our linen at least sweet and clean while it lasted. My husband shot and cultivated the garden in the respective seasons appropriate to these occupations, whilst I bought a cookery-book called '*Les Expériences de Mademoiselle Marguerite*,' and pretending to be learning myself, taught Batilde to prepare our food a little better, without hurting her self-conceit, of which she possessed more than the average of her countrywomen. Our time, therefore, was fully occupied. Our health improved and our spirits rose with the excitement; we had agreeable society in the excellent people named above, meeting *sans façon*, taking breakfast or luncheon with each other, instead of dinners, in winter, and in summer often spending the evening at one another's houses.

At a distance not innumerable there was an English chapel; but the character of the clergyman was not of a kind to recommend itself to persons who had some regard for the decencies of life; and so we contented ourselves with saying our prayers at home. The old curé of the place, with whom we became slightly acquainted, seemed to be a worthy sort of man, liberal in his ideas, and possessed of a considerable taste for music. He made rather an agreeable and obliging neighbour.

Talking of curés, I may mention that one came from a distance of several miles to pay his respects to us, and offer welcome to France. He said, he desired to make our acquaintance because we came from England, where he had found 'rest for twenty years, and received much kindness.' He was a rich man, had a pretty little church, a picturesque house in a sort of park, which he had stocked with pigs instead of

sheep; and every day that was not one of fasting or abstinence, he had pork for dinner. He took a great fancy to us, and wanted us to give up our cottage, and come and live with him, as he had plenty of room and desired society; but we declined. Had we done so, I doubt not that he would have left us his money, for he had no relations, and bequeathed the whole, for want of an heir, to his grocer. He grew cooler after our refusal, but still sometimes came to see us on a pot-bellied cart-horse—a most stolid-looking beast, but one which often took most laughably strange fits of friskiness. Once I saw the good curé's watch jump out of his pocket, fly over his head, and disappear amid a heap of nettles, where little Victor found it, and hoped for a rich reward; but he only received an old book of devotion, and a lecture on the duty of reading it.

I must relate a little adventure which might have been written fifty years ago, when it would have obtained more credence than it will in the present day, from those travellers at least who have kept to the highways, and those residents who have lived only in the towns of France. One morning Batilde asked permission to visit a friend who had come to spend a day with her sister at C—. 'They breed poultry; and as madame likes a goose as soon as the fête of St Michel comes, it would be worth her while to desire Mère Talbot to feed one up against that time. They live a good way off,' pursued she, 'in a poor hamlet called Les Briares. It would be almost worth madame's while to go there some day, for it is such a primitive place, and they are such primitive people.' I liked the idea, and begged Mère Talbot might be told that I would come and look out my goose for myself the following week.

A fine Thursday morning dawned; and as early as we could get coffee made and taken, Batilde and I set out on our expedition, each, after the fashion of the canton, seated on a donkey, our feet in one pannier and a large stone to balance in the other. I took as an offering to the hope and heir of the Talbots a toy much like what we in England call Jack-in-a-box, but in France is termed a *Diabie*, as it is intended to represent his Satanic majesty, and alarm the lifter of the lid by popping up a black visage. The rough roads shaded by high hedges, white and pink with hawthorn, and the wild apple-tree blossom, and redolent of early honeysuckle, reminded me of the secluded parts of England; while Scotland presented itself to my mind when we left these lanes and crossed still, rushy brooks, or dashing tiny torrents, climbed heather braes, pursuing the yellow-hammer and large mountain-bees as they flew on to the furze and broom-bushes, filling the air with their cheerful music; or when, again, we descended to birch-shaded hollows, refreshing ourselves from clear little spring-wells, that sparkled over white pebbles at the foot of a gray rock tufted over with blueberry and foxglove leaves. The poor thing chatted away like a child, inspired by the pure air, bracing, yet mild, and lost herself amongst recollections of her country home, talking of buttercups, hedge-sparrows' eggs, and *démouilles* or dragon-flies.

Several happy hours we spent *en route*; and at last, on turning down from a hilly road, we saw on a flat brown plain a collection of low cottages. The nearer we approached, the more Scotch everything appeared; in some cases I even saw my dear native 'middens afore the door,' the aspect of the houses and looks of the old women especially, with their stoups and country caps—so very like mutches—striped petticoats and short-gowns, brought northern climes before me vividly; and the children stared and shouted like true Scots callants. The very accent was so Scotch that I felt as though I was doing something altogether ridiculous in talking French.

Upon entering Mère Talbot's house, the resemblance became more real. The flags stuck here and there in the earthen floor, the form of the chairs and tables, the press-beds, large red-checked linen curtains, the

'rock and its wee pickle tow,' the reel, the bowls on the shelves—each and all recalled my native country; and I positively should have ended by believing myself there in a dream, if not in reality, had not a glance at the fireplace undeceived me: there was no fire—all was dim, dusky, and dark; no glowing embers and cheerful pipe-clayed hearth, but iron dogs and wood-ashes where blazing coals should be. Even here, however, I could not but think of 'Caledonia stern and wild,' for there stood a real Carron 'three-leggit pat,' to which my very heart warmed. I was asked to sit down; and soon the news spread that *une Anglaise* was to be seen at Mère Talbot's, and people glanced by the window, peeped in at the door, and came to speak upon one pretence or other, as if it was not an everyday sight. By and by a girl and man—whose names from their appearance might have been Jenny and Sawnie—arrived for their dinner—consisting of brown bread, an apple, and cider, which they discussed on their knees—not sitting down at the table—and when finished, returned to their field-labour without speaking. The little boy, meanwhile, had disappeared with his toy-box, which greatly delighted him, and elevated him for the nonce above his fellows; for he was the undisputed possessor of a curiosity imported from England itself, over the sea, by the very lady who was to be seen at his grandmother's house eating pancakes.

The fire was lighted; it crackled and blazed in two minutes; a stand was placed over it, upon which they put what they called a *tuile*; eggs, flour, and milk were mixed, and a bit of butter, the size of a bean in the first instance, of a pea afterwards—*c'est de rigueur*, to hinder every fresh *crêpe* thrown in from burning. Most capital pancakes they were; thin, crisp, hot, and sweet; and the kind people pressed them upon me so hospitably, that I ate till I felt I really could eat no longer, and was glad to finish with a draught of sour cider. I bought seven geese, to be brought to me one at a time, as *fat as caterpillars*, for two francs ten sous each. Mère Talbot was content with her bargain, and so was I with mine. When I rose to take leave, I was reminded again of Scotland, for a large parcel of cakes was put into the off-pannier; and as I should have mortally offended the kind creatures by refusing their gift, I carried them home, toasted them on a fork, and found it made them eat quite as crisp and good as at first. This sketch may appear perhaps very odd to be taken from nature so late as the year 1840, but I can assure my readers it is 'no less strange than true.'

All the summer we wandered about the woods and fields of Flotte, making little excursions in the neighbourhood, and sedulously avoiding the town; but after we had made ourselves acquainted with every beech-shaded hollow, every little fig-forest, every apple-orchard, climbed every broomy knove, gathered heather from the highest rock and mushrooms from the oldest pasture, we turned our steps sometimes towards C—in search of variety. There, every Thursday, the military band of the 44th Regiment played in the alley of the mountain-ash, and there all the dames and demoiselles assembled, dressed in a wonderfully neat way. We asked how these women, who were mostly in humble circumstances, were enabled to dress so finely. Batilde explained the phenomenon.

'Ah! they have infinite merit,' responded the Frenchwoman; 'two of them, whom I chance to know, in order to be enabled to do so, live on eggs and bread, in one room, where they sit, eat, and sleep, nay, sometimes cook; and they have their just reward, for they are universally admired and respected.'

This is a pretty fair specimen of the effort made by Frenchwomen of the humbler orders to maintain a tasteful exterior. To make themselves neat is a principle; and they seem to have an inherent perception of what constitutes taste. They may sometimes

go too far in this direction, and think more of dress and ornaments than they should do. One can at least say, that they are on the safe side. Better to love outward show, than, as is often visible in Scotland, have no regard for appearances. Better cleanliness on any terms than utter slovenliness. I really must say, we saw some most creditable efforts in France to maintain self-respect, among the female population.

About this time, an old gentleman, who was distantly related to us, died—without having, however, an idea of the extent of our poverty—leaving my husband L.50 for a ring. Here was riches—unexpected riches! and I verily believe few who succeed to L.50,000 ever felt more or as much rapture as we did; and we spent an evening very happily settling how we should employ the money. In the first place, we hired a good servant for L.8! and dismissed Batilde; we then, by paying half, induced the landlord to lath, plaster, paper, and paint the large lumber-room, and open a door of communication into the passage, by which we avoided entering through the kitchen. Our late sitting-room we dined in, and made the dining-room a dressing-room; got several small comforts besides; and though last not least, hired an old piano; and every evening enjoyed music in a degree none but real lovers of that delightful art, long deprived of it, can have the slightest conception of—and all this happiness and comfort for L.50! Think of that, ye ladies who give as much for a gown!

Our new servant, Olive, was as clean, orderly, and active as our late one had been the reverse. The difference it made in our comfort was as great as if we had had our former establishment restored, and really our *bonne* was a host within herself. The house was always clean, but we never saw her cleaning: she went to market, baked all our bread, yet never seemed oppressed with work: her cookery was capital; she made excellent dishes out of what Batilde would have wasted: went to mass every morning, and was back in time to prepare everything for our breakfast. After staying a month, she begged permission to leave the cockloft and bring her 'effects' to the gate-house, which we willingly permitted; and her wardrobe was worth a journey to see, when we remembered that her wages had never been quite L.8 until she came to us, and her age only thirty. I shall give the list I copied, hoping some of our English Betties may read and profit by her example: twenty-four good strong linen shifts, made and marked neatly by herself; two dozen worsted and thread stockings, knit by herself; twelve pocket-handkerchiefs; six stout petticoats; four flannel do.; six pair of shoes; eight caps; eight neck-frills; umbrella; prayer-book; gold earrings and cross—which two last, with a beautiful lace-cap, she inherited, but everything else was of her *own earning*. She bought a wardrobe and bedstead, and was by degrees getting furniture; and as I exacted no sewing, every leisure moment she was spinning her future sheets. With all this she was also very kind to a married sister, who had a large family; but she wore no flowers, flounces, nor finery; her six gowns were of a stuff the Scotch call linsey-woolsey; and so in sixteen years' services she had amassed what I have just described. Why can't our girls do as much where wages are higher and clothes cheaper?

We spent three years in this happy solitude, and felt almost sorry when an unexpected legacy, and the settlement of our affairs together, enabled us to return to all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. It gives me much pleasure to record the many kindnesses we received from all ranks of people. Upon one occasion we were forced to ask the butcher to wait three months longer for his bill: he not only consented, but his wife insisted upon lending us money, and was quite cross when we gratefully declined her kindness. Near the time of our departure, as we were paying a large account, the shopkeeper said: 'At this time you

must have many calls upon you; transmit me the amount from England, for I can afford to wait.' Another of our tradesmen, a shoemaker, was a most singular character—a great physiognomist, and would not serve those he did not like. A dashing English family wished to employ him, but he fought shy, and made himself so disagreeable that they went to another: he told me this before his wife, who seemed annoyed at his conduct. He explained that he did not like their appearance, and was sure they would not pay for what they had. He was right; they left the place in debt to his *confère* and everybody else. I rejoice in this opportunity of assuring my countrymen that there is as much true kindness to be met with in France as in England, and the selfishness we complain of in our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, is often but a preconceived fancy, or induced by our own cold behaviour. The above true sketch shews at least that we met with substantial kindness, and I hope it also proves that we are sensible of it.

PHANTOMS OF THE FAR EAST.

THE form assumed by superstition in India is not very different from the European type, otherwise than in a certain exaggeration, impressed on it, no doubt, by the grotesque grandeur of the mythology. Witchcraft is pretty nearly the same in both regions—the old women being the chief professors of the art; but in many districts of the former country, the evil power is bestowed upon every old woman without exception. Girls will not marry into a family without a witch, for how could their infants be protected from the spells of the other old women? It is dangerous to jostle an old woman on the street, however accidentally, lest she take vengeance on the spot. A man came into this unpleasant contact while he was walking along, carelessly chewing a piece of sugar-cane; and hearing the muttered oburgations of the hag, as he turned round to apologise, he was not surprised to find the juice of the cane turned into blood. The spectators, likewise, recognised the metamorphosis as soon as it was pointed out to them; and when the terrified victim instantly leaped on his horse, and put ten or twelve miles between him and the sorceress before drawing bridle, he was believed to have saved his life by this dispatch.

The operations of the men-sorcerers are less spontaneous and more scientific. They set about their work in a business-like way; and within sight of the house of their intended victim the mystic caldron begins to boil and bubble. The victim, however, is not to be terrified out of his senses. What are his enemy's fires and incantations to him? He will only just take no notice, and continue to live on as if there was not a sorcerer in the world. But that smoke: it meets his eye the first object every morning. That ruddy glare: it is the last thing he sees at night. That measured but inarticulate sound: it is never out of his ear. His thoughts dwell on the mystical business. He is preoccupied even in company. He wonders what they are now putting into the pot; and whether it has any connection with the spasm that has just shot through him. He becomes nervous; he feels unwell; he cannot sleep for thinking; he cannot eat for that horrid broth that bubbles for ever in his mind. He gets worse, and worse, and worse. He dies!

But this empire of the imagination is beaten hollow in Java, where it is supposed that a housebreaker, by throwing a handful of earth upon the beds of the inmates, completely incapacitates them from moving to

save their property. And this is no mere speculative belief, but an actual fact. The man who is to be robbed, on feeling the earth fall upon him, lies as motionless as if he was bound hand and foot. He is under a spell; a spell which, in our own country, even knowledge and refinement have power only to modify.

In England, there is a large class of persons who believe that a certain pill is able to cure all diseases, however opposite their natures, and however different the constitutions of the patients. It is in vain the analytical chemist describes publicly the component parts and real qualities of the quack medicine—their faith is unshaken. In India, this low and paltry credulity acquires a character of the poetical; for there the popular confidence reposes—not more irrationally—on the prayers and incantations of the practitioner. But this sort of practice, in the wilder parts of the country, renders the medical profession somewhat unsafe to its professors; for the doctor is looked upon as a wizard, with power to cure or kill as he chooses. In such places—the jungly districts—there are diseases of the liver and spleen, to which the children, more especially, are subject; and when so affected, the patient pines away and dies without any external token of disease. This result is, of course, attributed to preternatural means; and if there is not an old woman at hand obnoxious to suspicion, the doctor is set down as the murderer. 'I have in these territories,' says Colonel Sleeman, 'known a great many instances of medical practitioners being put to death for not curing young people for whom they were required to prescribe. Several cases have come before me as a magistrate, in which the father has stood over the doctor with a drawn sword, by the side of the bed of his child, and cut him down, and killed him the moment the child died, as he had sworn to do when he found the patient sinking under his prescriptions.'

Another superstition of the country, originating no doubt in local circumstances, found its way into Europe, where no such circumstances existed. In India, a man suddenly vanishes. His family, perhaps, are expecting him at home, but from that moment he is never more heard of. He has been destroyed in the jungle by a tiger, and his remains so completely devoured by other animals, that there is scarcely a relic of his body left to give assurance of a man, far less as a proof of his identity. These mysterious disappearances, however, are connected with their real cause; and men are believed to be frequently metamorphosed—sometimes voluntarily, sometimes involuntarily—into tigers. The voluntary transformation is effected merely by eating a certain root, whereupon the man is instantly changed into a tiger; and when tired of his new character, he has only to eat another, when, *præsto!* he subsides from a tiger into a man. But occasionally mistakes happen. An individual of an inquiring disposition once felt a strong curiosity to know what were the sensations attendant on such a transformation; but being a prudent person, he set about the experiment with all necessary precaution. Having provided himself with

—the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner,

he gave one likewise to his wife, desiring her to stand by and watch the event, and as soon as she saw him fairly turned into a tiger, to thrust it into his mouth. The wife promised, but her nerves were not equal to the performance. As soon as she saw her husband fixed in his new form, she took to flight—carrying in her hand, in the confusion of her mind, the root that would have restored him to her faithful arms! And so

it befell that the poor man-tiger was obliged to take to the woods, where for many a day he dined on his old neighbours of the village, till he was at length shot, and recognised! In this superstition will be seen the prototype of the wolf-mania of mediæval Europe. In Brittany, men betook themselves to the forests in the shape of wolves, out of a morbid passion for the amusement of howling and ravening; but if they left in some secure place the clothes they had thrown off to prepare for the metamorphosis, they had only to reassume them in order to regain their natural forms. But sometimes a catastrophe like the above occurred: the wife discovered the hidden clothes, and carrying them home in the innocent carelessness of her heart, the poor husband lived and died a wolf.

The Hindoos, like other ancient peoples, predict good or evil fortune from certain phenomena of nature; but one instance of this has been described to us in a communication from our Old Indian, which far excels in the poetical the finest fancies of the Greeks. We cannot undertake to say that the thing is new, although we ourselves never heard of it before; but as the knowledge of it was imparted to her by her moonshee as a profound secret, we present it as such to our readers, recommending them to make the experiment for themselves. At the initiation of our informant, she was about to undertake a distant journey, and the old moonshee was anxious to consult the fates as to the fortunes that might be in store for his beloved mistress. He, accordingly, prevailed upon her to walk forth one night from the veranda, and with many quaint expressions of respect and anxiety, besought her to follow his directions with an attentive mind, abstracted as much as possible from the common thoughts of life.

It was a clear, calm night; the moon was full, and not the faintest speck in the sky disturbed her reign. The Ganges was like a flood of silver light, hastening on in charmed silence; while on the green smooth sward on which they walked, a tall shrub, here and there, stood erect and motionless. The young lady, whose impressions were probably deepened by the mystical words of the moonshee, felt a kind of awe stealing over her: she looked round upon the accustomed scene, as if in some new and strange world; and when the old man motioned her to stop, as they reached an open space on the sward, she obeyed with an indescribable thrill.

'Look there,' said he, pointing to her shadow, which fell tall and dark upon the grass. 'Do you see it?'

'Yes,' said she faintly, yet beginning to be ashamed. 'How sharply defined are its edges! It looks like something you could touch.'

'But look longer—look better—look steadfastly. Is it still so definite?'

'A kind of halo begins to gather round it: my eyes dazzle!'

'Then raise them to the heavens; fix them on yonder blue sky. What do you see?'

'I see it still! But it is as white as mist, and of a gigantic size.'

'Has it a head?' asked the moonshee in an anxious whisper.

'Yes; it is complete in all its parts: but now it melts—floats—disappears.'

'Thank God!' said the old man: 'your journey shall be prosperous—such is the will of Heaven!' The experiment was tried on many other occasions by the young lady, and always with similar success, although never without a certain degree of trepidation, even after she had learned that the spectral appearance in the heavens was nothing more than the picture retained on the retina of the eye. She never saw the phantom without a head, which accounts for her being alive to this day; or even wanting a limb, although she has not been without her share of the trials of the world. It can easily be conceived, however, that certain

conditions of the atmosphere may produce these phenomena, which are regarded by the Hindoo seer as sure tokens of death or disaster.

This superstition is not more unreasonable than the mistakes of our early travellers, who were accustomed to attribute a meaning to the phenomena of nature, of which more accurate knowledge has entirely stripped them. But the notions of the Hindoo are always peculiar—his fancy, even in its wildest excursions, is bounded by the circle of his mythology. When our Old Indian's wanderings led her to Pinang, in the Straits of Malacca, she found a Hindoo convict there, trembling even in his chains as his fancy connected the wonders of the place with the dogmas in which he had been reared. This most beautiful island, as our readers may remember, came into the possession of an Englishman in the latter part of last century in rather a romantic way—forming the dowry of a native princess, the daughter of the king of Quedah, whom he married. Captain Light transferred it to the East India Company, who were not slow in discovering the advantages of its fine harbour, rich soil, and salubrious climate. Its inhabitants at that time were a few fishermen on the coast; and the interior was covered with an almost impervious forest; but now there is a population of Europeans and Americans, and Asiatics of almost all countries; and plantations of sugar, coffee, pepper, and other intertropical produce. Among the inhabitants are invalids, who proceed thither from continental India for the restoration of their health; and convicts, who are compelled to compensate by their labour the injuries they have inflicted on society.

The man alluded to belonged to the latter class, having probably travelled for his country's good from the tamer lowlands of Bengal; and when the traveller asked him how he liked the region, he expressed the utmost awe, united with the bitterest condemnation of the Europeans, for desecrating by their roads and other works a place so obviously the abode of deities and spirits. He said, that when they had begun to carry the up-hill road through these primeval forests, they were warned of their impiety by the voices of the gods themselves, in bursts of unearthly music, blasts of the trumpet, and the clash of cymbals and gongs.

'The first tree we struck with the axe,' added he with a shudder, 'ran milk; and the second, blood!' Of these two substances, the former is still more ominous in the Brahminical faith than the latter, for everything connected with the cow is sacred and mysterious.

'Well,' said the inquirer, 'what happened—since in spite of these omens you persisted in your task? Did the gods take vengeance?'

'Yes,' said he solemnly; 'but we were only instruments, like the axes in our hands; and the vengeance, therefore, fell upon the prime mover. The governor'—coming close up to the lady, and putting his mouth to her ear—'the governor died!' Now, all this was true—music, milk, blood, and death; and yet none of these was more the work of supernatural agency than any of the common circumstances of life.

The supposed unearthly sounds proceed neither from birds nor men, and the effect is either pleasing or awful, according to the mood of the listener. Some, in such circumstances, instead of receiving impressions of awe, like the Hindoo convict, would exclaim:

Where should this music be—if the air, or the earth?

It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon

Some god of the island.

And again:

—The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again.

One would think Shakspeare had actually been in some tropical forest when the daylight began to fade, and the myriads of insects to take up their evening-song! One of these extraordinary musicians is distinguished as the trumpeter; another produces a tinkle like a bell; and a third gives forth a sound which the imagination may ascribe to any instrument, or band of instruments, it pleases. This species of cricket buries himself in a centre, to which converge seven holes, which he has drilled in a circle; and from these seven tubes a sound rushes forth, which almost stuns the passer-by. It may be conceived, therefore, that a forest peopled with myriads upon myriads of such 'executants,' must have a strain for every ear, every mood, and every conscience.

The tree which welled forth milk when struck by the axe was the *Ficus elastica*—a sort of gigantic vine, as thick as a man's arm, which creeps along the ground, sending forth new roots from the joint, and, climbing at length some lofty tree, expands in branches. This is the chief caoutchouc-plant, and its sap has not only the colour, but many of the chemical properties of animal milk, and is frequently drunk as food. The blood came from one of the *eucalypta*, popularly called the blue gum-tree. The governor did die soon after his arrival on the island, and no doubt immediately after he had disturbed, in the manner related, the *genius loci*.

Pinang contains about 160 square miles of surface, nearly the whole of which is laid out in hills and dales, the loftiest of the former reaching a height of 2500 feet above the sea-level. On the slopes of this hill are built the governor's rural residence, and a bungalow, where invalids resort for country air. It is possible that great changes may have taken place here of late years, when efforts have been made to dot the island with sugar-plantations; but at the time we speak of, this was a solitary spot, behind which dark forests stretched upwards to the summit. Among these forests, on the shoulder of the hill, there occurs an optical phenomenon, not unknown in Europe, which is here an object of superstitious terror to the natives.

The first European who observed it was a gentleman who, taking advantage of the coolness of the hour, had strolled away in the early morning from the inhabited district, and was skirting round a deep valley, dotted at the bottom, and overhung at the sides with lofty trees. The beams of the sun had already begun to acquire some power, although his disk was scarcely yet above the horizon; and the traveller watched with interest the effect of the dawning light upon a sea of vapour which nearly filled the valley. This slowly-moving cloud, as it was acted upon by the sun, swelled higher and higher, and became whiter and whiter, till it finally settled, filling the whole valley with a substance that looked like alabaster, in the midst of which the topmost branches of the tall trees hung motionless. The scene was strangely beautiful; and the spectator, who was screened from the now risen sun by a belt of forest, lingered for awhile to contemplate it. When at length he resumed his walk, and, emerging from the trees, found himself in the full blaze of the rising sun, he turned once more to observe the effect on the vapour; and a cry of wonder which arose to his lips was only repressed by a feeling of awe, as he saw upon that alabaster surface a dark human figure of gigantic dimensions, surrounded by a halo that seemed formed of the rainbow. A confused rush of associations half acquainted him at the moment with the nature of the phenomenon; but giving way to the feeling of poetical delight, he clasped his hands above his head in admiration—a movement which the Phantom of the Alabaster Valley instantaneously imitated! It was indeed his own shadow—and a shadow he was not to recall, even when he turned away to journey homewards. There, in that lonely place, it seemed to him to remain for

ever—a link connecting him with the spirit of nature, and ever and anon drawing him back into her domain from the meanness, and folly, and wickedness of the world.

DECIMAL SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE state of our national weights and measures has been a fertile subject of legislative enactment ever since the signing of the Magna Charta, which proclaims that 'there shall be one weight and one measure.' 'We will and establish,' said an act of Edward III. nearly 500 years ago, 'that one weight, one measure, and one yard, be used throughout the land.' Act has followed act from that time to this, and still we have not only different weights and measures for different commodities, but for the same in different parts of the realm. An ounce means one thing to the grocer, another to the apothecary. A stone is 8 pounds to the London butcher or fishmonger, 14 to the provincial; 5 pounds to the dealer in glass, 16 to the cheesemonger, and 32 to the dealer in hemp. The corn-trade exhibits still greater varieties. Prices are quoted in official circulars in every fashion, from the Mark-Lane quarter to the Scotch boll, the fliriot, the load (which may be of various dimensions), the coomb, the last, the barrel (which also may be various), the ton, the hundredweight, and the pound. We have seen an extract from an actual account-sales, by which it appeared, that at the same port the merchant had sold a cargo of foreign wheat by five different bushels according to the customs of the buyers. In paying the duty, these various bushels had to be converted into imperial quarters, and in calculating tonnage and other dues, it was necessary to reduce all to tons! Here is surely a source of endless confusion, if not an opening for fraud. Our legislature has gone on from century to century, mending or mutilating the statutes as the case might be, but laying down no principles scientific enough to command the approval of the educated, or simple enough to prevail over the established usages of the commonalty.

Our neighbours in France, who are particularly fond of framing theories and experimenting on them for the edification of other nations, availed themselves of the general upturning of affairs in 1789, to introduce a universal decimal system, to be applied to everything whatever that could be counted, weighed, or measured. They started from the measurement of the globe itself, and took as the basis of their whole system the ten-millionth part of a quadrant of a meridian, equal to 39,370,790 inches English. This they called a *mètre* (measure), and to it, as a unit, they prefixed the Greek numerals to express increase in the decimal ratio; thus decamètres, tens of meters; hectamètres, hundreds of meters; and so on. To express diminution in the decimal ratio, they used the Latin numerals; thus, decimètres, tenths of meters; centimètres, hundredths of meters; millimètres, thousandths of meters. The unit adopted for square measure was the *are*, equal to 100 square meters; for solid measure, the *stère*, equal to one cubic meter; and for measure of capacity, the *litre*, a cubic decimeter. The weights were derived from these measures; the *gramme* being the weight of one cubic centimeter of distilled water. The system of decimal gradation was applied to all of these; that is, each denomination represented a tenth part of the one above it, and ten times as much as the one next below it, the Latin and Greek numerals being prefixed as we have already described with reference to the meter. In conformity with this decimal law, the quadrant was divided, for astronomical purposes, into 100 degrees instead of 90; and the thermometer likewise into 100 degrees from the boiling to the freezing point. At the same time, a system of reckoning money by tens was introduced; and it must be owned, that the whole

system of computation in weights, measures, and money established in France at this period, is one of the greatest triumphs of civilisation. In ordinary transactions, old denominations of money are still used by the French; the *sous*, in particular, being apparently ineradicable. But in book-keeping, the furnishing of accounts, and in literature, the modern and legal standards are invariably adhered to.

About thirty years ago, the Americans took it into serious consideration whether they should adopt the ready-made scale of France entire. On that occasion (1821), Mr John Quincy Adams produced a most elaborate report to Congress, containing an immense amount of information on the subject of metrology. He found great fault with the French nomenclature, so puzzling to the unlearned. 'Give the people,' said he, 'but their accustomed words, and they will call 16 a dozen; 120, 112, or any other number, a hundred.' He disapproved, likewise, of thrusting the decimal principle upon things incompatible with it. 'Decimal arithmetic,' said he, 'is a contrivance of man for computing numbers, and not a property of time, space, or matter. It belongs essentially to the keeping of accounts, but is merely an incident to the transactions of trade. Nature has no partiality for the number 10; and the attempt to shackle her freedom with them [decimal gradations], will for ever prove abortive.' And again: 'To the mensuration of the surface and the solid, the number 10 is of little more use than any other. If decimal arithmetic is incompetent to give the dimensions of most artificial forms, the square and the cube, still more incompetent is it to give the circumference, the area, and the contents of the circle and the sphere.' And once more: 'The new metrology of France, after trying the principle of decimal division in its almost universal application, has been compelled to renounce it for all the measures of astronomy, geography, navigation, time, the circle, and the sphere; to modify it even for superficial and cubical linear measure.' The conclusion of the Americans was, that it was better to continue the use of the system of weights and measures inherited from the father-land. Partly on account of our intimate commercial relations with them, they are content to wait, and allow us to take the lead in the work of reform.

Taking our stand on the ground of mere practical utility, according to the views suggested, we do not advocate any interference with the foot, the rood, the acre, the mile, which would lead to the removal of old landmarks, and would render almost every chart and map and book in the country obsolete. But we suggest that the time has arrived when our national weights and measures may be finally adjusted on simple and scientific principles. Within the last thirty years, a principle that goes far towards clearing our way has been laid down, and in part carried into practice. By an act of the British legislature, which came into operation on the 1st January 1826, our standards were accurately adjusted, and certain rules were laid down, by which they could be restored if lost; while the uniform use of these in the business of the country was strictly enjoined. The imperial yard, which is the basis of the whole, is to be found in the following manner:—'Take a pendulum, vibrating seconds of time, in the latitude of London, in vacuum and at the level of the sea; divide all that part thereof which lies between the axis of suspension and the centre of oscillation into 391,393 equal parts; then will 10,000 of these parts be an imperial inch, 12 whereof make a foot, and 36 whereof make a yard.' All other measures of linear extension are to be computed from this. Thus, 'the foot, the inch, the pole, the furlong, and the mile, shall bear the same proportion to the imperial standard yard as they have hitherto borne to the yard measure in general use.' For the determination of weights, take a cube of an imperial inch of distilled water at 62

degrees Fahrenheit; let this be weighed with any weight, and let such weight be divided into 252,458 equal parts; then will a thousand of such parts be a troy grain, of which 5760 make a pound troy, and 7000 a pound avoirdupois.

'This troy-weight,' said the commissioners, 'appeared to us to be the ancient weight of this kingdom, having existed in the same state from the time of Edward the Confessor.' 'We were induced, moreover,' said they, 'to preserve the troy-weight, because all the coinage has been uniformly regulated by it, and all medical prescriptions and formulæ have always been estimated by troy-weight, under a peculiar subdivision which the college of physicians have expressed themselves most anxious to preserve.' It was resolved, therefore, to continue the use of troy-weight for drugs, bullion, &c. and to raise the avoirdupois on its basis. The commissioners went on to say: 'The avoirdupois pound, by which all heavy goods have been for a long time weighed, seems not to have been preserved with such scrupulous accuracy as the troy, by which more precious articles have been weighed;' but it was so nearly equivalent to 7000 grains troy, that they determined this should be its standard for the future. Measures of capacity were to be based upon this weight, and not, as heretofore, on cubic inches. Ten lbs. avoirdupois of distilled water weighed in air at the temperature of 62 degrees Fahrenheit, and the barometer at 30 inches, were henceforth to determine the imperial gallon, to the utter abolition of three distinct gallons for wine, ale, and corn, based respectively on the specific bulk and gravity of Bordeaux wine, English ale, and grains of wheat. All other measures were to be taken in parts or multiples of the said imperial standard gallon, according to the proportions hitherto in use. A great reform in this connection, was the obligation of dealers to sell most solid commodities—as coal, bread, potatoes, &c.—by weight and not by measure, which had been liable to great abuses. Corn, however, was not included in this provision; nor has even the use of the imperial bushel been universally enforced where it interfered with the long-established usages of corporate bodies.

To carry thus far into effect these newly-established measures, required no common exercise of authority. Every dealer, wholesale or retail, was obliged to have his weights verified and stamped. The brewer was compelled to get new casks; the retailer new pots and pints; the farmer new bushels, and, consequently, new corn-sacks. The expense thus incurred was enormous, and the grumbling was of course in due proportion.

It is believed that the units above mentioned—the yard, the pound avoirdupois, and the imperial gallon—cannot now be superseded by any other. It remains to shew, as Mr Taylor has very satisfactorily done,* how that which has been well begun may be followed out and completed by the establishment of more complete uniformity, and the legalisation of decimal gradations for facilitating calculation.

The two co-existing pounds originally adjusted in relation to the specific gravities of wheat and spring-water, are now the sole remains and representatives of a fanciful theory spun in the middle ages; and the first question that occurs is, whether the pound troy, having served its purpose, might not be done away with, and the pound avoirdupois ascertained by reference to a cubic inch of distilled water. We were told forty years ago, that for the introduction of a uniform and scientific system, we must wait for the spread of education in the community; and we feel somewhat ashamed now to find that the members of the medical profession, which is understood to be one of the most highly-educated bodies, offer the most formidable opposition to reformation in this respect. 'The testimony,

* *The Decimal System*. By Henry Taylor. London: Groombridge & Sons.

however,' says Mr Taylor, 'of many individuals of the medical profession, especially the younger portion, and certainly that of the retailers and dispensers of drugs, tends entirely to shew the practicability of a beneficial and convenient change. With all these, there appears no more serious difficulty to encounter than that involved in altered editions of their usual dispensatories, or books of reference'—an amount of trouble and expense, we should say, not greater, certainly, in proportion to the position of the parties concerned, than that which was forced on the poor chandlers and milkwomen by the act of 1826.

Then, to adapt the *avoirdupois* pound to the further objects in view, it must be reconstructed as to its divisional parts. In order to this, it is not necessary that the nomenclature should be changed, or that our poor people should be puzzled with the *decas*, and *hexas*, and *millias* which has formed the greatest practical difficulty in the decimal system of France. It is proposed simply to divide the pound *avoirdupois* into 10,000 parts instead of 7000, and to employ names at present in use for the minor denominations; but if it be thought incongruous to retain the term *grain*, which had reference to the weight of wheat or barley, *minim* might be substituted. Then the multiples of the pound, which have hitherto been so various, are to be decimally graduated—*as*, stones of 10 lbs., cwt. of 10 stone (or, literally, 100 lbs.), and tons of 10 cwt. The decimal measures below the gallon would correspond of course with the weights, as it is decided by the act, that a gallon is to contain ten pounds of water. The measures above gallons, it is proposed to call *firkins* and *butts*.

It is taken for granted that quarts and pints, as well as half-pounds and quarter-pounds, would still be continued in use. In France, the government was obliged to relax its decimal principles in favour of permitting a partial return to the binary mode of subdivision. Mr Adams, who is high authority on such a point, avers that such divisions are 'as necessary to the practical use of weights and measures, as the decimal divisions are convenient for calculations resulting from them.' If this be admitted, almost the only change to retailers of ordinary commodities would be the introduction of the new ounce weight, altered to the tenth of a pound, with price in correspondence; and perhaps the fluid pound, or tenth of a gallon. If, however, the latter were likely to be generally used by the masses, it would be desirable that it should bear a more familiar name. But probably it would be little known, except as the highest denomination generally used by the apothecary; in which case the nomenclature would be all the better for expressing the value of the measure scientifically in relation to distilled water, as is now usually done by this class.

It is easy to shew the practical advantages that would result in mercantile calculations if such a scale were adopted, and especially in connection with the decimal system of money advocated in a former number of this Journal.* If a parcel of goods weighs 18 cwt., 7 stone, 8 lbs., and it be desired to know how many pounds it contains, it is unnecessary to change a single figure to shew that there are 1878; an additional cipher gives the number of ounces (187,80); another the number of drachms (187,800), instead of requiring the present tedious process of reduction. Again: if any commodity costs, for instance, 2 fl. 3 cents per lb., we know without taking up a pen that it is 2 cents 3 mil. per ounce; that it is L.2, 8 fl. per stone; L.28 per cwt.; L.280 per ton; and so on. Here is a cargo—no matter of what—weighing 874 tons, 7 cwt. 4 st. If the value is, for instance, L.2, 8s. per ton, we have but to multiply the figures 87474 by 28, and point the amount thus—L.8619.0.2. If, however, the price be L.2, 8s. per cwt., the point after the pounds, which is the only essen-

tial one, must be removed a step further to the right—thus, L.8619.0.2; and if L.2, 8s. per stone, it will be L.86190.2. Let any one try the difference between these operations and similar calculations according to our present system, and he will confess it is no mean advantage that the advocates of decimal gradations are seeking to obtain for the community.

We are happy to add, that since our article on Decimal Coinage appeared, we have received numerous communications on the subject; and while there are minor differences of opinion as to the details, there appears to be perfect unanimity as to the desirableness of the system, and the possibility of bringing it into general use.

THE LITTLE GRAY GOSSIP.

Soon after Cousin Con's marriage, we were invited to stay for a few weeks with the newly-married couple, during the festive winter season; so away we went with merry hearts, the clear frosty air and pleasant prospect before us invigorating our spirits, as we took our places inside the good old mail-coach, which passed through the town of P—, where Cousin Con resided, for there were no railways then. Never was there a kinder or more genial soul than Cousin Con; and David Danvers, the Goodman, as she laughingly called him, was, if possible, kinder and more genial still. They were surrounded by substantial comforts, and delighted to see their friends in a sociable, easy way, and to make them snug and cosy, our arrival being the signal for a succession of such convivialities. Very mirthful and enjoyable were these evenings, for Con's presence always shed radiant sunshine, and David's honest broad face beamed upon her with affectionate pride. During the days of their courtship at our house, they had perhaps indulged in billing and cooing a little too freely when in company with others, for sober middle-aged lovers like themselves; thereby lying open to animadversions from prim spinsters, who wondered that Miss Constance and Mr Danvers made themselves so ridiculous. But now all this nonsense had sobered down, and nothing could be detected beyond a sly glance, or a squeeze of the hand now and then; yet we often quizzed them about by-gones, and declared that engaged pairs were insufferable—we could always find them out among a hundred!

'I'll bet you anything you like,' cried Cousin Con, with a good-humoured laugh, 'that among our guests coming this evening' (there was to be a tea-junketing), 'you'll not be able to point out the engaged couple—for there will be only one such present—though plenty of lads and lasses that would like to be so happily situated! But the couple I allude to are real turtle-doves, and yet I defy you to find them out!'

'Done, Cousin Con!' we exclaimed; 'and what shall we wager?'

'Gloves! gloves to be sure!' cried David. 'Ladies always wager gloves; though I can tell you, my Con is on the safe side now;' and David rubbed his hands, delighted with the joke; and we already, in perspective, beheld our glove-box enriched with half-a-dozen pair of snowy French sevens!

Never had we felt more interested in watching the arrivals and movements of strangers, than on this evening, for our honour was concerned, to detect the lovers, and raise the veil. Papas and mammas, and masters and misses, came trooping in; old ladies, and middle-aged; old gentlemen, and middle-aged—until the number amounted to about thirty, and Cousin Con's drawing-rooms were comfortably filled. We closely scrutinised all the young folks, and so intently but covertly watched their proceedings, that we could have revealed several innocent flirtations, but nothing appeared that could lead us to the turtle-doves and their engagement. At length, we really

* See No. 428.

had hopes, and ensconced ourselves in a corner, to observe the more cautiously a tall, beautiful girl, whose eyes incessantly turned towards the door of the apartment; while each time it opened to admit any one, she sighed and looked disappointed, as if that one was not the one she yearned to see. We were deep in a reverie, conjuring up a romance of which she was the heroine, when a little lady, habited in gray, whose age might average threescore, unceremoniously seated herself beside us, and immediately commenced a conversation, by asking if we were admiring pretty Annie Mortimer—following the direction of our looks. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, she continued: 'Ah, she's a good, affectionate girl; a great favourite of mine is sweet Annie Mortimer.'

'Watching for her lover, no doubt?' we ventured to say, hoping to gain the desired information, and thinking of our white kid-gloves. 'She is an engaged young lady?'

'Engaged! engaged!' cried the little animated lady: 'no indeed. The fates forbid! Annie Mortimer is not engaged.' The expression of the little lady's countenance at our bare supposition of so natural a fact, amounted almost to the ludicrous; and we with some difficulty articulated a serious rejoinder, disavowing all previous knowledge, and therefore erring through ignorance. We had now time to examine our new acquaintance more critically. As we have already stated, she was habited in gray; but not only was her attire gray, but she was literally gray all over: gray hairs, braided in a peculiar obsolete fashion, and quite uncovered; gray gloves; gray shoes; and, above all, gray eyes, soft, large, and peculiarly sad in expression, yet beautiful eyes, redeeming the gray, monotonous countenance from absolute plainness. Mary Queen of Scots, we are told, had gray eyes; and even she, poor lady, owned not more speaking or history-telling orbs than did this little unknown gossip in gray. But our attention was diverted from the contemplation, by the entrance of another actor on the stage, to whom Annie Mortimer darted forward with an exclamation of delight and welcome. The newcomer was a slender, elderly gentleman, whose white hairs, pale face, and benignant expression presented nothing remarkable in their aspect, beyond a certain air of elegance and refinement, which characterised the whole outward man.

'That is a charming-looking old gentleman,' said we to the gray lady; 'is he Annie's father?'

'Her father! O dear, no! That gentleman is a bachelor; but he is Annie's guardian, and has supplied the place of a father to her, for poor Annie is an orphan.'

'Oh! we exclaimed, and there was a great deal of meaning in our oh! for had we not read and heard of youthful wards falling in love with their guardians? and might not the fair Annie's taste incline this way? The little gray lady understood our thoughts, for she smiled, but said nothing; and while we were absorbed with Annie and her supposed antiquated lover, she glided into the circle, and presently we beheld Annie's guardian, with Annie leaning on his arm, exchange a few words with her in an undertone, as she passed them to an inner room.

'Who is that pleasing-looking old gentleman?' said we to our hostess; 'and what is the name of the lady in gray, who went away just as you came up? That is Annie Mortimer we know, and we know also that she isn't engaged!'

Cousin Con laughed heartily as she replied: 'That nice old gentleman is Mr Worthington, our poor curate; and a poor curate he is likely ever to continue, so far as we can see. The lady in gray we call our "little gray gossip," and a darling she is! As to Annie, you seem to know all about her. I suppose little Bessie has been lauding her up to the skies.'

'Who is little Bessie?' we inquired.

'Little Bessie is your little gray gossip: we never call her anything but Bessie to her face; she is a harmless little old maid. But come this way: Bessie is going to sing, for they won't let her rest till she complies; and Bessie singing, and Bessie talking, are widely different creatures.'

Widely different indeed! Could this be the little gray lady seated at the piano, and making it speak? while her thrilling tones, as she sang of 'days gone by,' went straight to each listener's heart, she herself looking ten years younger! When the song was over, I observed Mr Worthington, with Annie still resting on his arm, in a corner of the apartment, shaded by a projecting piece of furniture; and I also noted the tear on his furrowed cheek, which he hastily brushed away, and stooped to answer some remark of Annie's, who, with fond affection, had evidently observed it too, endeavouring to dispel the painful illusion which remembrances of days gone by occasioned.

We at length found the company separating, and our wager still unredeemed. The last to depart was Mr Worthington, escorting Annie Mortimer and little Bessie, whom he shawled most tenderly, no doubt because she was a poor forlorn little old maid, and sang so sweetly.

The next morning at breakfast, Cousin Con attacked us, supported by Mr Danvers, both demanding a solution of the mystery, or the scented sevens! After a vast deal of laughing, talking, and discussion, we were obliged to confess ourselves beaten, for there had been an engaged couple present on the previous evening, and we had failed to discover them. No; it was not Annie Mortimer: she had no lover. No; it was not the Misses Halliday, or the Masters Burton: they had flirted and danced, and danced and flirted indiscriminately; but as to serious engagements—pooh! pooh!

Who would have conjectured the romance of reality that was now divulged? and how could we have been so stupid as not to have read it at a glance? These contradictory exclamations, as is usual in such cases, ensued when the riddle was unfolded. It is so easy to be wise when we have learned the wisdom. Yet we cheerfully lost our wager, and would have lost a hundred such, for the sake of hearing a tale so far removed from matter-of-fact; proving also that enduring faith and affection are not so fabulous as philosophers often pronounce them to be.

Bessie Prudholm was nearly related to David Danvers, and she had been the only child of a talented but improvident father, who, after a short, brilliant career as a public singer, suddenly sank into obscurity and neglect, from the total loss of his vocal powers, brought on by a violent rheumatic cold and lasting prostration of strength. At this juncture, Bessie had nearly attained her twentieth year, and was still in mourning for an excellent mother, by whom she had been tenderly and carefully brought up. From luxury and indulgence the descent to poverty and privation was swift. Bessie, indeed, inherited a very small income in right of her deceased parent, sufficient for her own wants, and even comforts, but totally inadequate to meet the thousand demands, caprices, and fancies of her ailing and exigent father. However, for five years she battled bravely with adversity, eking out their scanty means by her exertions—though, from her father's helpless condition, and the constant and unremitting attention he required, she was in a great measure debarred from applying her efforts advantageously. The poor, dying man, in his days of health, had contributed to the enjoyment of the affluent, and in turn been courted by them; but now, forgotten and despised, he bitterly reviled the heartless world, whose hollow heed of applause it had formerly been the sole aim of his existence to secure. Wealth became to his disordered imagination the desideratum of existence, and

he attached inordinate value to it, in proportion as he felt the bitter stings of comparative penury. To guard his only child—whom he certainly loved better than anything else in the world, save himself—from this dreaded evil, the misguided man, during his latter days, extracted from her an inviolable assurance, never to become the wife of any individual who could not settle upon her, subject to no contingencies or chances, the sum of at least one thousand pounds.

Bessie, who was fancy-free, and a lively-spirited girl, by no means relished the slights and privations which poverty entails. She therefore willingly became bound by this solemn promise; and when her father breathed his last, declaring that she had made his mind comparatively easy, little Bessie half smiled, even in the midst of her deep and natural sorrow, to think how small and easy a concession her poor father had exacted, when her own opinions and views so perfectly coincided with his. The orphan girl took up her abode with the mother of David Danvers, and continued to reside with that worthy lady until the latter's decease. It was beneath the roof of Mrs Danvers that Bessie first became acquainted with Mr Worthington—that acquaintance speedily ripening into a mutual and sincere attachment. He was poor and patronless then, as he had continued ever since, with slender likelihood of ever possessing L.100 of his own, much less L.1000 to settle on a wife. It is true, that in the chances and changes of this mortal life, Paul Worthington might succeed to a fine inheritance; but there were many lives betwixt him and it, and Paul was not the one to desire happiness at another's expense, nor was sweet little Bessie either.

Yet was Paul Worthington rich in one inestimable possession, such as money cannot purchase—even in the love of a pure devoted heart, which for him, and for his dear sake, bravely endured the life-long loneliness and isolation which their peculiar circumstances induced. Paul did not see Bessie grow old and gray: in his eyes, she never changed; she was to him still beautiful, graceful, and enchanting; she was his betrothed, and he came forth into the world, from his books, and his arduous clerical and parochial duties, to gaze at intervals into her soft eyes, to press her tiny hand, to whisper a fond word, and then to return to his lonely home, like a second Josiah Cargill, to try and find in severe study oblivion of sorrow.

Annie Mortimer had been sent to him as a ministering angel: she was the orphan and penniless daughter of Mr Worthington's dearest friend and former college-chum, and she had come to find a shelter beneath the humble roof of the pious guardian, to whose earthly care she had been solemnly bequeathed. Paul's curacy was not many miles distant from the town where Bessie had fixed her resting-place; and it was generally surmised by the select few who were in the secret of little Bessie's singular history, that she regarded Annie Mortimer with especial favour and affection, from the fact, that Annie enjoyed the privilege of solacing and cheering Paul Worthington's declining years. Each spoke of her as a dear adopted daughter, and Annie equally returned the affection of both.

Poor solitaires! what long anxious years they had known, separated by circumstance, yet knit together in the bonds of enduring love!

I pictured them at festive winter seasons, at their humble solitary boards; and in summer prime, when song-birds and bright perfumed flowers call lovers forth into the sunshine rejoicingly. They had not dared to rejoice during their long engagement; yet Bessie was a sociable creature, and did not mope or shut herself up, but led a life of active usefulness, and was a general favourite amongst all classes. They had never contemplated the possibility of evading Bessie's solemn promise to her dying father; to their tender consciences, that fatal promise was as binding and stringent, as if the

gulf of marriage or conventual vows yawned betwixt them. We had been inclined to indulge some mirth at the expense of the little gray gossip, when she first presented herself to our notice; but now we regarded her as an object of interest, surrounded by a halo of romance, fully shared in by her charming, venerable lover. And this was good Cousin Con's elucidation of the riddle, which she narrated with many digressions, and with animated smiles, to conceal tears of sympathy. Paul Worthington and little Bessie did not like their history to be discussed by the rising frivolous generation; it was so unworldly, so sacred, and they looked forward with humble hope so soon to be united for ever in the better land, that it pained and distressed them to be made a topic of conversation.

Were we relating fiction, it would be easy to bring this antiquated pair together, even at the eleventh hour; love and constancy making up for the absence of one sweet ingredient, evanescent, yet beautiful—the ingredient we mean of youth. But as this is a romance of reality, we are fain to divulge facts as they actually occurred, and as we heard them from authentic sources. Paul and Bessie, divided in their lives, repose side by side in the old church-yard. He dropped off first, and Bessie doffed her gray for sombre habiliments of darker hue. Nor did she long remain behind, loving little soul! leaving her property to Annie Mortimer, and warning her against long engagements.

The last time we heard of Annie, she was the happy wife of an excellent man, who, fully coinciding in the opinion of the little gray gossip, protested strenuously against more than six weeks' courtship, and carried his point triumphantly.

THE WET SHROUD.

'Ach, Sohn! was hält dich zurück?'
'Siehe, Mutter, das sind die Thänen.'

MUTTERTHÄNEN.

THEY gave her back again:
They never asked to see her face;
But gazed upon her vacant place,
Moaning, like those in pain.

There was a brief hot thirst;
A thirsting of the heart for streams
Which never more save in sweet dreams
From that lost fount should burst.

There was a frightful cry,
As if the whole great earth were dead;
Yet was one arrow only sped,
One, only, called to die.

Then all grew calm as sleep;
And they in household ways once more
Did go: the anguish half was o'er,
For they had learned to weep.

They stood about her bed,
And whispered low beneath their cloud;
For she might hear them speaking loud—
She was so near, they said.

Softly her pillow pressing,
With reverend brows they mutely lay;
They scarcely missed the risen clay
In her pure soul's caressing.

Last, from their eyes were driven
Those heart-drops, lest—so spoke their fears—
Her robes all heavy with their tears
Might clog her flight to Heaven!

E. L. H.

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PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

From the time of King Solomon downwards, laughter has been the subject of pretty general abuse. Even the laughers themselves sometimes vituperate the cachinnation they indulge in, and many of them

— 'laugh in such a sort,
As if they mocked themselves, and scorned the spirit
That could be moved to laugh at anything.'

The general notion is, that laughter is childish, and unworthy the gravity of adult life. Grown men, we say, have more to do than to laugh; and the wiser sort of them leave such an unseemly contortion of the muscles to babes and blockheads.

We have a suspicion that there is something wrong here—that the world is mistaken not only in its reasonings, but its facts. To assign laughter to an early period of life, is to go contrary to observation and experience. There is not so grave an animal in this world as the human baby. It will weep, when it has got the length of tears, by the pailful; it will clench its fists, distort its face into a hideous expression of anguish, and scream itself into convulsions. It has not yet come up to a laugh. The little savage must be educated by circumstances, and tamed by the contact of civilisation, before it rises to the greater functions of its being. Nay, we have sometimes received the idea from its choked and tuneless screams, that *they* were imperfect attempts at laughter. It feels enjoyment as well as pain, but has only one way of expressing both.

Then, look at the baby when it has turned into a little boy or girl, and come up in some degree to the cachinnation. The laughter is still only rudimental: it is not genuine laughter. It expresses triumph, scorn, passion—anything but a feeling of natural amusement. It is provoked by misfortune, by bodily infirmities, by the writhings of agonised animals; and it indicates either a sense of power or a selfish feeling of exemption from suffering. The 'light-hearted laugh of children!' What a mistake! Observe the gravity of their sports. They are masters or mistresses, with the care of a family upon their hands; and they take especial delight in correcting their children with severity. They are washer-women, housemaids, cooks; soldiers, policemen, postmen; coach, horsemen, and horses, by turns; and in all these characters they scour, sweep, fry, fight, pursue, carry, whirl, ride, and are ridden, without changing a muscle.

At the games of the young people there is much shouting, argument, vituperation—but no laughter. A game is a serious business with a boy, and he derives from it excitement, but no amusement. If he laughs

at all, it is at something quite distinct from the purpose of the sport: for instance, when one of his comrades has his nose broken by the ball, or when the feet of another make off from him on the ice, and he comes down upon his back like a thunderbolt. On such occasions, the laugh of a boy puts us in mind of the laugh of a hyæna: it is, in fact, the broken, asthmatic roar of a beast of prey.

It would thus appear that the common charge brought against laughter, of being something babyish, or childish, or boyish—something properly appertaining to early life—is unfounded. But we of course must not be understood to speak of what is technically called giggling, which proceeds more from a looseness of the structures than from any sensation of amusement. Many young persons are continually on the giggle till their muscles strengthen; and indeed, when a company of them are met together, the affection, aggravated by emulation, acquires the loudness of laughter, when it may be likened, in Scripture phrase, to the crackling of thorns. What we mean is a regular guffaw; that explosion of high spirits, and the feeling of joyous excitement, which is commonly written ha! ha! ha! This is altogether unknown in babyhood; in boyhood, it exists only in its rudiments; and it does not reach its full development till adolescence ripens into manhood.

This train of thought was suggested to us a few evenings ago, by the conduct of a party of eight or ten individuals, who meet periodically for the purpose of philosophical inquiry. Their subject is a very grave one. Their object is to mould into a science that which as yet is only a vague, formless, and obscure department of knowledge; and they proceed in the most cautious manner from point to point, from axiom to axiom—debating at every step, and coming to no decision without unanimous conviction. Some are professors of the university, devoted to abstruse studies; some are clergymen; and some authors and artists. Now, at the meeting in question—which we take merely as an example, for all are alike—when the hour struck which terminates their proceedings for the evening, the jaded philosophers retired to the refreshment-room; and here a scene of remarkable contrast occurred. Instead of a single deep, low, earnest voice, alternating with a profound silence, an absolute roar of merriment began, with the suddenness of an explosion of gunpowder. Jests, bon-mots, anecdotes, barbarous plays upon words—the more atrocious the better—flew round the table; and a joyous and almost continuous ha! ha! ha! made the ceiling ring. This, we venture to say it, *was* laughter—genuine, unmistakable laughter, proceeding from no sense of triumph, from no self-gratulation, and mingled with no bad feeling of any kind.

It was a spontaneous effort of nature, coming from the head as well as the heart: an unbending of the bow, a reaction from study, which study alone could occasion, and which could occur only in adult life.

There are some people who cannot laugh, but these are not necessarily either morose or stupid. They may laugh in their heart, and with their eyes, although by some unlucky fatality, they have not the gift of oral cachinnation. Such persons are to be pitied; for laughter in grown people is a substitute devised by nature for the screams and shouts of boyhood, by which the lungs are strengthened and the health preserved. As the intellect ripens, that shouting ceases, and we learn to laugh as we learn to reason. The society we have mentioned studied the harder the more they laughed, and they laughed the more the harder they studied. Each, of course, to be of use, must be in its own place. A laugh in the midst of the study would have been a profanation; a grave look in the midst of the merriment would have been an insult to the good sense of the company.

If there are some people who cannot laugh, there are others who will not. It is not, however, that they are ashamed of being grown men, and want to go back to babyhood, for by some extraordinary perversity, they fancy unalterable gravity to be the distinguishing characteristic of wisdom. In a merry company, they present the appearance of a Red Indian whitewashed, and look on at the strange ways of their neighbours without betraying even the faintest spark of sympathy or intelligence. These are children of a larger growth, and have not yet acquired sense enough to laugh. Like the savage, they are afraid of compromising their dignity, or, to use their own words, of making fools of themselves. For our part, we never see a man afraid of making a fool of himself at the right season, without setting him down as a fool ready made.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh; now here, now there—now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away, and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it dings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

But our song, like Dibdin's, 'means more than it says;' for a man, as we have stated, may laugh, and yet the cachinnation be wanting. His heart laughs, and his eyes are filled with that kindly, sympathetic smile which inspires friendship and confidence. On the sympathy within, these external phenomena depend; and this sympathy it is which keeps societies of men together, and is the true freemasonry of the good and wise. It is an imperfect sympathy that grants only sympathetic tears: we must join in the mirth as well as melancholy of our neighbours. If our countrymen laughed more, they would not only be happier, but better; and if philanthropists would provide amusements for the people, they would be saved the trouble and expense of their fruitless war against public-houses. This is an indisputable proposition. The French and Italians, with wine growing at their doors, and spirits almost as cheap as beer in England, are sober nations. How comes this? The laugh will answer that leaps up from group after group—the dance on the village-green—the family dinner under the trees—the thousand

merry-meetings that invigorate industry, by serving as a relief to the business of life. Without these, business is care; and it is from care, not from amusement, men fly to the bottle.

The common mistake is to associate the idea of amusement with error of every kind; and this piece of moral asceticism is given forth as true wisdom, and, from sheer want of examination, is very generally received as such. A place of amusement concentrates a crowd, and whatever excesses may be committed, being confined to a small space, stand more prominently forward than at other times. This is all. The excesses are really fewer—far fewer—in proportion to the number assembled, than if no gathering had taken place. How can it be otherwise? The amusement is itself the excitement which the wearied heart longs for; it is the reaction which nature seeks; and in the comparatively few instances of a coarser intoxication being superadded, we see only the craving of depraved habit—a habit engendered, in all probability, by the want of amusement.

No, good friends, let us laugh sometimes, if you love us. A dangerous character is of another kidney, as Cæsar knew to his cost:—

'He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he laughs;'

and when he does, it is on the wrong side of his mouth.

Let us be wiser. Let us laugh in fitting time and place, silently or aloud, each after his nature. Let us enjoy an innocent reaction rather than a guilty one, since reaction there must be. The bow that is always bent loses its elasticity, and becomes useless.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI*

THE authoress of *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, known also in this country by her *Papers on Literature and Art*, occupied among her own people a station as notable as that of De Staël among the French, or of Rahel von Ense in Germany. Mystic and transcendental as she was, her writings teem with proof of original power, and are the expression of a thoughtful and energetic, if also a wayward and undisciplined, mind. One of the two compilers of these Memoirs (Emerson and W. H. Channing) observes, that his first impression of her was that of a 'Yankee Corinna'; and such is not unlikely to be the last impression of ordinary readers, ourselves among the number. In a letter, dated 1841, we find her saying: 'I feel all Italy glowing beneath the Saxon crust'—an apt illustration of her mental structure and tone of sentiment, compounded of New Worldedness, as represented by Margaret Fuller, and of the feelings of Southern Europe, as embodied in the Marchesa Ossoli. Without at this time pausing to review her literary position, and her influence upon contemporary minds, we proceed to draw from these interesting, but frequently eccentric and extravagantly worded Memoirs, a sketch of her remarkable life-history.

Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridge-Port, Massachusetts, in May 1810. Her father was a shrewd, practical, hard-headed lawyer, whose love for his wife 'was the green spot on which he stood apart from the commonplaces of a mere bread-winning, bread-bestowing existence.' That wife is described as a fair and flower-like nature, bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew, and the frolic birds. 'Of all persons whom I have known, she had in her most of the angelic—of that spontaneous love for every living thing, for man, and beast, and tree, which

* Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1852.

restores the Golden Age.* Mr Fuller, in undertaking the education of his daughter, committed the common error of excessive stimulation—thinking to gain time by forwarding the intellect as early as possible. He was himself a scholar, and hoped to make her the heir of all he knew, and of as much more as might be elsewhere attained. He was a severe and exacting disciplinarian, and permanently marred the nervous system of his child by the system he adopted of requiring her to recite her tasks on his return home at night, which was frequently very late. Hence a premature development of the brain, which, while it made her a youthful prodigy by day—one such youthful prodigy, it has been justly said, is often the pest of a whole neighbourhood—rendered her the nightly victim of spectral illusions, somnambulism, &c.; checked her growth; and eventually brought on continual headaches, weakness, and various nervous affections. As soon as the light was removed from her chamber at night, this ill-tended girl was haunted by colossal faces, that advanced slowly towards her, the eyes dilating, and each feature swelling loathsomely as they came; till at last, when they were about to close upon her, she started up with a shriek, which drove them away, but only to return when she lay down again. 'No wonder the child arose and walked in her sleep, moaning all over the house, till once, when they heard her, and came and waked her, and she told what she had dreamed, her father sharply bade her "leave off thinking of such nonsense, or she would be crazy"—never knowing that he was himself the cause of all these horrors of the night.' Her home seems to have been deficient in the charms and associations appropriate to childhood. Finding no relief from without, her already overexcited mind was driven for refuge from itself to the world of books. She tells us she was taught Latin and English grammar at the same time; in Latin, which she began to read at six years old, her father, and subsequently a tutor, trained her to a high degree of precision, expecting her to understand the mechanism of the language thoroughly, and to translate it tersely and unhesitatingly, with the definite clearness of one perfectly *au fait* in the philosophy of the classics. Thus she became imbued with an abiding interest in the genius of old Rome—the power of will, the dignity of a fixed purpose—where man takes a 'noble bronze in camps and battle-fields,' his brow well furrowed by the 'wrinkles of council,' and his eye 'cutting its way like the sword;' and thence she loved to escape, at Ovid's behest, to the enchanted gardens of the Greek mythology, to the gods and nymphs born of the sunbeam, the wave, the shadows on the hill—delighted to realise in those Greek forms the faith of a refined and intense childhood. Reading was now to her a habit and a passion. Its only rival attraction was the 'dear little garden' behind the house, where the best hours of her lonely child-life were spent. Within the house, everything, she says, was socially utilitarian; her books told of a proud world, but in another temper were the teachings of the little garden, where her thoughts could lie callow in the nest, and only be fed and kept warm, not called to fly or sing before the time. A range of blue hills, at about twelve miles' distance, allured her to reverie, and bred within her thoughts not too deep for tears. The books which exercised most power over her at this period were Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière—all three students of the 'natural history of man,' and inspired by fact, not fancy; reconstructing the world from materials which they collected on every side, not spinning from the desires of their own special natures; and accordingly teaching her, their open-eyed disciple, to distrust all invention which is not based on a wide experience, but, as she

confesses, also doing her harm, since the child, fed with meat instead of milk, becomes too soon mature. For a few months, this bookish life was interrupted, or varied, by the presence of an English lady, whom Margaret invested with ideal perfections as her 'first friend,' and whom she worshipped as a star from the east—a morning-star; and at whose departure she fell into a profound depression. Her father sought to dispel this rooted melancholy, by sending her to school—a destiny from which her whole nature revolted, as something alien to its innermost being and cherished associations. To school, however, she went, and at first captivated, and then scandalised her fellow-pupils by her strange ways. Now, she surprised them by her physical faculty of rivaling the spinning dervishes of the East—now, by declaiming verses, and acting a whole *répertoire* of parts, both laughter-raising and tear-compelling—now, by waking in the night, and cheating her restlessness by inventions that alternately diverted and teased her companions. She was always devising means to infringe upon the school-room routine. This involved her at last in a trouble, from which she was only extricated by the judicious tenderness of her teacher—the circumstances attending which 'crisis' are detailed at length in her story of 'Mariana.'

Her personal appearance at this time, and for some following years, is described by one of her friends as being that of a blooming girl of a florid complexion and vigorous health, with a tendency to robustness, which she unwisely endeavoured to suppress or conceal at the price of much future suffering. With no pretensions to beauty then, or at any time, her face was one that attracted, but baffled physiognomical art. 'She escaped the reproach of positive plainness, by her blond and abundant hair, by her excellent teeth, by her sparkling, busy eyes, which, though usually half-closed from near-sightedness, shot piercing glances at those with whom she conversed, and, most of all, by the very peculiar and graceful carriage of her head and neck.' In conversation she was already distinguished, though addicted to 'quizzing'—the not unreasonable ground of unpopularity with her female friends. Emerson alludes to her dangerous reputation for satire, which, in addition to her great scholarship, made the women dislike one who despised them, and the men cavil at her as 'carrying too many guns.' A fragment from a letter in her sixteenth year will illustrate her pursuits at that period:—'I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practise on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next, I read French—Sismondi's *Literature of Southern Europe*—till eight; then, two or three lectures in Brown's *Philosophy*. About half-past nine, I go to Mr Perkins's school, and study Greek till twelve, when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practise again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six, I walk, or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing, for half an hour or so, to make all sleepy, and, about eleven, retire to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics which I am filling up according to advice.' Greek, French, Italian, metaphysics, and private authorship—pretty well for a miss in her teens, and surely a promissory-note on the *bas bleu* joint-stock company!—a note which she discharged in full when it became due. Next year (1826), we find her studying M^{me} de Staël, Epictetus, Milton, Racine, and Spanish ballads, 'with great delight.' Anon she is engrossed with the elder Italian poets, from Berni down to Pulci and Politian; then with Locke and the ontologists; then with the *opera omnia* of Sir William Temple. She pursued at this time no systematic

* Mr Fuller's Autobiography, which comprises the first sixty pages of these Memoirs.

study, but 'read with the heart, and was learning more from social experience than from books.' The interval of her life, between sixteen and twenty-five, is characterised by one of her biographers as a period of 'ponderating sentimentality, of romance and dreams, of yearning and of passion.' While residing at Cambridge, she suffered from profound despondency—conscious of the want of a home for her heart. A sterner schooling awaited her at Groton, whither her father removed in 1833. Here he died suddenly of cholera in 1835. Now she was taught the miserable perplexities of a family that has lost its head, and was called to tread a path for which, as she says, she had no skill and no call, except that it must be trodden by some one, and she alone was ready. In 1836 she went to Boston, to teach Latin and French in an academy of local repute; and in the ensuing year she accepted a 'very favourable offer,' to become 'lady-superior' in an educational institution at Providence, where she seems to have exercised an influence analogous to that of Dr Arnold at Rugby—treating her pupils as ladies, and thus making them anxious to prove that they deserved to be so treated.

By this time, she had attracted around her many and devoted friends. Her conversational powers were of a high order, by common consent. Mr Hedge describes her speech as remarkably fluent and correct; but deriving its strength not from fluency, choice diction, wit, or sentiment, but from accuracy of statement, keen discrimination, and a certain weight of judgment; together with rhetorical finish, it had an air of spontaneity which made it seem the grace of the moment: so that he says, 'I do not remember that the vulgar charge of talking "like a book" was ever fastened upon her, although, by her precision, she might seem to have incurred it.' The excitement of the presence of living persons seems to have energised her whole being. 'I need to be called out,' are her words, 'and never think alone, without imagining some companion. It is my habit, and bespeaks a second-rate mind.' And again: 'After all, this writing,' she says in a letter, 'is mighty dead. Oh, for my dear old Greeks, who talked everything—not to shine as in the Parisian saloons, but to learn, to teach, to vent the heart, to clear the head!' Mr Alcott of Boston considered her the most brilliant talker of the day. Miss Martineau was fascinated by the same charm. It is thus characterised by the author of *Representative Men*: 'Talent, memory, wit, stern introspection, poetic play, religion, the finest personal feeling, the aspects of the future, each followed each in full activity, and left me, I remember, enriched and sometimes astonished by the gifts of my guest.' Her self-complacency staggered many at first—as when she spoke, in the quietest manner, of the girls she had formed, the young men who owed everything to her, the fine companions she had long ago exhausted. 'I now know,' she has been heard to say in the coolest style, 'all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own.' Well may Mr Emerson talk of her letting slip phrases that betrayed the presence of 'a rather mountainous *me*.' Such phrases abound in her conversation and correspondence—mountainous enough to be a hill of offence to the uninitiated and untranscendental. At anyrate, there was no affectation in this; she thoroughly believed in her own superiority; her subscription to *that* creed was implicit and *ex animo*. Nor do we detect affectation in her most notable vagaries and crotchets. She loved the truth, and spoke it out—we were about to write, manfully; and why not? At heart, she was, to use the words of an intimate and discerning friend, a right brave and heroic woman—shrinking from no duty because of feeble nerves. Numerous illustrations of this occur in the volumes before us. Thus we find her going

from a bridal of passing joyfulness to attend a near relative during a formidable surgical operation—or drawing five hundred dollars to bestow, on a New-York 'ne'er-do-weel,' half-patriot, half-author, always in such depths of distress, and with such squadrons of enemies that no charity could relieve, no intervention save him.

In 1839, she removed from Groton, with her mother and family, to Jamaica Plain, a few miles from Boston; and thence, shortly, to Cambridge and New York. Boston, however, was her *point d'appui*, and in it she formed acquaintances of every class, the most utilitarian and the most idealistic. In 1839, she published a translation of Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann*; in 1841, the *Letters of Bettina*; in 1843, the *Summer on the Lakes*—a narrative of her tour to Lake Superior and Michigan. During the same period she was editor of the *Dial*, since conducted by Emerson and Ripley, and in which appeared her papers on Goethe and Beethoven, the Rhine, the Romaic Ballads, John Sterling's Poems, &c.

Exhausted by continuous exertion in teaching and writing for the press, Miss Fuller, in 1844, sought refreshment and health in change of scene; and, desiring rather new employments than cessation from work, she accepted a liberal offer from Mr Horace Greeley of New York, to become a regular contributor to the *Tribune*; and for that purpose to take up her abode in his house, first spending some time in the Highlands of the Hudson. At New York, she took an active interest, after Mrs Fry's manner, in the various benevolent institutions, and especially the prisons on Blackwell's Island. For more than a year she wrote regularly for the *Tribune*, 'always freshly, vigorously, but not always clearly.' The notice attracted by her articles insured fresh hosts of acquaintances, and she became a distinguished character at Miss Lynch's réunions, and at literary soirées of a similar order. In 1846, she left her native land—for ever, as the melancholy event proved—to join Mr and Mrs Spring in a European tour. Her letters home contain much pleasant gossip about some of the Old-World notabilities. Thus she records her interviews with Wordsworth in his Rydal retreat, with Dr Chalmers, Dr Andrew Combe, Mr De Quincey, the Howitts, &c. She visited Paris in the winter, and became acquainted with Lamennais, Béranger, Mme Dudevant, and others. Thence, in the spring of 1847, she went to Italy, where she remained until she embarked in 1850 on board that doomed ship, the *Elizabeth*. As a resident in Rome, her safety was seriously imperiled during the French siege of 1849. She was appointed by the 'Roman Commission for the succour of the wounded,' to the superintendence of an hospital, and all along took the liveliest interest in the fortunes of Mazzini and the republic. She was then a wife and a mother, having been married privately to the Marquis Ossoli, a Roman, 'of a noble but impoverished house,' whom she described, in a letter to her mother, as 'not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with her,' being a man 'absolutely ignorant of books, and with no enthusiasm of character,' but endowed with excellent practical sense, a nice sense of duty, native refinement, and much sweetness of temper. The peculiar circumstances attending the marriage in that country, and at that agitated crisis, involved Margaret in numerous afflictions, and taxed her powers of endurance to the very uttermost.

She had to suffer compulsory separation from husband and child—the one in hourly peril of a bloody death, the other neglected and pining away in the hands of strangers: penury, loneliness, prostrating sickness, and treachery on the part of those around her, were meanwhile her own lot in the land of strangers. How this season of trial affected her character, may be inferred from the remarks of her friend Mrs. Story, then

journing in Italy, who says, that in Boston she had regarded Margaret as a person on intellectual stilts, with a large share of arrogance, and little sweetness of temper; and adds: 'How unlike to this was she now!—so delicate, so simple, confiding, and affectionate; with a true womanly heart and soul, sensitive and generous, and, what was to me a still greater surprise, possessed of so broad a charity, that she could cover with its mantle the faults and defects of all about her.' Her devotion to her husband, and her passionate attachment to her little Angelo, were exhibited in the liveliest colour: the influence she exercised, too, by love and sympathy, over Italians of every class with whom she came in contact, appears of a kind more tender, chastened, and womanly than that which previously characterised her. When the republican cause at Rome left no hope of present restoration, Margaret found a tranquil refuge in Florence, devoting her mornings to literary labours, and her evenings to social intercourse with cultivated natives and a few foreign visitors, among whom the Brownings occupied a distinguished place. Greatly straitened in means at this time, the repose she and her husband enjoyed at Florence, in their small and scantily-furnished room, seems to have been peculiarly grateful to both. Soon, however, arrangements were made for their departure to the United States; for Margaret was heart-weary at the political reaction in Europe, and the pecuniary expediency of publishing to advantage her chronicles of the revolution, seconded by a yearning to see her family and friends once more, constrained to this step.

From motives of economy, they took passage in a merchantman from Leghorn, the *Elizabeth*, the expense being one-half what a return by way of France would have been. The remonstrances of her acquaintance, founded on the fatigues of a two months' voyage—the comparative insecurity of such a bark—the exposed position of the cabin (on deck)—and so on, were not unaided by Margaret's own presentiments. Ossoli, when a boy, had been told by a fortune-teller, to 'beware of the sea,' and this was the first ship he had ever set his foot in. In a letter where she describes herself 'suffering, as never before, all the horrors of indecision,' his wife expresses a fervent prayer that it 'may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness, or amid the howling waves; or if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief.' That 'or if so' is affecting—and was realised, except, indeed, that the anguish was not brief, for it lasted twelve terrible hours—a long communion face to face with Death! The bark sailed May 17, 1850. Captain Hasty, 'so fine a model of the New-England seaman,' inspired the passengers with cheerful confidence, and for a few days all went prosperously. But early in June, Captain Hasty died of confluent small-pox. The child Angelino caught it, but recovered, and won all hearts by his playful innocence, loving especially to be walked up and down in the arms of the steward, who had just such a boy at home waiting his arrival. On Thursday, July 15, the *Elizabeth* was off the Jersey coast: at evening-tide, a breeze sprang up, which by midnight had become a hurricane. About four o'clock next morning, she struck on Fire Island beach, and lay at the mercy of the maddened ocean. Mr Channing's description of the wreck is a most picturesque narrative, but too long for quotation. Very touching is the sketch of the Ossoli group, remaining on board after nearly all the passengers and crew had perished or escaped to land, which was distant only a few hundred yards—the infant crying passionately, hovering in the wet, till soothed and lulled to sleep by his mother, a calm expectant of death; and Ossoli, dissuading by counsel and prayer their affrighted friends from Italy; all exchanging kindly partings, and sending messages home, if any should survive to be their bearer. Though persons were busy gathering

into carts, on the shore, whatever spoil was stranded, no life-boat appeared; and the few remaining on the wreck were now fain to trust themselves to the rioting surf. Margaret would not go alone. With her husband and attendant (Celeste), she was just about to try the planks prepared by four seamen, and the steward had just taken little Nino in his arms, pledged to save him or die, 'when a sea struck the fore-castle, and the foremast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon it. The steward and Angelino were washed upon the beach, both dead, though warm, some twenty minutes after. Celeste and Ossoli were caught for a moment by the rigging, but the next wave swallowed them up. Margaret sank at once. When last seen, she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders.' No trace was found of her manuscript on Italy: her love-correspondence with Ossoli was the only relic—the last memorial of that howling hurricane, pitiless sea, wreck on a sand-bar, an idle life-boat, beach-pirates, and not one friend!

With the exception of certain sections of laboured, writhing wordiness, the feverish restlessness and hectic symptoms of which are but too familiar to persons read in the literature of second-rate transcendentalism, these volumes comprise a large amount of matter that will well repay perusal, and portray a character of no ordinary type—a 'large-brained woman and large-hearted man.'

THE COUNTER-STROKE.

Just after breakfast one fine spring morning in 1837, an advertisement in the *Times* for a curate caught and fixed my attention. The salary was sufficiently remunerative for a bachelor, and the parish, as I personally knew, one of the most pleasantly situated in all Somersetshire. Having said that, the reader will readily understand that it could not have been a hundred miles from Taunton. I instantly wrote, enclosing testimonials, with which the Rev. Mr Townley, the rector, was so entirely satisfied, that the return-post brought me a positive engagement, unclogged with the slightest objection to one or two subsidiary items I had stipulated for, and accompanied by an invitation to make the rectory my home till I could conveniently suit myself elsewhere. This was both kind and handsome; and the next day but one I took coach, with a light heart, for my new destination. It thus happened that I became acquainted, and in some degree mixed up, with the train of events it is my present purpose to relate.

The rector I found to be a stout, portly gentleman, whose years already reached to between sixty and seventy. So many winters, although they had plentifully besprinkled his hair with gray, shone out with ruddy brightness in his still handsome face, and keen, kindly, bright-hazel eyes; and his voice, hearty and ringing, had not as yet one quaver of age in it. I met him at breakfast on the morning after my arrival, and his reception of me was most friendly. We had spoken together but for a few minutes, when one of the French windows, that led from the breakfast-room into a shrubbery and flower-garden, gently opened and admitted a lady, just then, as I afterwards learned, in her nineteenth spring. I use this term almost unconsciously, for I cannot even now, in the glowing summer of her life, dissociate her image from that season of youth and joyousness. She was introduced to me, with old-fashioned simplicity, as 'My grand-daughter, Agnes Townley.' It is difficult to look at beauty through other men's eyes, and, in the present instance, I feel that I should fail miserably in the endeavour to stamp upon this blank, dead paper, any adequate idea of the fresh loveliness, the rose-bud beauty of that young girl. I will merely say, that her perfectly Grecian

head, wreathed with wavy *bandeaux* of bright hair, undulating with golden light, vividly brought to my mind Raphael's halo-tinted portraits of the Virgin—with this difference, that in place of the holy calm and resignation of the painting, there was in Agnes Townley a sparkling youth and life, that even amidst the heat and glare of a crowded ball-room or of a theatre, irresistibly suggested and recalled the freshness and perfume of the morning—of a cloudless, rosy morning of May. And, far higher charm than feature-beauty, however exquisite, a sweetness of disposition, a kind gentleness of mind and temper, was evidenced in every line of her face, in every accent of the low-pitched, silver voice, that breathed through lips made only to smile.

Let me own, that I was greatly struck by so remarkable a combination of rare endowments; and this, I think, the sharp-eyed rector must have perceived, or he might not perhaps have been so immediately communicative with respect to the near prospects of his idolised grandchild, as he was the moment the young lady, after presiding at the breakfast-table, had withdrawn.

'We shall have gay doings, Mr Tyrrel, at the rectory shortly,' he said. 'Next Monday three weeks will, with the blessing of God, be Agnes Townley's wedding-day.'

'Wedding-day!'

'Yes,' rejoined the rector, turning towards and examining some flowers which Miss Townley had brought in and placed on the table. 'Yes, it has been for some time settled that Agnes shall on that day be united in holy wedlock to Mr Arbuthnot.'

'Mr Arbuthnot of Elm Park?'

'A great match, is it not, in a worldly point of view?' replied Mr Townley, with a pleasant smile at the tone of my exclamation. 'And much better than that: Robert Arbuthnot is a young man of a high and noble nature, as well as devotedly attached to Agnes. He will, I doubt not, prove in every respect a husband deserving and worthy of her; and that from the lips of a dotting old grandpapa must be esteemed high praise. You will see him presently.'

I did see him often, and quite agreed in the rector's estimate of his future grandson-in-law. I have not frequently seen a finer-looking young man—his age was twenty-six; and certainly one of a more honourable and kindly spirit, of a more genial temper than he, has never come within my observation. He had drawn a great prize in the matrimonial lottery, and, I felt, deserved his high fortune.

They were married at the time agreed upon, and the day was kept not only at Elm Park, and in its neighbourhood, but throughout 'our' parish, as a general holiday. And, strangely enough—at least I have never met with another instance of the kind—it was held by our entire female community, high as well as low, that the match was a perfectly equal one, notwithstanding that wealth and high worldly position were entirely on the bridegroom's side. In fact, that nobody less in the social scale than the representative of an old territorial family ought, in the nature of things, to have aspired to the hand of Agnes Townley, appeared to have been a foregone conclusion with everybody. This will give the reader a truer and more vivid impression of the bride, than any words or colours I might use.

The days, weeks, months of wedded life flew over Mr and Mrs Arbuthnot without a cloud, save a few dark but transitory ones which I saw now and then flit over the husband's countenance as the time when he should become a father drew near, and came to be more and more spoken of. 'I should not survive her,' said Mr Arbuthnot, one day in reply to a chance observation of the rector's, 'nor indeed desire to do so.' The gray-headed man seized and warmly pressed the husband's hand, and tears of sympathy filled his eyes; yet did he,

nevertheless, as in duty bound, utter grave words on the sinfulness of despair under any circumstances, and the duty, in all trials, however heavy, of patient submission to the will of God. But the venerable gentleman spoke in a hoarse and broken voice, and it was easy to see he felt with Mr Arbuthnot that the reality of an event, the bare possibility of which shook them so terribly, were a cross too heavy for human strength to bear and live.

It was of course decided that the expected heir or heiress should be intrusted to a wet-nurse, and a Mrs Danby, the wife of a miller living not very far from the rectory, was engaged for that purpose. I had frequently seen the woman; and her name, as the rector and I were one evening gossiping over our tea, on some subject or other that I forget, came up.

'A likely person,' I remarked; 'healthy, very good-looking, and one might make oath, a true-hearted creature. But there is withal a timidity, a frightenedness in her manner at times which, if I may hazard a perhaps uncharitable conjecture, speaks ill for that smart husband of hers.'

'You have hit the mark precisely, my dear sir. Danby is a sorry fellow, and a domestic tyrant to boot. His wife, who is really a good, but meek-hearted person, lived with us once. How old do you suppose her to be?'

'Five-and-twenty perhaps.'

'Six years more than that. She has a son of the name of Harper by a former marriage, who is in his tenth year. Anne wasn't a widow long. Danby was caught by her good looks, and she by the bait of a well-provided home. Unless, however, her husband gives up his corn speculations, she will not, I think, have that much longer.'

'Corn speculations! Surely Danby has no means adequate to indulgence in such a game as that?'

'Not he. But about two years ago he bought, on credit, I believe, a considerable quantity of wheat, and prices happening to fly suddenly up just then, he made a large profit. This has quite turned his head, which, by the by, was never, as Cockneys say, quite rightly screwed on.' The announcement of a visitor interrupted anything further the rector might have had to say, and I soon afterwards went home.

A sad accident occurred about a month subsequent to the foregoing conversation. The rector was out riding upon a usually quiet horse, which all at once took it into its head to shy at a scarecrow it must have seen a score of times, and thereby threw its rider. Help was fortunately at hand, and the reverend gentleman was instantly conveyed home, when it was found that his left thigh was broken. Thanks, however, to his temperate habits, it was before long authoritatively pronounced that, although it would be a considerable time before he was released from confinement, it was not probable that the lusty winter of his life would be shortened by what had happened. Unfortunately, the accident threatened to have evil consequences in another quarter. Immediately after it occurred, one Matthews, a busy, thick-headed lout of a butcher, rode furiously off to Elm Park with the news. Mrs Arbuthnot, who daily looked to be confined, was walking with her husband upon the lawn in front of the house, when the great burly blockhead rode up, and blurted out that the rector had been thrown from his horse, and it was feared killed!

The shock of such an announcement was of course overwhelming. A few hours afterwards, Mrs Arbuthnot gave birth to a healthy male-child; but the young mother's life, assailed by fever, was for many days utterly despaired of—for weeks held to tremble so evenly in the balance, that the slightest adverse circumstance might in a moment turn the scale deathward. At length the black horizon that seemed to encompass us so hopelessly, lightened, and afforded the

lover-husband a glimpse and hope of his vanished and well-nigh despaired of Eden. The promise was fulfilled. I was in the library with Mr Arbuthnot awaiting the physician's morning report, very anxiously expected at the rectory, when Dr Lindley entered the apartment in evidently cheerful mood.

'You have been causelessly alarmed,' he said. 'There is no fear whatever of a relapse. Weakness only remains, and that we shall slowly, perhaps, but certainly, remove.'

A gleam of lightning seemed to flash over Mr Arbuthnot's expressive countenance. 'Blessed be God!' he exclaimed. 'And how,' he added, 'shall we manage respecting the child? She asks for it incessantly.'

Mr Arbuthnot's infant son, I should state, had been consigned immediately after its birth to the care of Mrs Danby, who had herself been confined, also with a boy, about a fortnight previously. Scarlatina being prevalent in the neighbourhood, Mrs Danby was hurried away with the two children to a place near Bath, almost before she was able to bear the journey. Mr Arbuthnot had not left his wife for an hour, and consequently had only seen his child for a few minutes just after it was born.

'With respect to the child,' replied Dr Lindley, 'I am of opinion that Mrs Arbuthnot may see it in a day or two. Say the third day from this, if all goes well. I think we may venture so far; but I will be present, for any untoward agitation might be perhaps instantly fatal.' This point provisionally settled, we all three went our several ways: I to cheer the still suffering rector with the good news.

The next day but one, Mr Arbuthnot was in exuberant spirits. 'Dr Lindley's report is even more favourable than we had anticipated,' he said; 'and I start to-morrow morning, to bring Mrs Danby and the child.'—The postman's subdued but unmistakable knock interrupted him. 'The nurse,' he added, 'is very attentive and punctual. She writes almost every day.' A servant entered with a salver heaped with letters. Mr Arbuthnot tossed them over eagerly, and seizing one, after glancing at the post-mark, tore it eagerly open, muttering as he did so: 'It is not the usual handwriting; but from her, no doubt!'—'Merciful God!' I impulsively exclaimed, as I suddenly lifted my eyes to his. 'What is the matter?' A mortal pallor had spread over Mr Arbuthnot's before animated features, and he was glaring at the letter in his hand as if a basilisk had suddenly confronted him. Another moment, and the muscles of his frame appeared to give way suddenly, and he dropped heavily into the easy-chair from which he had risen to take the letters. I was terribly alarmed, and first loosening his neckerchief, for he seemed choking, I said: 'Let me call some one; and I turned to reach the bell, when he instantly seized my arms, and held me with a grip of iron. 'No—no—no!' he hoarsely gasped; 'water—water!' There was fortunately some on a side-table. I handed it to him, and he drank eagerly. It appeared to revive him a little. He thrust the crumpled letter into his pocket, and said in a low, quick whisper: 'There is some one coming! Not a word, remember—not a word!' At the same time, he wheeled his chair half round, so that his back should be towards the servant we heard approaching.

'I am sent, sir,' said Mrs Arbuthnot's maid, 'to ask if the post has arrived.'

'Yes,' replied Mr Arbuthnot, with wonderful mastery of his voice. 'Tell your mistress I shall be with her almost immediately, and that her—her son is quite well.'

'Mr Tyrrel,' he continued, as soon as the servant was out of hearing, 'there is, I think, a liqueur-stand on the sideboard in the large dining-room. Would you have the kindness to bring it me, unobserved—mind that—unobserved by any one?'

I did as he requested; and the instant I placed the liqueur-frame before him, he seized the brandy *carafe*, and drank with fierce eagerness. 'For goodness' sake,' I exclaimed, 'consider what you are about, Mr Arbuthnot: you will make yourself ill.'

'No, no,' he answered, after finishing his draught. 'It seems scarcely stronger than water. But I—I am better now. It was a sudden spasm of the heart; that's all. The letter,' he added, after a long and painful pause, during which he eyed me, I thought, with a kind of suspicion—'the letter you saw me open just now, comes from a relative, an aunt, who is ill, very ill, and wishes to see me instantly. You understand?'

I did understand, or at least I feared that I did too well. I, however, bowed acquiescence; and he presently rose from his chair, and strode about the apartment in great agitation, until his wife's bedroom bell rang. He then stopped suddenly short, shook himself, and looked anxiously at the reflection of his flushed and varying countenance in the magnificent chimney-glass.

'I do not look, I think—or, at least shall not, in a darkened room—odder, more out of the way—that is, more agitated—than one might, that one *must* appear, after hearing of the dangerous illness of—of—an aunt?'

'You look better, sir, than you did awhile since.'

'Yes, yes; much better, much better. I am glad to hear you say so. That was my wife's bell. She is anxious, no doubt, to see me.'

He left the apartment; was gone perhaps ten minutes; and when he returned, was a thought less nervous than before. I rose to go. 'Give my respects,' he said, 'to the good rector; and as an especial favour,' he added, with strong emphasis, 'let me ask of you not to mention to a living soul that you saw me so unmannered as I was just now; that I swallowed brandy. It would appear so strange, so weak, so ridiculous.'

I promised not to do so, and almost immediately left the house, very painfully affected. His son was, I concluded, either dead or dying, and he was thus bewilderedly casting about for means of keeping the terrible, perhaps fatal tidings from his wife. I afterwards heard that he left Elm Park in a postchaise, about two hours after I came away, unattended by a single servant!

He was gone three clear days only, at the end of which he returned with Mrs Danby and—his son—in florid health, too, and one of the finest babies of its age—about nine weeks only—I had ever seen. Thus vanished the air-drawn Doubting Castle and Giant Despair which I had so hastily conjured up! The cause assigned by Mr Arbuthnot for the agitation I had witnessed, was doubtless the true one; and yet, and the thought haunted me for months, years afterwards, he opened only *one* letter that morning, and had sent a message to his wife that the child was well!

Mrs Danby remained at the Park till the little Robert was weaned, and was then dismissed very munificently rewarded. Year after year rolled away without bringing Mr and Mrs Arbuthnot any additional little ones, and no one, therefore, could feel surprised at the enthusiastic love of the delighted mother for her handsome, nobly-promising boy. But that which did astonish me, though no one else, for it seemed that I alone noticed it, was a strange defect of character which began to develop itself in Mr Arbuthnot. He was positively jealous of his wife's affection for their own child! Many and many a time have I remarked, when he thought himself unobserved, an expression of intense pain flash from his fine, expressive eyes, at any more than usually fervent manifestation of the young mother's gushing love for her first and only born! It was altogether a mystery to me, and I as much as possible forbore to dwell upon the subject.

Nine years passed away without bringing any material change to the parties involved in this narrative, except those which time brings ordinarily in his

train. Young Robert Arbuthnot was a healthy, tall, fine-looking lad of his age; and his great-grandpapa, the rector, though not suffering under any actual physical or mental infirmity, had reached a time of life when the announcement that the golden bowl is broken, or the silver cord is loosed, may indeed be quick and sudden, but scarcely unexpected. Things had gone well, too, with the nurse, Mrs Danby, and her husband; well, at least, after a fashion. The speculative miller must have made good use of the gift to his wife for her care of little Arbuthnot, for he had built a genteel house near the mill, always rode a valuable horse, kept, it was said, a capital table; and all this, as it seemed, by his clever speculations in corn and flour, for the ordinary business of the mill was almost entirely neglected. He had no children of his own, but he had apparently taken, with much cordiality, to his step-son, a fine lad, now about eighteen years of age. This greatly grieved the boy's mother, who dreaded above all things that her son should contract the evil, dissolute habits of his father-in-law. Latterly, she had become extremely solicitous to procure the lad a permanent situation abroad, and this Mr Arbuthnot had promised should be effected at the earliest opportunity.

Thus stood affairs on the 16th of October 1846. Mr Arbuthnot was temporarily absent in Ireland, where he possessed large property, and was making personal inquiries as to the extent of the potato-rot, not long before announced. The morning's post had brought a letter to his wife, with the intelligence that he should reach home that very evening; and as the rectory was on the direct road to Elm Park, and her husband would be sure to pull up there, Mrs Arbuthnot came with her son to pass the afternoon there, and in some slight degree anticipate her husband's arrival.

About three o'clock, a chief-clerk of one of the Taunton banks rode up in a gig to the rectory, and asked to see the Rev. Mr Townley, on pressing and important business. He was ushered into the library, where the rector and I were at the moment rather busily engaged. The clerk said he had been to Elm Park, but not finding either Mr Arbuthnot or his lady there, he had thought that perhaps the Rev. Mr Townley might be able to pronounce upon the genuineness of a cheque for £300, purporting to be drawn on the Taunton Bank by Mr Arbuthnot, and which Danby the miller had obtained cash for at Bath. He further added, that the bank had refused payment, and detained the cheque, believing it to be a forgery.

'A forgery!' exclaimed the rector, after merely glancing at the document. 'No question that it is, and a very clumsily executed one, too. Besides, Mr Arbuthnot is not yet returned from Ireland.'

This was sufficient; and the messenger, with many apologies for his intrusion, withdrew, and hastened back to Taunton. We were still talking over this sad affair, although some hours had elapsed since the clerk's departure—in fact, candles had been brought in, and we were every moment expecting Mr Arbuthnot—when the sound of a horse at a hasty gallop was heard approaching, and presently the pale and haggard face of Danby shot by the window at which the rector and myself were standing. The gate-bell was rung almost immediately afterwards, and but a brief interval passed before 'Mr Danby' was announced to be in waiting. The servant had hardly gained the passage with leave to show him in, when the impatient visitor rushed rudely into the room in a state of great, and it seemed angry excitement.

'What, sir, is the meaning of this ill-mannered intrusion?' demanded the rector sternly.

'You have pronounced the cheque I paid away at Bath to be a forgery; and the officers are, I am told, already at my heels. Mr Arbuthnot, unfortunately, is not at home, and I am come, therefore, to seek shelter with you.'

'Shelter with me, sir!' exclaimed the indignant rector, moving, as he spoke, towards the bell. 'Out of my house you shall go this instant.'

The fellow placed his hand upon the reverend gentleman's arm, and looked with his bloodshot eyes keenly in his face.

'Don't!' said Danby; 'don't, for the sake of yourself and yours! Don't! I warn you: or, if you like the phrase better, don't, for the sake of me and mine.'

'Yours, fellow! Your wife, whom you have so long held in cruel bondage through her fears for her son, has at last shaken off that chain. James Harper sailed two days ago from Portsmouth for Bombay. I sent her the news two hours since.'

'Ha! Is that indeed so?' cried Danby, with an irrepressible start of alarm. 'Why, then— But no matter: here, luckily, comes Mrs Arbuthnot and her son. All's right! She will, I know, stand bail for me, and, if need be, acknowledge the genuineness of her husband's cheque.'

The fellow's insolence was becoming unbearable, and I was about to seize and thrust him forcibly from the apartment, when the sound of wheels was heard outside. 'Hold! one moment,' he cried with fierce vehemence. 'That is probably the officers: I must be brief, then, and to the purpose. Pray, madam, do not leave the room for your own sake: as for you, young sir, I command you to remain!'

'What! what does he mean?' exclaimed Mrs Arbuthnot bewilderedly, and at the same time clasping her son—who gazed on Danby with kindled eyes, and angry boyish defiance—tightly to her side. Did the man's strange words give form and significance to some dark, shadowy, indistinct doubt that had previously haunted her at times? I judged so. The rector appeared similarly confused and shaken, and had sunk nerveless and terrified upon a sofa.

'You guess dimly, I see, at what I have to say,' resumed Danby with a malignant sneer. 'Well, hear it, then, once for all, and then, if you will, give me up to the officers. Some years ago,' he continued, coldly and steadily—'some years ago, a woman, a nurse, was placed in charge of two infant children, both boys: one of these was her own; the other was the son of rich, proud parents. The woman's husband was a gay, jolly fellow, who much preferred spending money to earning it, and just then it happened that he was more than usually hard up. One afternoon, on visiting his wife, who had removed to a distance, he found that the rich man's child had sickened of the small-pox, and that there was no chance of its recovery. A letter containing the sad news was on a table, which he, the husband, took the liberty to open and read. After some reflection, suggested by what he had heard of the lady-mother's state of mind, he recopied the letter, for the sake of embodying in it a certain suggestion. That letter was duly posted, and the next day brought the rich man almost in a state of distraction; but his chief and mastering terror was lest the mother of the already dead infant should hear, in her then precarious state, of what had happened. The tidings, he was sure, would kill her. Seeing this, the cunning husband of the nurse suggested that, for the present, his—the cunning one's—child might be taken to the lady as her own, and that the truth could be revealed when she was strong enough to bear it. The rich man fell into the artful trap, and that which the husband of the nurse had speculated upon, came to pass even beyond his hopes. The lady grew to idolise her fancied child—she has, fortunately, had no other—and now, I think, it would really kill her to part with him. The rich man could not find it in his heart to un deceive his wife—every year it became more difficult, more impossible to do so; and very generously, I must say, has he paid in purse for the forbearance of the nurse's husband. Well now, then, to sum up: the nurse was Mrs Danby;

the rich, weak husband, Mr Arbuthnot; the substituted child, that handsome boy—*my son!*’

A wild scream from Mrs Arbuthnot broke the dread silence which had accompanied this frightful revelation, echoed by an agonised cry, half tenderness, half rage, from her husband, who had entered the room unobserved, and now clasped her passionately in his arms. The carriage-wheels we had heard were his. It was long before I could recall with calmness the tumult, terror, and confusion of that scene. Mr Arbuthnot strove to bear his wife from the apartment, but she would not be forced away, and kept imploring with frenzied vehemence that Robert—that her boy should not be taken from her.

‘I have no wish to do so—far from it,’ said Danby with gleeful exultation. ‘Only folk must be reasonable, and not threaten their friends with the hulks!’

‘Give him anything, anything!’ broke in the unhappy lady. ‘O Robert! Robert!’ she added with a renewed burst of hysterical grief, ‘how could you deceive me so?’

‘I have been punished, Agnes,’ he answered in a husky, broken voice, ‘for my well-intending but criminal weakness; cruelly punished by the ever-present consciousness that this discovery must one day or other be surely made. What do you want?’ he after awhile added with recovering firmness, addressing Danby.

‘The acknowledgment of the little bit of paper in dispute, of course; and say a genuine one to the same amount.’

‘Yes, yes,’ exclaimed Mrs Arbuthnot, still wildly sobbing, and holding the terrified boy strained in her embrace, as if she feared he might be wrenched from her by force. ‘Anything—pay him anything!’

At this moment, chancing to look towards the door of the apartment, I saw that it was partially opened, and that Danby’s wife was listening there. What might that mean? But what of helpful meaning in such a case could it have?

‘Be it so, love,’ said Mr Arbuthnot soothingly. ‘Danby, call to-morrow at the Park. And now, begone at once.’

‘I was thinking,’ resumed the rascal with swelling audacity, ‘that we might as well at the same time come to some permanent arrangement upon black and white. But never mind: I can always put the screw on; unless, indeed, you get tired of the young gentleman, and in that case, I doubt not, he will prove a dutiful and affectionate son—Ah, devil! What do you here? Begone, or I’ll murder you! Begone, do you hear?’

His wife had entered, and silently confronted him. ‘Your threats, evil man,’ replied the woman quietly, ‘have no terrors for me now. My son is beyond your reach. Oh, Mrs Arbuthnot,’ she added, turning towards and addressing that lady, ‘believe not!’

Her husband sprang at her with the bound of a panther. ‘Silence! Go home, or I’ll strangle!’—His own utterance was arrested by the fierce grasp of Mr Arbuthnot, who seized him by the throat, and hurled him to the further end of the room. ‘Speak on, woman; and quick! quick! What have you to say?’

‘That your son, dearest lady,’ she answered, throwing herself at Mrs Arbuthnot’s feet, ‘is as truly your own child as ever son born of woman!’

That shout of half-fearful triumph seems even now as I write to ring in my ears! I felt that the woman’s words were words of truth, but I could not see distinctly: the room whirled round, and the lights danced before my eyes, but I could hear through all the choking ecstasy of the mother, and the fury of the baffled felon.

‘The letter,’ continued Mrs Danby, ‘which my husband found and opened, would have informed you,

sir, of the swiftly approaching death of *my* child, and that yours had been carefully kept beyond the reach of contagion. The letter you received was written without my knowledge or consent. True it is that, terrified by my husband’s threats, and in some measure reconciled to the wicked imposition by knowing that, after all, the right child would be in his right place, I afterwards lent myself to Danby’s evil purposes. But I chiefly feared for my son, whom I fully believed he would not have scrupled to make away with in revenge for my exposing his profitable fraud. I have sinned; I can hardly hope to be forgiven, but I have now told the sacred truth.’

All this was uttered by the repentant woman, but at the time it was almost wholly unheard by those most interested in the statement. They only comprehended that they were saved—that the child was theirs in very truth. Great, abundant, but for the moment, bewildering joy! Mr Arbuthnot—his beautiful young wife—her own true boy (how could she for a moment have doubted that he was her own true boy!—you might read that thought through all her tears, thickly as they fell)—the aged and half-stunned rector, whilst yet Mrs Danby was speaking, were exclaiming, sobbing in each other’s arms, ay, and praising God too, with broken voices and incoherent words it may be, but certainly with fervent, pious, grateful hearts.

When we had time to look about us, it was found that the felon had disappeared—escaped. It was well, perhaps, that he had; better, that he has not been heard of since.

THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

To all appearance, the abolition of the taxes on the spread of knowledge through the press is only a matter of time. The principal of these taxes is the Excise-duty on paper, which, as we have repeatedly urged, acts most detrimentally on the issue of a cheap class of publications. The duty next in importance is that which is charged on advertisements. Our belief is, that a relief from this taxation would be a prodigious advantage to all departments of trade and commerce, as well as to various social interests. That the sum of eightpence should be exacted by the state from every person—a poor housemaid, for example—on advertising for a situation, is, to say the least of it, inexpressibly shabby. The stamp-duty of one penny on each newspaper is reckoned to be the third of these taxes on knowledge. There can be no doubt that this duty is a tax, as applied to those newspapers which circulate in a locality without going through the post-office; but, as matters stand, we are inclined to think that much the larger proportion of newspapers, metropolitan and provincial, actually are posted, either by the publishers, or by parties sending their copies to be read at second-hand. It is not quite clear that the remission of the stamp-duty would be an entire gain; for a postage of a penny in sending to second, third, and fourth readers—each fresh hand requiring to adhibit a fresh postage label—might come to a very much more severe tax than the existing stamp. Much, however, can be said on both sides; and we desire to let each party state its own case.

The *British Quarterly Review*, in an able article on the Newspaper Stamp and its proposed abolition, argues for that measure on one particular ground—namely, its certain result in allowing of the existence of small local papers. The writer says: ‘Take the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Manchester Guardian*, or the *Manchester Examiner*, for example—all first-class papers, of the

largest size allowed by law, and all giving four-page supplements once a week. In spite of their immense size, there is not one of these journals which can give a faithful weekly record of all that is worthy of note in the forty or fifty towns and villages by which they are surrounded, and through which these papers circulate. An attempt, indeed, is made to give as many "Town-Council Meetings," "Board of Guardian Proceedings," "Temperance Demonstrations," and "Meetings of Rate-payers"—with a due mixture of change-rings, friendly anniversaries, elections of church-wardens, elections of town-councillors, elections of guardians, offences, accidents, and crimes—as can be crammed, by rapid abridgment, into a certain number of columns. But after all has been done in this way that the most skilful and industrious editor, aided by the most indefatigable sub-editor, can accomplish, or that any reasonable newspaper reader in any of the smaller towns could possibly require, there still remains a great number of equally important events, which are necessarily left unnoticed altogether by the mammoth journal, for sheer want of space, or given in a form so much abridged as to render them of little or no value. The people of Oldham are perhaps waiting with intense anxiety for a long and amusing account of the "Extraordinary Scene" at the last meeting of the board of poor-law guardians; or those of Ashton are looking forward with equal interest to Saturday's paper, for a report of the animated debate in the town-council on the proposed increase of two policemen for that borough; or perhaps the news-agents of Rochdale, in anticipation of a brisk demand, have ordered twice the usual number of papers because of a church-rate contest, in which the vicar has been beaten by an overwhelming majority. But the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*, though nearly double what they were twenty years ago, are not made of India rubber; and therefore, much as the editor may wish to give all due latitude to Ashton, Bolton, Bury, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, Stockport, or Wigan news, he is generally forced, by the pressure of advertisements, or some other equally potent cause, to compress everything within the narrowest limits. Whatever interest a piece of district news may possess in its own locality, it must not be allowed to encroach upon the space belonging to "the general reader," who buys nine-tenths of every newspaper, and who does not care a farthing for Rochdale or Ashton news, unless when it happens to be a very horrid murder, or an exceedingly destructive fire. Were the stamp-duty abolished, the large town papers would be relieved from all the drudgery and annoyance attendant upon this department of editorial work. There would no longer be any necessity for devoting six or eight closely-printed columns of the paper to local news, which are not read by one-twentieth part of those who purchase it. Each small town in Lancashire and Yorkshire, as well as elsewhere, would have its penny or twopenny newspaper, in which local news, local politics, and local talent, would have fair play; while large papers, like the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Leeds Mercury*, would be greatly improved by the change. They would be enabled to substitute good readable matter, literary or political, of which there is always abundance, for the very dull stuff which they are now obliged to give under the head of "District News." By this improvement in character, and by the reduction of price, in such papers as we have named, from 5d. to 3½d., their

circulation would be greatly increased, in spite of the number of penny and twopenny papers which would then supply the demand for news among that numerous portion of the working-classes who cannot afford such a luxury at present.

Such is a fair statement of certain advantages to be derived from the abolition of the penny stamp, and the substitution of the penny label. The advocates of the stamp-duty allege that, while the foregoing line of argument may be perfectly valid, something, on the contrary, is due to the advantage of having well-supported metropolitan newspapers as centres of intelligence. These newspapers, say some of their publishers, are put to vast expense for early news, foreign and domestic; such news they at present permit every one freely to copy; but, if a host of small country papers are to spring up, piracy of this kind will no longer be tolerated. As newspapers go pretty much on the principle of giving and taking in the way of intelligence, any tendency to prosecute on the ground of piracy would, in all probability, soon cure itself; and, therefore, we would not greatly rely on this as a reason for maintaining an exclusiveness in the business of newspaper publication. A more serious argument against the creation of a host of cheap local papers, is the probable dissemination of much petty scandal, and matter of a partially libellous or offensive character; at the least, much bad writing. Supposing, however, that there is a chance of literature being thus to a certain extent deteriorated, it will not do to oppose an improvement, if it be such, from fears of this nature. Should the matter treated of in small local papers be sometimes of an objectionable character, the public taste will surely go far towards its correction; and why should not each provincial town have an opportunity of educating writers up to the proper degree of literary accomplishment? It is undeniable, that small towns stand in pressing need of local channels for advertisements, and here, we think, is their strongest ground. How much more important, in a town of 5000 inhabitants, that the principal mercer should have his fresh arrival of goods advertised in a paper which circulates 500 copies in that town, than in some county-town journal which sends to it only some thirty or forty copies! A sale of growing crops must, in like manner, be much more effectually advertised in a paper which circulates largely in a small district, than in one which is diffused sparsely over a large one. All this, indeed, is amply proved by the tendency which has been shewn of late years, in Scotland at least, to set up unstamped monthly local papers containing advertisements, and by the comparative success which these journals have met with.

Among the arguments for such arrangements as would promote the sale of newspapers, we see little or no stress laid upon the *educational*, which to us appears as the very strongest of all. The interest felt in the occurrences of the passing day is one of the most vigorous of all intellectual appetences. Give a man ready access to a journal in which this taste can be gratified, and his intellectual progress is certain. The utterly uneducated, seeing the pleasure which his fellows derive from the paper, will desire to learn to read, that he may enjoy the like pleasure. The man just able to read will be drawn on to reflect and judge, and in time he will desire intellectual food from books also. The cheap newspaper thus becomes a most powerful instrument for nursing the popular mind; and, if we consider how essential it is, where there are free institutions, that the bulk of the people should be enlightened, we must see what a great public end is to be served by this simple means. A place in the apparatus is, we

think, rightly claimed by the small local newspaper, as a kind of A B C, or *first form*, where the young and untutored mind may be entered by way of preparation for higher studies.

THE VEGETATION OF EUROPE.

THE publication of the volume, the title of which appears below,* is to be regarded as additional evidence that the tendency of science in the present day is towards wider and more comprehensive generalisations. Many readers who may be more or less familiar with certain species or even families of plants, will hardly have prepared themselves for a view of the phytology of a quarter of the globe, such as is given in outline in the interesting work now before us. The subject is one that has been largely investigated within the past twenty years, as may be seen in the records of the British Association, in the transactions of learned societies, and in the writings of numerous observers on the continent. Attempt after attempt has been made to explain the causes of the variations and effects of climate, their influence on vegetation, the appearance of certain floras in localities where they might be least expected, and to separate the natural and regular from the accidental. Different countries have been examined and compared with each other, and many of the differences accounted for; and in Mr Henfrey's volume we have an acceptable *résumé* of these various researches.

It becomes necessary, first of all, to study the influences—whether general or special—which affect the distribution of vegetation; to inquire into those freaks or aberrations of nature which favour in one place the production of plants that will not grow in another, under apparently similar circumstances; and why similar plants are found in places widely separated. Oranges will ripen on one side the Alps, but not on the other; grapes scarcely come to perfection out of doors in England, while on the other side of the Channel they ripen by thousands of acres; and several fruits which fail in our northern counties, are grown without difficulty in Denmark in the open air. Investigation soon shewed that temperature alone, mere heat and cold, was insufficient to account for the phenomena; but that moisture and dryness, the prevalence of certain winds, the chemical and physical conditions of soil, and the constitution of the plants themselves, would have to be considered in a proper inquiry into the subject.

Here we must notice a fact which has proved of essential service in the study of botanical geography—namely, the discovery 'that there is some law presiding over the distribution of plants which causes the appearance of particular species arbitrarily—if we may so say it—in particular places;' from which, the conclusion has been arrived at, 'that countries have become populated with plants partly by the spreading of some special kinds from centres within those countries where they were originally exclusively created; and while these have spread outward into the neighbouring regions, colonists from like centres lying in the surrounding countries have invaded and become intermingled with the indigenous inhabitants.'

Looking at the effect of climate on vegetation, we find that as we proceed from the north towards the south, the number and luxuriance of plants increase

in a remarkable degree, and the same result is observable in altitude as in latitude. 'Step by step,' writes Mr Henfrey, 'as the land rises in any mountain region, the vegetation assumes, more and more, a polar character; and in the mountains of the tropics, a succession of stages has been distinguished, corresponding in the general peculiarities of the plants which clothe them, to tracts extending horizontally, in succession, on the sea-level, from the base of these mountains to the frozen regions within the arctic and antarctic circles. Increase of elevation is accompanied by an alteration of climate, bringing with it a set of conditions analogous to those prevailing at certain distances further from the sun. Ascending the Peak of Teneriffe, a series of regions are traversed, one above another, displaying with the approach to the summit a continually closer approximation in character to the polar regions, till the traveller who left the palm, the cactus, and the thousand varied forms of tropical vegetation at the foot, finds himself at last among the stunted shrubs and scaly lichens, the borderers who hold the outposts on the limits of the eternal snow.'

It might be expected that places on the same parallel of latitude would be equal in temperature; but on tracing out the distribution of heat over the globe, and laying it down in what are called *isothermal* lines on a map, most striking deviations are found to exist, and the contour of the lines is anything but regular. The line of greatest cold, for example, which leaves the eastern coast of Labrador at about the 54th degree of latitude, rises six degrees as it approaches Greenland, and strikes the coast of Lapland a little above the 70th degree, or sixteen degrees nearer the pole than at its starting-point—thus shewing that the northern parts of Europe have a more genial climate than those of America. The line then curves fifteen degrees to the south across Siberia, rises again on the western coast of America, and falls once more as it advances towards the east. Again, 'the isotherms of Canada pass through Iceland, across about the middle of Norway and Sweden, St Petersburg and Kamtschatka. Those of New York through the north of Ireland and England, twelve degrees further north, North and Central Germany, and the Crimea. That which leaves the United States at about 36 degrees north latitude, crosses Southern Europe from the north of Spain to the Adriatic in a tolerably straight line, some eight degrees further north, and then falls south again, where the influence of the north-east polar current is more felt, in Greece and Turkey.'

But although these are marked as lines of equal heat, it is only in the average temperature that the equality consists; and it is clear that a country with 80 degrees of summer heat and 20 of winter cold, would have a very different climate from another with 60 and 40 as the highest and lowest degrees of temperature, although the mean of the two would be the same. And herein we have an explanation of what at first sight appear to be anomalies: we know, for instance, 'that plants will flourish perennially in the British isles which are killed by the frosts of winter in places lying considerably to the south upon the continent; thus the laurel, that bears our winters steadily in Ireland and the west of England, and is only affected by very severe frosts in our eastern counties, is killed by the winters of Berlin, equally fatal to the myrtle, the fuchsia, and a host of other shrubs which attain

* The Vegetation of Europe, its Conditions and Causes. By Arthur Henfrey, F.L.S. London: John Van Voorst. 1839.

considerable age and size in the western portions of the British isles. Again, Canada, which lies south of Paris, has the climate of Drontheim, in Norway; while at New York, lying in the latitude of Naples, the flowers open simultaneously with those of Upsala, in Sweden. Moreover, those very countries suffering so severe a winter's cold, enjoy a summer's heat far exceeding ours, since the snow lies for months on parts of Germany which yet receive sufficient heat in summer to ripen the grape and Indian corn.

The principal modifying causes are winds and water. Islands, and countries bordering on the ocean, have a much more equable climate than those which lie in the interior of continents, and will have a greater prevalence of moist south-westerly winds. The average annual quantity of rain in the British islands is from 28 to 30 inches; on the continent, it is less; the fall in Holland is estimated at 26 inches, and in Denmark and North Germany, at 20 inches—the greatest fall occurring in summer and autumn, as in England. Then with respect to winds, we find those from the west most prevalent over what Mr Henfrey distinguishes as the north European plain, as is the case in our country. 'The west wind blows more frequently in England than in Denmark, more there than in Russia. The predominance is most marked in summer; in the winter, the easterly winds are almost as frequent as the westerly upon the continent, which is not true of the British isles.' Sometimes, however, the south-westerly winds, which bring our genial April showers, continue to arrive with their watery burden until late in the summer, to the detriment or destruction of grain-crops; and yet this same wind, losing its excessive moisture as it sweeps onward over the continent, is highly favourable to the husbandman in Southern Russia. The years 1816 and 1817 were cases in point.

The meteorology of Russia affords some striking contrasts: the yearly rain-fall in St Petersburg is 21 inches, 'and the westerly winds are most prevalent, although not to the same extent as in Western Europe; they are also predominant in Moscow and Kasan. In the southern steppes, it is stated that the average of four years has given only 6 inches fall of rain, occurring in 47 days of the year; but the irregularity is so great, that single years gave 59, 35, 39, and 53 rainy days. In 1832-3, twenty months elapsed without rain, and in some years the quantity is only one-tenth of that which falls in wet years. In the summer, there is no dew, and the ground dries up and cracks, the plants withering up: 1841, not considered as a dry year, gave only 8½ inches of rain; but in 1831, one of the wettest, the moisture interfered with agriculture more than the drought does, saturating the soil, which rests on a deep impermeable clayey formation.' In April and May, when the snows melt, the steppe is a vast sea of mud, liable to be hardened by occasional frosts, until, as the season advances, myriads of crocuses, tulips, and hyacinths, cover the soil, which perhaps a few days later will be hidden by north-east snow-storms, or drenched by gales from the north-west. No rain falls for two months after the middle of June, the luxuriant herbage withers more rapidly than it grew, and, except in a few spots near the streams, the steppe becomes a black, arid waste. Yet in some parts of these regions the vegetation is extraordinary: 'the wormwoods and thistles grow to a size unknown in the west of Europe; it is said that the thistle-bush, found where these abound, is tall enough to hide a Cossack horseman. The natives call all these rank weeds, useless for pasture, *burian*, and, with the dry dung of the flocks, this constitutes all the fuel they possess. One curious plant of the thistle tribe has attracted the notice of most travellers—the wind-witch, as it is called by the German colonists, or leap-the-field, as the Russian name may be translated. It forms a large globular mass of light wiry

branches interlaced together, and in autumn decays off at the root, the upper part drying up. It is then at the mercy of the autumn blast, and it is said that thousands may sometimes be seen coursing over the plain, rolling, dancing, and leaping over the slight inequalities, often looking at a distance like a troop of wild horses. It is not uncommon for twenty or thirty to become entangled into a mass, and then roll away, as Mr Kohl says, "like a huge giant in his seven-league boots." Thousands of them are annually blown into the Black Sea, and here, once in contact with water, in an instant lose the fantastic grace belonging to their dry, unsubstantial texture.'

Any one who has seen the feather-like seeds of thistles and dandelions floating about in the air, will have little difficulty in comprehending the effect of winds on the distribution of vegetation. Such seeds, as Mr Henfrey observes, might readily be carried across Europe by a powerful autumn gale, blowing steadily in one direction. In physiological language, they belong to the *sporadic*, not to the *endemic* class, of which a remarkable instance is afforded in the flea-bane (*Eriogon canadensis*), a plant which, having found its way to this side the Atlantic only since the discovery of America, is now a common weed on the continent of Europe. Running streams and ocean currents also transport seeds from one locality to another. The gulf-stream, as is well known, carries occasionally branches of trees to the north coast of Scotland and Norway; and 'Mr Brown found that six hundred plants collected about the river Zaire, in Africa, included thirteen species, natives also of Guyana and Brazil. These species mostly occurred near the mouth of the Zaire, and were of such kind as produced fruits capable of resisting external agencies for a long time.' Then, again, the agency of birds, of quadrupeds, and of man, in the distribution of seeds and plants, is too important to be overlooked, as Sir Charles Lyell has ably shewn in his *Principles of Geology*; and there is 'a certain number of plants which seem to accompany man wherever he goes, and to flourish best in his vicinity. Thus, the docks, the goosefoots, the nettle, the chickweed, mallows, and many other common weeds, seem to be universal, though unwelcome companions to man—dogging his footsteps, affording by their presence, even in now deserted districts, an almost certain index of the former residence of human beings on the spot.'

From an examination of the causes affecting distribution, Mr Henfrey passes to a survey of the characteristics of the countries of Europe, from north to south—from the peninsula of Scandinavia to those of Spain, Italy, and Greece. The remarkable contrast is pointed out between the climate and cultivation of the east and west sides of the mountains of Sweden and Norway. Barley ripens as far north as the 70th degree, in latitudes whose mean temperature is below the freezing-point; while in Switzerland, corn ceases to ripen at 9 degrees above the same point, and in the plateaux of South America, at 22½ degrees—a fact which goes to shew, 'that the growth of grain is much more dependent on the summer temperature than on the annual mean. The long summer days of the polar regions afford a very brief, but a comparatively exalted summer heat.' It is, however, only the barley which ventures so far north: the limit of rye is 67 degrees, of oats, 65 degrees, of wheat, 64 degrees, on the west side of the peninsula, and from 1 to 2 degrees less on the east. In Southern Norway, the spruce-fir ceases to grow beyond the line of 2900 feet above the sea-level; while in Switzerland, it is commonly met with at the height of 5500 feet, and in some situations, 7000; shewing that the influences which affect the growth of grain do not similarly affect that of trees—proximity of the sea decreases the summer temperature. Again: 'In Scandinavia the tree-limit is indicated by the birch; in the Alps, by firs. The two lower mountain zones of

the Alps, the regions of the beech and the chestnut, do not exist in the Scandinavian mountains. Compared with the climate and tree-limits, the cultivation of corn does not go so high in the Alps as it does toward the north; for it ceases about with the beech in the Alps, and grazing is the regular pursuit in the region of firs; while in Scandinavia, the beech only goes to 59 degrees, and corn-culture to 70 degrees—that is, as far as the conifers. Corn succeeds in the latter under a mean temperature below the freezing-point, while in the Alps it ceases at 41 degrees Fahrenheit. The cause of this is the hot though short summer of the north. The Alps have maize and the vine, which will not grow around the Scandinavian mountains; the meadows are throughout richer in the Alps, and grazing is therefore much more extensively pursued.

The peculiarities and comparisons afforded by other countries, are not less interesting than those we have selected, and we might multiply instances, if space permitted. Enough, however, have been adduced to shew that the mode of accounting for differences of vegetation is so far satisfactory, that it appears to be in perfect accordance with discoverable natural laws; and it is no longer a surprise or mystery to find plants of Southern Russia and of Asia Minor on the high table-lands of Spain; or that the effects of an unvarying temperature, as at Quito, in the table-land of Peru, are to cause the culture of wheat to cease at the mean temperature of Milan, and woods to disappear at the mean of Penzance. A few remarks respecting our own country is all that we can now find room for.

Including snow-falls, the number of rainy days in Dublin in a year is 208, in London, 178, while in Copenhagen it is not more than 134. The number of British plants indigenous or naturalised is from 1400 to 1500, comprising mostly the vegetation of Central Europe, but including specimens from Scandinavia and the Pyrenees. The highest point at which grain has been known to grow, is 1600 feet above the sea-level, at the outlet of Loch Collater, in the Highlands. In Drumochter Pass, an elevation of 1530 feet, potatoes can scarcely be raised; and from 1000 to 1200 feet is the more common limit of the cereal and the esculent. On this point a statement is made, which may be useful to cultivators in the hill districts: it is, that 'the common brake-fern (*Pteris aquilina*), distributed throughout Britain, is found to be limited by a line running nearly level with the limit of cultivation, and thus affords a test, when cultivation may be absent, where nature does not deny it success. In one sheltered spot in the woods of Loch-na-gar, it was observed at 1900 feet; and in another part of the same woods, at 1700 feet; but on the exposed moors it is very seldom seen beyond 1200 feet, unless in hollows, or on declivities facing the sun.'

In accounting for the varieties of plants in Britain, it is assumed that, during the glacial period, when the tops of our mountains were mere islands in a great sea, under which lay the greater part of modern Europe, they were then peopled by the arctic and alpine species, which now inhabit them. Then came an upheaval; a vast tract of land rose above the water, without any break, as at present between England and the continent; and at this period 'there appears to have been a migration of both plants and animals from east to west, the descendants of which still constitute the great body of the flora and fauna of the British lowlands.' Meantime, the elevation of the former islands into mountain summits, placed them in a temperature suited to the perpetuation of their vegetation. Then, to account for the presence of a Spanish flora in the west of Ireland, a bold hypothesis, started by Professor Edward Forbes, is put forward—that the west of Ireland was geologically united with the north of Spain; admitting which, there is no difficulty in supposing the plants to have travelled along the intervening land, which has

subsequently disappeared, and that, owing to climatic changes, the harder sort of plants, such as saxifrages and heaths, have alone survived.

A HALF-PENNYWORTH OF NAVIGATION.

Who's for a cheap ride on what a pleasant writer calls the 'silent highway?'—silent no longer, since the steamers have taken to plying above Bridge at a charge which has made the surface of the Thames, where it runs through the heart of London, populous with life, and noisy with the clash of paddles and the rush of steam, to say nothing of the incessant chorus of captains, engine-boys, and gangway-men—with their 'Ease her,' 'Stop her,' 'Back her,' 'Turn ahead,' 'Turn astarn,' 'Now, marm, with the bundle, be alive,' 'Heave ahead there, will you?' &c., all the day long.

Come this way, my friend; here we are opposite the Adelphi Theatre, and this is the man who used to be a black man, or else it's another, who does duty as talking finger-post, and shews you, if you are a stranger, how you are to get at the half-penny boat. Come, we must dive down this narrow lane, past the 'Fox under the Hill,' a rather long and not very slightly, cleanly, smooth, or fragrant thoroughfare; and here, in this shed-looking office, you must pay your half-penny, which guarantees you a passage all the way to London Bridge. Look alive! as the money-taker recommends—the *Bee*, you see, is already discharging her living cargo, and others are hurrying on board. The boat won't lose time in turning round—she goes backwards and forwards as straight as a saw, and carries a rudder at her nose as well as one at her tail. Never mind these jolting planks, you haven't time to tumble down—on with you! That's it: here, on this floating-pier, manufactured from old barges, we may rest a moment, while the boat discharges her freight, and takes on board the return cargo. You see the landing-stage or pier is divided into two equal portions; the people who are leaving the boat have not yet paid their fare; they will have to disburse their coppers at the office where we paid ours, there being but one paying-place for the two termini.

'Tis a motley company, you see, which comes and goes by the half-penny boat. Here is a Temple barrister, with his red-taped brief under his arm, and at his heels follows a plasterer, and a tiler's labourer with a six-foot chimney-pot upon his shoulders. There goes a foreigner—foreigners like to have things cheap—with a bushy black beard and a pale face, moustached and whiskered to the eyes, and puffing a volume of smoke from his invisible mouth; and there is a washer-woman, with a basket of clothes weighing a hundredweight. Yonder young fellow, with the dripping sack on his back, is staggering under a load of oysters from Billingsgate, and he has got to wash them and sell them for three a penny, and see them swallowed one at a time, before his work will be done for the day—and behind him is a comely lassie, with a monster oil-glazed sarcophagus-looking milliner's basket, carrying home a couple of bonnets to a customer. See! there is lame Jack, who sweeps the crossing in the borough, followed by a lady with her 'six years' darling of a pigmy size,' whom she calls 'Little Poppo,' both hurrying home to dinner after a morning's shopping. All these, and a hundred others of equally varied description, go off on the landing-stage, whence they will have to pay their obolus to the Charon of the Thames ere they are swallowed up in the living tide that rolls along the Strand from morn to night.

Now, if we mean to go, we had better get on board, for in another minute the deck will be covered, and we shall not find room to stand. That's right; make sure of a seat while you may! How they swarm on board, and what a choice sample they present of the mixed multitude of London! The deck is literally jammed with every variety of the pedestrian population—

red-breasted soldiers from the barracks, glazed-hatted policemen from the station, Irish labourers and their wives, errand-boys with notes and packages, orange-girls with empty baskets, working-men out for a mouthful of air, and idle boys out for a 'spree'—men with burdens to carry, and men with hardly a rag to cover them; unctuous Jews, jabbering Frenchmen, and drowsy-looking Germans—on they flock, squeezing through the gangway, or clambering over the bulwarks, while the little vessel rolls and lurches till the water laves the planks on which you stand. In three minutes from her arrival she has discharged her old cargo, and is crammed to overflowing with a new one. 'Back, there: overloaded already!' roars the captain. 'Let go; turn ahead; go on!'—and *fix!* away we go, leaving full half of the intending voyagers to wait for the next boat, which, however, will not be long in coming.

'Bless me, how we roll about from side to side!' says an anxious old lady. 'Is anything the matter with the boat, that it wabbles so?'

'Only a little krank, marm; it's all right,' says the person addressed.

'It's all right, of course,' says another, glancing at the nervous lady, 'whether we goes up or whether we goes down, so long as we gets along. The *Cricket* blowed herself up, and the *Ant* got tired on it, and laid down to rest herself at the bottom t'other day. Howasever, a steamer never blows up nor goes to the bottom but once, and, please God, 't aint goin' to be this time.'

While the old lady, unsatisfied with this genuine specimen of Cockney philosophy, is vowing that if she once gets safe on shore, she will never again set foot in a half-penny boat, we are already at Waterloo Bridge. Duck goes the funnel, and we dart under the noble arch, and catch a passing view of Somerset House. The handsome structure runs away in our rear; the Chinese Junk, with its tawdry flags, scuttles after it; we catch a momentary glimpse of Temple Gardens, lying in the sunlight, where half-a-dozen children are playing on the grass; then comes Whitefriars, the old Alsatia, the sanctuary of blackguard ruffianism in bygone times; then there is a smell of gas, and a vision of enormous gasometers; and then down goes the funnel again, and Blackfriars Bridge jumps over us. On we go, now at the top of our speed, past the dingy brick warehouses that lie under the shadow of St Paul's, whose black dome looks down upon us as we scud along. Then Southwark Bridge, with its Cyclopean masses of gloomy metal, disdains to return the slightest response to the fussy splashing we make, as we shoot impudently through. Then come more wharfs and warehouses, as we glide past, while our pace slackens, and we stop gently within a stone's-throw of London Bridge, at Dyers' Hall, where we are bundled out of the boat with as little ceremony as we were bundled in, and with as little, indeed, as it has ever been the custom to use since ceremony was invented—which, in matters of business, is a very useless thing.

And now, my friend, you have accomplished a half-penny voyage; and without being a conjuror, you can see how it is that this cheap navigation is so much encouraged. In the first place, it is cheaper than shoe-leather, leaving fatigue out of the question; it saves a good two miles of walking, and that is no trifle, especially under a heavy burden, or in slippery weather. In the second place, it may be said to be often cheaper than dirt, seeing that the soil and injury to clothing which it saves by avoiding a two miles' scamper through the muddy ways, would damage the purse of a decent man more than would the cost of several journeys. These are considerations which the humbler classes appreciate, and therefore they flock to the cheap boats, and spend their halfpence to save their pence and their time. This latter consideration of time-saving it is that brings another class of customers to the boats. In order that

it may be remunerative to the projectors, every passage must be made with a regular and undeviating rapidity; and this very necessity becomes in its turn a source of profit, because it is a recommendation to a better class of business men and commercial agents, to whom a saving of time is daily a matter of the utmost importance. Hence the motley mixture of all ranks and orders that crowd the deck.

Besides these half-penny boats, there are others which run at double and quadruple fares; but they carry a different class of passengers, and run greater distances, stopping at intermediate stations. They are all remunerative speculations; and they may be said to have created the traffic by which they thrive. They have driven the watermen's wherries off the river almost as effectually as the railways have driven the stage-coaches from the road; but, like them, they have multiplied the passengers by the thousand, and have awakened the public to a new sense of the value of the river as a means of transit from place to place. The demand for safe, cheap, and speedy conveyance to and from all parts of the river between London Bridge and Battersea, and beyond, is becoming daily more urgent; and we hear that it will shortly be met by the launching of a fleet of steam gondolas constructed on an improved principle, combining accommodation for enlarged numbers, with appliances calculated to insure at once security and speed.

A LONDON NEWSPAPER IN 1667.

In a recent number of this Journal (14th February), some particulars were given relating to a newspaper of a hundred years ago; and the contrast—sufficiently strong—was shewn between the infant press of that time and its developed form in our own. We propose now to make research a century earlier, and to shew in what condition the 'fourth estate of the realm' appeared in the early part of Charles II.'s reign. Surely that great power was then in its very infancy and weakness; and if the subject entered into our plan, it would be both instructive and entertaining to trace its growth in this country from the small beginning now before us.

We have on our table some numbers of the *London Gazette* of 1667 to 1681; and, so far as we know, this newspaper was the only source of information to the people of public and passing events. In the Venetian territory, that republic issued its gazette so early as 1586. In the days of our own Civil Wars, when matters of the last importance were continually arising, the English newspaper commenced, each party having one such organ. Under Cromwell, a more regular journal was published in 1652; but it was not until Queen Anne's reign that the *Daily Courant* appeared each morning, and pioneered that enormous power of our own day which disseminates perhaps 80,000,000 newspapers annually throughout the country.

It would be curious to compare the *London Gazette* of 1667 with the *Times* of 1852. In form, it is slightly larger than one leaf of this Journal; but in type, and in appearance, it is quite equal to the newspapers of a hundred years later. It is published 'by authority,' and contains pithy paragraphs, void of detail and without comment, under the headings of the different places whence the news is brought—the first and the last paragraphs being devoted to 'home news,' the latter dating usually from Whitehall, and supplying the place of the Court Circular. The first number was probably issued shortly after the Restoration, as our earliest date is No. 236, from Thursday, 17th February, to Monday, 20th February 1667. We purpose making some extracts from these veracious records as they arise; and first, let us view in familiar guise a historical character, better known to us by heading charges of cavalry at Naseby—a daring cavalier, a valiant soldier; though now we see him *en déshabille*, and only as Prince Rupert, who, poor

gentleman, has lost his pet dog! 'Lost,' says the advertisement—'lost on Friday last, about noon, a light fallow-colored greyhound, with a sore under her jaw, and a scar on her side; whoever shall give notice of her at Prince Rupert's apartments in Whitehall, shall be well rewarded for their pains.' The next month, we find the prince assisting at a launch. 'This day (3 March), was happily launched at Deptford, in presence of his majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Rupert, and many persons of the court, a very large and well-built ship, which is to carry 106 great guns, and is like to prove a ship of great force and excellent service, called *Charles the Second*.'

A little later, we find an account of the visit of 'Madam,' Duchess of Orleans, and sister to Charles II. Her reception, her return, and her death, follow quickly one upon another; so sudden, indeed, was her decease, that her death was not, says history, without suspicion of poison. 'DOVER, May 21, 1670.—The 15 ins., about 6 in the morning, arrived here Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, attended, among other persons of quality, by the Marshal de Plessis Praslin; her brother, Bishop of Tournay; Madam de Plessis, the marshal's son's lady; and the Countess of Grammont; having the day before, at about the same hour, embarked with her train upon the men-of-war and several yachts under the command of the Earl of Sandwich, vice-admiral of England, &c.

'The same evening, the court was entertained with a comedy, acted by his Royal Highnesses servants, who attend here for their diversion.'

'Yesterday was acted, by the said servants, another comedy, in the midst whereof Madam and the rest of the ladies were entertained with an excellent banquet.'

In the notice of 5th June, Madam embarked on her return to France. On the 20th, she and the duke arrive at Paris; and on the 25th go to 'St Clou.' The following is the official notice of her death:—

'WHITEHALL.—This day arrived an express from Mr Montague, His Majesty's ambassador at Paris, with the sad news of the death of Madam, His Majesty's only sister, to the infinite grief and affliction of their Majesties' and Royal Highnesses, as well for the greatness of this loss as for the suddenness of it. She died at St Clou about 4 of the clock on Monday morning, of a sudden and violent distemper, which had seized her at 5 of the evening before, and was by her physician taken for a kind of bilious colic.'

Confining ourselves to home news, there appears an edict from Whitehall, commanding the Duke of York's (James II.) absence. 'WHITEHALL, 3 Mar. 1678.—His Majesty, having thought fit to command the Duke to absent himself, his Royal Highness and the Duchess took leave of their majesties, and embarked this morning, intending to pass into Holland.' But three years afterwards, he must have stood better with the city, for in 1681 we find the lord mayor and court of aldermen offering a reward of £500 for the discovery of the person who offered an indignity to the picture of his Royal Highness in the Guildhall, to shew their deep resentment at that 'insolent and villainous act.'

The many allusions to Algerines and pirates of all kinds, and the audacity which seems to mark their acts, are good evidence of the inefficient state of our navy in King Charles's reign. Witness the following extract. 'LYME, April 21, 1679.—Yesterday, a small vessel called the *William and Sarah*, bound for Holland from Morlaix, put in here to avoid two Turks men-of-war, as he very much suspects them to be, because he saw them chase a small vessel, who likewise escaped them. It is reported that some of these pyrrats have been as high as the Isle of Wight, and that Sir Robert Robinson met with five of them, whom he chased into Brest.' There are many accounts of the pirates of Sally (Sallee), and an account of an engagement with one of them by an old collier, called the *Lisborne Merchant*, on

her voyage from London to Lisbon. The description is almost as formidable as Falstaff's with his men of buckram, and we should have liked a little confirmatory evidence beyond the narrator's. All our naval feelings of British supremacy on the water would be gratified by the gallant conduct of our trading captain.

'He had the fortune,' the account declares, 'to be set upon by the admiral of the *Argur*, of 60 guns, and his consort of 40 guns, the former with 700 men, and the latter with 500 men. The admiral immediately boarded the poor merchant, who had only 25 men and 16 guns, clapping on as many men as they thought sufficient to have mastered her. But the English entertained them with so much courage, that they in little time cleared the ship, forcing all the Turks overboard, with little loss besides that of the master of the ship, one seaman, a young man who was knocked on the head.' The Turk repeated his attack, and boarded the merchant; the 'dispute' continues for about three glasses—the admiral assaults them the third time, but his men are so terrified, that only 'seven' durst adventure on board, whereof six were killed, and the other taken prisoner. 'This done, the Turks left her to pursue her course, wearing very eminent marks of that encounter.'

We are at a loss what to make of this report from Dublin; but perhaps some more learned authority can explain it: 'Dublin, April 9, 1679.—This morning the Lord Lieutenant signed a warrant for the pardon of Lawry, a Scotch man, minister in the county of Fermanagh, and his five servants, for killing five notorious Tories in that country, wounding two others to death, as is believed, and taking the eighth. The parson killed three of them with his own hand; and while another of the Tories was going to draw the trigger of his gun to shoot him, his hand was cut off by one of the parson's servants.' Here, again, is a singular announcement to be published 'by authority.'

'A warm report having been spread about of some unusual effects of witchcraft in the province of Daleicary, near the best copper-mines in Suedeland, it is said several persons are sent to make an enquiry in to the matter of fact, with power to proceed to the punishment of such persons as shall be found guilty.' In another number, there has been an inquiry among the Jews in Germany, who were supposed to have sacrificed young children in their ceremonies.

The slow growth of the newspaper press from these times is very remarkable. Even so late as sixty years since, a London paper was a very meagre and timid affair. Before us lies a copy of the *Times* of 1797, insignificant in size and appearance. The small modicum of news is entirely foreign: no brilliant leaders, models of composition—no fearless correction of abuse, or withering sarcasm of folly. The parliamentary debates are merely alluded to as with permission, and the simple propositions said to be advanced and seconded, disputed and amended. How strange is the comparison suggested with the present aspect of the *Times*, or indeed any of the London daylies! We live in an age of wonders, and not the least of these is the well-written, well-filled, and capacious-minded newspapers.

A SCENE IN BOSTON.

A coloured girl, eighteen years of age, a few years ago escaped from slavery in the South. Through scenes of adventure and peril, almost more strange than fiction can create, she found her way to Boston. She obtained employment, secured friends, and became a consistent member of the Methodist church. She became interested in a very worthy young man of her own complexion, who was a member of the same church. They were soon married. Their home, though humble, was the abode of piety and contentment. Industrious, temperate, and frugal, all their wants were supplied. Seven years passed

away. They had two little boys, one six, and the other four years of age. These children, the sons of a free father, but of a mother who had been a slave, by the laws of the Southern States were doomed to their mother's fate. These Boston boys, born beneath the shadow of Faneuil Hall, the sons of a free citizen of Boston, and educated in the Boston Free Schools, were, by the compromises of the constitution, admitted to be slaves, the property of a South Carolinian planter. The Boston father had no right to his own sons. The law, however, had long been considered a dead-letter. This was not to continue. The Fugitive Slave Law was enacted. It revived the hopes of the slave-owners. A young, healthy, energetic mother, with two fine boys, was a rich prize. She would make an excellent mother. Good men began to say: 'We must enforce this law; it is one of the compromises of the constitution.' Christian ministers began to preach: 'The voice of law is the voice of God. There is no higher rule of duty.' As may be supposed, the poor woman was panic-stricken. Her friends gathered around her, and trembled for her. Her husband was absent from home, a seaman on board one of the Liverpool packets. She was afraid to go out of doors, lest some one from the South should see her, and recognise her. One day, as she was going to the grocery for some provisions, her quick anxious eye caught a glimpse of a man prowling around, whom she immediately recognised as from the vicinity of her old home of slavery. Almost fainting with terror, she hastened home, and taking her two children by the hand, fled to the house of a friend. She and her trembling children were hid in the garret. In less than an hour after her escape, the officer, with a writ, came for her arrest. It was a dark and stormy day. The rain, freezing as it fell, swept in floods through the streets of Boston. Night came, cold, black, and tempestuous. At midnight, her friends took her in a hack, and conveyed her, with her children, to the house of her pastor. Hence, after an hour of weeping, for the voice of prayer had passed away into the sublimity of unutterable anguish, they conveyed this mother and her children to one of the Cunard steamers, which fortunately was to sail for Halifax the next day. They took them in the gloom of midnight, through the tempest-swept streets, lest the slave-hunter should meet them. Her brethren and sisters of the church raised a little money from their scanty means to pay her passage, and to save her, for a few days, from starving, after her first arrival in the cold land of strangers. Her husband soon returned to Boston, to find his home desolate, his wife and children exiles in a foreign land. These facts need no word-painting.—*Burritt's Bond of Brotherhood.*

THE TONGUE OF FIRE.

BY MRS NEWTON CROSLAND.

I HEAR December's biting blast,
I see the slippery hail-drops fall—
That shot which frost-sprites laughing cast
In some great Arctic arsenal;
I lean my cheek against the pane,
But start away, it is so chill,
And almost pity tree and plain
For bearing Winter's load of ill.

The sombre sky hangs dark and low,
It looks a couch where mists are born—
A throne whence they in clusters flow,
Or by the tempest's wrath are torn.
I turn me to the chamber's Heart,
Low pulsing like a vague desire,
And strike an ebon block apart,
Till up there springs a Tongue of Fire!

It hath a jovial roaring tone,
Like one rebuking half in jest—
Yet ah! I wish there could be shewn
The wisdom that it hath exprest—

Or sinking to a lambent glow,
Its arched and silent cavern seems
A magic glass whereon to shew,
And shape anew, our broken dreams!

I vow the Fiery Tongue hath caught
Quaint echoes of the passing time;
Thus laughs it at my idle thought,
My longing for a fairer clime:
'So—so you'd like some southern shore,
To gather flowers the winter through,
As if there were on earth no more
For busy human hands to do!

'And guard your Own!—In this, oh mark
High duty and the world's far fate;
Thou art poor deluged Europe's Ark,
Her fortunes on Thy Safety wait;
And—couching lion at her feet—
In all her matron graces drest,
Let free Britannia smiling greet
Her radiant Daughter of the West!

'The broad Atlantic flows between,
But love can bridge the ends of earth;
Of all the lands my race have seen,
These two the rest are more than worth;
Not for their skies, or fruits, or gold,
But for their sturdy growth of Man,
Who walks erect, and will not hold
His life beneath a tyrant's ban.

'Yet do not curl your lips with scorn
That others are not great as ye;
Your fathers fought ere ye were born,
And died that thus it now should be!
I tell ye, spirits walk unseen,
Excepting by the soul's strong sight;
Hampden and Washington, I ween,
Are leaders yet in Freedom's fight!'

It ceased; but oh, Its words of fire
Had dropped upon my Northman's heart,
Rebuked a moment's vain desire,
And slain it like a hunter's dart;
Oh, welcome now the slippery hail,
And welcome winter's biting blast,
Ye brace our sires; they still prevail
Who triumphed through the stormy past.

And as beside the ruddy blaze
We muse or talk of mighty things,
In clarion tone one little phrase
Still through the heart's deep echoes rings:
'Our Hearths—our Homes—beyond compare!'
Those charmed circles whence there rise
The steadfast souls that do and dare,
And shape a Nation's destinies!

There, pile the fagots high—assant—
And let them crackle out their hymn;
There is no logic—that I grant—
In wilful words of woman's whim:
And yet I feel the links that glide
'Twixt English Hearths and Liberty,
And track how We—our truest pride—
First sheltered Her Divinity!

—*Ladies' Companion.*

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THEREFORE AND BECAUSE.

A DISTINGUISHED general-officer being appointed to a command in which he would be called on to discharge judicial as well as military duties, expressed to Lord Mansfield his apprehensions, that he would execute his office but ill in the former respect, and that his inexperience and ignorance of technical jurisprudence would prove a serious impediment to his efficient administration of justice. 'Make your mind perfectly easy,' said the great judge; 'trust to your native good sense in forming your opinions, but beware of attempting to state the grounds of your judgments. The judgment will probably be right—the argument infallibly wrong.'

This is a common case, especially with practical men, who rarely have either leisure or inclination to recall the workings of their own minds, or observe the intellectual process by which they have been conducted to any conclusion. By what they are prone to consider as a kind of instinct—if by chance they are philosophers, and delight in what old Wilson, the essayist, calls 'inkhorn terms,' they designate it 'intuition'—they arrive at a truth, but have no recollection whatever of the road they travelled to reach it, and are able neither to retrace their own steps nor indicate to another the way they came. The poet, in describing and contrasting the intellectual characteristics of the two sexes, attributes to the softer something of this instinct as a distinguishing mental peculiarity, and seems to consider it as somewhat analogous in its constitution to those animal senses by means of which the mind becomes cognisant of external objects, of their existence, their qualities, and their relations. In his view, the reasoning process is vitally and essentially distinct, as it is exercised by men and by women—

'Her rapid mind decides while his debates;
She feels a truth which he but calculates.'

And certainly this is a very pretty, very poetical, and very convenient way of accounting for a phenomenon that, if examined with common care, suggests a solution more accurate and complete, if not exactly so complimentary. In sober truth, a positive incapacity clearly to point out the precise manner in which a conviction has been formed, is one of the commonest of logical deficiencies, and no more to be ascribed exclusively to the softer sex, than it is an attribute of intellectual excellency in either.

When, in Euripides's beautiful play, the untranslatable *Hippolytus*, Phœdra's nurse is made to conclude that ~~certain~~ ^{careless} men she refers to cannot be otherwise than lax in their morals, because they have finished the roofs of their houses in a very imperfect manner, her reasoning

is inconsequential enough; but not more so than that of the renowned French chancellor, Michael L'Hôpital, who, when employed in negotiating a treaty between Charles IX. and our Elizabeth, insisted on the well-known line of the Latin poet—

'Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,'

as a reason that Calais should not be returned to the English. The connection between the premises and the conclusion was not more real in one case than in the other. A learned member of the medical profession, in an elaborate work on the climate and the people of Malta, enjoins on the invalid a participation in the amusements of cheerful society; and the propriety of his injunction few will be disposed to dispute: they may well, however, marvel at the reason he assigns for such sensible advice—that, so far as invalids are concerned, society has a direct tendency to promote cutaneous perspiration!

Cardinal de Retz severely reprehends the historians of his time for their pedantic affectation of explaining and accounting for every event they record—the motives that actuated this statesman, the reasons which prompted that policy, the wherefore it was this enterprise miscarried, or that undertaking brought to a successful issue. It would not be difficult to furnish a lengthy catalogue of the blunders historical writers have perpetrated through their overweening addiction to this folly. Let two instances here suffice: When the Roman Church, about the middle of the eleventh century, was endeavouring to insure the celibacy of its priesthood, the married clergy, who braved its censures and contemned its authority, became known as *Nicolaïtes*; which name, grave writers assure us, was given them in consequence of the active share Pope Nicholas II. had taken in punishing their contumacy and effecting their suppression. The notion that any sect or class of religionists should have borrowed its name from that of its most zealous opponent and indefatigable persecutor, is worthy only of those critics, so severely reprehended by Quintilian, who professed to discover the etymon of the Latin word *lucus*, a grove, in the substantive *lux*, light; and vindicated the derivation on the ground, that in groves darkness usually prevailed. The familiar expression of *lucus à non lucendo*, owes its birth to this striking manifestation of critical sagacity.

Again: a certain portion of the eastern and southern coast of England was, in early times, denominated 'the Saxon Shore'—Littus Saxonicum—and was, during the days of Roman supremacy, under the government of a military court enjoying the appellative of *Comes Littoris Saxonici*. Acute historical critics inform us, that this

tract was so denominated in consequence of its being open to the aggressions of the Saxons; that, in short, it received its name from its occasional invaders, and not from its permanent inhabitants. The absurdity of this explanation is the greater, inasmuch as, on the other side of the Channel, there was a large district bearing precisely the same name, and settled entirely by adventurers, Saxon in birth or by descent. This, one would have thought, would have suggested to our English antiquaries a more probable explanation of the name than that they adopted. The people of Genoa have, or had, in speaking, a peculiar way of clipping or cutting short their syllables. Their Italian has never been considered pure. You must not go to maritime towns for purity of language, especially to such as have been long and extensively engaged in commercial pursuits. Labat, however, gives a special and peculiar reason for the fashion of mutilated speech in which, he declares, the Genoese indulge, telling us they call their superb city *Gena*, and not *Genoa*. He refers their 'chopping' pronunciation to their habitual economy—an economy distinctly traceable to their mercantile habits. 'Telle est leur économie,' he says, 'ils rognent tout jusqu'aux paroles.'

The old English law-writer, Bracton, desiring to account for the ancient doctrine of English law, that inheritances shall lineally descend, and never lineally ascend, finds a reason in the fact, that a bowl being trundled, runs down a hill and never up a hill; and Littleton, the first great writer on English real property-law, traces the origin of the phrase 'hotchpot'—a familiar legal term—to the archaic denomination of a pudding, in our English tongue. 'It seemeth,' he says, 'that this word, hotchpot, is in English a pudding; for in this pudding is not commonly put one thing alone, and therefore it behoveth, in this case, to put the lands given in frank-marriage,' &c. Erasmus used to say of lawyers, that of ignorant people, they were the most learned. Questionless they are not always sound logicians. When the clown in Hamlet disserts so learnedly on 'crown's quest-law,' he is only parodying, and that closely, a scarcely less ludicrous judgment which had actually been pronounced, not long before, in the Court of Queen's Bench: Dr Clarke, the traveller, tells an amusing story to the purpose. According to him, the Turkish lawyers recognise as an offence what they style 'homicide by an intermediate cause'—an instance of which offence our traveller details in these words: 'A young man, desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio—the ancient Cos, the birthplace of Hippocrates and Apelles, the lovely isle renowned for its lettuces and turpentine—eagerly sought to marry her. But his proposals were rejected. In consequence, he destroyed himself by poison. The Turkish police arrested the father of the obdurate fairy, and tried him for culpable homicide. "If the accused," they argued, with becoming gravity, "had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently, he would not have been disappointed; consequently, he would not have died: but he (the accused) had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love," &c. &c. Upon all these counts he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this, being eighty piastres, was accordingly exacted.' When the amiable and gentle John Evelyn was in the Netherlands, a woman was pointed out to him who had had twenty-five husbands, and was then a widow; 'yet it could not be proved,' he says,

that 'she had made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her several times to trouble.' However, the Dutch logicians made no difficulty of the matter; and arguing, from the number of the woman's husbands, that she could not be wholly innocent of their death, prohibited her from marrying again—which, her addiction to matrimony being considered, was perhaps, of all the 'troubles' she had undergone, by no means the least.

The logical faculty, which not only consists with the poetical, but is invariably and necessarily associated with it, whenever the latter exists in an advanced stage of development, is in no writer more conspicuous as an intellectual characteristic than in Schiller. In this respect he is not excelled even by Wordsworth himself; but Homer sometimes snoozes, and Schiller's reasoning is not always consequential: as, for instance, when he denies two compositions of Ovid—the *Tristia* and *Ex Ponto*—to be genuine poetry, on the ground that they were the results not of inspiration, but of necessity; just as if poetry were not a thing to be judged of by itself; and as if one could not determine whether it were present or absent in a composition, without knowing to what influences the author was subjected at the time the composition was produced!

Rousseau, in one of his moods of bilious cynicism, falls foul of human reason altogether. No man despised it more in action; no one could more consistently decry it in speculation. In his opinion, the exercise of the reasoning powers is absolutely sinful—*l'homme qui raisonne est l'homme qui pèche*. Franklin, on the other hand, in a familiar tone of playful banter, vindicates its utility, alleging that it is mightily 'convenient to be a rational animal, who knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do.' Examples of this convenience abound. The Barbary Jews were rich and industrious, and, accordingly, their wealth provoke the cupidity of the indolent and avaricious Mussulmans. These latter, whenever a long drought had destroyed vegetation, and the strenuous prayers offered up in the mosques had proved unavailing for its removal, were accustomed to argue—and a mighty convenient argument it was—that it was the foul breath of the Jews that had offended Heaven, and rendered the pious petitions of the faithful of none effect. The remedy for the drought, then, who could doubt? The true believers drove the Jews out of their cities, and quietly confiscated their goods. Dryden, anxious to congratulate Charles II. on his 'happy restoration,' amidst a thousand fulsome compliments—all tending to shew that that prince was the author of blessings, not only to his own kingdoms, but to universal humanity—declares, that it was to Charles, and to him only, Spain was indebted for her magnificent colonial possessions in either hemisphere. Addressing the sovereign, his words are—

'Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes,
For what the powerful takes not, he bestows.'

A convenient fashion of reasoning truly: as convenient every whit as that of Daniel Burgess, a witty Presbyterian minister, devoted to the House of Brunswick and the principles of the Revolution, who was wont to affirm, as the reason the descendants of Jacob were called Israelites, and did not receive the original name of their progenitor, that Heaven was unwilling they should bear a name in every way so odious as that of Jacobites.

Once more: it appears from Dr Tschudi's valuable and interesting work on South America, that in Peru rice is cheap, and servants both lazy and dirty. Now, the servants in Lima have a theory about rice. They consider it possesses certain qualities antagonistic to water, so that, after eating, to touch water would be seriously injurious to health; and thus does their frequent consumption of rice supply them with a most

convenient reason or excuse for their habitual abstinence from an operation they detest—that of washing their hands.

Verily, they are mighty fine and convenient words, THEREFORE and BECAUSE.

DAVID'S LAST PICTURE.

THE whole population of the good city of Brussels was in a state of excitement. Talma, the great French tragedian, was that evening to close his engagement by appearing in his favourite character of Leonidas; and from an early hour in the morning, the doors of the theatre were beset with waiting crowds, extending to the very end of the large square in which it stood. It was evident that the building, spacious as it was, could not contain one-half of the eager expectants already assembled, and yet every moment brought a fresh accession to the number destined to be disappointed. The hero of this ovation, and the object of all this unusual excitement to the worthy and naturally phlegmatic beer-drinkers of old Brabant, was standing near a window in the White Cross Hotel, engaged most prosaically in shaving himself; and, from time to time, casting on the crowd, to which he was the magnet of attraction, the careless glance of a monarch become from habit almost insensible to the loyal enthusiasm of his subjects.

'So he will not come?' said the tragedian to an old friend who was with him. 'He is a cynical old fool; and yet, I assure you, my dear M. Lesec, that I had Leonidas got up expressly for him, thinking to tickle his old republican fancies, for to my mind it is as stupid a play as *Germanicus*, though I contrive to produce an effect with some of its high-sounding patriotic passages; and I thought the worthy David would have recognised his own picture vivified. But he will not come: he positively refused, you tell me. I might have known it. Age, exile, the memory of the past—all this has cut him up terribly: he is the David of the Consulate no longer.'

'I am just come from him,' answered Collector Lesec: 'he received me almost as Hermione receives Orestes in the fourth act of *Andromache*. To say the least of it, he was somewhat tart. "I never go to the theatre," he answered abruptly. "Tell my friend Talma, that I thank him for his kindness; but I always go to bed at nine. I should be very glad if he would come, before he left Brussels, and have a tankard and a smoke with me."'

'I see,' said Talma with a half-ironical smile, 'he is turned quite Flemish. Poor fellow! to what has he come?—to smoking tobacco, and losing all faith in art. Persecution does more harm than the guillotine,' added the tragedian in a tone of bitterness. 'There is a living death. David's exile has deprived us of many a *chef-d'œuvre*. I can forgive the Restoration for surrounding itself with nobodies, but it need not banish our men of talent: they are not to be found now-a-days in every corner. But enough. Another word, and we should be talking politics.'

Leonidas finished shaving like any other man; and then turned suddenly to his friend: 'I bet you ten napoleons,' said he, 'that David would have come to the play had I gone myself to him with the invitation! I intended it, but I had not time; these rehearsals kill me—I might as well be a galley-slave. However, I have about three-quarters of an hour to myself now, and I will go beard the old Roman in his stronghold. What say you to going with me?'

It would have been difficult to name a place to which M. Lesec would not have gone, to have the honour of being seen arm-in-arm with the great Talma; and in another half hour they were on their way across the Place de la Monnaie into the Rue Pierre Plate.

'Now for a storm!' said Lesec. 'We are in for it:

so be prepared. I leave it all on your shoulders, noble sir, for I must keep clear of him.'

'Is he, then, so entirely changed?' exclaimed Talma, quickening his pace. 'Poor exile! unhappy genius! torn from thy native soil, to languish and die!'

The visitors soon reached the large, though somewhat dilapidated mansion of the celebrated artist; and after they had been reconnoitred through a small grating by an old female servant, they were ushered into a rather gloomy apartment, presenting a singular discrepancy between its antique decorations and modern furniture.

The illustrious exile came out of an adjoining apartment in his dressing-gown, and advanced towards them with a quick yet almost majestic step, though his form was slightly bent, apparently by age. To Talma's great surprise, David received him most cordially, even throwing away his usually inseparable companion, a long pipe, to grasp both his hands. 'Welcome, welcome, my old friend!' he said; 'you could not have come at a better time. I have not for many a day felt so happy, and the sight of you is a great addition.' And the old painter kept rubbing his hands, a token with him of exuberant satisfaction.

Talma looked at Lesec as much as to say: 'The devil is not quite so black as he is painted;' while the worthy collector only shrugged his shoulders, and lifted his eyebrows in pantomimic expression of his inability to comprehend such a sudden change in the atmosphere.

'You must promise to come and dine with me to-morrow,' continued the painter, accompanying his invitation with a smile, or rather a grin, for David's face was very much disfigured by a wen on his cheek, which also, by causing a twitching of the jaw, rendered his articulation indistinct.

'To my great regret, I am obliged to decline your invitation, my dear friend,' said Talma. 'This is my last night here, and I must set off for Paris to-morrow.'

'Set off to-morrow!'

'Positively. Michelet and Dumas have the whole management on their shoulders, and are pressing my return; and Lemercier is only waiting for me to read to us a sort of *Richard the Third*.'

'Nevertheless, you dine with me to-morrow. One day longer will not matter to them, and is a great matter to me. I suspect Lemercier's *Richard the Third* is cold enough to keep a little longer. I am to have my friend Giroud with me; so dine with us you must. It will make me grow young again, man, and bring back the happy meetings at Moliker's, near the gate of the Louvre.'

The illustrious exile accompanied this sentence with another of his grim smiles. The actor was deeply moved by it, for in that bitter smile he read how the artist pined for his country. 'I will stay with you, I will stay with you, dear David!' now eagerly cried Talma. 'For your sake, I will desert my post, and steal a holiday from my Paris friends; but it can only be on condition that you, too, will make a little sacrifice for me, and come this evening to see me in Leonidas.'

'Well, I don't care if I do,' answered the painter, whom the sight of one friend, and the expectation of seeing another, had made quite a different being from the David of the morning. 'Here goes for Leonidas; but, remember, I give you fair warning—I shall go to sleep. I have scarcely ever been in a theatre that I did not take a sound nap.'

'But when Talma plays, plaudits will keep you awake, M. David,' said the courtly M. Lesec; and this seasonable compliment obtained for him a smile, and an invitation for the next day, so flattering to his vanity that, even at the risk of compromising himself with the Prince of Orange, he unhesitatingly accepted.

That evening, between six and seven o'clock, the old

French painter, a Baron of the Empire, entered the theatre in full dress, and with a new red ribbon in his button-hole; but, as if shrinking from notice, he took his seat at the back of the stage-box, reserved for him by his friend Talma, with M. Lesec by his side, prouder, more elated, more frizzled and befrilled, than if he had been appointed first-commissioner of finance. But notwithstanding all the care of the modest artist to preserve his incognito, it was soon whispered through the theatre that he was one of the audience; and it was not long before he was pointed out, when instantly the whole house stood up respectfully, and repeated cheers echoed from pit to vaulted roof. The prince himself was among the first to offer this tribute to the illustrious exile, who, confused, agitated, and scarcely able to restrain his tears, bowed to the audience rather awkwardly, as he whispered to M. Lesec: 'So, then, I am still remembered. I thought no one at Brussels cared whether I was dead or alive.'

Soon Talma appeared as Leonidas; and in his turn engrossed every eye, every thought of that vast assembly. A triple round of applause hailed every speech uttered by the generous Spartan. The painter of the Sabines, of Brutus, of the Horatii, of the Coronation, seemed to heed neither the noisy acclamations nor the deep silence that succeeded each other. Mute, motionless, transfixed, he heard not the plaudits: it was not Talma he saw, not Talma he was listening to. He was at Thermopylæ, by the side of Leonidas himself; ready to die with him and his three hundred heroes. Never had he been so deeply moved. He had talked of sleep, but he was as much alive, as eager, as animated, as if he were an actual sharer in the heroic devotedness that was the subject of the drama. For some moments after the curtain fell, he seemed equally absorbed; it was not till he was out of the theatre, and in the street, that he recovered sufficiently to speak; and then it was only to repeat every five minutes: 'What a noble talent it is! What a power he has had over me!'

A night of tranquil sleep, and dreams of bright happy days, closed an evening of such agreeable excitement to the poor exile; and so cheering was its effect upon him, that he was up the next morning before day, and his old servant, to her surprise, saw her usually gloomy and taciturn master looking almost gay while charging her to have breakfast ready, and to be sure that dinner was in every way befitting the honoured guests he expected.

'And are you going out, sir, and so early?' exclaimed the old woman; now, for the first time, perceiving that her master had his hat on and his cane in his hand.

'Yes, Dame Rebecca,' answered David, as he gained the outer gate. 'I have grown a great boy, and may be trusted to go alone.'

'But it is scarcely daylight yet. None of the shops are open.'

'I do not want to make any purchases.'

'Then, where in the world can you be going, sir, at this hour?'

'*Sacre bleu!*' returned the painter, losing all patience: 'could you not guess, you old fool, that I am going as far as the Flanders-gate to meet my old friend Girodet?'

'O that, indeed! But are you sure he will come that way? And did he tell you the exact time?'

'What matter, you old torment? Suppose I have to wait a few minutes for him, I can walk up and down, and it will be exercise for me, which, you know, Dr Fanchet has desired me to take. Go along in, and don't let the dinner be spoiled.' And the old man went on his way with an almost elastic step. Once more was he young, gay, happy. Was he not soon to see the friend dearer to him than all the world? But his eagerness had made him anticipate by two hours the

usual time for the arrival of the diligence, and he was not made aware of his miscalculation till after he had been a good while pacing up and down the suburb leading to the Flanders-gate. The constant companion alike of his studio and his exile, his pipe, he had left behind him, forgotten in his hurry; so that he had no resource but to continue his solitary walk, the current of his happy thoughts flowing on, meanwhile, uninterrupted, save by an occasional greeting from labourers going to their work, or the countrywomen hastening, as much as their Flemish *embonpoint* would allow, to the city markets. When sauntering about alone, especially when waiting, we, like children, make the most of everything that can while away the time, or give even the semblance of being occupied: a flower-pot in a window, a parrot in a cage, nay, even an insect flying past, is an absolute gain to us. David felt it quite a fortunate chance when he suddenly caught sight of a sign-painter carrying on his work in the open air. Though evidently more of a whitewasher than a painter, yet, from the top of his ladder, he was flourishing his brush in a masterly style, and at times pausing and contemplating his work with as much complacency as Gros could have done his wonderful cupola of Sainte-Genève.

The painter of Napoleon passed the self-satisfied dauber twice, not without some admiring glances at the way in which he was plastering the background of his landscape with indigo, by way of making a sky. At top of the sign, now nearly finished, was traced, in large characters, 'Break of Day;' a precaution as indispensable to point out the artist's design, as the inscription, 'Dutch and Flemish Beer,' was to announce the articles dealt in by the owner of the house upon which this masterpiece was to figure.

'Here's a pretty fellow!' said the artist to himself; 'with as much knowledge of perspective as a cart-horse; and yet, I doubt not, thinking himself a second Rubens. He brushes away as if he were polishing a pair of boots. And what matter? Why should he not enjoy himself in his own way?' But when he passed the ladder for the third time, and saw a fresh layer of indigo putting over the first, his patience could hold out no longer, and he exclaimed, without stopping or even looking at the offender: 'There is too much blue!'

'Eh! Do you want anything, sir?' said the sign-painter; but he who had ventured the criticism was already at a distance.

Again, David passed by. Another glance at the 'Break of Day,' and another exclamation: 'Too much blue, you blockhead!' The insulted plasterer turned round to reconnoitre the speaker, and as if concluding, from his appearance, that he could be no very great connoisseur, he quietly set to work again, shrugging his shoulders in wonder how it could possibly be any business of his whether the sky was red, green, or blue. For the fourth time the unknown lounge repeated his unwelcome criticism: 'Too much blue!'

The Brussels Wouvermans coloured, but said, in the subdued tone of a man wishing to conceal anger he cannot help feeling: 'The gentleman may not be aware that I am painting a sky.' By this time he had come down from the ladder, and was standing surveying his work with one eye closed, and at the proper distance from it to judge of its effect; and his look of evident exultation shewed that nothing could be more ill-timed than any depreciation of his labours.

'It is because I suppose you do want to paint a sky, that for that very reason I wished to give you this little piece of advice, and to tell you that there is too much blue in it.'

'And pray, Mr Amateur, when was there ever a sky seen without blue?'

'I am no amateur; but I tell you once more, that there is too much blue. And now do as you like; and if you do not think you have enough, you can put more.'

'This is entirely too bad!' cried the now exasperated sign-painter. 'You are an old fool, and know nothing of painting. I should like to see you make a sky without blue.'

'I do not say I am a good hand at a sky; but if I did set about it, there should be no blue.'

'A pretty job it would be!'

'It would look like something, at all events.'

'That is as much as to say mine is like nothing at all.'

'No indeed, for it is very like a dish of spinach, and very like a vile daub, or like anything else you please.'

'A dish of spinach! a vile daub!' cried the artist of Brabant in a rage. 'I, the pupil of Ruysdael—I, fourth cousin to Gerard Dow! and you pretend to know more of my art than I do—an art I have practised with such credit at Antwerp, Louvain, and Liege! A dish of spinach, indeed!' And by this time the fury of the insulted painter had increased to such a degree, that he seized David by the arm, and shaking him violently, added: 'Do you know, you old dotard, that my character has been long established? I have a red horse at Mechlin, a stag at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, that no one has ever seen without admiring!'

'This is beyond all patience,' said David; and suddenly extricating himself from the man's grasp, and snatching his palette from him, he was up the ladder in an instant, shouting: 'Wait awhile, and you shall have yourself to admire, with your fool's pate and your ass's ears!'

'Stop, stop, you villain!' roared the luckless artist, pale with consternation. 'My splendid sign! A painting worth thirty-five francs! I am ruined and undone!' And he continued shaking the ladder, and pouring out a torrent of abuse upon David, who, caring neither for the reproaches of his victim, nor for the crowd that the sudden clamour had attracted, went on pitilessly effacing the 'Break of Day,' and mingling in one confused mass sky and sun, and trees and figures; or what was intended, at least, to represent them. And now—not less rapid in creating than in destroying—and with the lightest possible touch of his brush, the new sign-painter sketched and finished, with magic rapidity, a sky with the gray tints of early dawn, and a group of three men, glass in hand, watching the rising sun; one of these figures being a striking likeness of the whitewasher, shewn at once by his bushy eyebrows and snub-nose.

The crowd, that had at first shewn every inclination to take the part of their countryman against a stranger unfairly interfering with him, now stood quietly watching the outlines as they shone through the first layers of colour, and shouts of applause burst from them as the figures grew beneath the creative hand of the artist. The tavern-keeper himself now swelled the number of admirers, having come out to ascertain the cause of the tumult; and even the fourth-cousin of Gerard Dow felt his fury fast changing into admiration.

'I see it all now,' he said to those nearest him in the crowd. 'He is a French or Dutch sign-painter, one of ourselves, and he only wanted to have a joke against me. It is but fair to own that he has the real knack, and paints even better than I do.'

The artist to whom this equivocal compliment was paid, was now coming down from the ladder amid the cheers of the spectators, when a new admirer was added to them in the person of a man who, mounted on a fine English horse, seemed inclined to ride over the crowd in his eagerness to get a good view of the painting.

'That picture is mine!' he exclaimed; 'I will have it. I will buy it, even if I have to cover it with guineas!'

'What do you mean?' asked the tavern-keeper.

'I mean, that I will give any price you choose to name for that sign,' answered the stranger.

'The picture is not to be sold, young man; I could not think of parting with it,' said the whitewasher with as much paternal pride as if it had been indeed his workmanship.

'Certainly not,' said the vender of beer; 'for it has been already sold, and partly paid for in advance. The picture is mine; and, though not very anxious to dispose of it, yet, perhaps, we may come to some understanding, and make a bargain.'

'Not so fast,' said the dauber; 'the sign belongs to me, and my brother-artist was only kindly giving me a helping-hand. It is my lawful property; and if this gentleman wants to buy it, he must deal with me for it.'

'I tell you,' replied the tavern-keeper, 'that the "Break of Day" is my property, as sure as it is now hanging in front of my house.'

The dispute was waxing louder and louder, when David broke in: 'And am I to go for nothing in the matter? Methinks I might be allowed a voice in it.'

'And a good right you have, brother,' said the sign-painter; 'and I am sure you and I shall have no difference about it. But the open street is no place for all this. We had better go into the house, and settle the matter over a pot of beer.'

David, wishing to escape the continually increasing crowd, consented to the adjournment, which, however, had no effect upon the disputants, and the contest waged more fiercely than ever; nor did the Englishman's reiterated offers to give for the picture its weight in gold tend to allay it.

'But what will you say, if I won't let it be sold?' cried David, at length losing all patience.

'Ah, good sir,' said the tavern-keeper, 'you would not deprive a poor, struggling man like me of this opening for getting a little ready money to enable me to lay in a stock of beer. As for that sign-painter, he is a drunken sot, who has left himself without as much as a stiver to give his daughter, who ought to have been married a year ago.'

'Do not believe him, sir,' cried David's brother-artist. 'Every one knows there is not a fonder father in the whole town; and more shame to me if I were not, for never was there such a good daughter as my dear, pretty Lizette. I have no money to give her, to be sure, but she is betrothed to an honest fellow, who is glad to get her, poor as she is. He is a young Frenchman, a cabinet-maker, and no better workman in the whole city; and they are to be married whenever he has anything saved.'

'A good child, and a good workman, and only waiting for wherewithal to live! This alters the matter entirely,' said David; 'and the young couple shall have the picture. We leave it to this gentleman's liberality to name the price he is willing to give for it.'

'Illustrious artist,' said the Englishman, 'I rejoice in the decision you have come to: Solomon himself could not have given a wiser one. As for me, I have already offered a hundred guineas for the sign as it stands; but I will give two hundred, if you will consent to inscribe on it the two words "Pierre David."'

The name was no sooner pronounced, than a cry of astonishment and delight burst from all present; and the poor sign-painter, with tears in his eyes, implored pardon for all his rudeness and presumption, and poured out grateful thanks for the Master's kind intentions in favour of the young couple.

By this time the news had reached the crowd without, and was received with repeated shouts, and cries of 'Long live David!' 'Long live the prince of artists!' But the cheers became almost deafening, when the pretty Lizette, having heard the wonderful story of a sign having been painted that was to hasten her marriage, and give her a dowry of 200 guineas, made her appearance, and, without a moment's hesitation, threw her arms about the neck of her benefactor, who

returned her caresses most cordially ; declaring that, all things considered, he did not know any one who had a better right to a kiss from the bride.

At this instant Talma, followed by Girodet and the collector, hurriedly entered the tavern. Not finding David at his house, and being told of his having left home very early, they became uneasy lest some accident had befallen him, and set off in search of him.

'Thank Heaven, we have found him !' said Girodet.

'And very well employed, too, I declare,' cried Talma. 'If I could be sure of meeting such a kind welcome from a pretty girl, I should not mind getting up early myself !'

'Bravo, bravo, my old friend !' said Girodet, as, after a warm embrace from him, he turned to examine the picture : 'I never expected to hear of your changing your style, and turning Flemish sign-painter. But it is no shame for David to end as Rembrandt began.'

ADMIRAL BLAKE.*

A good biography is ever welcome ; and if it be the biography of a good and a great man, the cordiality of the *bienvenu* is doubled. Mr Prescott remarks,† that there is no kind of writing, having truth and instruction for its main object, which, on the whole, is so interesting and popular as biography : its superiority, in this point of view, to history, consisting in the fact, that the latter has to deal with masses—with nations, which, like corporate societies, seem to have no soul, and whose chequered vicissitudes may be contemplated rather with curiosity for the lessons they convey, than with personal sympathy. Among contemporary biographers, Mr Hepworth Dixon has already established for himself a name of some distinction by his popular lives of William Penn and John Howard ; nor will his credit suffer a decline in the instance of the memoir now before us—that of the gallant and single-minded patriot, Robert Blake. Of this fine old English worthy, republican as he was, the Tory Hume freely affirms, that never man, so zealous for a faction, was so much respected and even esteemed by his opponents. 'Disinterested, generous, liberal ; ambitious only of true glory, dreadful only to his avowed enemies ; he forms one of the most perfect characters of the age, and the least stained with those errors and vices which were then so predominant.'‡ Yet hitherto the records of this remarkable man have been scanty in matter, and scattered in form—the most notable being Dr Johnson's sketch in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and another in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr Dixon has consulted several scarce works, of genuine though obsolete authority, and a large mass of original documents and family papers, in preparing the present able and attractive memoir ; not omitting a careful examination of the squibs, satires, and broadsides of that time, in his endeavour to trace, in forgotten nooks and corners, the anecdotes and details requisite, as he says, to complete a character thus far chiefly known by a few heroic outlines. We propose taking a brief survey of his life-history of the great admiral and general at sea—the 'Puritan Sea-King,' as Mr Dixon more characteristically than accurately calls his hero. A seaking he was, every inch of him ; but to dub him Puritan, is like giving up to party what was meant for British mankind. To many, the term suggests primarily a habit of speaking through the nose ; and Blake had thundered commands through too many a piping gale and battle blast for that.

Robert Blake was born at Bridgewater, in August 1599. His father, Humphrey Blake, was a merchant

trading with Spain—a man whose temper seems to have been too sanguine and adventurous for the ordinary action of trade, finally involving him in difficulties which clouded his latter days, and left his family in straitened circumstances : his name, however, was held in general respect ; and we find that he lived in one of the best houses in Bridgewater, and twice filled the chair of its chief magistrate. The perils to which mercantile enterprise was then liable—the chance escapes and valorous deeds which the successful adventurer had to tell his friends and children on the dark winter nights—doubtless formed a part of the food on which the imagination of young Blake, 'silent and thoughtful from his childhood,' was fed in the 'old house at home.' At the Bridgewater grammar-school, Robert received his early education, making tolerable acquaintance with Latin and Greek, and acquiring a strong bias towards a literary life. This *penchant* was confirmed by his subsequent career at Oxford, where he matriculated at sixteen, and where he strove hard but fruitlessly for scholarships and fellowships at different colleges. His failure to obtain a Merton fellowship has been attributed to a crotchet of the warden's, Sir Henry Savile, in favour of tall men : 'The young Somersetshire student, thick-set, fair complexioned, and only five feet six, fell below his standard of manly beauty ;' and thus the Cavalier warden, in denying this aspirant the means of cultivating literature on a little university oatmeal, was turning back on the world one who was fated to become a republican power of the age. This shining light, instead of comfortably and obscurely merging in a petty constellation of Alma Mater, was to become a bright particular star, and dwell apart. The avowed liberalism of Robert may, however, have done more in reality to shock Sir Henry, than his inability to add a cubit to his stature. It is pleasant to know, that the 'admiral and general at sea' never outgrew a tenderness for literature—his first-love, despite the rebuff of his advances. Even in the busiest turmoil of a life teeming with accidents by flood and field, he made it a point of pride not to forget his favourite classics. Nor was it till after nine years' experience of college-life, and when his father was no longer able to manage his *res angusta vita*, that Robert finally abandoned his long-cherished plans, and retired with a sigh and last adieu from the banks of the Isis.

When he returned to Bridgewater, in time to close his father's eyes, and superintend the arrangements of the family, he was already remarkable for that 'iron will, that grave demeanour, that free and dauntless spirit,' which so distinguished his after-course. His tastes were simple, his manners somewhat bluntly austere ; a refined dignity of countenance, and a picturesque vigour of conversation, invested him with a social interest, to which his indignant invectives against court corruptions gave distinctive character. To the Short Parliament he was sent as member for his native town ; and in 1645, was returned by Taunton to the Long Parliament. At the dissolution of the former, which he regarded as a signal for action, he began to prepare arms against the king ; his being one of the first troops in the field, and engaged in almost every action of importance in the western counties. His superiority to the men about him lay in the 'marvellous fertility, energy, and comprehensiveness of his military genius.' Prince Rupert alone, in the Royalist camp, could rival him as a 'partisan soldier.' His first distinguished exploit was his defence of Prior's Hill fort, at the siege of Bristol—which contrasts so remarkably with the pusillanimity of his chief, Colonel Fiennes. Next comes his yet more brilliant defence of Lyme—then a little fishing-town, with some 900 inhabitants, of which the defences were a dry ditch, a few hastily-formed earth-works, and three small batteries, but which the Cavalier host of Prince Maurice, trying storm, stratagem, blockade, day after day, and week

* *Robert Blake: Admiral and General at Sea.* By Hepworth Dixon. London : Chapman and Hall. 1852.

† *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies.*

‡ *History of Great Britain*, c. lxi.

after week, failed to reduce or dishearten. 'At Oxford, where Charles then was, the affair was an inexplicable marvel and mystery: every hour the court expected to hear that the "little vile fishing-town," as Clarendon contemptuously calls it, had fallen, and that Maurice had marched away to enterprises of greater moment; but every post brought word to the wondering council, that Colonel Blake still held out, and that his spirited defence was rousing and rallying the dispersed adherents of Parliament in those parts.' After the siege was raised, the Royalists found that more men of gentle blood had fallen under Blake's fire at Lyme, than in all the other sieges and skirmishes in the western counties since the opening of the war. The details of the siege are given with graphic effect by Mr Dixon, and are only surpassed in interest by those connected with Blake's subsequent and yet more celebrated defence of Taunton, to which the third chapter of this biography is devoted.

The hero's fame had become a spell in the west: it was seen that he rivalled Rupert in rapid and brilliant execution, and excelled him in the caution and sagacity of his plans. He took Taunton—a place so important at that juncture, as standing on and controlling the great western highway—in July 1644, within a week of Cromwell's defeat of Rupert at Marston Moor. All the vigour of the Royalists was brought to bear on the captured town; Blake's defence of which is justly characterised as abounding with deeds of individual heroism—exhibiting in its master-mind a rare combination of civil and military genius. The spectacle of an unwall'd town, in an inland district, with no single advantage of site, surrounded by powerful castles and garrisons, and invested by an enemy brave, watchful, numerous, and well provided with artillery, successfully resisting storm, strait, and blockade for several months, thus paralysing the king's power, and affording Cromwell time to remodel the army, naturally arrested the attention of military writers at that time; and French authors of this class bestowed on Taunton the name of the modern Saguntum. The rage of the Royalists at this prolonged resistance was extreme. Reckoning from the date when Blake first seized the town, to that of Goring's final retreat, the defence lasted exactly a year, and under circumstances of almost overwhelming difficulty to the besieged party, who, in addition to the fatigue of nightly watches, and the destruction of daily conflicts, suffered from terrible scarcity of provisions. 'Not a day passed without a fire; sometimes eight or ten houses were burning at the same moment; and in the midst of all the fear, horror, and confusion incident to such disasters, Blake and his little garrison had to meet the storming-parties of an enemy brave, exasperated, and ten times their own strength. But every inch of ground was gallantly defended. A broad belt of ruined cottages and gardens was gradually formed between the besiegers and the besieged; and on the heaps of broken walls and burnt rafters, the obstinate contest was renewed from day to day.' At last relief arrived from London; and Goring, in savage dudgeon, beat a retreat, notwithstanding the wild oath he had registered, either to reduce that haughty town, or to lay his bones in its trenches.

Blake was now the observed of all observers; but, unlike most of his compeers, he abstained from using his advantages for purposes of selfish or personal aggrandisement. He kept aloof from the 'centre of intrigues,' and remained at his post, 'doing his duty humbly and faithfully at a distance from Westminster; while other men, with less than half his claims, were asking and obtaining the highest honours and rewards from a grateful and lavish country.' Nor, indeed, did he at any time side with the ultras of his party, but loudly disapproved of the policy of the regicides. This, coupled with his influence, so greatly deserved and so

deservedly great, made him an object of jealousy with Cromwell and his party; and it was owing, perhaps, to their anxiety to keep him removed from the home-sphere of action, that the hero of Taunton was now appointed to the chief naval command.

Hitherto, and for years afterwards, no state, ancient or modern, as Macaulay points out, had made a separation between the military and the naval service. Cimon and Lysander, Pompey and Agrippa, had fought by sea as well as by land: at Flodden, the right wing of the English was led by her admiral, and the French admiral led the Huguenots at Jarnac, &c. Accordingly, Blake was summoned from his pacific government at Taunton, to assume the post of 'General and Admiral at Sea;' a title afterwards changed to 'General of the Fleet.' Two others were associated with him in the command; but Blake seems at least to have been recognised as *primus inter pares*. The navy system was in deplorable need of reform; and a reformer it found in Robert Blake, from the very day he became an admiral. His care for the well-being of his men made him an object of their almost adoring attachment. From first to last, he stood alone as England's model-seaman. 'Envy, hatred, and jealousy dogged the steps of every other officer in the fleet; but of him, both then and afterwards, every man spoke well.' The 'tremendous powers' intrusted to him by the Council of State, he exercised with off-handed and masterly success—startling politicians and officials of the *ancien régime* by his bold and open tactics, and his contempt for tortuous bypaths in diplomacy. His wondrous exploits were performed with extreme poverty of means. He was the first to repudiate and disprove the supposed fundamental maxim in marine warfare, that no ship could attack a castle, or other strong fortification, with any hope of success. The early part of his naval career was occupied in opposing and defeating the piratical performances of Prince Rupert, which then constituted the support of the exiled Stuarts, and which Mr Dixon refuses to interpret in such mild colours as Warburton and others. Blake's utmost vigilance and activity were required to put down this extraordinary system of freebooting; and by the time that he had successively overcome Rupert, and the minor but stubborn adventurers, Grenville and Carteret, he was in request to conduct the formidable war with Holland, and to cope with such veterans as Tromp, De Witt, De Ruyter, &c. Of the various encounters in which he thus signalled himself, his biographer gives most spirited descriptions, such as their length alone deters us from quoting. On one occasion only did Blake suffer a defeat; and this one is easily explained by—first, Tromp's overwhelming superiority of force; secondly, the extreme deficiency of men in the English fleet; and thirdly, the cowardice or disaffection of several of Blake's captains at a critical moment in the battle. Notwithstanding this disaster, not a whisper was heard against the admiral either in the Council of State or in the city; his offer to resign was flatteringly rejected; and he soon found, that the 'misfortune which might have ruined another man, had given him strength and influence in the country.' This disaster, in fact, gave him power to effect reforms in the service, and to root out abuses which had defied all his efforts in the day of his success. He followed it up by the great battle of Portland, and other triumphant engagements.

Then came his sweeping *tours de force* in the Mediterranean; in six months he established himself, as Mr Dixon says, as a power in that great midland sea, from which his countrymen had been politically excluded since the age of the Crusades—teaching nations, to which England's very name was a strange sound, to respect its honours and its rights; chastising the pirates of Barbary with unprecedented severity; making Italy's petty princes feel the power of the

northern Protestants; causing the pope himself to tremble on his seven hills; and startling the council-chambers of Venice and Constantinople with the distant echoes of our guns. And be it remembered, that England had then no Malta, Corfu, and Gibraltar as the bases of naval operations in the Mediterranean: on the contrary, Blake found that in almost every gulf and island of that sea—in Malta, Venice, Genoa, Leghorn, Algiers, Tunis, and Marseilles—there existed a rival and an enemy; nor were there more than three or four harbours in which he could obtain even bread for love or money.

After this memorable cruise, he had to conduct the Spanish war—a business quite to his mind; for though his highest renown had been gained in his conflicts with the Dutch, he had secretly disliked such encounters between two Protestant states; whereas, in the case of Popish Spain, his soul leaped at the anticipation of battle—sympathising as he did with the Puritan conviction, that Spain was the devil's stronghold in Europe. At this period, Blake was suffering from illness, and was sadly crippled in his naval equipments, having to complain constantly of the neglect at home to remedy the exigencies of the service. 'Our ships,' he writes, 'extremely foul, winter drawing on, our victuals expiring, all stores failing, our men falling sick through the badness of drink, and eating their victuals boiled in salt water for two months' space' (1655.) His own constitution was thoroughly undermined. For nearly a year, remarks his biographer, 'he had never quitted the "foul and defective" flag-ship. Want of exercise and sweet food, beer, wine, water, bread, and vegetables, had helped to develop scurvy and dropsy; and his sufferings from these diseases were now acute and continuous.' But his services were indispensable, and Blake was not the man to shrink from dying in harness. His sun set gloriously at Santa Cruz—that miraculous and unparalleled action, as Clarendon calls it, which excited such grateful enthusiasm at home. At home! words of fascination to the maimed and enfeebled veteran,* who now turned his thoughts so anxiously towards the green hills of his native land. Cromwell's letter of thanks, the plaudits of parliament, and the jewelled ring sent to him by his loving countrymen, reached him while homeward bound. But he was not again to tread the shores he had defended so well.

As the ships rolled through the Bay of Biscay, his sickness increased, and affectionate adherents saw with dismay that he was drawing near to the gates of the grave. 'Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold once more the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. . . . At last, the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards, the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet, to bid them farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. . . . But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St George*, rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, &c. ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome—he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.'

* He had been lamed for life, by a wound in the thigh, at the battle of Portland, 1653.

The corpse was embalmed, and conveyed to Greenwich, where it lay in state for some days. On the 4th of September 1657, the Thames bore a solemn funeral procession, which moved slowly, amid salvoes of artillery, to Westminster, where a new vault had been prepared in the noble abbey. The tears of a nation made it hallowed ground. A prince, of whom the epigram declares that, if he never said a foolish thing, he never did a wise one—saw fit to disturb the hero's grave, drag out the embalmed body, and cast it into a pit in the abbey-yard. One of Charles Stuart's most witless performances! For Blake is not to be confounded—though the Merry Monarch thought otherwise—with the Iretons and Bradshaws who were similarly exhumed. The admiral was a moderate in the closest, a patriot in the widest sense.

In the chivalric disposition of the man, there was true affinity to the best qualities of the Cavalier, mingled sometimes with a certain grim humour, all his own. Many are the illustrations we might adduce of this high-minded and generous temperament. For instance: meeting a French frigate of forty guns in the Straits, and signaling for the captain to come on board his flag-ship, the latter, considering the visit one of friendship and ceremony, there being no declared war between the two nations—though the French conduct at Toulon had determined England on measures of retaliation—readily complied with Blake's summons; but was astounded, on entering the admiral's cabin, at being told he was a prisoner, and requested to give up his sword. No! was the surprised but resolute Frenchman's reply. Blake felt that an advantage had been gained by a misconception, and scorning to make a brave officer its victim, he told his guest he might go back to his ship, if he wished, and fight it out as long as he was able. The captain, we are told, thanked him for his handsome offer, and retired. After two hours' hard fighting, he struck his flag; like a true French knight, he made a low bow, kissed his sword affectionately, and delivered it to his conqueror. Again: when Blake captured the Dutch herring-fleet off Bochness, consisting of 600 boats, instead of destroying or appropriating them, he merely took a tithe of the whole freight, in merciful consideration towards the poor families whose entire capital and means of life it constituted. This 'characteristic act of clemency' was censured by many as Quixotic, and worse. But, as Mr Dixon happily says: 'Blake took no trouble to justify his noble instincts against such critics. His was indeed a happy fate: the only fault ever advanced by friend or foe against his public life, was an excess of generosity towards his vanquished enemies!' His sense of the comic is amusingly evidenced by the story of his *ruse* during a dearth in the same siege. Tradition reports, that only one animal, a hog, was left alive in the town, and that more than half starved. In the afternoon, Blake, feeling that in their depression a laugh would do the defenders as much good as a dinner, had the hog carried to all the posts and whipped, so that its screams, heard in many places, might make the enemy suppose that fresh supplies had somehow been obtained. According to his biographer, never man had finer sense of sarcasm, or used that weapon with greater effect—loving to find expression for its scorn and merriment in the satires of Horace and Juvenal; and thus in some degree relieving the stern fervour of Puritan piety with the more easy graces of ancient scholarship.

The moral aspects of his character appear in this memoir in an admirable light. If he did not stand so high as some others in public notoriety, it was mainly because, to stand higher than he did, he must plant his feet on a bad eminence. His patriotism was as pure as Cromwell's was selfish. Mr Dixon alludes to the strong points of contrast, as well as of resemblance, between the two men. Both, he says, were sincerely religious, undauntedly brave, fertile in expedients, irresistible in

action. Born in the same year, they began and almost closed their lives at the same time. Both were country gentlemen of moderate fortune; both were of middle age when the revolution came. Without previous knowledge or professional training, both attained to the highest honours of the respective services. But there the parallel ends. Anxious only for the glory and interest of his country, Blake took little or no care of his personal aggrandisement. His contempt for money, his impatience with the mere vanities of power, were supreme. Bribery he abhorred in all its shapes. He was frank and open to a fault; his heart was ever in his hand, and his mind ever on his lips. His honesty, modesty, generosity, sincerity, and magnanimity, were unimpeached. Cromwell's inferior moral qualities made him distrust the great seaman; yet now and then, as in the case of the street tumult at Malaga, he was fain to express his admiration of Robert Blake. The latter was wholly unversed in the science of nepotism, and 'happy family' compacts; for although desirous of aiding his relatives, he was jealous of the least offence on their part, and never overlooked it. Several instances of this disposition are on record. When his brother Samuel, in rash zeal for the Commonwealth, ventured to exceed his duty, and was killed in a fray which ensued, Blake was terribly shocked, but only said: 'Sam had no business there.' Afterwards, however, he shut himself up in his room, and bewailed his loss in the words of Scripture: 'Died Abner as a fool dieth!' His brother Benjamin, again, to whom he was strongly attached, falling under suspicion of neglect of duty, was instantly broken, and sent on shore. 'This rigid measure of justice against his own flesh and blood, silenced every complaint, and the service gained immeasurably in spirit, discipline, and confidence.' Yet more touching was the great admiral's inexorable treatment of his favourite brother Humphrey, who, in a moment of extreme agitation, had failed in his duty. The captains went to Blake in a body, and argued that Humphrey's fault was a neglect rather than a breach of orders, and suggested his being sent away to England till it was forgotten. But Blake was outwardly unmoved, though inwardly his bowels did yearn over his brother, and sternly said: 'If none of you will accuse him, I must be his accuser.' Humphrey was dismissed from the service. It is affecting to know how painfully Blake missed his familiar presence during his sick and lonely passage homewards, when the hand of death was upon that noble heart. To Humphrey he bequeathed the greater part of his property.

In the rare intervals of private life which he enjoyed on shore, Blake also compels our sincere regard. When released for awhile from political and professional duties, he loved to run down to Bridgewater for a few days or weeks, and, as his biographer says, with his chosen books, and one or two devout and abstemious friends, to indulge in all the luxuries of seclusion. 'He was by nature self-absorbed and taciturn. His morning was usually occupied with a long walk, during which he appeared to his simple neighbours to be lost in profound thought, as if working out in his own mind the details of one of his great battles, or busy with some abstruse point of Puritan theology. If accompanied by one of his brothers, or by some other intimate friend, he was still for the most part silent. Always good-humoured, and enjoying sarcasm when of a grave, high class, he yet never talked from the loquacious instinct, or encouraged others so to employ their time and talents in his presence. Even his lively and rattling brother Humphrey, his almost constant companion when on shore, caught, from long habit, the great man's contemplative and self-communing gait and manner; and when his friends rallied him on the subject in after-years, he used to say, that he had caught the trick of silence while walking by the admiral's side

in his long morning musings on Knoll Hill. A plain dinner satisfied his wants. Religious conversation, reading, and the details of business, generally filled up the evening until supper-time; after family prayers—always pronounced by the general himself—he would invariably call for his cup of sack and a dry crust of bread, and while he drank two or three horns of Canary, would smile and chat in his own dry manner with his friends and domestics, asking minute questions about their neighbours and acquaintance; or when scholars or clergymen shared his simple repast, affecting a droll anxiety—rich and pleasant in the conqueror of Tromp—to prove, by the aptness and abundance of his quotations, that, in becoming an admiral, he had not forfeited his claim to be considered a good classic.'

The care and interest with which he looked to the well-being of his humblest followers, made him eminently popular in the fleet. He was always ready to hear complaints and to rectify grievances. When wounded at the battle of Portland, and exhorted to go on shore for repose and proper medical treatment, he refused to seek for himself the relief which he had put in the way of his meanest comrade. Even at the early period of his cruise against the Cavalier corsairs of Kinsale, such was Blake's popularity, that numbers of men were continually joining him from the enemy's fleet, although he offered them less pay, and none of that licence which they had enjoyed under Prince Rupert's flag. They gloried in following a leader *sans peur et sans reproche*—one with whose renown the whole country speedily rang—the renown of a man who had revived the traditional glories of the English navy, and proved that its meteor flag could 'yet terrific burn.'

SUMMER LODGINGS.

In the dominions of the Czar, the backs of the serfs suffer a weekly titillation as insufferable, although not so deadly, as the less frequent knout. When it comes to Wednesday, they begin to imagine that they are not exactly comfortable; on Thursday, the natural moisture of their skin seems fast drying up, and they are in an incipient fit of the fidgets; on Friday, the epidermis cracks all over, or makes-believe to do so; and on Saturday, the whole population, with a shout of impatient joy, rush to the bath-house of the village, like a herd of bullocks in the dog-days to the river, and boil themselves in steam. When thoroughly done, they come out, beautifully plumped, as the cooks say, and feeling fresh and vigorous, and as fit as ever they were in their lives to encounter a new week of serfdom.

An annual process analogous to this takes place in our own country. In spring, we begin to look wistfully at the garden, to watch the opening of the lettuces, and count the colours of the pansies. As the season advances, we wander into the fields, examine curiously the thin grass, and turn an admiring eye towards the green hills in the distance. As May breaks upon us in sunlight, though the east wind is still chill, we half persuade ourselves that this really is the season of love and sentiment; and when the month ripens into June, when the grass beneath our feet actually deserves the name of a carpet, when the trees are rich and umbrageous, when the birds are in full song, and the roses in full blow—then the hitherto indefinite longing of our heart acquires strength and purpose. The dry streets look unnatural; the formal lines of houses offend the taste; the air is close and hot; the younger children look pale, and their elder sisters languish. The month is at length out, and we wonder how we have survived it. The thing can no longer be borne; the town looks and breathes like a pest-house; while

hill-sides glimmer in our waking dreams, broad seas stretch away till they are lost in the golden light—

'And dying winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear:'

still worse—everybody that is anybody is off to the country and the sea, and we rush madly after.

But the country? Where is the country? That is the puzzle. In our youth, we knew many a quiet village, many a fine beach, many a sheltered bay, where one might wander, or swim, or muse, or rusticate in any way he chose. The village has grown into a town; the beach is lined with villas; the bay swarms with vessels, and its shores with population. Every eligible spot on the coast becomes the resort of country-goers, till it is no longer the country. All local advantages are taken advantage of, till they disappear. The citizen, charmed with the countryness of the spot, builds his box by the water-side; the speculator runs up lines of houses; a handsome inn rises in the midst; and benevolent individuals hasten to the new centre of attraction, loaded with every kind of commodity men stand in need of, and are likely to buy. Here, in Scotland, on the Clyde, which is the grand sanatorium of the east as well as the west country, this process of change is remarkable. The once wildly beautiful shores, wherever there is not a town or a village, are dotted with trim white villas, glimmering here and there among the trees. The angles of the lochs, where these diverge from the parent stream, are covered with houses. The Gair Loch, which we remember as one of the sweetest mysteries of a mountain lake whose banks ever echoed to the songs of poetry and love, is a snug suburban retreat. The entrance of the Holy Loch, and of the dark and awful Loch Long, are fortified against the spirit of nature by groups of streets. At the heretofore quiet village of Dunoon, slumbering at the foot of its almost obliterated castle, you might lose yourself in the wilderness of new habitations. Gourrock, on the opposite side, where in our boyhood the fairies disported round the Kempuck Stane, is a bustling town, with a suburb stretching along the Clyde, nearly as long as the long town of Kirkcaldy, on the Forth; and at Largs, the barrows of the ancient Danes have become the cellars of the sons of little men, who confine spirits in them, as the prophet Solomon used to do, with a sealed cork. The once solitary island of Cumbrae is the town of Milport; the hoary ruins of Rothesay Castle are almost buried in a congeries of seaport streets and lanes; and, smoking, sputtering, and flapping their water-wings, scores of steamers ply in endless succession among these and a multitude of other places of renown.

All this, we may be told, is as it should be; a house is better than a hut, and the conveniences of civilised life better than roughing it in the desert: but we will not be comforted. Roughing it! that is just what the smoke-dried citizen wants occasionally, to prevent his blood from stagnating, and keep his faculties in working order. Physically, at least, we are not half the men we were when we used to rumble, and sometimes tumble, in stage-coaches, exposed to all the excitement and adventures of a journey; or to get as sick as forty dogs, tossing about whole days and nights in a sailing vessel. Then, when we landed, how delightful were the miseries of a cottage; the makeshifts, the squeezing, the dirt, the hunger—that real-pie was *always* left behind!—the hunting of the neighbourhood for eggs for the children, the compulsory abstinence for three days out of four from butcher-meat, and the helpless dependence upon the chapter of accidents for everything else!

Now, we get into a railway carriage, or the cabin of a steamer, and after taking a book or a nap for an hour or two, raise our heads, and find ourselves,

somehow or other, fifty miles off—in the country. The country is a genteel house in a genteel street, or a nice villa in a row of nice villas, where we are surrounded with all the conveniences we enjoy at home. The very society is the same; for our friends Thomson and Smith, and the whole of that set, have brought their families to the same place for summer lodgings—it is so agreeable to be among one's acquaintances. Then we begin to enjoy ourselves: we have conversation-parties, and dancing-parties, and balls, all the same as at home. We enjoy our newspaper, as usual, in our comfortable reading-room. In the morning, we take a stroll or a dip, or drink water at the Wells, which, although undoubtedly nasty, is undeniably wholesome. Then there is a steamer in sight, and we all hasten to the pier, to ascertain if we know anybody on board. Then we dine early, for one *must* dine early in the country. Then we take a nap; then another stroll; then there is another steamer to watch; then we drink tea; then to the pier again. This time, the vessel's head is pointed homewards; and as she breaks away from the land, we follow her with our eyes till she is swallowed up in the distance. Then we turn away with a sigh; go back to our lodgings; lounge into bed; and fall asleep in the midst of the delightful sensation of having nothing to do, and being in the country.

All this is delightful, no doubt; every bit as good as being at home. Our aim, in fact, is to carry home with us—to feel as if we had never left No. 24. The closer the resemblance between our country lodgings and our town-house, the better we are off; for we then get what we have come for—change of air—without any sacrifice of comfort.

But we doubt whether 'change of air' has so limited a meaning. Hygienically speaking, it includes, we suspect, change of habits, change of diet, change of company, change of thought. The miseries of the old country lodgings were better for the health than the comforts of the new. The very grumbling they gave rise to was a wholesome exercise. The short allowance was worth a whole pharmacopœia. The ravenous appetite that fastened upon things common and unclean was a glorious symptom. We came back strengthened in mind as well as body. Our country sojourn had the effect of foreign travel in opening the heart and expanding the intellect; it smoothed away prejudices and upset conventionalities; and the ruddy glow of our sunburnt cheeks was the external token of the healthy natural tone of the feelings within. No; this passion for comfort and gentility in the wilderness, is a bad sign of the generation: it bespeaks effeminacy of character, and a vanity which, however graceful it may be thought in the town, shews mean and ridiculous among the hills, and woods, and waters of the country.

Among our neighbours on the continent, the summer move is not so universal as with us. In Paris, for instance, everything is considered the country that is outside the barriers; and in the fine season, every bourgeois family is outside the barriers at least once a week—eating, drinking, dancing, and singing. Then there are the walks in the Bois de Boulogne, and the picnics at St Cloud, and the excursions to Versailles: wherever there is green turf and shady trees, you hear the sounds of mirth and music rising in the clearest, brightest atmosphere in the world. Thus a sojourn out of town is not a necessity. They take change of air by instalments, and pass the summer in a state of chronic excitement.

In other parts of the world, the move is as entire as with us; and in at least one instance, all classes of the population desert the cities at the same time, and flock to the same sea-side. To be sure, this sea-side is somewhat extensive, and there need be no more crowding than is social and comfortable. An amusing account of the migration, and of the summer lodgings of Central America is given in Mr Squier's *Nicaragua*, recently

published. The state of Nicaragua occupies that part of the Isthmus lying between the lake of the same name and the Pacific, the distance between being in some places only about fifteen miles. In this narrow tract there are several large towns, such as Grenada and Leon, which, in spite of the breath of the two oceans, get smoke-dried by the time the dry season advances into March. Then comes on the 'Paseo al mar,' or bathing-season, when a great portion of the population, taken not merely from the upper classes, but from the bourgeoisie and Indian peasantry, rush down to the shores of the Pacific. 'At that time,' says Mr Squier, 'a general movement of carts and servants takes place in the direction of the sea, and the government despatches an officer and a guard, to superintend the pitching of the annual camp upon the beach, or rather upon the forest-covered sand-ridge which fringes the shore. Each family builds a temporary cane-hut, lightly thatched with palm-leaves, and floored with petates or mats. The whole is wickered together with vines, or woven together basketwise, and partitioned in the same way, by means of coloured curtains of cotton cloth. This constitutes the *penetrals*, and is sacred to the *bello sexo* and the babies. The more luxurious ladies bring down their neatly-curtained beds, and make no mean show of elegance in the interior arrangements of their impromptu dwellings. Outside, and something after the fashion of their permanent residences, is a kind of broad and open shed, which bears a very distant relation to the corridor. Here hammocks are swung, the families dine, the ladies receive visitors, and the men sleep. . . . The establishments here described pertain only to the wealthier visitors, the representatives of the upper classes. There is every intermediate variety, down to those of the *mozo* and his wife, who spread their blankets at the foot of a tree, and weave a little bower of branches above them—an affair of ten or a dozen minutes. And there are yet others who disdain even this exertion, and nestle in the dry sand.'

This kind of gipsying expedition to the sea in summer would hardly suit the form of European, or at least British civilisation; but we do not see why, in the one continent more than in the other, one's country lodgings should be required to resemble a town-house. In the Clyde, which we have mentioned as a resort for summer loiterers, there is one exceptional place—the island of Arran. Here the Marquis of Douglas has determined, with much good taste, that his property shall not be vulgarised by the new style of country lodgings, and so far from feuing the ground, he will not permit even a pier to be built for the accommodation of visitors. The village, accordingly, is simply a line of thatched cottages, which, in the fine season, are filled to overflowing. A few houses of more pretension stand on the other side of the bay; but, in general, no one sets his foot in Brodick who has not made up his mind to rough it pretty much in the fashion of the last generation. Sometimes, on the occasion of a holiday in Glasgow, which is six hours' steaming distant, the village is flooded with a moving population that can neither find house-room on the island nor means of quitting it the same day. Then comes a scene of something more than Mexican roughness. Shawls, cloaks, plaids, are the only substitute for tents, and a bush or a tree the only shelter from the summer wind. Such wandering companies are rarely short of provisions, for they have a wholesome dread of Highland hunger; and hearty is the feast and loud the merriment, as they sit thus, houseless and homeless outcasts of the Clyde. The night comes on, neither dark nor unpleasantly cold, and the trooping stars assemble in the heavens, and look down on the slumberous waters, as bright and new as they were seen of old from the hill-tops of Chaldea. Higher swell the hearts of the spectators for a time, till, yielding to the

influence of the hour, lower and lower sink their pulses of emotion, like the tide of the lately panting deep. Their voices fall; their words are few and whispered, then heard no more; the lights of the village disappear one by one; the last door is heard to shut; there is silence on the earth.

We never heard of anybody being the worse of this adventure, although it is a kind of roughing we would not positively recommend to Miss Laura Matilda, or any of her fair sisters. We would give them a thatched roof over their heads, a weather-tight room for their slumbers, and a substantial wall between them and the couple of cows that yield their warm milk in the morning. We would afford them a homely sitting-room, with no temptation to keep them within doors for a single moment, except during their brief and humble meals. We would plant their tabernacle in some lonely place on a hillside, or on the shores of a romantic loch, an hour's smart walk from any society they are accustomed to at home. We would have them make acquaintances of the said two cows; of both the dogs, even the surly one, which cannot for some time understand who or what they are, or what business they have there; of the hens, that present them with newly-laid eggs to breakfast; of the five or six sheep, to whom they are evidently objects of curiosity and admiration; of that sociable goat, which accompanies the sheep to the hill like one of themselves; and more especially of the little boy, who is proud of being called the herd; and of the cotter and his old mother, and his wife and two young daughters. We would insist upon their feeling a kindly interest in these new friends, one and all; on their taking leave of them individually when coming away; and on their carrying home with them an impression which would sometimes, in the crowded street, or the hot room, well suddenly up in their hearts like a fresh stream, or pass across their cheeks like a breath of mountain air.

Depend upon it, we lose much humanising feeling, much true refinement, much of the poetry of life, in parting with the roughness of our Summer Lodgings.

PAPER-MONEY AND BANKING IN CHINA.

THE origin or prototype of so many of our European arts and customs has been found in the 'central flowery land,' that it is not surprising to hear of the Chinese having begun to use paper-money as currency in the second century preceding the Christian era. At that time, the coinage of the Celestials was of a more bulky and ponderous nature than it is at the present day; and we may easily believe that a people so cunning and ingenious, would contrive not a few schemes to avoid the burden of carrying it about; as the man did, who scratched the figure of an ox on a piece of leather, and went from door to door with that until he had found a customer, leaving the animal, meantime, at home in the stall. There was a deficiency, too, in the ways and means of the government: money was never plentiful enough in the imperial coffers. At last, to get out of the difficulty, it was determined to try the effect of a paper-currency, and an issue was made of assignats or treasury-warrants, which, being based on the credit of the highest authorities, were regarded as secure; which fact, with their facility of transfer, soon brought them into circulation. Of course, a good deal of legislation was expended on the measure, before it could be got to work satisfactorily, and it underwent many fluctuations in its progress towards permanence. The intestine wars to which China was exposed at that period, by overturning dynasty after dynasty, led one government to disavow the obligations of its predecessor, and the natural consequences of bad faith followed. After circulating with more or less success for five hundred years, the government paper-money disappeared.

This happened under the Ming dynasty: the Manchus,

who succeeded, gave themselves no trouble to restore the paper-currency; on which the trading portion of the community took the matter into their own hands, and by the time that their Tatar conquerors were quietly settled in their usurped authority, the merchants had revived the use of paper. They were too sensible of its great utility not to make the attempt; and since that time, they have gone on without any aid from the state, developing their plans as experience suggested, and so cautiously as to insure success. This result is, however, far below what has been obtained by Europeans. In comparison with ours, the banking-system of China is in a very primitive condition; theirs is extremely limited in its application, each city restricting itself to its own method; and while the means of inter-communication are imperfect, there is little prospect of improvement.

One example may be taken as an illustration of the whole; and we avail ourselves of a communication made by Mr Parkes to the Royal Asiatic Society on the paper-currency of Fuhchowfoo, for the substance of the present article. As in other places, the system was started in the city of Fuhchow by private individuals, who began by circulating among each other notes payable on demand. As the convenience of such a medium became apparent, the circulation was extended, and ultimately offices were opened for the special purpose of issuing notes; but as the only guarantee for their security was the character of those who put them forth, the circulation remained comparatively trifling, until their credit was recognised and established. Not till the first quarter of the present century did the use of paper become extensive or permanent; and now, everybody in Fuhchowfoo prefers notes to coin.

As no licence is required, any one may commence the banking business, and at first considerable mischief resulted from this liberty. Speculators who forced their notes largely into circulation, not unfrequently met with a reverse, with the usual consequences of distress and embarrassment to their connection. Although this for a time brought paper into disfavour, it has now recovered, and the great competition is found to have the effect of mitigating the evils of failure. Where so many are concerned, individual suffering must be comparatively slight. The banks, moreover, are not banks of deposit; the proprietors prefer not to receive deposits, so that private parties run no risk of a great and sudden loss, beyond that of such notes as they may hold at the time of a stoppage. On the other hand, the usefulness of a bank is limited by this arrangement; there can be no paying of cheques; but very few of the banking establishments can transact business beyond the city or the department in which they may be located, and seldom or never beyond the limits of the province. Hence the convenience and safety of making payments at places remote from each other, through the medium of a banker, is almost unknown in China.

Within certain limits, the large bankers undertake mercantile exchanges; they also refine the sycee, or silver, for the receivers of taxes. The government will take no silver under a standard quality; the collector delivers his sycee to the banker, who weighs, refines, and casts it into ingots, for a consideration, giving a receipt, which is handed to the treasurer of the department, who calls for the amount when required.

The small banks transact their business on an extremely petty scale. On first starting in business, their notes are seldom in circulation above a few hours, and they have always to be watchful to avoid a 'run.' It is among this class that failures most frequently occur, the time of the crash being the end of the year, owing to the demand for specie which then arises. As a precautionary measure, some of them mostly circulate the notes of the large banks, which do not return to them as their own would. Their own are sure to come back once at least in the twenty-four hours, as the

large banks make a rule of sending all petty bank-notes to their issuers every day, and exchanging them for specie or larger notes. The petty establishments resort to various expedients for the sake of profit; one is, to locate themselves in a good situation: if far from a large bank, they charge a higher rate of discount on notes presented for payment, than is charged by their more powerful competitor; and the people who live in the neighbourhood submit to this charge, rather than take the trouble of going to the large bank. On the contrary, if the great and the small are near together, the latter charge lower, and make their profit by placing base coin among the strings of copper cash which they pay to their customers in exchange for notes. The inferior cash is manufactured for the purpose, in the same way as Birmingham halfpence used to be for distribution by the keepers of toll-gates.

'Such petty chicanery is not viewed, as with us, in the light of an offence, since, from the exceeding low value of the Chinese cash—twenty-seven being only equivalent to a penny—those must be bad indeed which will not pass current with the rest; and, accordingly, the inferior sorts, when used in moderation, are accepted along with the better in all the ordinary transactions of life. The profits of these establishments must, therefore, be but slender—proportioned, however, to the extent of their dealings; and some of the smallest firms may not make more than half a dollar in the course of a day.'

'The banking establishments in the city and suburbs of Fuhchow,' says Mr Parkes, 'may be enumerated by hundreds. Most of them are naturally very insignificant, and the circulation of their notes exceedingly limited. Many of the outside notes will not pass current inside; and are only convertible at the place of issue. Such branches as these must be entirely superfluous, and might seriously inconvenience or trammel the transactions of the higher ones; but, in order to guard against encroachment from this direction, and as a self-protective measure, several of the leading banks of known stability co-operate with each other to keep up the value of their notes; and thus, by holding a strong check on the issues of those minor parties, effectually continue to regulate the whole system. There are thirty of these establishments inside and outside the city, all reported to be possessed of capital to the amount of from 500,000 to upwards of 1,000,000 dollars.'

'These latter establishments command the utmost confidence, and their notes pass current everywhere and with everybody. They contribute mutual support by constantly exchanging and continually cashing each other's notes, which they severally seem to value as highly as their own particular issues. This reciprocal and implicit trust must add greatly to their solidity, and tend to prevent the possibility of failure. The chief banker gained his high reputation by a voluntary subscription, about thirty years ago, of no less than 100,000 dollars to the government toward the repairs of the city walls and other public works, for which he was rewarded with honorary official insignia, and the extensive patronage or business of all the authorities. These large banks are complete rulers of the money-market; they regulate the rates of exchange, which are incessantly fluctuating, and are known to alter several times in the course of the day. The arrival or withdrawal from the place of specie to the amount of a few thousands, has an immediate effect in either raising or lowering the exchange. The bankers are kept most accurately informed on the subject by some twenty men in their general employ, whose sole business it is to be in constant attendance in the market, and to acquaint the banks with everything that is going on, when they, guided by the transactions of the day, determine and fix upon, between themselves, the various prices of notes, sycee, and dollars. Their unanimity on

these points is very remarkable; and they are all deeply impressed with the salutary conviction, that their chief strength consists in the degree of mutual harmony that they preserve, and the confidence they place in one another. These reporters are also very useful to new arrivals, in affording them guidance on matters of exchange, or in introducing them to the best bankers; and the allowances that the stranger makes to them for their assistance, and the banker for procuring him custom, constitute the gains of their calling. They have also to report the prices of silver every morning at the Magistracy, which, from its daily increasing value, has become an object of especial attention.' Twenty years ago, much discontent was expressed that silver, which had been worth 1000 cash per ounce, rose to 1500; now it is over 2000, owing to the continuous drain of the metal from the country.

Still, with all this, failures are rare. The petty banks are most liable to this reverse; and on such occasions, they generally contrive to arrange the matter quietly among themselves; but the whole property or lands belonging to the defaulters may be seized and sold to satisfy the claims of the creditors: the dividend is usually from 10s. to 12s. in the pound. Wilful fraud is seldom practised; the heaviest instance known, was for 70,000 dollars; from the year 1843 to 1848, there were but four bankruptcies, and three of these were for less than 6000 dollars. The defaulters frequently escape punishment owing to the high cost of prosecution. The large banks are safe; but at times, from false or malicious reports, are exposed to a sudden 'run;' a great crowd besets the doors when least expected, and numbers of vagabonds seize the opportunity for mischief and plunder. These outbreaks grew to such a pitch, that the magistrates now, whenever possible, hasten to the threatened establishment, to repress violence by their presence and authority. The rush, however, is so sudden, that before they can arrive on the spot, the mob has improved its opportunity for destruction, and disappeared.

Forgery is not often attempted, probably because it does not pay, owing to the fact of its being extremely difficult to circulate any but notes of small value. The penalty for this offence is transportation to a distance of three thousand *le*—about a thousand miles; or imprisonment or flogging, according to circumstances. We question if such an instance as the following ever occurred out of China:—'A forger of some notoriety having been several times prosecuted by the bankers, and with but little success, for he still continued to carry on his malpractices, they conferred together, and agreed to take him into their pay, making him responsible for any future frauds of the kind. He continues to receive a stipend from them at the present time, and is one of their most effective safeguards against further imposition, as it devolves upon him to detect and apprehend any other offender.'

Most of the bank-notes are printed from copper-plates, but some of the petty dealers still use wooden blocks. They are longer and narrower than ours, and have a handsomely engraved border, within which are paragraphs laudatory of the ability or reputation of the firm. The notes are of three kinds: for cash, dollars, and sycee. The first are from 400 cash (1s. 3d. sterling), to hundreds of thousands, and are largely circulated in all the smaller business transactions. The dollar-notes, varying from a unit to 500, and, in some instances, to 1000, circulate among the merchants, their value continually fluctuating with that of the price of the silver which they represent. The sycee-notes are from one to several hundred *taels* (ounces), and are chiefly confined to the government offices, to avoid the trouble and inconvenience of making payments in silver by weight. Whatever be the value or denomination of the notes, the holder is at liberty to demand payment of the whole whenever he pleases, and

receives it without abatement, as the banker makes his profit at the time of their issue. When notes are lost, payment is stopped, as here, and they are speedily traced, as it is the practice not to take notes of a high value—say, 100 dollars—without first inquiring at the bank as to their genuineness. But no indemnification is made for notes lost or destroyed by accident. Promissory-notes are the chief medium of interchange among merchants, who take ten days' grace on all bills, except those on which is written the word 'immediate.'

The rates of interest are, on lands and houses, from 10 to 15 per cent.; on government deposits, which the people are made to take at times against their will, 8 per cent.; on insurance of ships and cargoes, owing to the risk from storms and pirates, from 20 to 30 per cent.; on pawnbrokers' loans, 2 per cent. per month, or 20 per cent. per annum. Five days' grace is allowed on pledges; and if goods be not redeemed within three years, they are made over to the old clothes' shops at a settled premium of 20 per cent. on the amount lent on them. Pawnbrokers' establishments are numerous, and are frequented by all classes, who pawn without scruple anything they may possess. The banks, we are informed, 'keep up an intimate connection with the pawnbrokers, who make and receive all their payments in notes for copper cash, and will not take sycee, dollars, or dollar-notes—the former, lest they should prove counterfeit, and the latter, on account of the fluctuating value. They are very particular in passing the bank-notes, and will accept only those of the large banks. A notice is hung up in each shop, specifying what notes pass current with them; and when the people go to redeem the articles they have pledged, as they can present only those notes in payment, they have often to repair previously to the bank where they are issued, to purchase them, and, being at a premium, the banker thus gains his discount upon them. Of such importance is this considered, that, without the support of the pawnbrokers' connection, the business of a banker will always be limited. Indeed, many of the banks keep pawnbrokers' shops also; and the chief banker at Fuhchow is known to have opened no less than five of these establishments. This is on account of the high interest paid on pawnbrokers' loans.'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

May, 1852.

As May of last year was made memorable by the opening of the Great Exhibition, so will the present month become famous for the pulling down of the Crystal Palace. Parliament has decreed it, and there is an end of the matter. If the people by and by find reason to complain of the proceeding, they will have no one to blame but themselves; because, had they spoken out as only a whole nation can speak, the decision of the legislature would have been on the other side of the question. We are promised, however, that it shall be re-erected on some other site, and herein must solace ourselves for disappointment at the removal, while waiting for the National Exhibition to be opened at Cork, or that of the Arts and Manufactures of the Indian Empire promised by the Society of Arts. Besides this, the present May will be noteworthy in the annals of ocean steam-navigation: the steamers to Australia are to commence their trips, as also those to Brazil and Valparaiso. Who would have dreamed, twenty years ago, that the redoubtable Cape Horn would, before a quarter century had expired, be rounded by a steamer from an English port? Captain Denham is about to sail in the *Herald*, to survey the islands of

the great ocean, one object being to find the best route and coaling-stations among the islands for steamers from the Isthmus to Sydney. The vessel will carry an interpreter, a supply of English seeds and plants, and a number of articles, to serve as presents for the natives. Should this survey be successful, and the United States' expedition to Japan produce the effect anticipated, the vast solitudes of the Pacific will be ere long continually echoing with the beat of paddle-wheels and the roar of steam. Rapid intercommunication will bring about changes, whereat politicians and ethnologists shall wonder. The Chinese still keep pouring into California by shiploads of 200 or 300 at a time, where they will perhaps learn that a year of Anglo-Saxondom is 'worth a cycle of Cathay.' We may regard as evidence of progress, that Loo-choo has been visited by Captain Shadwell of the *Sphinx*; he was received with great favour, and conducted to the royal city of Shooi, three miles inland. Readers of Captain Basil Hall's pleasant account of the same island will remember, that he was jealously forbidden to approach the interior. Do the Loo-choosans want to conciliate an ally? If, as is said, Japan is to become to the Americans what India is to us, we shall have them for neighbours in the east, as we now have them in the west. It will be an interesting event should England, America, and Russia some day meet on the Asiatic continent.

One good effect of railways, as you know, has been to cheapen coal, and excite activity in heretofore dormant mining districts—results which tell upon the trade in sea-borne coals. To meet this emergency, a scheme is on foot for sending coal from the Tyne to the Thames in steam-colliers, which, by their short and regular passages, shall compete successfully with the railways. The experiment is well worth trying, and ought to pay, if properly managed: meantime, our railways will extend their ramifications. Looking for a moment at what is doing in other parts of the world, it appears that there are at present 2000 miles of railway in France, besides as much more which is to be completed in four years. Portugal is only just beginning to think of iron routes: a few wakeful people are trying to impress that backward land with a sense of the advantages of rapid locomotion; and it is shewn that, by a simple system of railways, Lisbon would be placed at sixteen hours' distance from Madrid, forty-three from Paris, fifty-three from Brussels, and fifty-seven from London. Would it not be a comfort to be able to run away from the north-east monsoon, which has so long afflicted us, to the orange groves on the banks of the Tagus, in about two days and a half? A telegraph is about to be carried from the Austrian States over the Splügen into Switzerland—the Alps, it would appear, being no bar to the thought-flasher. There is a project, too, for a regular and universal dispatch of telegraph messages from all parts of the world. A mail and telegraph route from the Mississippi across to San Francisco is talked about. The proposer considers that post-houses might be erected at every twenty miles across the American continent, in which companies of twenty men of the United States' army might be stationed, to protect and facilitate the intercommunication; news would then find its way across in six or seven days. Should this scheme fail to be realised, the Americans may content themselves with having nearly 11,000 miles of railway already open, and another 11,000 in progress.

A beginning is made towards the abolition of the duty on foreign books imported. Government have consented that certain learned societies, and a number of scientific individuals, shall receive, duty free, such scientific publications as may be sent to them from abroad. Considering that the whole amount realised

by the present customs' charge is only L.8000, it is easy to believe that the authorities will shortly have to abolish it altogether. Another question in which books are concerned, is the dispute that has been going on for some time among the fraternity of booksellers, as to whether a retailer shall be allowed to sell books for any price he pleases, or not. Whether 'free-trade' or 'monopoly' is to prevail, will depend on the decision of the arbitrators who have been chosen. Leaving out all the rest of the kingdom, there are nearly 1000 booksellers in London; so the subject is an important one. This number affords a notable datum for comparison with other countries. In Germany, the number of booksellers is 2651, of which 2200 are retailers, 400 publishers only, while 451 combine the two. They are distributed—36 in Frankfort, 56 in Stuttgart, 52 in Vienna, 129 in Berlin, 145 in Leipsic. The figures are suggestive. Another fact may be instanced: in 1851 the number of visits to the British Museum for reading was 78,419—giving an average of 269 per day, the room having been open during 292 days. The number of books consulted was 424,851, or 1455 daily. This is an agreeable view of what one part of society is doing; but there is a reverse to the picture, as shewn in a recently published parliamentary report, from which it appears that in 1849 the juvenile offenders in England numbered 6849—in Wales, 73—of whom 167 were transported; in 1850, the numbers were respectively 6988, 82, 184, shewing an increase under each head. Of the whole number in confinement last November, 169 were under thirteen years of age, and 568 under sixteen: 205 had been in prison once before, 90 twice, 49 three times, 85 four times and upwards; 329 had lost one parent, 108 both parents; 327 could not read, and 554 had not been brought up to any settled employment. These facts may be taken as demonstrative of the necessity for multiplying reformatory agricultural schools, such as have been established in various parts of the continent with the happiest effects.

Among the prizes just announced by the French Académie, is one for 'the best work on the state of pauperism in France, and the means of remedying it,' to be adjudged in 1853. It is greatly to be wished that some gifted mind would arise capable of taking a proper survey of so grave a question, and bringing it to a practical and satisfactory solution. Some people are beginning to ask, whether it would not be better, with the proceeds of poor-rates, to send paupers to colonies which are scant of labourers, rather than to expend the money in keeping them at home. The Académie of Literature, too, has offered a prize for an essay on the parliamentary eloquence of England—a significant fact in a country where the legislature is not permitted to be eloquent, and where forty-nine provincial papers have died since the 2d of December. Coming again to science: the judicial *savants* have awarded a medal to Mr Hind for his discovery of some two or three of the minor planets—an acknowledgment of merit which will not fail of good results in more ways than one.

Various scientific matters, which are deserving of a passing notice, have come before the same learned body. Matteucci, who has been steadily pursuing his electro-chemical labours, now states that with certain liquids and a single metal he can form a pile, the electro-magnetic and electro-chemical effects of which are much greater than those obtained with the old piles of Volta and Wollaston, and come nearer to those of the batteries of Bunsen and Grove. As yet, he withholds the particulars, but they will shortly be forthcoming. M. Dureau de la Malle, in remarks on the breeding of fish, a subject which has of late occupied much attention in France, says, that he has now discovered the reason 'why domestic servants in Holland and Scotland, when taking a situation, stipulate that they

shall not be made to eat salmon more than three times a week; it is, the insipid taste of young salmon. It is safe to say, that however much M. de la Malle may know about fish, he knows but little of the habits of the countries to which he refers. M. Yvart mentions a fact that may be useful to graziers—the breed of cattle has been improved in France by the introduction of the Durham bull; but, as experience has shewn, it is at the expense of certain qualities deemed essential on the other side of the Channel. Here, we require meat as speedily as possible in young animals for consumption in our great towns; there, the great rural population use milk largely, and keep the animals longer before they are killed. The quantity of milk, it appears, is materially reduced in the Durham breed, and on this account M. Yvart suggests, that it should not be too much encouraged. Then there is something about dogs by Messrs Gruby and Delafond, who shew that the worms which have long been known to exist in the larger blood-vessels of certain dogs, are the parents of the almost innumerable *filaria* or microscopic worms, found circulating also in the veins. The number generally in one dog is estimated at 52,000, though at times it is more than 200,000; and being smaller than the blood-globules, the creatures penetrate the minutest blood-vessels. They are met with on the average in one dog in twenty-five, though most frequent in the adult and old, and without distinction of sex or race. The examination of the phenomenon is to be continued, with a view to ascertain whether dogs infested with these blood-worms are subject to any peculiar disease.

More interesting is the account of a successful case of transfusion of blood in the human subject, performed in presence of the ablest surgeons of Paris. A woman was taken to the Hôtel Dieu reduced by hemorrhage to the last stage of weakness, unable to speak, to open her eyes, or to draw back her tongue when put out. The basilic vein was opened, and the point of a syringe, warmed to the proper temperature, was introduced, charged with blood drawn from the same vein in the arm of one of the assistants. The quantity, 180 grammes, was injected in 2½ minutes, after which the wound was dressed, and the patient placed in a comfortable position. Gradually, the beatings of the pulse rose from 180 to 138, and became firmer; the action of the heart increased in energy; the eyes opened with a look of intelligence; and the tongue could be advanced and withdrawn with facility, and regained its redness. On the following day, there was a little delirium, after which the pulse fell to 90, the signs of vitality acquired strength, and at the end of a week the woman left the hospital restored to health. Cases of successful transfusion are so rare, that it is not surprising the one here recorded should have excited attention among our physiologists.

People inclined to corpulence may profit by M. Dancel's observations on the development of fat. He says, that some of his patients, whose obesity was a constant inconvenience and cause of disease, 'lost very notably of their *embonpoint* by a change in their alimentary regimen—abstaining almost entirely from vegetables, feculent substances, diminishing their quantity of drink, and increasing, when necessary, their portion of meat.' On another subject, M. Guérin Méneville believes he has found a new cochineal insect (*Coccus faba*) on the common bean, which grows wild in the south of France, and in such abundance, that a considerable quantity may be collected in a short time. The yield of colouring matter is of such amount, that a project is talked of for cultivating the plant extensively.

A communication has been made to the Geological Society at Paris by M. de Hauslab, on a subject which has from time to time occupied the thoughts of those who study the *physique* of the planet on which we live

—namely, the origin of the present state of our globe, and its crystal-like cleavage. After a few preliminary remarks about mountains, rocks, dikes and their line of direction, he shews that the globe presents the form approximately of a great octahedron (eight-sided figure); and further, that the three axial planes which such a form necessitates, may be described by existing circles round the earth: the first being Himalaya and Chimborazo; starting from Cape Finisterre, passing to India, Borneo, the eastern range of Australia, New Zealand, across to South America, Caracas, the Azores, and so round to Finisterre. The second runs in the opposite direction; includes the Andes, Rocky Mountains, crosses Behring's Strait to Siberia, thence to the Altai, Hindostan, Madagascar, Cape Colony, and ending again at the Andes of Brazil. The third, which cuts the two former at right angles, proceeds from the Alps, traverses the Mediterranean by Corsica and Sardinia to the mountains of Fezzan, through Central Africa to the Cape, on to Kerguelen's Land, Blue Mountains of Australia, Spitzbergen, Scandinavia, and completing itself in the Alps, from whence it started. These circles shew the limits of the faces of the huge crystal, and may be divided into others, comprising forty-eight in the whole. The views thus set forth exhibit much ingenuity; and when we consider that metals crystallise in various forms, and native iron in the octahedral, there is much to be said in their favour.

We shall probably not be long before hearing of another gold field, for Dr Barth writes from the interior of Africa, that grains of the precious metal have been found in two rivers which flow into Lake Tchad, and that the mountains in the neighbourhood abound with it. Should the first discovery be verified by further explorations, gold will be more abundant than it now promises to be, and Africa perhaps the richest source of supply. Apropos of this continent, a French traveller is about to prove from the results of a journey from the Cape towards the equator, that the Carthaginian discoveries had been pushed much further towards the south than is commonly supposed.

Agassiz, who, as you know, has become a citizen of the United States, has had the Cuvierian prize awarded to him for his great work on fossil fishes—an honour approved by every lover of science. This distinguished writer says, in his latest publications on fossil zoology, that the number of fossil fishes distributed over the globe is more than 25,000 species; of mammifera, over 8000; reptiles, over 4000; shells, more than 40,000; numbers which greatly exceed all former calculation. Of other American items, there is one worthy the notice of apiarians: some emigrants who sailed from Boston wished to convey a hive of bees to the Sandwich Islands, where the industrious insects have not as yet been introduced; all went well until the vessel reached the tropics, and there the heat was so great as to melt the wax of the combs, and consequently to destroy the bees.

Lieutenant Hunt, of the American Coast Survey, states that copper-plate engravings may be copied on stone; specimens are to appear in the forthcoming report. To quote his description: 'A copper-plate being duly engraved, it is inked, and an impression taken on transfer-paper. A good paper, which wetting does not expand, is needed, and a fatty coating is used in the process. The transfer-paper impression is laid on the smooth stone, and run through a press. It is then wetted, heated, and stripped off from the stone, leaving the ink and fat on its face. The heated fat is softly brushed away, leaving only the ink-lines. From this reversed impression on the stone, the printing is performed just as in ordinary lithography. A good transfer produces from 8000 to 5000 copies. Thus prints from a single copper-plate can be infinitely multiplied, the printing being, moreover, much cheaper than copper-plate.'

IN EXPECTATION OF DEATH.—CONSTANTIA.

WHEN I was young, my lover stole
One of my ringlets fair:
I wept—' Ah no! Those always part,
Who having once changed heart for heart,
Change also locks of hair.

'And wonder-opened eyes have seen
The spirits of the dead,
Gather like motes in silent bands
Round hair once reft by tender hands
From some now shrouded head.

'If—— Here he closed my quivering mouth,
And where the curl had lain,
Laid payment rich for what he stole:—
Could I to one hour crush life's whole,
I'd live that hour again!

My golden curls are silvering o'er—
Who heeds? The seas roll wide;
When one I know their bounds shall pass,
There'll be no tresses—save long grass—
For his hands to divide;

While I shall lie, low, deep, a-cold,
And never hear him tread:
Whether he weep, or sigh, or moan,
I shall be passive as a stone,
He living, and I—dead!

And then he will rise up and go,
With slow steps, looking back,
Still—going: leaving me to keep
My frozen and eternal sleep,
Beneath the earth so black.

Pale brow—oft leant against his brow:
Dear hand—where his lips lay;
Dim eyes, that knew not they were fair,
Till his praise made them half they were—
Must all these pass away?

Must nought of mine be left for him
Save the poor curl he stole?
Round which this wildly-loving me
Will float unseen continually,
A disembodied soul.

A soul! Glad thought—that lightning-like
Leaps from this cloud of doom:
If, living, all its load of clay
Keeps not my spirit from him away,
Thou canst not, cruel tomb!

The moment that these earth-chains burst,
Like an enfranchised dove,
O'er seas and lands to him I fly,
Whom only, whether I live or die,
I loved, love, and shall love.

I'll wreathe around him—he shall breathe
My life instead of air;
In glowing sunbeams o'er his head
My visionary hands I'll spread,
And kiss his forehead fair.

I'll stand, an angel bold and strong,
Between his soul and sin;
If Grief lie stone-like on his heart,
I'll beat its marble doors apart,
To let Peace enter in.

He never more shall part from me,
Nor I from him abide;
Let these poor limbs in earth find rest!
I'll live like Love within his breast,
Rejoicing that I died.

WATER.

Some four-fifths of the weight of the human body are nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucus, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that liquid. All the soft solid parts of the frame may be considered as ever temporary precipitates or crystallisations (to use the word but loosely) from the blood, that mother-liquor of the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved, the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment, so that the flesh is only a vanishing solid, as fluent as the blood itself. It has also to be observed, that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood-vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in the economy of that little world, the body of man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three-fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes, its mountain-crests are covered with snow and ice, its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams, its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous vapour is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in portions and at intervals in dews and rains, hails and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature, as is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of European speculators, pronounced it the mother-liquid of the universe. In the later systems of the Greeks, indeed, it was reduced to the inferior dignity of being only one of the four parental natures—fire, air, earth, and water; but water was the highest—*ὕδωρ μὲν ἀρίστη*—in rank.—*Westminster Review*.

LOTTERY OF DEATH.

The Polish and German peasantry have given the authorities at Posen considerable trouble by their inquiries respecting a 'Rothschild's Lottery.' They have been led to believe, that the 'great Rothschild' has been sentenced to be beheaded; but that he has been allowed to procure a substitute, if he can, by lottery! For this purpose, a sum of many millions is devoted, all the tickets to be prizes of 3000 thalers each, except one; that fatal number is a blank; and whoever draws it, is to be decapitated instead of the celebrated banker! Notwithstanding the risk, the applicants for shares have been numerous. [There is nothing surprising in the number of applications for these shares. Every man who enters the army in war-time, takes out a ticket in a similar lottery. In China, human life is of still less account; for there it is easy for a condemned criminal, whose escape the authorities are willing to connive at, to obtain a substitute, who, for a sum of money, suffers death in his stead.]

A MAN FOR THE WORLD.

A successful merchant in New Zealand, a Scotchman, commenced business with the following characteristic entry on the first page of his ledger:—'Commenced business this day—with no money—little credit—and £70 in debt. Faint heart never won fair lady. Set a stout heart to a stay (steep) brace. God save the Queen!'

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VISIT TO THE SCENE OF THE HOLMFIRTH FLOOD.

THE great flood which took place in the valley of Holmfirth in February last, was in itself a deeply-interesting and awe-exciting incident. I was curious to visit the scene, while the results of the catastrophe were still fresh, both on account of the sympathy I felt with the sufferers, and because of some physical problems which I thought might be illustrated by the effects, so far as these were still traceable. I therefore took an opportunity on the 22d of April, to proceed from Manchester to Holmfirth, accompanied by two friends, one of whom, though he had not visited the place since the calamity happened, was well acquainted with the scene and with the country generally, so as to be able to guide us in our walk. A railway excursion to Huddersfield, and a second trip on a different line from that town to the village of Holmfirth, introduced us to a region of softly-rounded hills and winding valleys, precisely resembling those of the Southern Highlands of Scotland, as might indeed be expected from the identity of the formation (Silurian), but which had this peculiar feature in addition, that every here and there was a little cloth-making village, taking advantage of the abundant water-power derived from the mountain-slopes. The swelling heights were brown and bare, like those of Tweeddale; and there the black-cock may still, I believe, be found. The slopes are purely pastoral, with small farmsteadings scattered over them. But down in the bottom of the dale, we see the heavy stone-and-lime mill starting up from the bare landscape, with a sprawling village of mean cottages surrounding it, giving token of an industrial life totally opposite to that which is found beside the silver streams of the Tweed and its tributaries. When we passed near any of these spots, we were sure to catch the unlovely details, so frequently, though so unnecessarily attendant on factory-life—the paltry house, the unpaved, unscavenged street, the fry of dirty children. It was a beautiful tract of natural scenery in the process of being degraded by contact with man and his works.

Arriving at Holmfirth at one o'clock, we found it to be a somewhat better kind of village, chiefly composed of one or two irregular streets running along the bottom of a narrow valley. Hitherto, in passing up the lower part of the vale, we had looked in vain for any traces of the inundation; but now we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of ruin and devastation. Holmfirth is only two miles and a half from the reservoir, and being at a contracted part of the valley, the water came upon it in great depth and with

great force. We found a bridge deprived of its parapets, the boundary-walls of factories broken down, and court-yards filled with debris and mud. Several large houses had end or side walls taken away, or were shattered past remedy. In a narrow street running parallel with the river, and in some places open to it, many of the houses bore chalk-marks a little way up the second storey, indicating the height to which the flood had reached. When we looked across the valley, and mentally scanned the space below that level, we obtained some idea of the immense stream of water which had swept through, or rather over the village.

A rustic guide, obtained at the inn, went on with us through the town, pointing out that in this factory precious machinery had been swept away—in that house a mother and five children had been drowned in their beds—here some wonderful escape had taken place—there had befallen some piteous tragedy. Soon clearing the village, we came to a factory which stood in the bottom of the valley, with some ruined buildings beside it. This had been the property of a Mr Sandford, and he lived close to his mill. Taken completely unprepared by the inundation, he and his family had been carried off, along with nearly every fragment of their house. His body was discovered a considerable time after, at a distance of many miles down the valley. It may be remarked, that about 100 people perished in the flood; and out of that number, at the time of our visit, only one body remained unrecovered.

The catastrophe is too recent to require much detail. It took its origin, as is well known, in a reservoir of water for the use of the mills, formed by a dam across the valley. This had been constructed in 1838, and in an imperfect manner. The embankment, eighty feet in height, sloped outwards and inwards, with facings of masonry, thus obeying the proper rule as to form; but the *puddling*, or clay-casing of the interior, was defective, and it is believed that a spring existed underneath. Some years ago, the embankment began to sink, so that its upper line became a curve, the deepest part of which was eight or ten feet below the uppermost. This should have given some alarm to the commissioners appointed to manage the reservoir; and the danger was actually pointed out, and insisted upon so long ago as 1844. But the commission became insolvent, and went into Chancery; so nothing was done. A sort of safety-valve is provided in such works, exactly of the same nature as the waste-pipe of a common cistern. It consists of a hollow tower of masonry rising within the embankment, in connection with a sluice-passage, or *by-wash*, by which the water may be let off. This tower, rising to within a few feet of the original upper level of the embankment, was of course sure to receive

and discharge any water which might come to the height of its own lip, thus insuring that the water should never quite fill the reservoir, or charge it beyond its calculated strength. By the sluice provision, again, the water could at any time be discharged, even before it reached nearly so high a point. Unfortunately, this part of the work was in an inefficient state, the embankment having itself sunk below the level of the open-mouthed top of the tower, while the sluice below was blocked up with rubbish. It was subsequently declared by the manager, that this defect might have been remedied at any time by an expenditure of £12, 10s. ! If the commission could not or would not advance this small sum, one would have thought that the mill-owners might have seen the propriety of clubbing for so cheap a purchase of safety. They failed to do so, and the destruction of property to the extent of half a million, the interruption of the employment of 7000 people, and the loss of 100 lives, has been the consequence. Surely there never was a more striking illustration of the Old Richard proverb: 'For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost,' &c.

The night between the 4th and 5th of February was one of calm moonlight; but heavy rains had fallen for a fortnight before, and an uncommon mass of water had been accumulated behind the Bilberry embankment. The vague apprehensions of bypast years reviving at this crisis, some neighbours had been on the outlook for a catastrophe. They gathered at midnight round the spot, speculating on what would be the consequence if that huge embankment should burst. There were already three leaks in it, and the water was beginning to pour over the upper edge. A member of the 'sluice-committee' was heard to say, that before two o'clock there would be such a scene as no one had ever seen the like of, and not a mill would be left in the valley. Two persons were then understood to be sent off, to give warning to the people down the valley; but no good account of the proceedings of these two messengers has ever been given. It appears as if the very singularity of the dreaded event created a confidence in its not taking place. By and by, a breach was made in the casing of the embankment just below the top; the water then got in between the casing further down, and the puddle or clay which invested the internal mass, composed of mere rubbish. In half an hour, a great extent of this case was heaved off by the water, and immediately after a tremendous breach was made through the embankment, and an aqueous avalanche poured through. Men then began to run down the valley, to waken the sleepers, but the water ran faster. In a few minutes, it had reached the village, two miles and a half distant, carrying with it nearly everything which came directly in its way. It is said to have taken nearly twenty minutes to pass that village—a fact which gives a striking idea of the enormous mass of water concerned.

About a mile and a half above the village, we came to a modern church, which had been set down in the bottom of the valley, close to the river-side. Entering, we found some curious memorials of the operation of water, in the upbreak of the whole system of flooring and seating, which now lay in irregular distorted masses, mingled with all kinds of rubbish. Bibles and prayer-books still lay about among the seats, as if the people had never so far recovered from the hopeless feeling originally impressed upon them, as to put out a hand for the restoration of order. The position of this church and its fate give occasion for a remark which, if duly remembered and acted upon, may save many a good building from destruction. It should be known, that the meadow close beside a river—what is called in Scotland the *haugh*—is not a suitable place for any building or town, and this simply because it is, strictly speaking, a part of the river-bed. It is the winter or flood-channel of the stream, and has indeed been formed

by it during inundations. Unless, therefore, under favour of strong embankments, no building there can be secure from occasional inundation. Thus, for example, a large part of Westminster, and nearly the whole borough of Southwark, are built where no human dwellings should be. The fair city of Perth is a solecism in point of site, and many a flooding it gets in consequence. When a higher site can be obtained in the neighbourhood, out of reach of floods, it is pure folly to build in a *haugh*—that is, the first plain beside a river.

We were coming within a mile of the Bilberry embankment, when we began to observe a new class of phenomena. Hitherto, the channel of the stream had not exhibited any unusual materials; nor had its banks been much broken, except in a few places. We had been on the outlook to observe if the flood, and the heavy matters with which it was charged, had produced any abrasion of the subjacent rock-structure. No such effects could be traced. We were now, however, getting within the range of the scattered debris of the embankment, and quickly detected the presence of masses of a kind of rubbish different from the rounded pebbles usually found in the bed of a river. There were long *trainées*, composed of mud and clay, including angular blocks of stone, which were constantly increasing in size as we passed onwards. These blocks were the materials of the embankment, which the water had carried thus far. No ploughing up of the channel had taken place, but simply much new matter had been deposited. In some places, these fresh deposits had transgressed into the fields; and where trees were involved, the bark on the side toward the upper part of the valley had generally been rubbed off. Not much more than a quarter of a mile from the reservoir, we found Mrs Birst's mill, or rather a memorial of its former existence, in a tall furnace-chimney, for literally no more survives. The deposit of rubbish was here eight or ten feet deep, and a number of workmen were engaged in excavating from it fragments of machinery and other articles. They had cleared out the ground-rooms of the house, though little more than the base of the walls remained. The scene was precisely like an excavation at Herculaneum. The outline of the rooms was beginning to be traceable. A grate and a fireplace appeared. We observed a child's shoe taken out and laid aside—an affecting image of the household desolation which had taken place. Mrs Birst, however, and her whole family, had been fortunate enough to escape with life, although with the loss of all their property. This mill, from its nearness to the reservoir, as well as the contractedness of the valley at the spot, had experienced the violence of the flood in a degree of intensity unknown elsewhere.

The space between Mrs Birst's mill and the reservoir is for a good way comparatively open, and here some good land had been completely destroyed; but for two or three hundred yards below the reservoir the valley is very narrow, and there some extraordinary effects are observable. The flood, at its first outburst here, has exercised great force upon the sides of the valley, carrying off from the cliffs several huge blocks, which it has transported a good way down. Three of from five to seven tons' weight are spoken of as carried half a mile, and one of probably twenty tons is seen about a quarter of a mile below the place whence it evidently has been torn. These are prodigies to the rustic population, little accustomed to think of the dynamics of water, and totally ignorant of the deduction made in such circumstances from the specific gravity of any heavy mass carried by it. Geologists, who have looked into the great question of erratic blocks, are less apt to be startled by such phenomena.

Some of these gentlemen will, I suspect, find the transport of blocks at Holmfirth less remarkable than they could have desired. It is well known that, while

most of them ascribe the travelling of boulders to the working of ice in former times, one or two persist in thinking that water may have done it all. The present president of the Geological Society has endeavoured to shew, by mathematical reasonings chiefly, that the blocks of Shap Fell granite, scattered to the south and east in Yorkshire, may have been carried there by a retreating wave, on the mountain being suddenly raised out of the sea. Now here is a moving flood, of greater force than any retreating wave could well be; and yet we see that it does not carry similar blocks a hundredth part of the way to which those masses of Shap Fell have been transported, even although their course was all downwards moreover—a different case from that of many of the Shap boulders, which are found to have breasted considerable heights before resting where they now are.

At length, after a toilsome walk along the rough surface of the debris, we reached the place whence this wonderful flood had burst. We found on each side of the valley a huge lump of the embankment remaining, while a vast gulf yawned between. This was somewhat different from what we expected; for we had seen it stated in the newspapers, that the whole was swept away. So far from this being the case, fully half of the entire mass remains, including portions of that central depression which has been spoken of. There is more importance in remarking this fact than may at first sight appear. In the investigation of the mysterious subject of the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, one theory has been extensively embraced—that they were produced by a lake, which has since burst its bounds and been discharged. It has been asked: Where was the dam that retained this lake? and should we not expect, if there was any such dam, that it could not be wholly swept away? Would not fragments of it be found at the sides of the valley—the breaking down of the centre being sufficient to allow the waters to pass out? When we look at the masses left on each side of the Bilberry embankment, we see the force and pertinence of these queries, and must admit that the lake theory is so far weakened. In the bottom of the breach, a tiny rill is now seen making its exit—the same stream which cumulatively took so formidable a shape a few months ago. For a mile up the valley, we see traces of the ground having been submerged. Immediately within the embankment, on the right side of the streamlet, is the empty tower or by-wash, that dismal monument of culpable negligence. We gazed on it with a strange feeling, thinking how easy it would have been to demolish two or three yards of it, so as to allow an innocuous outlet to the pent-up waters. When we had satisfied our curiosity, we commenced a toilsome march across the hills to a valley, in which there has lately been formed a series of embankments for the saving up of water for the supply of the inhabitants of Manchester. About six in the evening, we reached a public-house called the 'Solitary Shepherd,' where we had tea and a rest; after which, a short walk in the dusk of the evening brought us to a station of the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, by which we were speedily replaced in Manchester, thus accomplishing our very interesting excursion in about ten hours.

My final reflections on what we had seen were of a mixed order. Viewing the inundation as a calamity which might have been avoided by a simple and inexpensive precaution, one could not but feel that it stood up as a sore charge against human wisdom. That so huge a danger should have been treated so lightly; that men should have gone on squabbling about who should pay a mere trifle of money, when such large interests and so many lives were threatened by its non-expenditure, certainly presents our mercantile *laissez-faire* system in a most disagreeable light. But, then, view the other side. When once the calamity

had taken place, and the idea of the consequent extensive suffering had got abroad amongst the public, thousands of pounds came pouring in for the relief of that suffering. The large sum of £60,000 was collected for the unfortunates; and it is an undoubted, though surprising fact, that the collectors had at last to intimate that they required no more. It is thus that human nature often appears unworthy and contemptible when contemplated with regard to some isolated circumstance, as misanthropes, poets, and such like, are apt to regard it. But take it in wider relations, take it in the totality of its action, and the lineaments of its divine origin and inherent dignity are sure to shine out.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE INCENDIARY.

I KNEW James Dutton, as I shall call him, at an early period of life, when my present scanty locks of iron-gray were thick and dark, my now pale and furrowed cheeks were fresh and ruddy, like his own. Time, circumstance, and natural bent of mind, have done their work on both of us; and if his course of life has been less equable than mine, it has been chiefly so because the original impulse, the first start on the great journey, upon which so much depends, was directed by wiser heads in my case than in his. We were school-fellows for a considerable time; and if I acquired—as I certainly did—a larger stock of knowledge than he, it was by no means from any superior capacity on my part, but that his mind was bent on other pursuits. He was a born Nimrod, and his father encouraged this propensity from the earliest moment that his darling and only son could sit a pony, or handle a light fowling-piece. Dutton, senior, was one of a then large class of persons, whom Cobbett used to call bull-frog farmers; men who, finding themselves daily increasing in wealth by the operation of circumstances they neither created nor could insure or control—namely, a rapidly increasing manufacturing population, and tremendous war-prices for their produce—acted as if the chance-blown prosperity they enjoyed was the result of their own forethought, skill, and energy, and therefore, humanly speaking, indestructible. James Dutton was, consequently, denied nothing—not even the luxury of neglecting his own education; and he availed himself of the lamentable privilege to a great extent. It was, however, a remarkable feature in the lad's character, that whatever he himself deemed essential should be done, no amount of indulgence, no love of sport or dissipation, could divert him from thoroughly accomplishing. Thus he saw clearly, that even in the life—that of a sportsman-farmer—he had chalked out for himself, it was indispensably necessary that a certain quantum of educational power should be attained; and so he really acquired a knowledge of reading, writing, and spelling, and then withdrew from school to more congenial avocations.

I frequently met James Dutton in after-years; but some nine or ten months had passed since I had last seen him, when I was directed by the chief partner in the firm to which Flint and I subsequently succeeded, to take coach for Romford, Essex, in order to ascertain from a witness there what kind of evidence we might expect him to give in a trial to come off in the then Hilary term, at Westminster Hall. It was the first week in January: the weather was bitterly cold; and I experienced an intense satisfaction when, after despatching the business I had come upon, I found myself in the long dining-room of the chief market-inn, where two blazing fires shed a ruddy, cheerful light over the snow-white damask table-cloth, bright glasses, decanters, and other preparatives for the farmers' market-dinner. Prices had ruled high that day; wheat had reached £30 a load; and the

numerous groups of hearty, stalwart yeomen present were in high glee, crowing and exulting alike over their full pockets and the news—of which the papers were just then full—of the burning of Moscow, and the flight and ruin of Bonaparte's army. James Dutton was in the room, but not, I observed, in his usual flow of animal spirits. The crape round his hat might, I thought, account for that; and as he did not see me, I accosted him with an inquiry after his health, and the reason of his being in mourning. He received me very cordially, and in an instant cast off the abstracted manner I had noticed. His father, he informed me, was gone—had died about seven months previously, and he was alone now at Ash Farm—why didn't I run down there to see him sometimes, &c.? Our conversation was interrupted by a summons to dinner, very cheerfully complied with; and we both—at least I can answer for myself—did ample justice to a more than usually capital dinner, even in those capital old market-dinner times. We were very jolly afterwards, and amazingly triumphant over the frost-bitten, snow-buried soldier-banditti that had so long lorded it over continental Eufope. Dutton did not partake of the general hilarity. There was a sneer upon his lip during the whole time, which, however, found no expression in words.

'How quiet you are, James Dutton!' cried a loud voice from out the dense smoke-cloud that by this time completely enveloped us. On looking towards the spot from whence the ringing tones came, a jolly, round face—like the sun as seen through a London fog—gleamed redly dull from out the thick and choking atmosphere.

'Everybody,' rejoined Dutton, 'hasn't had the luck to sell two hundred quarters of wheat at to-day's price, as you have, Tom Southall.'

'That's true, my boy,' returned Master Southall, sending, in the plenitude of his satisfaction, a jet of smoke towards us with astonishing force. 'And, I say, Jem, I'll tell ee what I'll do; I'll clap on ten guineas more upon what I offered for the brown mare.'

'Done! She's yours, Tom, then, for ninety guineas!'

'Gie's your hand upon it!' cried Tom Southall, jumping up from his chair, and stretching a fist as big as a leg of mutton—well, say lamb—over the table. 'And here—here,' he added, with an exultant chuckle, as he extricated a swollen canvas-bag from his pocket—'here's the dibs at once.'

This transaction excited a great deal of surprise at our part of the table; and Dutton was rigorously cross-questioned as to his reason for parting with his favourite hunting mare.

'The truth is, friends,' said Dutton at last, 'I mean to give up farming, and—'

'Gie up farmin'!' broke in half-a-dozen voices. 'Lord!'

'Yes; I don't like it. I shall buy a commission in the army. There'll be a chance against Boney, now; and it's a life I'm fit for.'

The farmers looked completely agape at this announcement; but making nothing of it, after silently staring at Dutton and each other, with their pipes in their hands and not in their mouths, till they had gone out, stretched their heads simultaneously across the table towards the candles, relit their pipes, and smoked on as before.

'Then, perhaps, Mr Dutton,' said a young man in a smartly-cut velvet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, who had hastily left his seat further down the table—'perhaps you will sell the double Manton, and Fanny and Slut?'

'Yes; at a price.'

Prices were named; I forget now the exact sums, but enormous prices, I thought, for the gun and the dogs, Fanny and Slut. The bargain was eagerly con-

cluded, and the money paid at once. Possibly the buyer had a vague notion, that a portion of the vender's skill might come to him with his purchases.

'You be in 'arnest, then, in this fool's business, James Dutton,' observed a farmer gravely. 'I be sorry for thee; but as I s'pose the lease of Ash Farm will be parted with; why— John, waiter, tell Master Hurst at the top of the table yonder, to come this way.'

Master Hurst, a well-to-do, highly respectable-looking, and rather elderly man, came in obedience to the summons, and after a few words in an under-tone with the friend that had sent for him, said: 'Is this true, James Dutton?'

'It is true that the lease and stock of Ash Farm are to be sold—at a price. You, I believe, are in want of such a concern for the young couple, just married.'

'Well, I don't say I might not be a customer, if the price were reasonable.'

'Let us step into a private room, then,' said Dutton rising. 'This is not a place for business of that kind. Sharp,' he added, *sotto voce*, 'come with us; I may want you.'

I had listened to all this with a kind of stupid wonderment, and I now, mechanically as it were, got up and accompanied the party to another room.

The matter was soon settled. Five hundred pounds for the lease—ten years unexpired—of Ash Farm, about eleven hundred acres, and the stock, implements; the ploughing, sowing, &c. already performed, to be paid for at a valuation based on present prices. I drew out the agreement in form, it was signed in duplicate, a large sum was paid down as deposit, and Mr Hurst with his friend withdrew.

'Well, I said, taking a glass of port from a bottle Dutton had just ordered in—'here's fortune in your new career; but as I am a living man, I can't understand what you can be thinking about.'

'You haven't read the newspapers?'

'O yes, I have! Victory! Glory! March to Paris! and all that sort of thing. Very fine, I dare say; but rubbish, moonshine, I call it, if purchased by the abandonment of the useful, comfortable, joyous life of a prosperous yeoman.'

'Is that all you have seen in the papers?'

'Not much else. What, besides, have you found in them?'

'Wheat, at ten or eleven pounds a load—less perhaps—other produce in proportion.'

'Ha!'

'I see further, Sharp, than you bookmen do, in some matters. Boney's done for; that to me is quite plain, and earlier than I thought likely; although I, of course, as well as every other man with a head instead of a turnip on his shoulders, knew such a raw-head-and-bloody-bones as that must sooner or later come to the dogs. And as I also know what agricultural prices were before the war, I can calculate without the aid of vulgar fractions, which, by the by, I never reached, what they'll be when it's over, and the thundering expenditure now going on is stopped. In two or three weeks, people generally will get a dim notion of all this; and I sell, therefore, whilst I can, at top prices.'

The shrewdness of the calculation struck me at once. 'You will take another farm when one can be had on easier terms than now, I suppose?'

'Yes; if I can manage it. And I will manage it. Between ourselves, after all the old man's debts are paid, I shall only have about nine or ten hundred pounds to the good, even by selling at the present tremendous rates; so it was time, you see, I pulled up, and rubbed the fog out of my eyes a bit. And, hark ye, Master Sharp!' he added, as we rose and shook hands with each other—'I have now done *playing* with the world—it's a place of work and business; and I'll do my share of it so effectually, that my children, if I

have any, shall, if I do not, reach the class of landed gentry; and this you'll find, for all your sneering, will come about all the more easily that neither they nor their father will be encumbered with much educational lumber. Good-by.'

I did not again see my old school-fellow till the change he had predicted had thoroughly come to pass. Farms were everywhere to let, and a general cry to parliament for aid rang through the land. Dutton called at the office upon business, accompanied by a young woman of remarkable personal comeliness, but, as a very few sentences betrayed, little or no education in the conventional sense of the word. She was the daughter of a farmer, whom—it was no fault of hers—a change of times had not found in a better condition for weathering them. Anne Mosely, in fact, was a thoroughly industrious, clever farm economist. The instant Dutton had secured an eligible farm, at his own price and conditions, he married her; and now, on the third day after the wedding, he had brought me the draft of lease for examination.

'You are not afraid, then,' I remarked, 'of taking a farm in these bad times?'

'Not I—at a price. We mean to *rough* it, Mr Sharp,' he added gaily. 'And, let me tell you, that those who will stoop to do that—I mean, take their coats off, tuck up their sleeves, and fling appearances to the winds—may, and will, if they understand their business, and have got their heads screwed on right, do better here than in any of the uncleared countries they talk so much about. You know what I told you down at Romford. Well, we'll manage that before our hair is gray, depend upon it, bad as the times may be—won't we, Nance?'

'We'll try, Jem,' was the smiling response.

They left the draft for examination. It was found to be correctly drawn. Two or three days afterwards, the deeds were executed, and James Dutton was placed in possession. The farm, a capital one, was in Essex.

His hopes were fully realised as to money-making, at all events. He and his wife rose early, sat up late, ate the bread of carefulness, and altogether displayed such persevering energy, that only about six or seven years had passed before the Duttons were accounted a rich and prosperous family. They had one child only—a daughter. The mother, Mrs Dutton, died when this child was about twelve years of age; and Anne Dutton became more than ever the apple of her father's eye. The business of the farm went steadily on in its accustomed track; each succeeding year found James Dutton growing in wealth and importance; and his daughter in sparkling, catching comeliness—although certainly not in the refinement of manner which gives a quickening life and grace to personal symmetry and beauty. James Dutton remained firm in his theory of the worthlessness of education beyond what, in a narrow acceptance of the term, was absolutely 'necessary'; and Anne Dutton, although now heiress to very considerable wealth, knew only how to read, write, spell, cast accounts, and superintend the home-business of the farm. I saw a good deal of the Duttons about this time, my brother-in-law, Elsworthy, and his wife having taken up their abode within about half a mile of James Dutton's dwelling-house; and I ventured once or twice to remonstrate with the prosperous farmer upon the positive danger, with reference to his ambitious views, of not at least so far cultivating the intellect and taste of so attractive a maiden as his daughter, that sympathy on her part with the rude, unlettered clowns, with whom she necessarily came so much in contact, should be impossible. He laughed my hints to scorn. 'It is idleness—idleness alone,' he said, 'that puts love-fancies into girls' heads. Novel-reading, jingling at a pianoforte—merely other names for idleness—these are the parents of such follies. Anne Dutton, as mistress of this establishment, has her time fully and

usefully occupied; and when the time comes, not far distant now, to establish her in marriage, she will wed into a family I wot of; and the Romford prophecy of which you remind me will be realised, in great part at least.'

He found, too late, his error. He hastily entered the office one morning, and although it was only five or six weeks since I had last seen him, the change in his then florid, prideful features was so striking and painful, as to cause me to fairly leap upon my feet with surprise.

'Good Heavens, Dutton!' I exclaimed, 'what is the matter? What has happened?'

'Nothing has happened, Mr Sharp,' he replied, 'but what you predicted, and which, had I not been the most conceited dolt in existence, I, too, must have foreseen. You know that good-looking, idle, and, I fear, irreclaimable young fellow, George Hamblin?'

'I have seen him once or twice. Has he not brought his father to the verge of a workhouse by low dissipation and extravagance?'

'Yes. Well, he is an accepted suitor for Anne Dutton's hand. No wonder that you start. She fancies herself hopelessly in love with him—Nay, Sharp, hear me out. I have tried expostulation, threats, entreaties, locking her up; but it's useless. I shall kill the silly fool if I persist, and I have at length consented to the marriage; for I cannot see her die.' I began remonstrating upon the folly of yielding consent to so ruinous a marriage, on account of a few tears and hysterics, but Dutton stopped me peremptorily.

'It is useless talking,' he said. 'The die is cast; I have given my word. You would hardly recognise her, she is so altered. I did not know before,' added the strong, stern man, with trembling voice and glistening eyes, 'that she was so inextricably twined about my heart—my life!' It is difficult to estimate the bitterness of such a disappointment to a proud, aspiring man like Dutton. I pitied him sincerely, mistaken, if not blameworthy, as he had been.

'I have only myself to blame,' he presently resumed. 'A girl of cultivated taste and mind could not have bestowed a second thought on George Hamblin. But let's to business. I wish the marriage-settlement, and my will, to be so drawn, that every farthing received from me during my life, and after my death, shall be hers, and hers only; and so strictly and entirely secured, that she shall be without power to yield control over the slightest portion of it, should she be so minded.' I took down his instructions, and the necessary deeds were drawn in accordance with them. When the day for signing arrived, the bridegroom-elect demurred at first to the stringency of the provisions of the marriage-contract; but as upon this point Mr Dutton was found to be inflexible, the handsome, illiterate clown—he was little better—gave up his scruples, the more readily as a life of assured idleness lay before him, from the virtual control he was sure to have over his wife's income. These were the thoughts which passed across his mind, I was quite sure, as taking the pen awkwardly in his hand, he affixed his mark to the marriage-deed. I reddened with shame, and the smothered groan which at the moment smote faintly on my ear, again brokenly confessed the miserable folly of the father in not having placed his beautiful child beyond all possibility of mental contact or communion with such a person. The marriage was shortly afterwards solemnised, but I did not wait to witness the ceremony.

The husband's promised good-behaviour did not long endure; ere two months of wedded life were past, he had fallen again into his old habits; and the wife, bitterly repentant of her folly, was fain to confess, that nothing but dread of her father's vengeance saved her from positive ill usage. It was altogether a wretched, unfortunate affair; and the intelligence—sad in itself—which reached me about a twelvemonth after the marriage, that the young mother had died in childbirth

of her first-born, a girl, appeared to me rather a matter of rejoicing than of sorrow or regret. The shock to poor Dutton was, I understood, overwhelming for a time, and fears were entertained for his intellects. He recovered, however, and took charge of his grandchild, the father very willingly resigning the onerous burden.

My brother-in-law left James Dutton's neighbourhood for a distant part of the country about this period, and I saw nothing of the bereaved father for about five years, save only at two business interviews. The business upon which I had seen him, was the alteration of his will, by which all he might die possessed of was bequeathed to his darling Annie. His health, I was glad to find, was quite restored; and although now fifty years of age, the bright light of his young days sparkled once more in his keen glance. His youth was, he said, renewed in little Annie. He could even bear to speak, though still with remorseful emotion, of his own lost child. 'No fear, Sharp,' he said, 'that I make that terrible mistake again. Annie will fall in love, please God, with no unlettered, soulless booby! Her mind shall be elevated, beautiful, and pure, as her person—she is the image of her mother—promises to be charming and attractive. You must come and see her.' I promised to do so; and he went his way. At one of these interviews—the first it must have been—I made a chance inquiry for his son-in-law, Hamblin. As the name passed my lips, a look of hate and rage flashed out of his burning eyes. I did not utter another word, nor did he; and we separated in silence.

It was evening, and I was returning in a gig from a rather long journey into the country, when I called, in redemption of my promise, upon James Dutton. Annie was really, I found, an engaging, pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired child; and I was not so much surprised at her grandfather's doting fondness—a fondness entirely reciprocated, it seemed, by the little girl. It struck me, albeit, that it was a perilous thing for a man of Dutton's vehement, fiery nature to stake again, as he evidently had done, his all of life and happiness upon one frail existence. An illustration of my thought or fear occurred just after we had finished tea. A knock was heard at the outer-door, and presently a man's voice, in quarrelling, drunken remonstrance with the servant who opened it. The same deadly scowl I had seen sweep over Dutton's countenance upon the mention of Hamblin's name, again gleamed darkly there; and finding, after a moment or two, that the intruder would not be denied, the master of the house gently removed Annie from his knee, and strode out of the room.

'Follow grandpapa,' whispered Mrs Rivers, a highly respectable widow of about forty years of age, whom Mr Dutton had engaged at a high salary to superintend Annie's education. The child went out, and Mrs Rivers, addressing me, said in a low voice: 'Her presence will prevent violence; but it is a sad affair.' She then informed me that Hamblin, to whom Mr Dutton allowed a hundred a year, having become aware of the grandfather's extreme fondness for Annie, systematically worked that knowledge for his own sordid ends, and preluded every fresh attack upon Mr Dutton's purse by a threat to reclaim the child. 'It is not the money,' remarked Mrs Rivers in conclusion, 'that Mr Dutton cares so much for, but the thought that he holds Annie by the sufferance of that wretched man, goads him at times almost to insanity.'

'Would not the fellow waive his claim for a settled increase of his annuity?'

'No; that has been offered to the extent of three hundred a year; but Hamblin refuses, partly from the pleasure of keeping such a man as Mr Dutton in his power, partly because he knows that the last shilling would be parted with rather than the child. It is a very unfortunate business, and I often fear will terminate badly.' The loud but indistinct wrangling without ceased after awhile, and I heard a key turn

stiffly in a lock. 'The usual conclusion of these scenes,' said Mrs Rivers. 'Another draft upon his strong-box will purchase Mr Dutton a respite as long as the money lasts.' I could hardly look at James Dutton when he re-entered the room. There was that in his countenance which I do not like to read in the faces of my friends. He was silent for several minutes; at last he said quickly, sternly: 'Is there no instrument, Mr Sharp, in all the enginery of law, that can defeat a worthless villain's legal claim to his child?'

'None; except, perhaps, a commission of lunacy, or'—

'Tush! tush!' interrupted Dutton; 'the fellow has no wits to lose. That being so— But let us talk of something else.' We did so, but on his part very incoherently, and I soon bade him good-night.

This was December, and it was in February the following year that Dutton again called at our place of business. There was a strange, stern, iron meaning in his face. 'I am in a great hurry,' he said, 'and I have only called to say, that I shall be glad if you will run over to the farm to-morrow on a matter of business. You have seen, perhaps, in the paper, that my dwelling-house took fire the night before last. You have not? Well, it is upon that I would consult you. Will you come?' I agreed to do so, and he withdrew.

The fire had not, I found, done much injury. It had commenced in a kind of miscellaneous store-room; but the origin of the fire appeared to me, as it did to the police-officers that had been summoned, perfectly unaccountable. 'Had it not been discovered in time, and extinguished,' I observed to Mrs Rivers, 'you would all have been burned in your beds.'

'Why, no,' replied that lady, with some strangeness of manner. 'On the night of the fire, Annie and I slept at Mr Elsworth's' (I have omitted to notice, that my brother-in-law and family had returned to their old residence, 'and Mr Dutton remained in London, whither he had gone to see the play.'

'But the servants might have perished?'

'No. A whim, apparently, has lately seized Mr Dutton, that no servant or labourer shall sleep under the same roof with himself; and those new outhouses, where their bedrooms are placed are, you see, completely detached, and are indeed, as regards this dwelling, made fire-proof.'

At this moment Mr Dutton appeared, and interrupted our conversation. He took me aside. 'Well,' he said, 'to what conclusion have you come? The work of an incendiary, is it not? Somebody, too, that knows I am not insured'—

'Not insured!'

'No; not for this dwelling-house. I did not renew the policy some months ago.'

'Then,' I jestingly remarked, 'you, at all events, are safe from any accusation of having set fire to your premises with the intent to defraud the insurers.'

'To be sure—to be sure, I am,' he rejoined with quick earnestness, as if taking my remark seriously. 'That is quite certain. Some one, I am pretty sure it must be,' he presently added, 'that owes me a grudge—with whom I have quarrelled, eh?'

'It may be so, certainly.'

'It must be so. And what, Mr Sharp, is the highest penalty for the crime of incendiarism?'

'By the recent change in the law, transportation only; unless, indeed, loss of human life occur in consequence of the felonious act; in which case, the English law construes the offence to be wilful murder, although the incendiary may not have intended the death or injury of any person.'

'I see. But here there could have been no loss of life.'

'There might have been, had not you, Mrs Rivers, and Annie, chanced to sleep out of the house.'

'True—true—a diabolical villain no doubt. But

we'll ferret him out yet. You are a keen hand, Mr Sharp, and will assist, I know. Yes, yes—it's some fellow that hates me—that I perhaps hate and loathe—he added with sudden gnashing fierceness, and striking his hand with furious violence on the table—'as I do a spotted toad!'

I hardly recognised James Dutton in this fitful, disjointed talk, and as there was really nothing to be done or to be inquired into, I soon went away.

'Only one week's interval,' I hastily remarked to Mr Flint one morning after glancing at the newspaper, 'and another fire at Dutton's farmhouse!'

'The deuce! He is in the luck of it apparently,' replied Flint, without looking up from his employment. My partner knew Dutton only by sight.

The following morning, I received a note from Mrs Rivers. She wished to see me immediately on a matter of great importance. I hastened to Mr Dutton's, and found, on arriving there, that George Hamblin was in custody, and undergoing an examination, at no great distance off, before two county magistrates, on the charge of having fired Mr Dutton's premises. The chief evidence was, that Hamblin had been seen lurking about the place just before the flames broke out, and that near the window where an incendiary might have entered there were found portions of several lucifer-matches, of a particular make, and corresponding to a number found in Hamblin's bedroom. To this Hamblin replied, that he had come to the house by Mr Dutton's invitation, but found nobody there. This, however, was vehemently denied by Mr Dutton. He had made no appointment with Hamblin to meet at his, Dutton's, house. How should he, purposing as he did to be in London at the time? With respect to the lucifer-matches, Hamblin said he had purchased them of a mendicant, and that Mr Dutton saw him do so. This also was denied. It was further proved, that Hamblin, when in drink, had often said he would ruin Dutton before he died. Finally, the magistrates, though with some hesitation, decided that there was hardly sufficient evidence to warrant them in committing the prisoner for trial, and he was discharged, much to the rage and indignation of the prosecutor.

Subsequently, Mrs Rivers and I had a long private conference. She and the child had again slept at Elsworth's on the night of the fire, and Dutton in London. 'His excuse is,' said Mrs Rivers, 'that he cannot permit us to sleep here unprotected by his presence.' We both arrived at the same conclusion, and at last agreed upon what should be done, attempted rather, and that without delay.

Just before taking leave of Mr Dutton, who was in an exceedingly excited state, I said: 'By the by, Dutton, you have promised to dine with me on some early day. Let it be next Tuesday. I shall have one or two bachelor friends, and we can give you a shake-down for the night.'

'Next Tuesday?' said he quickly. 'At what hour do you dine?'

'At six. Not a half-moment later.'

'Good! I will be with you.' We then shook hands, and parted.

The dinner would have been without interest to me, had not a note previously arrived from Mrs Rivers, stating that she and Annie were again to sleep that night at Elsworth's. This promised results.

James Dutton, who rode into town, was punctual, and, as always of late, flurried, excited, nervous—not, in fact, it appeared to me precisely in his right mind. The dinner passed off as dinners usually do, and the after-proceedings went on very comfortably till about half-past nine o'clock, when Dutton's perturbation, increased perhaps by the considerable quantity of wine he had swallowed, not drunk, became, it was apparent to everybody, almost uncontrollable. He rose—purposeless it seemed—sat down again—drew

out his watch almost every minute, and answered remarks addressed to him in the wildest manner. The decisive moment was, I saw, arrived, and at a gesture of mine, Elsworth, who was in my confidence, addressed Dutton. 'By the way, Dutton, about Mrs Rivers and Annie. I forgot to tell you of it before.'

The restless man was on his feet in an instant, and glaring with fiery eagerness at the speaker.

'What! what!' he cried with explosive quickness—'what about Annie? Death and fury!—speak! will you?'

'Don't alarm yourself, my good fellow. It's nothing of consequence. You brought Annie and her governess, about an hour before I started, to sleep at our house'—

'Yes—yes,' gasped Dutton, white as death, and every fibre of his body shaking with terrible dread. 'Yes—well, well, go on. Thunder and lightning! out with it, will you?'

'Unfortunately, two female cousins arrived soon after you went away, and I was obliged to escort Annie and Mrs Rivers home again.' A wild shriek—yell is perhaps the more appropriate expression—burst from the conscience and fear-stricken man. Another instant, and he had torn his watch from the fob, glanced at it with dilated eyes, dashed it on the table, and was rushing madly towards the door, vainly withstood by Elsworth, who feared we had gone too far.

'Out of the way!' screamed the madman. 'Let go, or I'll dash you to atoms!' Suiting the action to the threat, he hurled my brother-in-law against the wall with stunning force, and rushed on, shouting incoherently: 'My horse! There is time yet! Tom Edwards, my horse!'

Tom Edwards was luckily at hand, and although mightily surprised at the sudden uproar, which he attributed to Mr Dutton being in drink, mechanically assisted to saddle, bridle, and bring out the roan mare; and before I could reach the stables, Dutton's foot was in the stirrup. I shouted 'Stop' as loudly as I could, but the excited horseman did not heed, perhaps not hear me: and away he went, at a tremendous speed, hatless, and his long gray-tinted hair streaming in the wind. It was absolutely necessary to follow. I therefore directed Elsworth's horse, a much swifter and more peaceful animal than Dutton's, to be brought out; and as soon as I got into the high country road, I too dashed along at a rate much too headlong to be altogether pleasant. The evening was clear and bright, and I now and then caught a distant sight of Dutton, who was going at a frantic pace across the country, and putting his horse at leaps that no man in his senses would have attempted. I kept the high-road, and we had thus ridden about half an hour perhaps, when a bright flame about a mile distant, as the crow flies, shot suddenly forth, strongly relieved against a mass of dark wood just beyond it. I knew it to be Dutton's house, even without the confirmation given by the frenzied shout which at the same moment arose on my left hand. It was from Dutton. His horse had been *staked*, in an effort to clear a high fence, and he was hurrying desperately along on foot. I tried to make him hear me, or to reach him, but found I could do neither: his own wild cries and imprecations drowned my voice, and there were impassable fences between the high-road and the fields across which he madly hastened.

The flames were swift this time, and defied the efforts of the servants and husbandmen who had come to the rescue, to stay, much less to quell them. Eagerly as I rode, Dutton arrived before the blazing pile at nearly the same moment as myself, and even as he fiercely struggled with two or three men, who strove by main force to prevent him from rushing into the flames, only to meet with certain death, the roof and floors of the building fell in with a sudden crash. He believed that all was over with the child, and again hurling forth the

wild despairing cry I had twice before heard that evening, he fell down, as if smitten by lightning, upon the hard frosty road.

It was many days ere the unhappy, sinful man recovered his senses, many weeks before he was restored to his accustomed health. Very cautiously had the intelligence been communicated to him, that Annie had not met the terrible fate, the image of which had incessantly pursued him through his fevered dreams. He was a deeply grateful, and, I believe, a penitent and altogether changed man. He purchased, through my agency, a valuable farm in a distant county, in order to be out of the way, not only of Hamblin, on whom he settled two hundred a year, but of others, myself included, who knew or suspected him of the foul intention he had conceived against his son-in-law, and which, but for Mrs Rivers, would, on the last occasion, have been in all probability successful, so cunningly had the evidence of circumstances been devised. 'I have been,' said James Dutton to me at the last interview I had with him, 'all my life an overweening self-confident fool. At Romford, I boasted to you that my children should ally themselves with the landed gentry of the country, and see the result! The future, please God, shall find me in my duty—mindful only of that, and content, whilst so acting, with whatever shall befall me or mine.'

Dutton continues to prosper in the world; Hamblin died several years ago of delirium tremens; and Annie, I hear, will in all probability marry into the squirearchy of the country. All this is not perhaps what is called poetical justice, but my experience has been with the actual, not the ideal world.

MEMORIALS OF THE DODO.

Among the thousand-and-one marvels displayed in the far-famed Palace of Crystal during part of the last ever-memorable year, not the least puzzling to the majority of visitors, was an object resembling a stuffed bird more than any other production of art or nature, but very unlike any bird previously observed by the wondering spectators in either museum or menagerie, or even on the painted panels that emblazon the crude and extravagant conceptions of mediæval heraldry. In the catalogue, the really ingenious piece of workmanship was entitled a 'Life-size model of the dodo'—a name, our readers know, appertaining to a now extinct bird, the very existence of which was at one time denied by shrewd men and good naturalists. Perhaps the following history of this curious creature, from its first to its last appearance before the eyes of men, will not be considered devoid of interest.

In the year 1598, a division of a Dutch squadron on its way to Bantam, rediscovered what was then called the island of Cerne; and a boat's crew having been sent ashore to reconnoitre, returned with nine great birds, a number of smaller ones, and the welcome intelligence of a secure and convenient harbour. Those nine great birds were the first of the doomed dodo race that ever came in contact with their destined destroyer, man; at least, this is undoubtedly their first appearance on record. The exact date of such an event is note-worthy: it occurred on the 18th of May. De Warwijk, the Dutch admiral, brought his ships into the harbour; and finding no traces of man—the birds being so unused to his presence, that they suffered themselves to be caught by hand—took formal possession of the island, changing its name to Mauritius, in honour of Prince Maurice, then Stadtholder of Holland. Immense tortoises, delicious fish, thousands of turtle-doves, and dodos à discrétion, regaled the half-starved and scurvy-stricken seamen. The name dodo, however, had not then been given. Warwijk's men, revelling in the luxuries of this virgin isle, became fastidious. Finding, after a hearty meal on the newly-discovered

bird, that its extreme fatness disagreed with them, they gave it the name of *walghvogel**—the nausea-causing bird. With our own experience—and that is somewhat extensive—of sailors in general, and Dutch ones in particular, we must infer that these dodos were very, very fat, indeed. A narrative of this voyage† was published in Dutch at Amsterdam in 1601, went through many editions, and has been translated into various languages. The work contains an engraving, representing the landing-place at the Mauritius; the carpenters, coopers, and blacksmiths, busy at work; the preacher and his orderly congregation; while tortoises, a dodo, and other animals, wander about, heedless of the presence of man. This is the first engraving of the dodo, and, judging from more pictures of greater pretension, by no means a bad likeness; indeed, the whole sketch bears strong evidence of its having been taken from nature. In the letter-press, the *walghvogel* is described as a large bird, the size of a swan, with a huge head furnished with a kind of hood; and in lieu of wings, having three or four small pen-feathers, the tail consisting of four or five small curled feathers of a gray colour.

De Bry, an engraver of considerable eminence, and a bookseller at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, being in England in 1587, was induced by our famous compiler, Hakluyt, to commence the publication of an illustrated series of voyages, which, after his death, was continued by his sons. Amongst bibliographers, this compilation is well known as the *Collection of Great and Little Voyages*. The volumes comprising the 'little voyages,' relating exclusively to the East, are entitled *Indiæ Orientalis*; they were issued in parts, and their period of publication extended from 1598 to 1624. The *walghvogel* is merely mentioned, but an engraving gives a fanciful representation of the doings of another Dutch crew on the island. Two gallants, elaborately attired, are represented riding on a tortoise; while ten others, seated in a tortoise's shell, are holding a grand symposium. Three birds are depicted in this plate, which the letter-press says are *walghvogels*, but which our eyes tell us are cassowaries, then termed *emeas*. It is evident, then, that De Bry had not, at that time, seen a sketch or description of the dodo: if he had, he would not thus have confounded it with the cassowary. Moreover, in the letter-press explanatory of the engraving, it is stated that a living *walghvogel* had been brought to Holland, which clearly proves that he had erroneously confounded the two birds; for a living cassowary, even at that early date, had actually been transported thither. But though there can be little doubt, that one or more living dodos were subsequently brought to Europe, it is certain that such an event did not take place till after L'Ecluse wrote, in 1605. About the same time that De Bry published this fourth part of *Indiæ Orientalis*, the Dutch work appeared containing the account of the voyages of the whole eight ships; and then De Bry, in his fifth part, which came out later in the same year, was enabled to give a correct representation of the dodo, and a complete account of the voyages of the whole squadron. We have been more precise on this part of our subject than might seem necessary; but by being so, we have smoothed over an inequality that has been a stumbling-block to almost all previous writers on the dodo.

L'Ecluse, professor of botany at Leyden, one of the greatest naturalists of his age, published his *Exoticorum* in 1605. In it he gives an engraved likeness and description of the dodo, which he obtained from persons who had sailed in De Warwijk's fleet, stating that he had himself seen only the leg of the bird—a sure proof that no live specimen had, at that time, been brought to Holland.

* *Walgn.* to nauseate; *vogel*, a bird.

† *Wierachtigh Verhaal van de Schipvaart op Oot-Indiën, Ghedaen by de Acht Schepen in den Jare 1598.*

Passing over the visits to the isles of four old Dutch navigators, who all describe the dodo under different names, we come to the quaint old traveller, Sir Thomas Herbert, who touched at the Mauritius in 1627. In his *Relation of some Yeare's Travaille*, he thus describes the bird:—'The dodo; a bird the Dutch call walghvogel or dod eersen; her body is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, or that her corpulencie; and so great as few of them weigh less than fifty pound: better to the eye than stomach: greasy appetites may perhaps commend them, but to the indifferently curious in nourishment, prove offensive. Let's take her picture: her visage darts forth melancholy, as if sensible of Nature's injurie in framing so great and massie a body to be directed by such small and complementall wings, as are unable to hoise her from the ground; serving only to prove her a bird, which otherwise might be doubted of. Her head is variously drest, the one-half hooded with downy blackish feathers; the other perfectly naked, of a whitish hue, as if a transparent lawne had covered it. Her bill is very hoked, and bends downwards; the thrill or breathing-place is in the midst of it, from which part to the end the colour is a light green mixed with a pale yellow; her eyes be round and small, and bright as diamonds; her clothing is of finest downe, such as you see on goslings. Her trayne is (like a China beard) of three or four short feathers; her legs thick, black, and strong; her tallons or pounces sharp; her stomach fiery hot, so as she easily can digest stones.'

As a 'China beard' consists of only a few hairs under the chin, the above simile is correct; but in the French edition of these travels, the translator erroneously rendered the words *oiseau de Chine*, Chinese bird, and subsequently, a celebrated French savant raised a magnificent hypothetical edifice on the basis of the mistranslation.

Herbert was the first who used the word dodo as the name of this bird, stating it to be derived from the Portuguese *doudo*, a simpleton; but as he is generally somewhat wild and vague in his etymologies, and as we have no intelligence whatever of the dodo through the Portuguese, we may safely conclude that the name is of Dutch derivation. In the old black-letter Dutch and English dictionary now before us, we find the word *dodoor* translated a humdrum, which, Dr Johnson tells us, means 'a stupid person.' Now, if the name be derived from the bird's simplicity, the Dutch *dodoor* is as near the mark as the Portuguese *doudo*. But it may be that the name was given on account of the peculiar form of the bird, and not in allusion to its mental capacity; and, consequently, even *dodoor* may not be the true origin. We more than suspect that it is really derived from a vulgar, compound epithet, used by Dutch seamen to denote an awkward, clumsily-formed, inactive person. This inquiry, however, is beyond our humble powers, and should be prosecuted by some learned professor—such, for instance, as Jonathan Oldbuck's friend, Dr Heavysterne, of the Low Countries.

We next hear of the dodo, in a curiously indirect manner, through an uneducated French adventurer named Cauche, who passed several years in Madagascar and the adjacent islands. His narrative, edited by one Morisot, an *avocat*, was published in 1651, and created great interest in France. In 1638, he was at the Mauritius, and there saw a bird which he describes under the name of the bird of Nazareth—*oiseau de Nazareth*—so termed, as he states, from its being found on the island of Nazareth, which lies to the northward of the Mauritius. The description is an accurate one of the dodo, with the exception of two particulars—one, as to the number and position of the toes; the other, as to the creature having no tongue—a prevalent opinion then amongst the vulgar with respect to several other birds. Though there is no record of this bird of Nazareth

having been seen by any one but Cauche, yet, ever since, his phantom-like picture has skulked in the obscurity, adding to the mystery which enveloped the dodo. Time, however, has now exorcised it. There never was a bird of Nazareth. What Cauche saw was undoubtedly a dodo; and his errors of description are what any person, not a naturalist, might commit. *Oiseau de Nazaret* is simply a corruption of *oiseau de nausée*—the original French name of the dodo, a literal translation of the original Dutch walghvogel. It is a curious coincidence, that as the bird of Nazareth has been found in books only, so the island of Nazareth has been found only on paper. At first, it appeared quite a respectable island; as maritime discovery progressed, it degenerated to a reef, and from that to a shoal; till at last, expunged from the more correct charts of modern hydrographers, it no longer can boast of a local habitation or a name.

About the same time that Cauche was at the Mauritius, the citizens of London were gratified by the sight of a living dodo. Of this very interesting event, there is only one solitary record at present known, but it is an authentic one. In a manuscript commentary on Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*—preserved in the British Museum—written by Sir Hamon L'Estrange, father of the more celebrated Sir Roger, there occurs the following passage:—

'About 1638, as I walked London streets, I [*] the picture of a strange fowle hung out upon a cloth [*] was, and myselfe, with one or two more then in company, went in to see it. It was kept in a chamber, and was somewhat bigger than the largest turkey-cock, and so legged and footed, but stouter and thicker, and of a more erect shape, coloured before like the breast of a young cock-fesan, and on the back of a dunne or deare colour. The keeper called it a dodo; and in the end of a chymney in the chamber there lay a heap of large pebble-stones, whereof hee gave it many in our sight, some as big as nutmegs; and the keeper told us shee eats them (conducting to digestion); and though I remember not how farr the keeper was questioned therein, yet I am confident that afterwards she cast them all againe.'

We next, in order of time, come to the famous Tradesant dodo. When or where the Tradesants procured it, is unknown; it is first mentioned in the catalogue of their museum, published by the surviving Tradesant, in 1656, as 'a dodar from the island Mauritius; it is not able to flie, being so big.' We shall presently have occasion to detail the subsequent history of this interesting specimen.

The last notice of the dodo's existence is found in a manuscript journal—in the Sloane Collection—kept by a 'Mr Ben. Harry,' who was chief officer of the English ship *Berkley Castle*, on a voyage to and from India in 1679. It appears that, the ship becoming leaky on their return voyage, they 'made for the Marushies,' where they repaired the vessel, and landed and dried the cargo. At this point of their proceedings, we shall let this intelligent mariner speak for himself: 'Now, having a little respite, I will make a little description of the island, first of its producks, then of its parts: first, of all winged and feathered fowle, the less passant are dodos, whose flesh is very hard. The Dutch, pleading a property in this island because of their settlement, have made us pay for goates one penny per pound.'

Though the Dutch did not form a regular settlement on the Mauritius till 1644, yet their vessels and those of other nations frequently called for supplies; and many persons—runaway seamen and others—lived on the island. It is not surprising that the awkward, slow-paced dodo, incapable of flight, and whose nest, as

* A hole is here burned in the manuscript, as if by the ash of a tobacco-pipe. At the first hiatus, the word wanting is, without doubt, *saw*; and at the second, the letters, *of can*.

we are told by Cauche, never contained more than one egg, became totally extinct soon after coming into contact with man. Nor would man alone be directly the dodo's destroyer; his immediate followers, the cat, hog, and dog, must have been fatal neighbours to its young. Leguat, a gentleman of education, spent several months on the Mauritius in 1693, but makes no mention of the dodo. He says: 'This island was formerly full of birds, but now they are becoming very scarce;' and further adds: 'Here are pigs of the China breed. These beasts do a great deal of damage to the inhabitants, by devouring all the young animals they can catch.' Less than a century, then, sufficed to extirpate the dodo. It was first seen in 1598—it was last noticed in 1679; and as Leguat, in 1693, does not mention it, we may conclude that it became extinct at some period between the last two dates. In 1712, the Dutch evacuated the Mauritius, and three years afterwards the French took possession, naming it *l'Île de France*. With this change of population, the very tradition of the dodo's existence on that island was completely lost.

The relics of the dodo, still left to admiring naturalists, are few, but, in a scientific view, very precious. They consist in all of a head and leg in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, a leg in the British Museum, and a head in the Royal Museum (*Kunst-Kammer*) at Copenhagen. The head and leg at Oxford are the sole remains of Tradescant's dodo. After the death of the last of that family, Ashmole obtained possession of their museum, which he subsequently presented to the University of Oxford. This dodo can be clearly traced to have been in the Ashmolean Museum until the year 1755, when, having been suffered to fall into decay, it was, by the order of the vice-chancellor of the university, and a majority of the visitors, condemned to be burned! For a long time after, the dodo was forgotten, or the fact of its once having existed was treated as a mere myth, till Dr Shaw, in 1793, rummaging among the refuse of the museum, rediscovered this identical head and leg. The question arises: How were these relics preserved? Did some university magnate desire their retention from the flames? Did some conservative curator slyly conceal them before the fatal mandate was executed? No! Even this paltry palliation must be refused to the learned Vandals. It is to Ashmole himself that science is indebted for these remains of the last specimen of a whole species. That litigious old Chancery lawyer, when he presented his museum to Oxford, did so under certain restrictions, which he drew up with his own hands, and which the university was bound to obey. One of these rules decrees, that any specimen in a bad condition should not be totally destroyed; but any hard parts, such as the head, horns, or feet, should be put away in a closet. This head is still in tolerable preservation. The singular form of the beak and nostrils, the bare skin of the face, combined with the partly feathered head, which the old writers compared to a hood, are still strikingly apparent. Of the history of the leg in the British Museum, little is known. It formerly belonged to the Royal Society, and is in all probability the same that is mentioned in the catalogue of a museum that was offered for sale in London by a person named Hubert, in 1664. It is certain that the leg at Oxford, and that at London, did not belong to the same bird; for though they are right and left, and their perfect agreement in character proves their identity of species, yet one is nearly an inch longer than the other. The head at Copenhagen was described by Olearius as early as 1666, in the catalogue of the museum of the Duke of Schleswig at Gottorf. In 1720, that museum was removed to Copenhagen, but it was not till within the last few years, when the history of the dodo excited so strongly the attention of naturalists, that this head was successfully sought for, and disinterred from a mass of rubbish, by Dr Reinhardt.

Many have been the conflicting opinions among naturalists with respect to the class of birds the dodo should be placed in. Space will not permit us to enter into these discussions. Suffice it to say, it is generally agreed now that the dodo was a gigantic, short-winged, fruit-eating pigeon. The English naturalist, Mr Strickland, who has devoted an amazing amount of labour and research to the elucidation of this mysterious question, and Dr Reinhardt of Copenhagen, were the first who referred the dodo to the pigeon tribe, having arrived almost simultaneously, by two distinct chains of reasoning, at the same conclusion; and their opinion is corroborated by a dissection that was lately made of part of the head at Oxford.

There can be no doubt that the dodo was one of those instances, well known to naturalists, of a species, or part of a species, remaining permanently in an undeveloped state. As the Greenland whale never acquires teeth, but remains a suckling all its life; as the proteus of the Carniolian caverns, and the axolotl of the Mexican lakes, never attain a higher form than that of the tadpole; so the dodo may be described as a permanent nestling covered with down, and possessing only the rudiments of tail and wings. Nor are we to consider such organisations as imperfect. Evidently intended for peculiar situations and habits of life, they are powerful evidences of the design displayed in the works of an All-wise Creator. Wandering about in the forests of the Mauritius, where, previous to the advent of man, it had not a single enemy, the dodo, revelling in the perpetual luxuriance of a tropical climate, subsisted on the nuts that fell from the surrounding trees. Its powerful bill enabled it to break, and its capacious, stone-supplied gizzard to digest, the hardest shells and kernels; and thus a kind of frugivorous vulture, it cleared away the decaying vegetable matter. In no other place than an island, uninhabited by man or any other animal of prey, could the helpless dodo have existed. Some fancy it may yet be found in Madagascar. Vain idea! Its carnivorous enemies among the lower animals, would have cut short the existence of the dodo, even if man had never planted his conquering footsteps upon that island.

MONOPOLIES.

IN the High Street of Edinburgh, not many doors further up than the premises of the publishers of this Journal, there is a curious memorial of an old and now generally abolished economic grievance. It is a portrait of a certain Dr Patrick Anderson, a physician of the reign of Charles I. It is an old portrait, or rather the representative of an old portrait, since it has necessarily been repainted from time to time, the atmosphere of Scotland not being favourable to the preservation of works of art in the open air. It serves as the sign of an ancient shop, where for generation after generation has been sold the medicine known as Anderson's Pills. What renders the portrait and the establishment with which it is connected so interesting to our present purpose is, that there is still an existing patent for the making and selling of Anderson's Pills. In whose hands it may now be, we are not aware; but we know that, ten years ago, the right of succession to this patent was the subject of a keenly-contested litigation. The question of course was—who was entitled to hold it, as representative of the physician of the reign of Charles I.? The event is suggestive of the effects that would arise from extending patents and copyrights over a great series of years, or to perpetuity, as some have considered desirable. If we suppose the pills to be a very great blessing, is not every human being as well

entitled, in justice and humanity, to have the benefit of them, as those who are fighting for the succession? What have they ever done to deserve a monopoly? If there were a perpetual copyright, who at the present day would be the representatives of Shakspeare or Milton; and what right would they have to reap great rewards from the riches with which the illustrious dead desired to endow all mankind? The inventors and authors themselves, it is true, deserve reward; and they obtain it in the shape of the limited monopoly. But the indefinite or very long continuance of this would only levy a tax to enrich those who have performed no service, and would fill the country with endless litigation. To return, however, to our special subject.

It may be a new thing to some of our readers, to hear of a patent more than two hundred years old. The cause of the anomaly is, that this exclusive privilege was granted before the present patent-law was extended to Scotland by the Union. Anderson called the pills *Grana Angelica*. He published an account of their astonishing virtues in a little Latin essay, which bears date 1685; and as it is believed that there are not more than three copies of this in existence, it is worth more than its weight in gold. He did not profess to be the inventor or discoverer of the medicine, but stated that he had found it in use at Venice.

Small as was thus the service for which Anderson and his posterity were endowed with a perpetual monopoly in these pills, it would have been well for the Stuart dynasty of kings if all monopolies granted by them had been as well deserved and as innocent. On the matter of monopolies, our ancestors had a hard struggle, and they acquitted themselves like men of sagacity and courage. The word monopoly is derived from the Greek. It means, sole-selling, and expresses itself at once. It is almost unnecessary at the present day to announce the law of political economy, that wherever a small number of individuals acquire the exclusive privilege of selling any commodity, or undertaking any particular kind of service, the public will be ill served. The price demanded will be high, and the commodity or the work will be bad in proportion. Thus much, indeed, of political economy our ancestors of the reign of King James knew. But it must be admitted, that they strangely confounded it with a totally different matter—with that forestalling of which we lately gave an account. The difference is, that in the one case there is the right to buy and sell as much of a commodity, or as little of it, as you please; and, in the other, the right to be the sole seller of the commodity. It is as great as the difference between freedom and slavery. No man can ever obtain a monopoly through money, unless it be by underselling all others; and that is a form in which it need not be grudged. However wide may be the field occupied by the forestaller, he cannot prevent others from competing with him, if he sell so dear that they can undersell him. The effect of an enforced monopoly is to drive competitors away, and give the monopolist the whole market on his own terms.

Many governments raise a revenue by granting monopolies. They levy a large sum from the individuals to whom they concede the privilege of selling or making certain articles. It need hardly be said, that it is a very costly revenue, causing much more loss to the people than the amount it brings to the public

purse; but it is a tempting resource, as it costs no trouble, and does not at least immediately bring the government to issue with the country. Queen Elizabeth did not overlook the convenience of this source of revenue. In fact, she pushed the system of monopolies very far, and nearly endangered the stability of her power. But she was a very wise ruler, and always stopped short at the point of endurance. Hallam gives the following animated account of a parliamentary contest in 1601. When we reflect on the departed corn-laws, the allusion to bread is certainly curious.

‘The grievance of monopolies had gone on continually increasing; scarce any article was exempt from these oppressive patents. When a list of them was read over in the House, a member exclaimed: “Is not bread among the number?” The House seemed amazed. “Nay,” said he, “if no remedy is found for them, bread will be there before the next parliament.” Every tongue seemed now unloosed, each as if emulously descanting on the injuries of the place he represented. It was vain for courtiers to withstand this torrent. Raleigh, no small gainer himself by some monopolies, after making what excuse he could, offered to give them up. Robert Cecil, the secretary, and Bacon, talked loudly of the prerogative, and endeavoured at least to persuade the House, that it would be fitter to proceed by petition to the queen than by a bill; but it was properly answered, that nothing had been gained by petitioning in the last parliament. After four days of eager debate, and more heat than had ever been witnessed, this ferment was suddenly appeased by one of those well-timed concessions by which skilful princes spare themselves the mortification of being overcome. Elizabeth sent down a message, that she would revoke all grants that should be found injurious by fair trial at law; and Cecil rendered the somewhat ambiguous generality of this expression more satisfactory by an assurance, that the existing patents should be repealed, and no more be granted.’

The speeches of the members are a very favourable specimen of the parliamentary oratory of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as may be seen from the following delivered by Mr Martin. He is no philosopher, it will be observed, in political economy, but speaks from the actual grievances witnessed by him. ‘I speak for a town that grieves and pines—for a country that groaneth and languisheth under the burden of monstrous and unconscionable substitutes to the monopolists [meaning sub-monopolists, who paid so much for enjoying the monopoly in a certain district] of starch, tin, fish, cloth, oil, vinegar, salt, and I know not what—nay, what not? The principal commodities both of my town and country are engrossed into the hands of those blood-suckers of the commonwealth. If a body, Mr Speaker, being let blood, be left still languishing without any remedy, how can the good estate of that body long remain? Such is the state of my town and country. The traffic is taken away. The inward and private commodities are taken away, and dare not be used without the licence of these monopolists. If these blood-suckers be still let alone to suck up the best and principal commodities which the earth hath given us, what shall become of us from whom the fruits of our own soil and the commodities of our own labour—which, with the sweat of our brows, even up to the knees in mire and dirt, we have laboured for—shall be taken by warrant of supreme authority which the poor subjects dare not gainsay?’ Another member, Sir Andrew Hobby, on the opposite side, started up, and said, ‘that betwixt Michaelmas and St Andrews tide, where salt before the patent was wont to be sold for 16d. a bushel, it is now sold for 14d. or 15d. a bushel.’*

The Stuart monarchs were not, as the world too well

knows, so wise as Queen Elizabeth. King James found the granting of monopolies a very convenient way of making a revenue. It saved him from coming in contact with a discontented parliament; and whatever heartburnings it might create, did not immediately affect his own royal comfort. Accordingly, he granted a number of monopolies both of necessities and luxuries. This created a system of the grossest oppression; since the great monopolists not only made as much as they could at the expense of the people, but sold portions of their monopolies to grasping, rapacious underlings, who conveyed the grievance into every corner of the land. These people became a hated and oppressive class, like the farmers of the revenue in France. According to a well-known anecdote, Voltaire, when in a company, each member of which had to tell some tragic story, was called upon in his turn. He said: 'There was once a farmer-general—you know the rest!' The same might have been said of the monopolists in the time of King James. One of them, indeed, has become in a manner illustrious in literature, by standing for the character of Sir Giles Overreach in the play of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. His prototype was Sir Giles Mompesson, a person whose oppressions created so much indignation, that parliament at last resolved to impeach him. In the proceedings, it was stated that Sir Giles, for the purpose of effectually carrying out his patent of monopoly, held the power of imprisoning those who infringed it, without judicial authority or the privilege of trial; and that he thus had many persons in private prisons—a proceeding ever justly odious in England, and contrary to the spirit of the constitution.

One of Sir Giles's monopolies related to the licensing of inns and the selling of horse-provender. Strangely enough, however, that monopoly which created the chief indignation was for the preparation and sale of gold and silver lace. He 'sophisticated' it, as the parliamentary documents call it—that is, he used base metal instead of bullion. One could imagine such a monopoly existing without the people being greatly oppressed by it. But gold and silver lace was much used by the aristocracy, and it seems probable that the indignation of parliament was considerably excited by feelings of a somewhat personal character. It is well known, that the person who chiefly supported these monopolies, and had the largest share of advantage from them, was the infamous favourite, the Duke of Buckingham. Instead of standing by his accomplice, however, he no sooner saw the wrath of parliament seriously and dangerously roused, than he gave up the monopolist as a victim. King James, too, who had bullied and insulted all who complained, seeing that parliament was in a truly formidable humour, went sneaking there, and boasted of having done his best to apprehend Sir Giles. 'For I do assure you,' he said, 'in the heart of an honest man, and on the faith of a Christian king, which both ye and all the world know me to be, had these things been complained of to me before the parliament, I would have done the office of a just king, and out of parliament have punished them as severely, and peradventure more, than ye now intend to do. But now that they are discovered to me in parliament, I shall be as ready in this way as I should have been in the other. For, I confess, I am ashamed—these things proving so as they are generally reported to be—that it was not my good-fortune to be the only author of the reformation and punishment of them, by some ordinary course of justice.'

Parliament, however, wisely kept the matter in its own hands, and immediately passed one of the most remarkable laws in the statute-book. This was no other than the act of 1623, establishing our system of patents for inventions. The original and main object of this act, was to take from the crown the power of granting monopolies. An exception was

introduced, which is supposed to be owing to the enlightened foresight of Bacon, authorising the crown to grant for a limited period monopolies to inventors.

This law did not extend to Scotland until the Union; and hence it is, that in the High Street we have at this day in existence a patent of the reign of Charles I.

A VENETIAN ADVENTURE OF YESTERDAY.

I was induced last summer to do rather a foolish thing for a middle-aged spinster—I undertook to chaperon a volatile young niece upon a continental tour. We travelled the usual course up the Rhine into Switzerland, which we enjoyed rapturously. Then passing the Alps, we spent a few days at Milan, and next proceeded to Verona. In all this journey, nothing occurred to mar our English frankness, or disturb our good-humour. We beheld, indeed, the subjection of the Lombardese people with pain. Still, it was no business of ours; and I may as well candidly state that, to the best of my recollection, we gave exceedingly little thought to the subject.

At Verona, the romance of Claudia's character found some scope. She raved at the so-called tomb of Juliet, was never tired of rambling among the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre, and made herself ill with the fresh figs and grapes presented in such abundance in the picturesque old market-place. I confess I should as soon have dreamed of danger from some ancient volcano of the Alps, as from the political system of the country which we were traversing. Indeed, it never could have occurred to us that a quiet lady of a certain age, and a young one just emancipated from frocks, were persons about whom a great empire could have been in any alarm. It was destined that we should find ourselves of much more consequence than we gave ourselves credit for.

On returning from our ramble, and entering the great *sala* of the *Due Torre*, I remember experiencing a slight sense of alarm at sight of the large proportion of Austrian officers amongst those sitting down to dinner. Still, as the feeling sprung from no definite cause, I readily gave up my wish for a separate dinner; and, yielding to the solicitations of an officious waiter, allowed myself and niece to take seats at table. My first feeling returned in some force when I saw a tall, bearded officer, after depositing his sword in a corner of the room, seat himself next to Claudia. A request on her part for the salt sufficed to open a conversation between them; but as it was in German, I could not follow its meaning. I observed, however, that it by and by waxed rather more warm than is customary in the languid hour of a *table-d'hôte*; and, what was more, a silence ensued amongst a considerable number of those within hearing, as if the subject of their conversation were of an interesting character. A kind-looking English gentleman on the opposite side of the table seemed to become uneasy, and he soon telegraphed to me with a look which I could not misunderstand. In real alarm, I touched Claudia's arm, and indicated my wish to retire. As soon as we reached our own apartment, I anxiously asked her what she had been saying, and what that animated conversation was about. 'Oh, nothing particular, Tantie dear. We were talking politics; but I am not a Republican, you know. You need not look afraid. I am a Royalist, and I told him so. Only, I said I thought it would be better for Italy to have an Italian king than an Austrian emperor. He did not seem to think so; but you know every one cannot think alike.'

'Oh, you unfortunate little girl!' I exclaimed; 'you little know the imprudence of which you have been guilty;' and I bitterly regretted my ignorance of German, which had allowed her to make such a demonstration of her sentiments. Still, she was but a child—what she had said was but a foolish sentiment. I

could scarcely, after all, think that any serious consequences would ensue from so simple a matter; nevertheless, I felt that the sooner we left Verona the better. We accordingly started next morning for Venice.

It was a most lovely day. The sun shone richly on the thousands of grape-bunches that hung on the vines, and on the wild-flowers that grew at their feet; and then the beautiful languid way in which the vines grow added another charm to the scene: apparently overcome by heat and lassitude, they throw themselves from one tree to another for their support, and hang between them in graceful festoons. We were not long, however, in the region of the green, and now slightly autumn-tinted leaves; our steam-engine seemed suddenly to have conceived the idea of drowning us, for we darted into the sea, and with nothing but water on either side, we appeared to be hurried on by some gigantic rope-dancer, so light was the bridge over which we were carried. Involuntarily, I seized hold of Claudia's arm; but gradually I saw in the distance so beautiful a thing—such a silent, white, fairy-like city, under such a brilliant sky, that I lost all earthly fear, and, in spite of the tangible railway carriage in which I was, I felt as if, like King Arthur, I was being borne by fairies to their fairy home.

At last we arrived, and entered by a long dusty passage the Dogana, in order to be examined. All romantic visions had now faded away: ordinary mortals were in attendance to look over our boxes; and it being the middle of a hot day, I began to feel both thirsty and tired, and most anxious to arrive quickly at the hotel, in order to secure comfortable apartments. Claudia stood for some time with the keys in her hand, vainly endeavouring to induce one of the custom-house officers to look at our boxes. The examination did not appear very strict, and we observed many of our fellow-passengers had their boxes just opened, and then were allowed to depart, with scarcely any delay. At last, one of the men approached us, and Claudia pointed to her open box, and asked him to examine it. The man looked up into her face—I thought, in a very scrutinising manner—then at the name on the box, and then retired, and whispered to one of his companions, who came back with him, and asked in Italian for our passport. This I immediately produced. They examined it, and said something to each other in German; upon which Claudia, who was more familiar with that language than with Italian, asked them in it to be kind enough to examine our boxes quickly, as her aunt was much tired. I saw the men exchange glances, and then they came forward to examine us. Being utterly unconscious of any necessity for concealment, we had left several English books at the very top of the box. These they carefully took out, and laid on one side, and then proceeded to rummage the boxes from top to bottom. By this time, as most of our fellow-passengers had been examined, and had proceeded to their hotels, I was getting fatigued and nervous, when it struck me that a small *douceur* would perhaps set matters right. This idea I communicated to Claudia, and she, speaking privately to a superior sort of man, who was overlooking the other, assured him that we were two perfectly unoffending English ladies travelling for pleasure, having nothing whatever to do with politics, and entreated him to let us go, at the same time putting some money in a hand conveniently placed for its reception. No sooner, however, had it been safely pocketed, than the man assured her that he could do nothing whatever for us, and that he must take some opportunity, when nobody was looking, of giving her back the money. It is needless to say, that this opportunity never arrived; and in the meantime, we were taken into a small room, to be more particularly examined.

Here another box was opened, when, to the great

vexation of my dear Claudia, her journal was found. Hitherto she had been very patient, but now she could bear it no longer. What! her journal, so carefully locked that nobody had ever been allowed to read it, to be at the mercy of these strange men! Claudia remonstrated loudly. 'They might have anything else they chose,' she said, 'but that she really could not give them.' She did not perceive that the more anxious she appeared about the book, the more important it seemed in their eyes, and the more anxious they, of course, were to retain it. After a long discussion, and many prayers and entreaties on Claudia's part, the books and papers were sealed up before us. They inquired what hotel we were going to, and told us we must call the next day for our books at a certain custom-house office they mentioned. Feeling harassed and persecuted, we proceeded to our hotel, my unhappiness being rendered more acute by our being separated from our *Murray*, without which I felt myself a perfectly helpless being, entirely at the mercy of any one who chose to impose upon me.

We obtained apartments at the hotel we intended lodging at, and as it was now late in the day, ordered our dinner, and retired early to rest, very anxious for the morrow, that we might know the fate of our books. Accordingly, the first thing we did the next day was to take a gondola, and proceed to the custom-house that had been mentioned to us. There, however, they knew nothing of our books. So we went to the British Consulate, to inform them of our case, and then returned to the hotel. During this voyage, I had several times observed a paper stuck against the walls, with *Notificazione* written in large letters on it, with some smaller printing beneath it. With a very uneasy heart, I asked Claudia to read it, and tell me what it meant. She did so, and found that it was informing the world in general, that two noble Italians were condemned, one to death, and the other to the galleys, for political offences. Of course, we were no judges of the rights of the case; but it is impossible not to feel one's heart saddened by the approaching death of a fellow-creature; besides which, my heart trembled for Claudia, and I conjured up to my mind the leaden-roof prisons; those beneath the ducal palace, those under water; the Bridge of Sighs; and that fearful part of the lagoon where no fishing was allowed, lest it should reveal some fearful secret, known only to the dead, and to certain minions of the dread Council. In vain I repeated to myself, that those days were past; in vain was it that Claudia laughed at my fears, and told me it was disgraceful for a British subject to feel them: still my heart felt heavy, and I shall not soon forget the anxiety of that hour.

We returned to the hotel, where we had not long been, when we were informed that a gentleman wished to speak to us. Fearful moment! I pictured to myself a ferocious-looking officer with a guard, like those who come upon the stage with Jaffier. Somewhat to my relief, the reality turned out to be of a gentler character. I found myself introduced to a polite-looking personage, who, however, speedily informed me, through the medium of the waiter—for we had no common language—that he did not want me, but a younger lady! O my poor Claudia! My heart beating violently, I returned to her, and informed her that she was wanted. Instead of being at all alarmed, she appeared rather gratified at finding herself of so much importance, and hastened to join the person who was waiting for her. He, in a very polite and respectful manner, told us that our books were at the police-office, and only awaited our arrival to be examined. Accordingly, we ordered a gondola, and accompanied him there. On the way, he took an opportunity of informing Claudia, that he was not what was called in England a policeman, but a gentleman, and that the person who would examine her was a count. Claudia replied rather haughtily, that she was an English lady, and had never

been examined by any one. At last we arrived, and proceeded to the apartment of the count; but what was my distress when I was informed that Claudia was to be examined alone! Claudia declared that she was a British subject, and that such a proceeding was an insult. I was almost in hysterics, and with tears entreated to be permitted to accompany my niece; but the obdurate though polite count was immovable. He merely said to Claudia: 'Madame, you have avowed that you have in your possession papers which have never been read by anybody but yourself; therefore you must be examined alone.' Further opposition was hopeless, so I returned disconsolate to my gondola, to await the issue.

When Claudia was left alone with the count, he shewed her a paper in which he was officially informed, that a lady of her name and appearance was coming to Venice, who was suspected of being a dangerous political character. To hear such a character attributed to her—to her, who was only last year boarding in a school—to her, who knew little more of politics than that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were the most amiable young couple in England—was ludicrous even in that hour of trouble. I do not exactly know how she comforted herself during her examination; but I suspect she not merely laughed at the whole affair, but felt a little elated at the idea of being held as of so much importance. She was really anxious, however, about her journal and writing-case, as they contained so many things 'of no importance to any but the owner.' When the count informed her, that the journal and papers must, in the first place, be subjected to translation, she could set no bounds to her vexation; and yet the thing had its ridiculous aspect also. She had been pretty free, in the journal, with her criticisms on the Austrian army, though only with regard to the appearance and manners of the officers. How they were to take her remarks on their moustaches, their everlasting smoking, and their almost as constant perseverance in *dining*, was not to be conceived. Then her papers—scraps of paper on which she had tried rhymes, such as love, dove; heart, part; fame, name; with a view to embodiment in her poems—letters from young friends, telling all about the parties of their respective mammas, and how interesting the last baby was: to think of these being subjected to the rigid scrutiny of a council of either Ten or Three, was too whimsical. To the count, on the other hand, everything was grave and official. He said he could well believe, that she was innocent of all that had been imputed to her; still, his instructions must be obeyed. He could not promise the restoration of her papers in less than ten days. At the end of the examination, he courteously dismissed her, but not without letting her know, that she and her companion would be under the surveillance of the police till the papers were fully examined.

My light-hearted niece returned to me with an air of importance quite new to her, and which did not abate till she observed how exceedingly I had suffered during our separation. I felt reassured on learning that everything depended on the examination of the papers, as I had no doubt they were of a sufficiently innocent character. The shock, however, had been enough to mar my power of enjoying Venice. We did, indeed, go about to see the usual sights; and even the shadow-like attendance of the policeman ceased at length to give us much annoyance. But I saw everything through an unpleasant medium, and heartily wished myself out of a region where the government of pure force seems the only one attainable. At the end of a fortnight, we received back our papers, with many apologies for their detention, and for the scrutiny to which we had been exposed; which, however, it too truly appeared, had been brought upon us by that one incautious expression of Claudia at Verona. Very soon after, we

left Venice, and regained the safe shores of England with little further adventure.

[Note.—Let no one suppose that this is in any degree an exaggeration of the present state of things in Venice. Only about a month after the adventure of the two ladies, two individuals of that city were condemned for having been in correspondence with political exiles. One, a nobleman, had his sentence commuted to the galleys, at the intercession of a Spanish princess, daughter of Don Carlos; the other, a bookseller in the Piazza di San Marco, was hanged on the morning of Saturday the 11th October, during the whole of which day his body was exposed to the public gaze. The walls were next day found extensively inscribed with, 'Venetians! remember the murder of yesterday, and revenge it!'—*Ed.*

STUDENT-LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE.

Most Englishmen know as much about Timbuctoo or Patagonia as they either know or care to know about Oxford or Cambridge. Those, however, who have the curiosity to include such subjects in their knowledge of 'foreign parts,' will find a very pleasant guide to an acquaintance with the geography, language, laws, manners, and customs of Cambridge, in a work recently published by an American student,* who some years ago transferred his studies from Yale College to that university.

In describing Cambridge, Mr Bristed asks his readers to imagine the most irregular town that can be imagined—streets of the very crookedest kind, houses low and antique, with their upper storeys sometimes projecting into the narrow pathway, which leads the bewildered stranger every now and then over a muddy little river, winding through the town in all sorts of ways, so that in whatever direction he walks from any point, he is always sure before long to come to a bridge. Such is the town of Cambridge—the bridge over the *Cam*. And among these narrow, ugly, dirty streets, are tumbled in, as it were at random, some of the most beautiful academical buildings in the world.

It was in the October of 1840, that our young New-Yorker first wended his way through these narrow streets, and gazed upon these beautiful buildings. The idea of an educational institution scattered over an area of some miles, was new to the late inhabitant of the brick barn cylept Yale College. The monkish appearance of the population was no less novel, while his own appearance caused the gownsmen to retaliate his curiosity. He was dressed, he tells us, in the 'last Gothamite fashion, with the usual accessories of gold chain and diamond pin, the whole surmounted by a blue cloth cloak'—a costume which drew down upon him a formidable array of eye-glasses.

Mr Bristed entered Trinity College as a fellow-commoner. The fellow-commoners are 'young men of fortune,' who, in consideration of paying twice as much for everything as anybody else, are allowed the privilege of sitting at the fellows' table in hall, and in their seats at chapel; of wearing a gown with gold or silver lace, and a velvet cap with a metallic tassel; and of getting off with a less number of 'chapelets' per week. The main body of the students are called pensioners. The sizars are an inferior class, who receive alms from the college, and dine gratis after the fellows (*sic*), on the remains of their table.

* *Five Years at an English University.* By C. A. Bristed. 2 vols. New York: 1852.

When one 'goes up,' as the phrase is, to the university, the first academical authority he makes acquaintance with in the regular order of things, is the college tutor. Besides lecturing, this functionary is the medium of all the students' pecuniary relations with the college. He sends in their accounts every term, and receives the money through his banker; nay, more, he takes in their tradesmen's bills, and settles them also. The tutor is supposed to stand *in loco parentis*. Some colleges have one, others two, and even three tutors, according to the size. The first thing, is to be examined; and this over, the freshman is first inducted into his rooms by a *gyp* (from γῦψ, a vulture!), who acts as *funkey* to a dozen or twenty students—calling them in the morning, brushing their clothes, carrying parcels and the queerly-twisted notes they are constantly writing to each other, waiting at their parties, and so on. 'Boots' is a subordinate functionary. The furniture of the room is generally taken from the former occupant at a valuation by the college upholsterer. Crockery he has always to find for himself; but in this matter, again, he has the college authorities to assist him in getting a good article.

We shall now accompany the student through a day's history. Morning chapel begins at seven; and the *gyp* calls him at half-past six. In chapel, he commences picking up some knowledge of the powers that be, or the *docs*, as they are styled in the slang of the university. In general terms, they are the *master* and *fellows*.

The master, or 'head of the house,' is the supreme ruler within the college walls, and moves about like an undergraduate's deity. The fellows, who form the general body from which the other college-officers are chosen, are the aggregate of those four or five bachelor scholars per annum, who pass the best examination in classics, mathematics, and metaphysics. The eight oldest fellows at any time in residence, together with the master, have the government of the college vested in them. The *dean* is the presiding officer in chapel: his business is to pull up the absentees—no sinecure, it is said. Even the scholars, who are literally paid for going, every chapel being directly worth two shillings sterling to them, give the dean a good deal of trouble. Other officers are the *vice-master*, the *bursar* or treasurer, lecturers, assistant-lecturers, assistant-tutors, four chaplains, and the librarian. Prayers last half an hour; after which the student walks in the college grounds, and by 8, he is seated by his comfortable fire over his hot rolls and tea. At 9, lectures begin, and continue till 12, some ten or eleven going on at once, and each occupying an hour. A little before 1, the student resorts to his private tutor, or *coach*, as the cantabs call him. He generally takes five or six pupils a day, giving an hour to each. The coach is indispensable to a student; and 'a good coach' is always in great requisition. His intercourse with his pupils is of the most familiar character; nevertheless, he must drive his team well, or he would lose his reputation. From 2 till 4 is the traditional time of exercise, the most usual modes of which are walking (constitutionalising is the cantab for it) and rowing. Cricketing, and all games of ball, are much practised in their respective seasons. Towards 4 p.m., they begin to flock in for dinner. A Latin grace is read by two of the *docs*, and forthwith the demolition of estates proceeds. Though there is a common hall, there is no common table. On the contrary, there is no end to the variety, both as respects rank, provision, and privilege. Hall lasts about three-quarters of an hour. Two scholars conclude the business by reading a long Latin grace—the *docs*, it is said, being too full after dinner for such duty. After hall is emphatically lounging-time. Some stroll in the grounds; many betake themselves to the reading-room; and many assemble at wine-parties, to exchange the gossip of the day. At

6 p.m., the chapel-bell rings again, when the muster is better than in the morning. After chapel, the evening reading begins in earnest. Most of the cantabs are late readers, always endeavouring to secure several hours' consecutive work, their only intermission being to take a cup or two of tea by way of stimulus. One solid meal a day is the rule: even when they go out to sup, as a reading-man does perhaps once a term, and a rowing-man twice a week, they eat very moderately, though the same cannot always be said of their potatoes. Such is the reading-man's day—now for the boating-man's.

Boating is the university amusement, *par excellence*. The expense of it is small, and the Cam so convenient—just behind the colleges. At all times of the year you may see solitary men in wherries; while the boat-clubs for the formal spring-races are a convenient outlet for college emulation—the 'top of the river' being an honour hardly inferior to the senior wranglership. Each college has at least one boat-club; and about nine races take place in the season. They have an annual match with Oxford, in which they are generally victorious, for the cantabs are reckoned to be the best smooth-water 'oars' in England, if not in the world. The Cam not being much wider than a canal, it is impossible for the boats to race side by side. They are, therefore, drawn up in a line, two lengths between each, and the contest consists in each boat endeavouring to touch with its bow the stern of the one before it, which operation is called *bumping*; and at the next race, the *bumper* takes the place of the *bumped*. To-day, there is to be a race; and the gowsmen—not in their gowns—are hurrying down to the scene of action, distant two miles from the town. Bang! There goes the first gun! In three minutes, there will be another; and in two more, a third; and then for it! We are at the upper end of 'the Long Reach,' where we have a good view. The eight stalwart Caius-men bend to their oars the moment they see the last gun flash. On they come at a good rate, the Caius-men, who are first, taking it quite easy, when suddenly there is a shout: 'Trinity! Trinity! Go it, Trinity!' Trinity is now overhauling Caius at every stroke; and the partisans of the respective boats fill the air with their shouts. 'Now, Keys (Caius)!' 'Now, Trinity!' 'Why don't you pull, Keys?' 'Now you have 'em, Trinity!' 'Keys!' 'Trinity!' 'Now's your chance, Keys!' 'Pull, Trinity!' 'Pull, Keys!' 'Hurrah, Trinity! inity! inity!' Not more than half a foot intervenes between the pursuer and the pursued, still Caius pulls with all his might; for boats occasionally run a mile almost touching. But there is no more chance. One tremendous pull from Trinity, and half that distance has disappeared. Another such stroke, and you are aboard of them. Hurrah! a bump—a bump! Not so. Caius is on the look-out; and with a skilful inclination of the rudder, the steersman makes his boat fall off—just the least bit in the world, but enough—Trinity overlaps, but does not touch. Another moment, and Trinity is head of the river.

The staple exercise, however, is walking. Between 2 and 4, all the roads in the neighbourhood of Cambridge are covered with men taking their constitutionals. Longer walks, of twelve or fifteen miles, are frequently taken on Sundays. There is not so much riding as might be supposed. When there is ice enough, the cantabs are great skaters. It is almost a *sine qua non* that their exercise should be in the open air. A finer set of men, consequently, is not to be seen. So bent, indeed, are they upon combining study and recreation, that, during the vacations, they form excursion-parties, which, from their professed design, are called *reading-parties* (*lucus a non lucendo*), and of which the utmost that can be advanced in justification of their name is, that reading is *not impossible*. Reading-parties do not confine themselves to England, or even the United Kingdom; sometimes they go as far as

Dresden. When a crack tutor goes on one, which is not often, he takes his whole team with him.

Debating-clubs do not seem to be so common at the English universities as at the Scotch. At Cambridge, there is only one of a public nature—the 'Union.' Henry F. Hallam was instrumental in getting up a small society of about forty members, called the 'Historical.' Another society of a private nature was composed of a number of intellectual aspirants, called the 'Cambridge Apostles;' so called, it is said, because they had usually thirteen members in residence. This was a university feeder to the Metropolitan Club, founded by the friends of John Sterling. Their association had great influence in the formation of their minds and characters—a sort of mutual benefit society in more respects than one. For example, when a member of the club publishes a book, one of the fraternity has a footing in the *Edinburgh*, another in the *Quarterly*, a third in *Fraser*, and a fourth in *Blackwood*, and so the new work is well introduced. Both Tennyson and Thackeray, it is said, got well taken notice of in this way by their comrades. But there was no plan at the bottom of it—nothing to constitute them a name. The Apostles were always inveighing against cant—always affecting much earnestness, and a hearty dislike of formalism, which rendered them far from popular with the *high* and *dry* in literature, politics, or religion. They were eyed with terror by the conservatives as something foreign—German, radical, altogether monstrous. But, in reality, their objects were literary—not religious; and religion only entered into their discussions as it must into those of all serious and philosophic men.

Upon the whole, our young American was much pleased with Cambridge, and much benefited during his residence there. Genial himself, he found Englishmen the same; and though he had his eyes open, while in this country, and never forgot that he was an American, he writes with great impartiality, which raises the value of his intense enthusiasm for the English and English life. After five years' residence, he took leave of his friends in a series of substantial dinners, that there might be a pleasant memory of the transatlantic in their mouths. On a fine May morning, he took his last walk in the beautiful grounds of Trinity, and set out for New York, where he now leads a classical existence, puzzling the natives by his free use of the Græco-cantab dialect, as well as by a semi-pagan sort of worship which he pays to his *Alma Mater*.

DREAMS.

Dreams usually take place in a single instant, notwithstanding the length of time they seem to occupy. They are, in fact, slight mental sensations, unregulated by consciousness; these sensations being less or more intense, painful or agreeable, according to certain physical conditions. On this subject, the following observations occur in Dr Winslow's *Psychological Journal*:—'We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated; so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream, and awakened him. A friend of Dr Abercrombie dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.'

A WIND-STORM AT NIGHT.

O sudden blast, that through night's silence black
Sweep'st past my windows,
Coming and going with invisible track—
As death or sin does—

Why scare me, lying sick, and—save thine own—
Hearing no voices?
Why mingle with a helpless human moan
Thy fierce rejoices?

Thou shouldst come gently, as good angels come
To souls departing;
Floating among the shadows of the room
With eyes light-darting:

Bringing faint airs of balm, and tones that rouse
Thoughts of a Far Land;
Binding so softly upon aching brows
Death's poppy-garland.

O fearful blast, I shudder at thy sound;
Like some poor mortal
Who hears the Throe that mark life's doomed bound
Sit at his portal.

Thy wings seem laden with sad, shrieking souls,
Borne, all unwilling,
From earth's known plains, to the unknown gulf that
rolls,
Evermore filling.

Fierce wind! wilt the Death-Angel come like thee,
And swiftly bear me—
Whither?—What mysteries may unfold to me?
What horrors scare me?

Shall I go wandering on through silent space,
Lonely—still lonely?
Or seek through myriad spirit-ranks one face,
And miss that only?

Shall I not then drop down from sphere to sphere,
Falsied and aimless?
Or will my being new so changed appear
That grief dies nameless?

Rather, I pray Him who Himself is Love,
Out of whose essence
All pure souls spring, and towards Him tending, move
Back to His presence—

His light transfiguring, may not efface
The soul's earth-features,
That the dear human likeness each may trace—
Glorified creatures:

That we may love each other, only taught
Holier desiring;
And seek all wisdom, as on earth we sought,
Ever aspiring:

That we may do all work we left undone
Through frail unmetness;
From sphere to sphere together passing on
Towards full completeness.

Then, strong Azrael, be thy solemn call
Soft as spring-breezes,
Or like this blast, whose loud fiend-festival
My heart's pulse freezes—

I will not fear thee!—If thou safely keep
My soul, God's giving,
And my soul's soul—I, wakening from death's sleep,
Shall first know living.

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UNFASHIONABLE CLUBS.

It is with a feeling doubtless somewhat analogous to that of the angler, that the London shopkeeper from time to time regards the moneyless crowds who throng in gaping admiration around the tempting display he makes in his window. His admirers and the fish, however, are in different circumstances: the one won't bite if they have no mind; the others can't bite if they should have all the mind in the world. Yet the shopkeeper manages better than the angler; for while the fish are deaf to the charming of the latter, charm he never so wisely, the former is able, at a certain season of the year, to convert the moneyless gazers into ready-money customers. This he does by the force of logic. 'You are thinking of Christmas,' says he—'yes, you are; and you long to have a plum-pudding for that day—don't deny it. Well, but you can't have it, think as much as you will; it is impossible as you manage at present. But I'll tell you how to get the better of the impossibility. In twenty weeks, we shall have Christmas here: now if, instead of spending every week all you earn, you will hand me over sixpence or a shilling out of your wages, I'll take care of it for you, since you can't take care of it for yourself; and you shall have the full value out of my shop any time in Christmas-week, and be as merry as you like, and none the poorer.'

This logic is irresistible. Tomkins banks his 6d. for a plum-pudding and the etceteras with Mr Allspice the grocer; and this identical pudding he enjoys the pleasure of eating half-a-dozen times over in imagination before the next instalment is due. He at length becomes so fond of the flavour, that he actually—we know, for we have seen him do it—he actually, to use his own expression, 'goes in for a goose' besides with Mr Pluck the poulterer. Having once passed the Rubicon, of course he cannot go back; the weekly sixpences must be paid, come what will: it would be disgraceful to be a defaulter. So he practises a little self-denial, for the sake of a little self-esteem—and the goose and pudding in perspective. He finds, to his astonishment, that he can do quite as much work with one pot of beer a day as he could with two, and he drops the superfluous pot, and not only pays his instalments to the Christmas-bank, but gets a spare shilling in his pocket besides. Thus, under the tuition of the shopkeeper, he learns the practice of prudence in provisioning his family with plum-pudding, and imbibes the first and foremost of the household virtues, on the same principle as a wayward child imbibes physic—out of regard to the dainty morsel that is to come afterwards.

Passing one day last autumn through a long and populous thoroughfare on the southern side of the Thames, we happened to light upon Mr Allspice's appeal to the consciences and the pockets of the pudding-eating public. 'If you are wise,' said the admonitory placard, 'you will lose no time in joining Allspice's Plum-pudding Club.' Remembering the retort of a celebrated quack: 'Give me all the fools that come this way for my customers, and you are welcome to the wise men,' we must own we felt rather doubtful of the prosperity of the puddings; but having an interest in the matter, we resolved, notwithstanding, to ascertain, if possible, whether the Wisdom who uttereth her voice in the streets had on this special occasion spoken to any purpose, and whether any, and how many, had proved themselves wise in the acceptance of Mr Allspice. On making the necessary inquiries after the affair had gone off, we learned, to our surprise and gratification, that the club had been entirely successful. Upwards of a hundred persons of a class who are never worth half-a-crown at a time, had subscribed 6d. a week each for eighteen weeks, and thus entitled themselves to 9s. worth of plum-pudding ingredients, besides a certain quantity of tea and sugar. Thus the club had prospered exceedingly, and had been the instrument of introducing comfort and festive enjoyment to no small number of persons who might, and in all probability would, have had little to eat or drink, and, consequently, little cause for merriment, at that season. This is really a very pleasant fact to contemplate, connected though it be with a somewhat ludicrous kind of ingenuity, which must be exercised in order to bring it about. To anybody but a London shopkeeper, the attempt would appear altogether hopeless, to transform a hundred poor persons, who were never worth half-a-crown a piece from one year's end to the other, into so many 9s. customers; and yet the thing is done, and done, too, by the London grocer in a manner highly satisfactory, and still more advantageous to his customers. Is it too much to imagine that the lesson of provident forethought thus agreeably learned by multitudes of the struggling classes—for these clubs abound everywhere in London, and their members must be legion—have a moral effect upon at least a considerable portion of them? If one man finds a hundred needy customers wise enough to relish a plum-pudding of their own providing, surely they will not *all* be such fools as to repudiate the practice of that very prudence which procured them the enjoyment, and brought mirth and gladness to their firesides! Never think it! They shall go on to improve, take our word for it; and having learned prudence from plum-pudding, and generosity from goose—for your

poor man is always the first to give a slice or two of the breast, when he has it, to a sick neighbour—they shall learn temperance from tea, and abstinence, if they choose, from coffee, and ever so many other good qualities from ever so many other good things; and from having been wise enough to join the grocer's Plum-pudding Club, they shall end by becoming prosperous enough to join the Whittington Club, or the Gresham Club, or the Athenæum Club, or the Travelers' Club; or the House of Commons, or the House of Lords either, for all that you, or we, or anybody else, can say or do to the contrary.

We know nothing of the original genius who first hit upon this mode of indoctrinating the lower orders in a way so much to their advantage; we hope, however, as there is little reason to doubt, that he found his own account in it, and reaped his well-deserved reward. Whoever he was, his example has been well followed for many years past. In the poorer and more populous districts of the metropolis, this practice of making provision for inevitable wants, by small subscriptions paid in advance, prevails to a large extent. As winter sets in, almost every provision-dealer, and other traders as well, proffers a compact to the public, which he calls a club, though it is more of the nature of a savings-bank, seeing that, at the expiration of the subscribing period, every member is a creditor of the shop to the amount of his own investments, and nothing more. Thus, besides the Plum-pudding Clubs, there are Coal Clubs, by which the poor man who invests 1s. a week for five or six of the summer months, gets a ton of good coal laid in for the winter's consumption before the frost sets in and the coal becomes dear. Then there is the Goose Club, which the wiser members manage among themselves by contracting with a country dealer, and thus avoid the tipsy consummation of the public-house, where these clubs have mostly taken shelter. Again, there is the Twelfth-cake Club, which comes to a head soon after Christmas, and is more of a lottery than a club, inasmuch as the large cakes are raffled for, and the losers, if they get anything, get but a big bun for their pains and penalties. All these clubs, it will be observed, are plants of winter-growth, or at least of winter-fruiting, having for their object the provision of something desirable or indispensable in the winter season. There is, however, another and a very different species of club, infinitely more popular than any of the above, the operations of which are abundantly visible throughout the warm and pleasant months of summer, and which may be, and sometimes is, called the Excursion Club.

The Excursion Club is a provision which the working and labouring classes of London have got up for themselves, to enable them to enjoy, at a charge available to their scanty means, the exciting pleasures—which are as necessary as food or raiment to their health and comfort—of a change of air and scene. It is managed in a simple way. The foreman of a workshop, or the father of a family in some confined court, or perhaps some manageress of a troop of working-girls, contracts with the owner of a van for the hire of his vehicle and the services of a driver for a certain day. More frequently still, the owner of the van is the prime mover in the business, but then the trip is not so cheap. The members club their funds, the men paying 1s. each, the wives, 6d., the children, 3d. or 4d.; and any poor little ragged orphan urchin, who may be hanging about

the workshop, gets accommodated with a borrowed jacket and trousers, and a gratuitous face-washing from Mrs Grundy, and is taken for nothing, and well fed into the bargain. The cost, something over a guinea, is easily made up, and if any surplus remains, why, then, they hire a fiddler to go along with them. On the appointed morning, at an early hour, rain or shine, they flock to the rendezvous to the number of forty or fifty—ten or a dozen more or less is a trifle not worth mentioning. Each one carries his own provisions, and loaded with baskets, cans, bottles, and earthen-jars, mugs and tea-kettles, in they bundle, and off they jog—pans rattling, women chattering, kettles clinking, children crowding, fiddle scraping, and men smoking—at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, to Hampton Court or Epping Forest. It is impossible for a person who has never witnessed these excursions in the height of summer, to form an adequate notion of the merry and exciting nature of the relaxation they afford to a truly prodigious number of the hard-working classes. Returning from Kingston to London one fine Monday morning in June last, we met a train of these laughter-loaded vans, measuring a full mile in length, and which must have consisted of threescore or more vehicles, most of them provided with music of some sort, and adorned with flowers and green boughs. As they shot one at a time past the omnibus on which we sat, we were saluted by successive volleys of mingled mirth and music, and by such constellations of merry-faced mortals in St Monday garb, as would have made a sunshine under the blackest sky that ever gloomed. Arrived at Hampton Court, the separate parties encamp under the trees in Bushy Park, where they amuse themselves the livelong day in innocent sports, for which your Londoner has at bottom a most unequivocal and hearty relish. They will most likely spend a few hours in wandering through the picture-galleries in the palace, then take a stroll in the exquisite gardens, where the young fellow who is thoughtless enough to pluck a flower for his sweetheart, is instantly and infallibly condemned to drag a heavy iron roller up and down the gravel-walk, to the amusement of a thousand or two of grinning spectators. Having seen the palace and the gardens, they pay a short visit, perhaps, to the monster grape-vine, with its myriads of clusters of grapes, all of which Her Gracious Majesty is supposed to devour; and then they return to their dinner beneath some giant chestnut-tree in the park. The cloth is spread at the foot of the huge trunk; the gashed joints of the Sunday's baked meats, flanked by a very mountainous gooseberry pie, with crusty loaves and sections of cheese and pats of butter, cut a capital figure among the heterogeneous contribution of pitchers, preserve-jars, tin-cans, mugs and jugs, shankless rummers and wine-glasses, and knives and forks of every size and pattern, from the balance handles and straight blades of to-day, to the wooden haft and curly-nosed cimeter of a century back. Their sharpened appetites make short work of the cold meats and pies. Treble X of somebody's own corking fizzes forth from brown jar and black bottle, and if more is wanted, it is fetched from the neighbouring tavern. Dinner done, the fiddle strikes up, and a dance on the greensward by the young people, while the old ones, stretched under the trees, enjoy a quiet gossip and a refreshing pipe, fills up the afternoon. There is always somebody at this crisis who is neither.

too old to dance nor too young to smoke a gossiping pipe, and so he does both at intervals—rushing now into the dance, drawn by the irresistible attraction of the fiddle, and now sidling back again to his smoke-puffing chums, impelled by the equally resistless charms of tobacco. Then and therefore he is branded as a deserter, and a file of young lasses lay hands on him, and drag him forth in custody to the dance; and after a good scolding from laughing lips, and a good drubbing from white handkerchiefs, they compromise the business at last by allowing him to dance with his pipe in his mouth.

By five o'clock, Mrs Grundy has managed, with the connivance of Jack the driver, somehow or other to boil the kettle, and a cup of tea is ready for all who are inclined to partake. The young folks for the most part prefer the dance: they can have tea any day—they will not dance on the grass again till next year perhaps; so they make the most of their time. By and by, the fiddler's elbow refuses to wag any longer: he is perfectly willing himself, as he says, 'to play till all's blue; but you see,' he adds, 'bones won't do it.' 'Never mind,' says the Beau Nash of the day: 'sack your badger, old boy, and go and get some resin. Now, then, for kiss in the ring!' Then while the fiddler gets his resin, which means anything he likes to eat or drink, the whole party, perhaps amounting to three or four van-loads in all, form into a circle for 'kiss in the ring.' The ring is one uproarious round of frolic and laughter, which would 'hold both its sides,' but that it is forced to hold its neighbours' hands with both its own, under which the flying damsel who has to be caught and kissed bobs in and out, doubling like a hare, till she is out of breath, and is overtaken at last, and led bashfully into the centre of the group, to suffer the awful penalty of the law. While this popular pastime is prolonged to the last moment, the van is getting ready to return; the old folks assist in stowing away the empty baskets and vessels; and an hour or so before sun-down, or it may be half an hour after, the whole party are remounted, and on their way home again, where they arrive, after a jovial ride, weary with enjoyment, and with matter to talk about for a month to come.

At Epping Forest, the scene is very different, but not a whit the less lively. There are no picture-galleries or pleasure-gardens, but there is the Forest to roam in, full of noble trees, in endless sinuous avenues, crowned with the 'scarce intruding sky,' among which the joyous holiday-makers form a finer picture than was ever painted yet. Then there are friendly foot-races and jumping-matches, and leap-frogging, and black-berrying, and foot-balling, and hockey-and-trapping, and many other games besides, in addition to the dancing and the ring-kissing. Epping and Hainault Forests are essentially the lungs of Whitechapel and Spitalfields. Their leafy shades are invaded all the summer long by the van-borne hosts of laborious poverty. Clubs, whose members invest but a penny a week, start into existence as soon as the leaves begin to sprout in the spring; with the first gush of summer, the living tide begins to flow into the cool bosom of the forest; and until late in the autumn, unless the weather is prematurely wintry, there is no pause for a day or an hour of sunshine in the rush of health-seekers to the green shades. The flat has gone forth from the government for the destruction of these forests, for the felling of the trees and the enclosure of the land. Will the public permit the execution of the barbarous decree? We trust not.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, and so justly said, of the notorious improvidence of the poor, it will be seen from the above hasty sketches, that they yet can and do help themselves to many things which are undeniably profitable and advantageous to them: they only want, in fact, a motive for so doing—a foregone

conviction that the thing desiderated is worth having. Now, here is ground for hope—an opening, so to speak, for the point of the wedge. That the very poor may be taught to practise self-denial, in the prospect of a future benefit, these clubs have proved; and we may confess to a prejudice in their favour, not merely from what they have accomplished, but from a not unreasonable hope, that they may perchance foster a habit which will lead to far better things than even warm chimney-corners, greenwood holidays, roast geese, and plum-pudding.

ARAGO ON THE SUN.

IN the *Annuaire of the Bureau des Longitudes*, recently published in Paris, appears a paper by the distinguished astronomer Arago—'On the Observations which have made known the Physical Constitution of the Sun and of different Stars; and an Inquiry into the Conjectures of the Ancient Philosophers, and of the Positive Ideas of Modern Astronomers on the Place that the Sun ought to occupy among the Prodigious Number of Stars which stud the Firmament'—in which all that appertains to the subject is so ably condensed, as to afford material for a popular summary, which we purpose to convey in the present article. The eclipse of the sun of last July, by enabling observers to repeat former observations and test their accuracy, furnished some of the results which serve to complete the paper in question, and which may be considered as settled, owing to the improvements continually taking place in the construction of instruments. Although astronomy is the exactest of sciences, its problems are not yet all fully solved; and for the determination of some of these, observers have to wait for years—in certain instances, for a century or more, until all the circumstances combine for a favourable observation. From the days of the Epicurean philosopher, who, judging from appearances, declared the sun to be no more than a foot in diameter, to those of living calculators, who give to the orb a diameter of 883,000 miles, there has been a marvellous advance. In these dimensions, we have a sphere one million four hundred thousand times larger than the earth. 'Numbers so enormous,' says M. Arago, 'not being often employed in ordinary life, and giving us no very precise idea of the magnitudes which they imply, I recall here a remark that will convey a better understanding of the immensity of the solar volume. If we imagine the centre of the sun to coincide with that of the earth, its surface would not only reach the region in which the moon revolves, but would extend nearly as far again beyond.' By the transit of Venus in 1769, it was demonstrated that the sun is 95,000,000 miles from the earth; and yet, distant as it is, its physical constitution has been determined; and the history of the successive steps by which this proof has been arrived at, forms one of the most interesting chapters in the progress of science.

It was in 1611 that Fabricius, a Dutch astronomer, first observed spots on the eastern edge of the sun, which passed slowly across the disk to the western edge, and disappeared after a certain number of days. This phenomenon having been often noted subsequently, the conclusion drawn therefrom is, that the sun is a spherical body, having a movement of rotation about its centre, of which the duration is equal to twenty-five days and a half. These dark spots, irregular and variable, but well defined on their edge, are sometimes of considerable dimensions. Some have been seen whose size was five times that of the earth. They are generally surrounded by an aureola known as the *penumbra*, and sensibly less luminous than the other portions of the orb. From this penumbra, first observed by Galileo, many apparently singular deductions have been made: namely, 'The sun is a dark body, surrounded at a certain distance by an atmosphere which may be compared to that of the

earth, when the latter is charged with a continuous stratum of opaque and reflecting clouds. To this first atmosphere succeeds a second, luminous in itself, called the *photosphere*. This photosphere, more or less remote from the inner cloudy atmosphere, would determine by its outline the visible limits of the orb. According to this hypothesis, there would be spots on the sun every time that there occurred in the two concentric atmospheres such corresponding clear spaces as would allow of our seeing the dark central body uncovered.

This hypothesis is considered by the most competent judges to render a very satisfactory account of the facts. But it has not been universally adopted. Some writers of authority have lately represented the spots as scoriae floating on a liquid surface, and ejected from solar volcanoes, of which the burning mountains of the earth convey but a feeble idea. Hence observations become necessary as to the nature of the incandescent matter of the sun; and when we remember the immense distance of that body, such an attempt may well appear to be one of temerity.

The progress of optical science, however, has given us the means of determining this apparently insoluble question. It is well known, that physicists are enabled at present to distinguish two kinds of light—natural light and polarised light. A ray of the former exhibits the same properties on any part of its form; not so the latter. A polarised ray is said to have sides, and the different sides have different properties, as demonstrated by many interesting phenomena. Strange as it may seem, these rays thus described as having sides, could pass through the eye of a needle by hundreds of thousands without disturbing each other. Availing themselves, therefore, of the assistance of polarised light, and an instrument named the polariscope, or polarising telescope, observers obtain a double image of the sun, both alike, and both white; but on reflecting this image on water, or a glass mirror, the rays become polarised; the two images are no longer alike or white, but are intensely coloured, while their form remains unchanged. If one is red, the other is green, or yellow and violet, always producing what are called the complementary colours. With this instrument, it becomes possible to tell the difference between natural and polarised light.

Another point for consideration is, that for a long time it was supposed, that the light emanating from any incandescent body always came to the eye as natural light, if in its passage it had not been reflected or refracted. But experiment by the polariscope showed, that the ray departing from the surface at an angle sufficiently small was polarised; while at the same time, it was demonstrated that the light emitted by any gaseous body in flame—that of street-lamps, for instance—is always in the natural state, whatever be its angle of emission. From these remarks, some idea will be formed of the process necessary to prove whether the substance which renders the sun visible is solid, liquid, or gaseous. On looking at the sun in the polariscope, the image, as before observed, is seen to be purely white—a proof that the medium through which the luminous substance is made visible to us is gaseous. If it were liquid, the light would be coloured; and as regards solidity, that is out of the question—the rapid change of spots proves that the outer envelope of the sun is not solid. On whatever day of the year we examine, the light is always white. Thus, these experiments remove the theory out of the region of simple hypothesis, and give certainty to our conclusions respecting the photosphere.

Here an example occurs of the aids and confirmations which science may derive from apparently trivial circumstances. Complaint was made at a large warehouse in Paris, that the gas-fitters had thrown the light on the goods from the narrow, and not from the broad side of the flame. Experiments were instituted,

which proved that the amount of light was the same whether emitted from the broad or narrow surface. It was shewn also, that a gaseous substance in flame appears more luminous when seen obliquely than perpendicularly, which explains what are known as *facule* and *lucule*, being those parts of the solar disk that shew themselves brighter than other portions of the surface. These are due to the presence of clouds in the solar atmosphere; the inclined portions of the clouds appearing brightest to the spectator. The notion, that there were thousands on thousands of points distinguishing themselves from the rest by a greater accumulation of luminous matter, is thus disposed of.

Still, there remained something more to be determined. The existence of the photosphere being proved, the question arose—was there nothing beyond? or did it end abruptly? and this could only be determined at the period of a total eclipse, at the very moment when the obscuration of the sun being greatest, our atmosphere ceases to be illuminated. Hence the interest felt in an eclipse of the sun of late years.

In July 1842, at a total eclipse of the sun visible in several parts of the continent, the astronomers noticed, just as the sun was hidden by the moon, certain objects, in the form of rose-coloured protuberances, about two or three minutes high, astronomically speaking, projected from the surface of the moon. These appearances were variously explained: some supposed them to be lunar mountains; others saw in them effects of refraction or diffraction; but no precise explanation could be given; and mere guesses cannot be accepted as science. Others, again, thought them to be mountains in the sun, the summits stretching beyond the photosphere; but at the most moderate calculation, their height would have been about 60,000 miles—an elevation which, as is said, the solar attraction would render impossible. Another hypothesis was, that they were clouds floating in a solar, gaseous atmosphere.

M. Arago considers the last as the true explanation: it remained the great point to be proved. If it could be ascertained, that these red protuberances were not in actual contact with the moon, the demonstration would be complete. Speculation was busy, but nothing could be done in the way of verification until another eclipse took place. There was one in August 1850 total to the Sandwich Islands, at which, under direction of the French commandant at Tahiti, observations were made, the result being that the red prominences were seen to be separated by a fine line from the moon's circumference. Here was an important datum. It was confirmed by the observations of July 1851, by observers of different nations at different localities, who saw that the coloured peaks were detached from the moon; thus proving that they are not lunar mountains.

If it be further ascertained, that these luminous phenomena are not produced by the inflexion of rays passing over the asperities of the moon's disk, and that they have a real existence, then there will be a new atmosphere to add to those which already surround the sun; for clouds cannot support themselves in empty space.

We come next to that part of the subject which treats of the true place of the sun in the universe. In the year 448 B.C., Archelaus, the last of the Iodian philosophers, without having made any measurements, taught that the sun was a star, but only somewhat larger than the others. Now, the nearest fixed star is 206,000 times further from us than the sun: 206,000 times 95,000,000 of miles—a sum beyond all our habits of thought. The light from the star *Alpha* of the Centaur is three years in its passage to the earth, travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles per second; and there are 86,400 seconds in a day, and 365 days in a year. Astonishing facts! If the sun, therefore, were removed to the distance of a Centauri, its broad disk, which takes a considerable time in its majestic rising and setting

above and below the horizon, would have no sensible dimensions, even in the most powerful telescopes; and its light would not exceed that of stars of the third magnitude—facts which throw the guess of Archelaüs into discredit. If our place in the material universe is thus made to appear very subordinate, we may remember, as M. Arago observes, that man owes the knowledge of it entirely to his own resources, and 'thereby has raised himself to the most eminent rank in the world of ideas. Indeed, astronomical investigations might not improperly excuse a little vanity on our part.'

Among the stars, Sirius is the brightest; but twenty thousand millions of such stars would be required to transmit to the earth a light equal to that of the sun. And if it were difficult to ascertain the nature and quality of the sun, it would appear to be still more so to determine these points with regard to the stars; for the reason, that the rays, coming from all parts of their disk, at once are intermingled, and of necessity produce white. This difficulty did not exist in similar investigations on the sun, because its disk is so large, that the rays from any one part of it may be examined while the others are excluded. Under these circumstances, further proof might seem to be hopeless; but advantage was taken of the fact, that there are certain stars which are sometimes light, sometimes dark, either from having a movement of rotation on their own axis, or because they are occasionally eclipsed by a non-luminous satellite revolving around them. It is clear, that while the light is waxing or waning, it comes from a part only of the star's disk; consequently, the neutralization of rays, which takes place when they depart from the whole surface at once, cannot then occur; and from the observations on the portion of light thus transmitted, and which is found to remain white under all its phases, we are entitled to conclude, in M. Arago's words, that 'our sun is a star, and that its physical constitution is identical with that of the millions of stars strewn in the firmament.'

BARBARA'S SEA-SIDE EXCURSION.

It certainly appeared a most improbable circumstance, that any event should occur worthy of being recorded, to vary the even tenor of life which Mr and Mrs Norman enjoyed in the holy state of matrimony. They were young folks—they had married from affection—and, moreover, their union had been a strictly prudent one; for their income was more than sufficient for all their unambitious wants and tastes; and it was also a 'certainty,' a great good in these days of speculation and going ahead. Charles Norman held a government situation, with a small but yearly increasing salary; his residence was at Pentonville; and his domestic circle comprised, besides his good, meek helpmeet, two little children, and an only sister, some years Charles's junior: indeed, Bab Norman had not very long quitted the boarding-school. Bab and Charles were orphans, and had no near relatives in the world; therefore Bab came home to live with her dear brother and his wife until she had a home of her own—a contingency which people whispered need not be far off, if Miss Barbara Norman so inclined. This piece of gossip perhaps arose from the frequent visits of Mr Norman's chosen friend, Edward Leslie—a steady and excellent young man, who filled an appointment of great trust and confidence in an old-established commercial house. Edward Leslie was not distinguished for personal attractions or captivating manners; but he was an honest, manly, generous-hearted fellow, and sensitive enough to feel very keenly sometimes that the

pretty spoiled little Barbara laughed at and snubbed him. Notwithstanding Bab's folly, however, it would have given her great pain had Edward Leslie courted another. He was patient and forbearing; and she fluttered and frisked about, determined to make the most of her liberty while it lasted. 'Of course she meant to marry some day,' she said with a demure smile, 'but it would take a long-time to make up her mind.'

Charles quite doted on his pretty sister, and often could not find it in his heart to rebuke her, because she was motherless, and had only him and Cary to look to; and Cary's office was not to rebuke any one, much less her dear little sister-in-law. So Barbara was spoiled and humoured; while the children were kept in high order—a proper discipline being exercised in the nursery, as became a well-regulated and nicely-decorated house. Cary thought Bab a beauty, and so did Charles; the young lady herself was not at all backward in estimating her own charms; and it was a pity to see them so often obscured by affectation, for Bab had a kind heart and an affectionate disposition. One day when Charles returned home after business-hours were over, Bab flew towards him with an unusually animated countenance, holding an open letter in her hand, and exclaiming: 'Oh, dear Charles, read this! You'll let me go—won't you? I never was at the seaside in my life, you know; and it will do me such a deal of good.'

Charles smiled, took the letter, and tapping his sister's dimpled rosy cheek, he said fondly: 'I don't think, Bab, that you want "doing good to" so far as health is concerned. The sea-air cannot improve these roses.'

'Well, well, Charles, never mind the roses—there's a dear. They only ask me to go for a fortnight, and I should so like it; it will be so nice to be with one's school-mates at the sea. Bell and Lucy Combermere are such bathers, they say; and as for me, I do believe, Charles, I shall drown myself for love of the sea! Oh, you must let me go—do!'

There was no resisting this coaxing; so Charles said he 'would see about it, and talk the matter over with Caroline.'

'Cary thinks it will be delightful for me,' exclaimed Barbara: 'she's always a good-natured darling.' And Bab felt sure of going, if Charles talked the matter over with Cary; so she flew off in an ecstasy of joy, dancing and singing, and forthwith commenced preparations, by pulling off the faded pink ribbons which adorned her bonnet, and substituting gay bright new streamers.

The invitation in question came from Mrs Combermere, who, with her two unmarried daughters, were sojourning at a favourite watering-place—always crowded during the season—and where Mr Combermere, a rich citizen, could join his family every week, and inhale a breath of pure air. Charles did not particularly like the Combermeres. Mrs Combermere was a fussy woman, full of absurd pretension, and with a weakness for forming aristocratic acquaintance, which had more than once led her into extravagance, ending in disappointment and mortification. The Misses Combermere inherited their mamma's weakness; they were comely damsels, and expectant sharers of papa's wealth, who was 'very particular' on whom he bestowed his treasures. Bell and Lucy had been at school with Barbara Norman, and a strong friendship—a school friendship—had been struck up amongst the trio, whom the French dancing-master denominated 'the Graces.' And now Barbara had received an invitation to stay with them for a fortnight, a private postscript being inserted by Miss Bell, to the effect that 'Bab must be sure to come very smart, for there were most elegant people there, and *such beaux*!'

Bab went accordingly on Saturday, escorted by Mr

Combermere, who always returned on the following Monday. Never before had Bab beheld so gay a scene; never till now had she looked on the glorious ocean; never had she promenaded to the sounds of such exhilarating music. Her pretty little head was quite bewildered, though in the midst of all her delight she wished for Charles and Cary, and the children; there was such delicious bathing for the tiny ones; such digging with their little spades in the golden sands! Innocent, happy gold-diggers they!

She found Mrs Combermere and the girls in the full swing of sea-side dissipation—quite open-house kept, free-and-easy manners, which at home would not have been tolerated. But it came only once a year, and they could afford it. Quite established as an intimate, was a tall young gentleman, with delicate moustache, who seemed to be on terms of friendly familiarity with half the aristocracy of the nation. Mrs Combermere whispered to Bab, that Mr Newton was a most 'patrician person,' of the 'highest connections;' they had met with him on the sands, where he had been of signal use in assisting Mrs Combermere over the shingles on a stormy day. He was so gentlemanly and agreeable, that they could not do otherwise than ask him in; he had remained to tea, and since then had been a regular visitor.

Mr Newton had been at first treated with great coolness by Mr Combermere; the latter gentleman did not like strangers, and always looked on a moustache with suspicion. But Mr Newton was so deferential, so unexceptionable in deportment, and prudent in his general sentiments, warmly advocating Mr Combermere's political opinions, that he had at last won the good opinion even of the father of the family. Besides, he paid no particular attention to the Misses Combermere: there was no danger of his making up to them—that was clear; and Mrs Combermere, mother-like, felt a little mortified and chagrined at such palpable indifference. But when pretty Bab Norman appeared, the case was different: her brunette complexion and sparkling dark eyes elicited marked admiration from the patrician Mr Newton; and he remarked in an off-hand way—*sotto voce*, as if to himself: 'By Jupiter! how like she is to dear Lady Mary Manvers.' Bab felt very much flattered by the comparison, and immediately began to like Mr Newton immensely; he was so distinguished, so fascinating, so refined. Bab did not add, that he had singled her out as an especial object of attention, even when the fair dashing Misses Combermere challenged competition.

The fortnight passed swiftly away—too swiftly, alas! thought little Barbara Norman; for at the expiration of the term, Mrs Combermere did not ask her to prolong the visit, but suffered her to depart, again under the escort of Mr Combermere, without a word of regret at parting. Cruel Mrs Combermere! she wished to keep Mr Newton's society all to herself and her daughters! However, the young gentleman asked Barbara for permission to pay his respects to her when he returned to the metropolis; this had been accorded by Barbara, who, on her return to Pentonville, for the first time found that comfortable home 'insufferably dull and stupid.' Edward Leslie, too—how dull and stupid even he was, after the chattering perfumed loungers of the elysium she had just quitted! Yet Edward was never considered either dull or stupid by competent judges; but, quite the contrary—a sensible, well-informed, gentlemanly personage. But, then, he had no great friends, no patrician weaknesses; he knew nothing about racing, or betting, or opera-dancers, or slang in general. In short, he seemed flat and insipid to Bab, who had been compared to the beautiful Lady Mary Manvers by the soft and persuasive tongue of Lady Mary Manvers's dear friend. Yet, in her secret heart of hearts, Bab drew comparisons by no means disadvantageous to Edward Leslie. 'Yea,' thought Bab, 'I like Mr Newton best

by the sea-side in summer-time, when harp-music floats on the balmy air; then I should always like him, if summer was all the year round. But for everyday life, for winter hours, for home, in short, I'm sure I like Edward Leslie best—I'm sure I love Edward Leslie;' and Bab blushed and hesitated, though she was quite alone. Cary listened good-naturedly to all Bab's descriptions of the happiness she had enjoyed; and Cary thought, from all Bab said, that Mr Newton must be at least some great lord in disguise. She felt quite nervous at the idea of his coming to such a humble house as theirs, when he talked of parks, and four-in-hands, and baronial halls, as things with which he was familiar, and regarded as matters of course. Cary hoped that Charles and Edward Leslie would be present when Mr Newton called, because they were fit to associate with royalty itself. Cary had a very humble opinion of herself—sweet, gentle soul! Charles often wished his dear sister Bab might closely resemble her. At length, Bell Combermere wrote to say, they were about returning to town; and Mr Newton declared he could not remain behind. Bab's heart fluttered and palpitated at each sound the knocker gave; and she was thankful that Cary's cousin, Miss Ward, was staying with them, to call attention off from herself.

Miss Ward was an accomplished, charming woman of middle age, who for years had resided in the Earl of St Elmer's family as governess—greatly valued for her many estimable qualities. Not being in robust health, she had absented herself for a short season from her onerous duties, and in her dear friend and cousin's house, sought and obtained quiet and renovation. Miss Ward often found difficulty in repressing a smile at Bab's superfluous graces and animated gestures; but it was a kindly smile, for the stately conventionalities amongst which she usually existed, rendered these traits of less refined manners rather refreshing than otherwise. Miss Ward was out when Mrs Combermere's equipage drove up to Mr Norman's door; and that large lady, with her daughter Bell, accompanied by Mr Newton, made their way up stairs to Mrs Norman's drawing-room. Mrs Combermere was always astoundingly grand and patronising when she honoured Cary with a call; Mrs Combermere liked to call upon folks whom she denominated inferiors—to impress them with an overwhelming idea of her importance. But on the simple-minded literal Cary, this honour was lost, she received it with such composure and unconscious placidity: on Bab it produced, indeed, the desired effect; but whether it was Mrs Combermere's loud talking and boasting, or Mr Newton's easy negligence and patronising airs, that caused her to colour and hesitate, it is not possible to define. Bab was not herself; and she began to be ashamed of living in Pentonville, when Mr Newton spoke of Belgravia. Miss Ward, who had returned from her shopping excursion, glided into the room unnoticed, in the middle of a description Mr Newton was giving of a magnificent place, belonging to a dear friend, with whom he had been staying, ere he had the 'unspeakable felicity of meeting Mrs Combermere.'

'Your description is a graphic one, John Blomfield,' said Miss Ward in a low voice close to his ear; 'but how came you here—in this company?'

John Blomfield, *alias* John Newton, started as if an adder had bitten him, and gazed frantically upon the intruder. 'Miss Ward, madam,' he exclaimed involuntarily, 'don't say more, and I'll go this instant!'

'Then go,' continued Miss Ward majestically, pointing to the door; 'and beware, John Blomfield, how you dare to enter a gentleman's house unauthorised again.'

Pale and crest-fallen, the young gentleman and dear friend of Lady Mary Manvers vanished; nor did he require a second bidding to rush down stairs, and out

at the front-door, which was slammed violently after him.

'What does this mean, ma'am?' inquired Mrs Combermere, very red in the face, and looking terribly frightened—'what does this all mean, ma'am?'

'Only,' replied Miss Ward quietly, 'that this individual, who calls himself Mr Newton, and whose conversation I overheard after entering the apartment, is in reality John Blomfield, *ci devant* valet to Lord Lilburne, the eldest son of the Earl of St Elmer, in whose family I have the honour to be governess. His lordship shewed toleration and kindness unprecedented towards the ungrateful young man, on account of his respectable parentage, and the excellent abilities and aptitude for instruction he displayed. But I grieve to say, John Blomfield was discharged from Lord Lilburne's service, under circumstances which left no doubt on our minds that he was guilty of dishonest practices—of pilfering, in short, to a considerable extent. We heard that he still continued his evil course; but though knowing him to possess both skill and effrontery, I was almost as much startled as the delinquent himself, to behold him thus playing the fine gentleman, and lounging on Cary's sofa.'

A faint groan escaped from Miss Combermere as she ejaculated: 'Oh, my pearl necklace!' and a still deeper and more audible sigh from her mamma, as the words burst forth: 'Oh, my diamond *bandeau*!' which led to an explanation from the distressed and bewildered ladies, of how they had intrusted these precious jewels to Mr Newton, who urged them on returning to town to have them reset, volunteering to take them himself to Lady Mary Manvers's own jeweller, a 'first-rate fellow, who worked only for the aristocracy.' 'They must not be in a hurry,' Mr Newton said, 'for the first-rate fellow was so torn to pieces by duchesses and countesses, that even weeks might elapse before their comparatively trifling order could be attended to.'

'I fear,' said Miss Ward commiseratingly, 'that you will not see your valuables again. John Blomfield is a clever rascal, and has good taste too,' continued Miss Ward smiling, 'for he invariably selects pretty things. I hope, my dear—turning to Bab, who sat silent and petrified—'your beautiful gold repeater set with brilliants is safe, and that it did not require repairs or alterations, to induce you to part with it into Mr Newton's hands? I doubt not he had an eye to it eventually.'

Poor Bab—what a blow to her vanity! She could only murmur something about the watch being very dear to her, because it had belonged to her deceased mother, and that she always wore it round her neck.

'And I don't think that Bab would part with it out of her hands to any one,' said Cary, 'if we except ourselves, save to Edward Leslie; but he is such a careful soul, that one would not mind intrusting him with the most precious treasure on earth.'

Bab blushed very deeply at this speech, because she saw a covert smile on Miss Ward's speaking countenance. That lady, notwithstanding her amiability and philanthropic character, rather enjoyed the consternation and confusion of Mrs and Miss Combermere, who retreated more humbly than they had entered, having received a lesson which, it is to be hoped, they profited by for the remainder of their lives. The pearl necklace and diamond *bandeau* were not recovered, though a reward was offered by the enraged Mr Combermere for the apprehension of the thief; yet Miss Bell with tears declared, that she would far rather lose her pearl necklace than give evidence against one whose attractive qualities she could not cease to remember.

Very shortly after this affair, Barbara had another short trip to the sea-side, and with a companion whose happiness equalled her own: it was the honeymoon excursion, and Edward Leslie was Bab's companion

for life. After this second sea-side sojourn, the bride returned to a pretty house of her own, quite near to Charles and Cary; and Barbara was never heard to complain of finding it dull or stupid, though summer does not last all the year round with any of us.

MR JERDAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE first of a series of volumes, designed to contain the literary, political, and social reminiscences of Mr Jerdan during the last fifty years, has just seen the light. It will be found to be one of the most amusing books of the day, and also not without a moral of its own kind. We presume it is of no use to debate how far it is allowable to bring before the public matters pertaining to private life, and about which living individuals may feel a delicacy. The time for such questions seems past. Assuming so much, we at least feel pretty sure that the lives and characters of living men could scarcely be in gentler or more genial hands than those of William Jerdan.

Mr Jerdan is chiefly known as having been for a third of a century the editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, a work which used to report on literature with a sympathy for authors strikingly in contrast with the tone of some of its contemporaries, in whom it would almost appear as if the saying of a kind word, or even the doing of simple justice towards a book, were felt as a piece of inexcusable weakness. He is now, at seventy, relieved from his cares, with little tangible result from his long and active career; but for this the readers of his autobiography will be at no loss to account. Jerdan has evidently been a kind-hearted, mirth-making, to-morrow-defying mortal all his days, as if he had patriotically set himself from the beginning to prove that Scotland could produce something different from those hosts of staid, sober, calculating men for which it has become so much distinguished. We speak here, indeed, according to the English apprehension of the Scotch character, for in Scotland, strange to say—that is, to Englishmen it will appear strange—the people believe themselves to be remarkable for want of foresight—'aye wise ahint the hand,' is their own self-portraiture—and for a certain ardour of genius which leads them into all sorts of scrapes. The issue is, after all, a hard one, and viewing the long services of Mr Jerdan to the literary republic, we would hope that a cheerful life-evening is still in store for him.

Our autobiographer tells, with all due modesty, of his early days at Kelso—the respectable friends by whom he was surrounded—his acquiring the reputation of a clever youth, and running nigh being a good deal spoilt in consequence. At nineteen, he went to London, to enter the counting-house of a mercantile uncle, and during two years spent there, formed an acquaintance with a group of young men, several of whom have since become distinguished. Among these were Messrs Pirie and Lawrie, since Lord Mayors of London—David, William, and Frederick Pollock, of whom the last is now Chief Baron of Exchequer—and Mr Wilde, who has since been Lord Chancellor. Interrupted in his career by a severe illness, he returned to Scotland to recruit, and soon after was placed with an Edinburgh writer to the Signet, to study the mysteries of law. The Scottish capital was then a much more frolicsome place than now, and Jerdan entered heartily into all its humours, spent merry evenings with Tom Sheridan and Joseph Gillan, attended mason-lodges, joined the Volunteers, and, seeing a fountain one day, wished to be it, for then he should have nothing to do but play. The natural result followed in a second severe illness, out of which his kind master, Corrie Elliott, endeavoured to recover him by a commission to ride through a range of mountain parishes in the south, in order to search for genealogical particulars illustrative of a case between Lady Forbes, born Miss Hunter of Polmoed,

and two gentlemen named Hunter, who claimed her estate.

'I travelled,' says our autobiographer, 'from manse to manse, and received unbounded hospitalities from the ministers, whilst I examined their kirk-registers, and extracted from them every entry where the name of Hunter or Welsh was to be found. Never was task more gratifying. The *bonhomie* of the priests, and the simplicity of their parishioners, were a new world to me, whilst they, the clergy, men of piety and learning, considered themselves as out of the world altogether. The population was thin and scattered, the mode of living primitive in the extreme, and the visit of a stranger, so insignificant as myself, quite enough to make a great sensation in these secluded parts. I found the ministers ingenuous, free from all puritanism, and generally well informed. . . . The examination of the parish books was also a labour of love and source of endless amusement. They mostly went as far back as a century and a half, and were, in the elder times, filled with such entries as bespoke a very strange condition of society. The inquisitorial practices and punitive powers of the ministry could not be exceeded in countries enslaved by the priesthood of the Church of Rome. Forced confessions, the denial of religious rites even on the bed of death, excommunication, shameful exposures, and a rigid and minute interference in every domestic or private concern, indicated a state of things which must have been intolerable. High and low were obliged to submit to this offensive discipline and domination. . . . My duty was thus pleasantly and satisfactorily performed. My note-book was full. My skill in deciphering obsolete manuscript was cultivated and improved; and my health was restored as if by miracle. Of other incidents and results I shall only state, that on one occasion, to rival Bruce in Abyssinia, I dined off mutton whilst the sheep nibbled the grass upon the lawn, our fare being the amputated tails of the animals, which made a very dainty dish—that on reaching Edinburgh, my hackney, having from a dark gallop over a ground where a murder had been committed not long before, and being put into a cold stable, lost every hair on its hide like a scalded pig, subjected me to half his price in lieu of damage—and that the famous and ancient Polmood remained in the possession of Lord Forbes, as inherited from the charter of King Robert, who gave the lands for ever, "as high up as heaven, and as low down as hell," to the individual named in the grant, which was witnessed "by Meg, my wife, and Marjory, my nourice."

Despairing of doing any good in Edinburgh, Mr Jerdan, while still only twenty-three, resorted once more to London, though without any definite object in view. While pursuing his usual light-hearted career, he got into debt and difficulties, and experienced the consequent annoyances with the sense of being an injured man, 'whereas it was I who had wronged myself.' 'It was now,' he adds, 'that I got my first lesson of that fatal truth—that debt is the greatest curse which can beset the course of a human being. It cools his friends and heats his enemies; it throws obstacles in the way of his every advance towards independence; it degrades him in his own estimation, and exposes him to humiliation from others, however beneath him in station and character; it marks him for injustice and spoil; it weakens his moral perceptions and benumbs his intellectual faculties; it is a burden not to be borne consistently with fair hopes of fortune, or that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, both in a worldly and eternal sense. But I shall have much to say on the subject in the future pages of this biography, though I cannot omit the opportunity afforded by my earliest taste of the bitter fruit which poisons every pulse of existence, earnestly to exhort my youthful readers to deny them-

selves every expense which they cannot harmlessly afford, and revel on bread and water and a lowly couch, in humility and patience, rather than incur the obligation of a single sixpence beyond their actual means.'

At length, about 1806, he gravitated into what was perhaps his natural position—the press; taking a concern in a daily paper called the *Aurora*, which was got up by the hotel-keepers of London. This speculation did not answer. It was destined to verify a late saying: 'If you want anything spoilt or ruined, you cannot do better than confide it to a committee.' 'Our rulers,' says Jerdan, 'though intelligent and sensible men, were neither literary nor conversant with journalism. Under any circumstances, their interference would have been injurious, but it was rendered still more fatal by their differences in political opinion, and two or three of the number setting up to write "leaders" themselves. The clashing and want of *ensemble* was speedily obvious and detrimental; our readers became perfect weathercocks, and could not reconcile themselves to themselves from day to day. They wished, of course, to be led, as all well-informed citizens are, by their newspaper; and they would not blow hot and cold in the manner prescribed for all the coffee-room politicians in London. In the interior, the hubbub and confusion of the republic of letters was meanwhile exceedingly amusing to the looker-on; we were of all parties and shades of opinion: the proprietor of the King's Head was an ultra Tory, and swore by George III. as the best of sovereigns—the Crown Hotel was very loyal, but more moderate—the Bell Inn would give a strong pull for the Church—whilst the Cross-Keys was infected with Romish predilections. The Cockpit was warlike; the Olive-Tree, pacific; the Royal Oak, patriotic; the Rummer, democratic; the Hole-in-the-Wall, seditious. Many a dolorous pull at the porter-pot and sapientious declination of his head had the perplexed and bemused editor, before he could effect any tolerable compromise of contradictions for the morning's issue: at the best, the sheet appeared full of signs and wonders!' In short, the paper failed.

Mr Jerdan passed through various situations on various papers, as the elegant language of Cockneydom hath it, and thus he has been enabled to give some curious sketches of the *personnel* of the press in those days. In the *Morning Post*, he took a strong part against the Mary-Anne-Clarke investigation, and caused a marvellous sinking of the circulation in consequence. He, nevertheless, consented to go and see that celebrated lady, and confesses to have been softened by her blandishments. One of the most remarkable occurrences of that period was his witnessing the assassination of the prime minister, Perceval, in May 1812. He had saluted the premier, as he was passing into the lobby of the House of Commons, and had held back the spring-door to allow him precedence in entering, when instantly there was a noise within. 'I saw a small curling wreath of smoke rise above his head, as if the breath of a cigar; I saw him reel back against the ledge on the inside of the door; I heard him exclaim: "O God!" or "O my God!" and nothing more or longer (as reported by several witnesses), for even that exclamation was faint; and then, making an impulsive rush, as it were, to reach the entrance to the House on the opposite side for safety, I saw him totter forward, not half way, and drop dead between the four pillars which stood there in the centre of the space, with a slight trace of blood issuing from his lips.

'All this took place ere, with moderate speed, you could count five! Great confusion, and almost as immediately great alarm, ensued. Loud cries were uttered, and rapidly conflicting orders and remarks on every hand made a perfect Babel of the scene; for there were above a score of people in the lobby, and on the instant no one seemed to know what had been done

or by whom. The corpse of Mr Perceval was lifted up by Mr William Smith, the member for Norwich, assisted by Lord Francis Osborne, a Mr Phillips, and several others, and borne into the office of the Speaker's secretary, by the small passage on the left hand, beyond and near the fireplace. Pallid and deadly, close by the murderer, it must have been; for in a moment after, Mr Eastaff, one of the clerks of the Vote Office at the last door on that side, pointed him out, and called: "That is the murderer!" Bellingham moved slowly to a bench on the hither side of the fireplace, near at hand, and sat down. I had in the first instance run forward to render assistance to Mr Perceval, but only witnessed the lifting of his body, followed the direction of Mr Eastaff's hand, and seized the assassin by the collar, but without violence on one side, or resistance on the other. Comparatively speaking, a crowd now came up, and among the earliest Mr Vincent Dowling, Mr John Norris, Sir Charles Long, Sir Charles Burrell, Mr Henry Burgess, and, in a minute or two, General Gascoigne from a committee-room up stairs, and Mr Hume, Mr Whitbread, Mr Pole, and twelve or fifteen members from the House. Meanwhile, Bellingham's neckcloth had been stripped off, his vest unbuttoned, and his chest laid bare. The discharged pistol was found beside him, and its companion was taken, loaded and primed, from his pocket. An opera-glass, papers, and other articles, were also pulled forth, principally by Mr Dowling, who was on his left, whilst I stood on his right hand; and except for his frightful agitation, he was as passive as a child. Little was said to him. General Gascoigne on coming up, and getting a glance through the surrounding spectators, observed that he knew him at Liverpool, and asked if his name was Bellingham, to which he returned no answer; but the papers rendered further question on this point unnecessary. Mr Lynn, a surgeon in Great George Street, adjacent, had been hastily sent for, and found life quite extinct, the ball having entered in a slanting direction from the hand of the tall assassin, and passed into his victim's heart. Some one came out of the room with this intelligence, and said to Bellingham: "Mr Perceval is dead! Villain! how could you destroy so good a man, and make a family of twelve children orphans?" To which he almost mournfully replied: "I am sorry for it." Other observations and questions were addressed to him by bystanders; in answer to which he spoke incoherently, mentioning the wrongs he had suffered from government, and justifying his revenge on grounds similar to those he used, at length, in his defence at the Old Bailey.

I have alluded to Bellingham's "frightful agitation" as he sat on the bench, and all this dreadful work was going on; and I return to it, to describe it as far as words can convey an idea of the shocking spectacle. I could only imagine something like it in the overwrought painting of a powerful romance-writer, but never before could conceive the physical suffering of a strong muscular man, under the tortures of a distracted mind. Whilst his language was cool, the agonies which shook his frame were actually terrible. His countenance wore the hue of the grave, blue and cadaverous; huge drops of sweat ran down from his forehead, like rain on the window-pane in a heavy storm, and, coursing his pallid cheeks, fell upon his person, where their moisture was distinctly visible; and from the bottom of his chest to his gorge, rose and receded, with almost every breath, a spasmodic action, as if a body, as large or larger than a billiard-ball, were choking him. The miserable wretch repeatedly struck his chest with the palm of his hand to abate this sensation, but it refused to be repressed.

Our author makes a curious remark on the case—namely, that the first examinations are calculated to give the future historian a more faithful idea of the trans-

action than the record of the trial. Even in the short interval of four days, witnesses had become confused in their recollections, mistaking things which they had only heard of for things they had beheld. The unhappy culprit perished on the scaffold only a week after his crime.

Jerdan, who assumed the editorship of the *Sun* in 1818, was a flaming Tory of the style of that day, and accordingly enjoyed the triumph of Europe over Bonaparte. In Paris, immediately after the Allies had entered it, he feasted his eyes with the singular spectacles presented, and the personal appearance of the heroes he had been employed for some years in celebrating. Here is a scene at Beauvillier's restaurant in the Rue de Richelieu, where 700 people dined every day. 'It was on the first or second day, that a fair Saxon-looking gentleman came and seated himself at my table. I think he chose the seat adventitiously, from having observed or gathered that I was fresh from London. We speedily entered into conversation, and he pointed out to me some of the famous individuals who were doing justice to the Parisian cookery at the various tables around—probably about twenty in all. As he mentioned their names, I could not repress my enthusiasm—a spirit burning over England when I left it only a few days before—and my new acquaintance seemed to be much gratified by my ebullitions. "Well," said he to a question from me, "that is Davidoff, the colonel of the Black Cossacks." I shall not repeat my exclamations of surprise and pleasure at the sight of this terrific leader, who had hovered over the enemy everywhere, cut off so many resources, and performed such incredible marches and actions as to render him and his Cossacks the dread of their foes. "Is this," inquired my companion, "the opinion of England?" I assured him it was, and let out the secret of my editorial consequence, in proof that I was a competent witness. On this, a change of scene ensued. My *incognito* walked across to Davidoff, who forthwith filled, and sent me a glass of his wine—the glass he was using—and drank my health. I followed the example, and sent mine in return, and the compliment was completed. But it did not stop with this single instance. My new fair-complexioned friend went to another table, and spoke with a bronzed and hardy-looking warrior, from whom he came with another similar bumper to me, and the request that I would drink wine with General Czernicheff. I was again in flames; but it is unnecessary to repeat the manner in which I, on that to me memorable day, took wine with half a dozen of the most distinguished generals in the allied service.

Whilst this toasting-bout was going on, a seedy-looking old gentleman came in, and I noticed that some younger officers rose and offered him a place, which he rejected, till a vacancy occurred, and then he quietly sat down, swallowed his two dozen of green oysters as a whet, and proceeded to dine with an appetite. By this time, my *vis-à-vis* had resumed his seat, and, after what had passed, I felt myself at liberty to ask him the favour of informing me who he himself was! I was soon answered. He was a Mr Parish, of Hamburg, whose prodigious commissariat engagements with the grand army had been fulfilled in a manner to prosper the war; and I was now at no loss to account for his intimacy with its heroes. It so happened that I knew, and was on friendly terms with some of his near relations; and so the two hours I have described took the value of two years. But the climax had to come. Who was the rather seedy-looking personage whom the aide-de-camp appeared so ready to accommodate? Oh, that was Blucher! If I was outrageous before, I was mad now. I explained to Mr Parish the feeling of England with regard to this hero; and that, amid the whole host of great and illustrious names, his had become the most glorious of all, and was really the one which

filled most unanimously and loudly the trump of fame. He told me that an assurance of this would be most gratifying to the marshal, who thought much of the approbation of England, and asked my leave to communicate to him what I had said. I could have no objection; but after a short colloquy, Blucher did not send his glass to me—he came himself; and I hobbled with the immortal soldier. I addressed him in French, to which he would not listen; and I then told him in English of the glorious estimation in which he was held in my country, which Mr Parish translated into German; and if ever high gratification was evinced by man, it was by Blucher on this occasion. I had the honour of breakfasting with him at his hotel next morning, when the welcome matter was discussed more circumstantially; and he evinced the greatest delight.

Here we must part with Mr Jerdan, but only, we hope, to meet him again ere long in a second volume.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

THE SOMERSET AND OVERBURY TRAGEDY.

THE history of the unworthy favourites whom James I. of England raised to a power so extravagant, has always been surrounded with a tragic mystery. One of them, Buckingham, was stabbed by an assassin; the other, Somerset, was condemned to death for murder. The extravagant dignities and emoluments heaped on these unworthy men, are utterly beyond the belief of those who live under the constitutional government of the present day. Nor was it enough that they obtained the highest titles in the peerage, and large grants out of the public money; they were rewarded in a manner still more dangerous to the public welfare, by being invested with the great, responsible offices of state, which were thus held by young men totally inexperienced, instead of responsible and capable ministers. Of course, they distributed all the inferior offices among their relations and connections; and a witty annalist of the day describes the children of the reigning favourite's kindred as swarming about the palaces, and skipping up and down the back-stairs like so many fairies. They had been raised in early youth from a humble condition to this dazzling elevation, and it was only too much in accordance with the frailty of human nature that they should lose head—feel as if they were under no responsibility to their fellow-men—and, as Shakspeare says, 'play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as make the angels weep.' Such rapid and ill-founded prosperity never lasts; and generally he who has ascended like a blazing rocket, tumbles to the earth like its charred and blackened socket.

Carr, afterwards made Earl of Somerset, was a raw Scotch youth, without education or training, when he was first brought under the notice of the king by chancing to have his leg broken in the royal presence in an attempt to mount a fiery horse. When once taken into favour, the king did not care whom he offended, or what injustice he did, to enrich the fortunate youth. When he was besought to spare the heritage of the illustrious and unfortunate Raleigh, he said peevishly: 'I mun have it for Carr—I mun have it for Carr!' The favourite desired to have for his wife the Lady Frances Howard, who had been married to the Earl of Essex. The holiest bonds must be broken to please him, and the marriage was shamefully dissolved. This did no great injury, indeed, to Essex. The union had been one entirely of interest, contracted

when both were mere children. He was the same Essex who afterwards figured in the civil war—a grave, conscientious, earnest man, who could have had little sympathy with a woman so giddy and unprincipled. She suited better with the profligate Somerset; but had it not been that the king's favourite demanded it to be dissolved, the original union would have been held sacred.

Great court pageants and festivities hailed the marriage of Carr with the divorced Lady Essex, and the proudest of England's nobility vied with each other in doing honour to the two vile persons thus unpropitiously united. The chief-justice, Coke, and the illustrious Bacon, bowed in the general crowd before their ascendancy. It has been maintained that Ben Jonson, in his rough independence, refused to write a masque for the occasion of these wicked nuptials; but this has been denied; and it is said, that the reason why his works contain no avowed reference to the occasion, is because they were not published until Somerset's fall. The event took place in 1613: three years afterwards, the same crowd of courtiers and great officers were assembled in Westminster Hall, to behold the earl and countess on their trial for murder.

Sir Thomas Overbury, a man of great talent, who lived, like many other people of that period, by applying his capacity to state intrigues, had been committed to the Tower at the instigation of Somerset. He died there suddenly; and a suspicion arose that he had been poisoned by Somerset and his countess. A curious account of the transactions which immediately followed, has been preserved in a work called *A Detection of the State and Court of England during the last Four Reigns*. It is the more curious, as the author, Roger Coke, was a grandson of Sir Edward, the great chief-justice, who was a principal actor in the scene. The king was at Royston, accompanied by Somerset, when it appears that Sir Ralph Winwood informed his majesty of the suspicions that were abroad against the favourite. The king immediately determined to inform Coke; but it is feared that the determination arose not from a desire to execute strict justice, but because another favourite, George Villiers, who afterwards became Duke of Buckingham, had already superseded Somerset in the king's esteem.

A message was immediately despatched to Sir Edward Coke, who lived in the Temple. He was in bed when it arrived, and his son, even for one who came in the king's name, would not disturb him; 'For I know,' he said, 'my father's disposition to be such, that if he be disturbed in his sleep, he will not be fit for any business; but if you will do as we do, you shall be welcome; and about two hours hence my father will rise, and you may then do as you please.' This was at one o'clock of the morning. Precisely at three, a little bell rang, announcing that the most laborious and profound lawyer whom England has ever produced, had begun the toilsome business of the day. It was his practice to go to bed at nine in the evening, and wake at three, and, in every other detail of his life, he pursued this with clock-work uniformity. When he saw the papers laid before him by the messenger, he immediately granted a warrant against Somerset, on a charge of murder.

The favourite, little knowing what a pitfall had been dug in his seemingly prosperous path, was still at Royston, enjoying the most intimate familiarity with the king, when the messenger returned. Deception was

so much of an avowed principle with King James, and was so earnestly supported by him, as one of the functions and arts of kingcraft, that in his hands it almost lost its treacherous character, and assumed the appearance of sincerity. He held that a king who acted openly and transparently, neglected his duty, as the vicergerent of the Deity; and that, for the sake of good government and the happiness of his people, he was bound always to conceal his intentions under false appearances, or, when necessary, under false statements. Somerset was sitting beside the king, whose hand rested familiarly on his shoulder, when the warrant was served on him. The haughty favourite frowned, and turned to his master with an exclamation against the insolence of daring to arrest a peer of the realm in the presence of his sovereign. But the king gave him poor encouragement, pretending to be very much alarmed by the power of the chief-justice, and saying: 'Nay, man, if Coke were to send for me, I must go.' Somerset was obliged to accompany the messenger. The king, still keeping up his hypocrisy, wailed over his departure—pathetically praying that their separation might not be a long one. It was said by the bystanders, that when Somerset was out of hearing, he was heard to say: 'The devil go wi' thee—I shall never see thy face more.'

The earl and countess were formally indicted before their peers on a charge of murder. It is now that the mystery of the story begins. It has never appeared clearly what motive they could have had for murdering Sir Thomas Overbury, and the evidence against them is very indistinct and incoherent; yet the countess confessed, and her husband was found guilty. It was attempted to be shewn, that Overbury had opposed the divorce of the Earl and Countess of Essex, and so had done his best to prevent the union of the favourite with the lady; but whatever opposition he had offered had been overcome; and it is difficult to suppose the revengeful passions so gratuitously pertinacious as to produce a deep assassination-plot from such a cause. So far as one can judge from the extremely disjointed notices of the evidence in the *State Trials* and elsewhere, it was very inconclusive. Sir Thomas certainly died of some violent internal attack. Other persons had been forming plans to poison him, and apparently were successful. The connection of these persons with the earl and countess was, however, faint. They were in communication with Overbury, and it is true some mysterious expressions were used by them—such as the lady saying to some one, that her lord had written to her how 'he wondered things were not yet despatched,' and such-like expressions. Then there was a story about the conveyance from the countess of 'a white powder,' intended as a medicine for Sir Thomas, and subsequently of some tarts. As to the latter, there was a letter from the countess to the lieutenant of the Tower, saying: 'I was bid to bid you say, that these tarts came not from me;' and again, 'I was bid to tell you, that you must take heed of the tarts, because there be letters in them, and therefore neither give your wife nor children of them, but of the wine you may, for there are no letters in it.' Through Somerset's influence, Sir W. Wade had been superseded as lieutenant of the Tower, and Sir Jervis Elwes appointed. It was said, that this was done for the purpose of having better opportunity for committing the murder. Elwes in his examination, however, hinted at the more commonplace crime of bribery as the cause of his elevation. 'He saith Sir T. Monson told him that Wade was to be removed, and if he succeeded Sir W. Wade, he must bleed—that is, give £2000.' To bleed is supposed, when so employed, to be a cant term of modern origin. It is singular how many of these terms, supposed to be quite ephemeral, are met with in old documents. 'Bilking a coachman' occurs in a trial of the reign of Charles II.—that of Coal for the murder of Dr Clench.

In an important part of the trial of Somerset there occurs another cant word: it is in the speech of Sir Randal Crew, one of the king's sergeants, against the accused. He represents the ghost of Overbury apostrophising his murderers in this manner: 'And are you thus fallen from me, or rather are you thus heavily fallen upon me to overthrow—to oppress him thus cruelly, thus treacherously, by whose vigilance, counsel, and labour, you have attained your honourable place, your estimation in the world for a worthy and well-deserving *gent.*?' After using this now well-known slang expression, the learned sergeant continues to say: 'Have I not waked, that you might sleep; cared, that you might enjoy? Have not I been the cabinet of your secrets, which I did ever keep faithfully, without the loss of any one to your prejudice; but by the officious, trusty, careful, and friendly use of them, have gained unto you a sweet and great interest of honour, love, reputation, wealth, and whatsoever might yield contentment and satisfaction to your desires? Have I done all this, to suffer this thus by you, for whom I have so lived as if my sand came in your hour-glass?'

This, though it does not divulge the secret of these strange proceedings, brings us apparently on their scent. It appears that Overbury had acted as the tutor and prompter of Somerset as a statesman. There is an expression sometimes used in politics at the present day, when an inexperienced person, who has the good-fortune to rise to some high office which he has not sufficient knowledge to administer, seeks instruction and guidance from some veteran less fortunate. He is then said to be put to nurse with him. A young ensign under training by a veteran sergeant is a good instance of this. Somerset, raw, uneducated, and untrained, had for his nurse as a courtier and politician the accomplished but less fortunate Sir Thomas Overbury. In the course of this function, Overbury could not fail to acquire some state secrets. It is supposed to have been on account of his possession of these secrets that Somerset poisoned him. But the affair goes further still, for we find that the king was much alarmed for himself on the occasion—was very anxious that the whole position of matters between Somerset and Overbury should not come out in the trial; and gave ground for the obvious inference, that whatever secrets there might be, his majesty was as deeply interested in their being kept as any one.

It was evident that the countess had been prevailed on to confess, and that the utmost pains had been used to get Somerset himself to follow her example, though, much to the king's vexation, he held out, and rendered a trial necessary. On this trial, however, there was nothing like satisfactory evidence—the peers were prepared to convict, and they did so on a few trifling attestations, which gave them a plausible excuse for their verdict. The illustrious Bacon aided the king in his object. He had on other occasions shewn abject servility to James—using towards him such expressions of indecorous flattery as these: 'Your majesty imitateth Christ, by vouchsafing me to touch the hem of your garment.' He was attorney-general, and had in that capacity to conduct the prosecution. Seeing distinctly the king's inclination, he sent a letter to him, praying, 'First, that your majesty will be careful to choose a steward [meaning a lord high-steward] to preside at the trial in the House of Lords] of judgment, that will be able to moderate the evidence, and cut off digressions; for I may interrupt, but I cannot silence; the other, that there may be special care taken for ordering the evidence, not only for the knitting but the list, and, to use your majesty's own words—the *confining* of it. This to do, if your majesty vouchsafe to direct it yourself, that is the best; but if not, I humbly pray you to require my lord chancellor, that he, together with my lord chief-justice, will confer with myself and

my fellows that shall be used for the marshalling and bounding of the evidence, that we may have the help of his opinion, as well as that of my lord chief-justice; whose great travails as I much commend, yet this same *plerophoria*, or overconfidence, doth always subject things to a great deal of chance.'

The full significance of these cautious expressions about confining and bounding the evidence, was not appreciated until the discovery of some further documents, relating to this dark subject, a few years ago. The expressions were then found to correspond with others, equally cautious, in Bacon's correspondence. Thus he talks of supplying the king with pretexts that 'might satisfy his honour for sparing the earl's life;' and in another place he says: 'It shall be my care so to moderate the matter of charging him, as it might make him not odious beyond the extent of mercy.'

The drift of all this is, in the first place, that as little of the real truth as possible should be divulged in the trial, and that Bacon and others should manage so as to let out enough to get a conviction and no more; hence the evidence is so fragmentary and unsatisfactory, that none but a tribunal prepared to be very easily satisfied could have formed any conclusion from it. In the second place, it was the king's object that Somerset should be assured all along that his life would be spared. The object of this certainly was to prevent him, in his despair, from uttering that secret, whatever it was, about which the king was so terribly alarmed. The reader may now expect some further elucidation of this part of the mystery.

In Sir Anthony Weldon's *Court and Character of King James* (p. 36), we have the following statement in reference to the trial:—

'And now for the last act, enters Somerset himself on the stage, who being told (as the manner is) by the lieutenant, that he must go next day to his trial, did absolutely refuse it, and said they should carry him in his bed; that the king had assured him he should not come to any trial—neither *durst* the king bring him to trial. This was in a high strain, and in a language not well understood by Sir George Moore, then lieutenant in Elwes's room—that made Moore quiver and shake. And however he was accounted a wise man, yet he was near at his wits' end.' This conversation had such an effect on the lieutenant, that though it was twelve o'clock at night, he sped instantly to Greenwich, to see the king. Then he 'bowneth at the back-stair, as if mad;' and Loweston, the Scotch groom, aroused from sleep, comes in great surprise to ask 'the reason of that distemper at so late a season.' Moore tells him, he must speak with the king. Loweston replies: 'He is quiet'—which, in the Scottish dialect, is fast asleep. Moore says: 'You must awake him.' We are then told that Moore was called in, and had a secret audience. 'He tells the king those passages, and requires to be directed by the king, for he was gone beyond his own reason to hear such bold and undutiful expressions from a faulty subject against a just sovereign. The king falls into a passion of tears: "On my soul, Moore, I wot not what to do! Thou art a wise man—help me in this great straight, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master;" with other sad expressions. Moore leaves the king in that passion, but assures him he will prove the utmost of his wit to serve his majesty—and was really rewarded with a suit worth to him L.1500.'

Moore returned to his prisoner, and told him, 'he had been with the king, found him a most affectionate master unto him, and full of grace in his intentions towards him; but,' he continued, 'to satisfy justice, you must appear, although you return instantly again without any further proceedings—only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you.' Somerset seemed satisfied; but Weldon states, that Moore, to render matters quite safe,

set two men, placed one on each side of Somerset during his trial, with cloaks hanging on their arms, 'giving them withal a peremptory order, if that Somerset did any way fly out on the king, they should instantly hood-wink him with that cloak, take him violently from the bar, and carry him away—for which he would secure them from any danger, and they should not want also a bountiful reward. But the earl finding himself over-reached, recollected a better temper, and went calmly on his trial, when he held the company until seven at night. But who had seen the king's restless motion all that day, sending to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, cursing all that came without tidings, would have easily judged all was not right, and there had been some grounds for his fears of Somerset's boldness; but at last one bringing him word that he was condemned, and the passages, all was quiet.'

Weldon solemnly states, that he obtained all these facts from Moore's own lips. He was, however, a sarcastic, discontented writer; and being what was called an upstart, he was supposed to have a malice against kings and courts. For such reasons as these, his narrative was distrusted until its fundamental character, at all events, was confirmed by the late discovery of a bundle of letters addressed by the king to Sir George Moore. The bundle was found carefully wrapped up, and appropriately endorsed, in the repositories of Sir George's descendant. The letters will be found printed in the eighteenth volume of the *Archæologia*, or transactions of the English Antiquarian Society. The following brief extracts from them may suffice for the present occasion—the spelling is modernised:—

'GOOD SIR GEORGE—I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have of him not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you that ye cannot conjecture what this may be, for God knows it is only a trick of his idle brain, hoping thereby to shift his trial; but it is easy to be seen, that he would threaten me with laying an aspersion upon me of being in some sort accessory to his crime . . . Give him assurance in my name, that if he will yet, before his trial, confess cheerily unto the commissioners his guiltiness of this fact, I will not only perform what I promised by my last messenger both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it, according to the phrase of the civil law, &c. I mean not, that he shall confess if he be innocent, but ye know how evil likely that is; and of yourself ye may dispute with him what should mean his confidence now to endure a trial, when, as he remembers, that this last winter he confessed to the chief-justice that his cause was so evil likely as he knew no jury could acquit him. Assure him, that I protest upon my honour my end in this is for his and his wife's good. Ye will do well, likewise, of yourself, to cast out unto him, that ye fear his wife shall plead weakly for his innocency; and that ye find the commissioners have, ye know not how, some secret assurance that in the end she will confess of him—but this must only be as from yourself.'

That there was some secret of the divulgence of which the king was in the utmost terror, is thus beyond a doubt. What, then, was it? There are no means of deciding. James, it will be seen, hints to Moore, that it was a charge of accession to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. But, in the same letter, James lets us see that Moore himself did not know the exact secret; and we may fairly conjecture, that the hint was intended to put him on a wrong scent.

The earl and countess were permitted to live, spending a miserable existence with the fear of punishment hanging over them. The accounts given of the condition into which the once beautiful and too fascinating woman fell, are too disgusting to be repeated. There were many other proceedings connected with the charges for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, which

throw a curious light on the habits of the court, and especially on the criminal attempts to get rid of rivals and enemies by poison and sorcery. They may perhaps form a suitable subject for a separate paper.

A NIGHT IN A GERMAN WOOD.

So numerous are the forests here which grow in lofty and romantic sites, that a very extensive and interesting tour might be made, having them alone for its object. Such fascinating excursions should not, however, be embarked in without a guide, or a compass at the least; for these German woods are often very intricate, and run into one another in a most puzzling manner. This I learned to my cost a few months ago; and as a warning to other pedestrian tourists who may be as unpractised in such matters as I myself then was, I would now bespeak the reader's attention to my experiences of A Night in a German Wood.

Early in the autumn of the past year, whilst on a visit to a German friend who resides in one of the hilliest and best-wooded districts in Westphalia, on the confines of the classic Teutoburger Forest—after having been engaged nearly all the day in writing, I was tempted out by the freshness of the evening air and the glories of the setting sun, to take a turn in the park, which, by the by, is one of the handsomest and best laid out I have seen in any part of the continent, and a proof in itself that such things can be done—and well done too—even out of England. My intention was merely to stretch my cramped legs by a stroll to the southern angle of the demesne, and so be back in time for the quiet, early supper of the family. After moving along for a quarter of an hour under the shade of some fine old beech-trees, at the foot of a steep bank which overhangs the level meadow-ground, I came upon the outskirts of the plantations; and then turning sharp to the left, walked up along them till I had reached, as I thought, their extremity. Here, facing round, I began to turn my steps homeward; and by way of varying my route a little, struck into a shady path cut through the wood, which seemed to lead, as well as I could judge from my bearings, almost as directly back to the *schloss*—as all great country mansions here are called—as the one by which I had gone out. But after pushing rapidly along for some time in my dusky alley, I eventually emerged, much to my surprise, on an immense ploughed field, that, sloping gradually up to the spot where the sun had just set, seemed to terminate only with the visible horizon, which, however, from the very inclined angle at which the ground rose, was not very distant. Confident in the general correctness of my direction, I went on, right ahead, fancying I had only to cross this upland to be at home; but after floundering about for a good half-hour, and, in consequence of a water-course which cut it obliquely, being turned a little out of my straight direction, I found myself by moonlight on the verge of a patch of forest which was quite unknown to me. Such was my infatuation, however, and so firm my conviction of having taken correctly the relative bearings of the moon, which was now in her second quarter, and of the house, that I plunged unhesitatingly among the trees, expecting every moment to see the path through them open out upon some familiar spot in the demesne, or some portion of the surrounding country which I might have already perambulated by daylight. Though in utter darkness, from the close interweaving of the foliage, still, by raising my feet high, like a blind horse, to get over the inequalities of the way, and flourishing my stick perpetually around my head as I proceeded, to avoid coming in contact with any stray tree, or chance branch projecting into the pathway, I got prosperously through this portion of wood. But again I came out on something which was totally strange to me—a narrow valley, stretching, as well as I could

judge by the last glimmerings of twilight, to a considerable distance, flanked on each side by gloomy woods, about a quarter of a mile apart, and laid down in rye, which was nearly ready for the sickle, and dripping wet in the night-dew. Matters now began to look serious. I was completely at fault, and had entirely lost all confidence in my own pilotage. The moon had proved a faithless guide, or rather I had misconstrued her position; and my little pocket-compass was not forthcoming, thanks to the importunities of my youngest boy, who prizes it above all his own toys.

There was nothing for it now but to select that direction towards which the valley might seem slightly to descend; but this, in the imperfect twilight, was not very easily ascertained. With considerable hesitation, I decided at length on the right-hand turn, resolving to proceed till I should fall in with some rivulet, which might perhaps lead me eventually to the rapid trout-stream running close under my friend's windows, or else till I should come upon some path which might carry me into a field-road, and so perhaps to a village, where I should easily procure a guide home. So, with tottering knees and throbbing heart—for I was by this time nearly breathless—I continued to advance by the side of the standing corn, at such a pace as I could manage, uttering from time to time a lusty halloo, in hopes of making myself heard by some belated reaper or returning woodman. But my calls had no other effect than to awake the mocking echoes of the wood, or the mysterious and almost human shout of the screech-owl, and to leave me to a still more intense feeling of solitude, when these had died away. I found myself at length in a deep, hollow field-road, like those which abound in South Devon, and high overhead, on the lofty bank, stood a two-branched, weather-beaten finger-post, and a great rustic crucifix near it, looming large in the moonlight. Scrambling up the bank, with anxious peering eyes, I made out, by the dubious light of the moon, that one of the outstretched wooden arms bore, in rudely-cut letters, the name of the village beside which I was resident; and as its distance was stated, I found that, after all my windings and wanderings, I had still only got half a German mile, or about one league, astray! This was a very pleasant discovery; and accordingly I quickly wheeled about, and set off with renewed vigour at right angles to my previous line of march, having still good hopes of being at home before eleven o'clock at night, time enough to prevent any alarm on account of my absence.

The road soon, however, degenerated into a mere field-track, which, as the moon had disappeared behind clouds, just before her final setting, could only with difficulty be recognised by an occasional deep rut, felt by my stick in the soft ground; even this track at length forked out into two others—one penetrating into a wood on my right; the other opener, and with only scattered trees by its side, to the left. The latter seemed the most promising, and was accordingly selected, and followed for about ten minutes, when it, too, came upon the skirts of another wood in the opposite direction. It seemed, besides, as well as I could judge from some faint glimpses I now got of the surrounding country in a momentary gleam of moonlight, to be leading me wide of my goal: and I accordingly retraced my steps once more to where the road had divided, and taking the recently slighted right-hand path, dived in desperation in between the trees, amidst 'darkness that might be felt.' Walking steadily and quickly forward, during what seemed, in the deep gloom, a considerable time, I eventually emerged into 'the clear obscure,' the moon having at length set, and left the sky, and all such wanderers as myself, to the good offices of the stars. I was now on the opposite verge of the wood to that I had entered by, and found

myself by the side of a narrow corn-field, with another wooded hill on its further side, and heard, within hailing distance—more delightful than music to my ear—the grating sound of cart-wheels, which appeared to be going in an oblique, but nearly opposite direction to that in which I had just been moving. It was quite impossible to see anything so far off; but I hailed the presumed carter repeatedly, in my loudest and best German, asking my way.

'Follow on by the foot of the wood, and you'll get there in time,' was the reply, at length faintly heard in the distance, and the cart rumbled heavily away again, leaving me just as wise as before; for which was *head* and which was *foot* of the wood I knew no more than the child unborn. Yet I feared to dash through the intervening corn in the direction of the receding and already distant cart, neither knowing what the nature of the intermediate ground might prove, nor whether, supposing it practicable in the dark, such an infringement of rural property might not lead to disagreeable consequences, and in nowise further me in the attainment of the piece of knowledge which I stood so much in need of. So, I took on chance to my left hand, as the most distant from the finger-post I had fallen upon an hour and a half before.

The sound of the cart which long tingled in my ears, and the utter disappointment of my suddenly raised hopes, only rendered my sense of solitude and helplessness more intense. Indeed, I sometimes almost doubted whether the whole thing—cart and carter, or, rather, rumbling wheels and faint, chilling, distant voice—might not have been the delusion of my reeling brain, debilitated by overfatigue and long fasting (for every one knows the early hour at which a German dinner takes place); and on subsequent inquiry, I could not hear of any cart having passed in that quarter at all.

It was singular how long I wandered about, and every now and then in cultivated districts, without hearing a single human voice even in the earlier portion of the evening—nay, any sound whatever, save once or twice the fierce warning bark of a shepherd's dog, when I had inadvertently approached too near a sheepfold—the startling rush of some affrighted bird in the wood, flapping wildly up through the foliage—a distant village clock in some indefinite direction over the hill-top—or, finally, as on one occasion, a few remote shots, which I at first fancied might have been fired off by my friends to direct me homewards, but afterwards ascribed, more correctly, perhaps, to poachers in the woods. The manner in which the peasantry live here—in separate villages, built occasionally a good deal apart, and not in cottages scattered everywhere over the country, as with us—sufficiently accounts for this wide-spread silence.

Just as I was losing faith in the correctness of my present course, the chimes of a clock were distinctly heard, coming apparently over the top of the wooded hill on my left. I immediately turned into the wood once more, and strove to make a march directly through the trees in the direction of the sound, and right up the steep ascent, which was clothed by them to the summit. But this I soon found to be totally impracticable, in the absence of anything like a path or opening; for though I made my way well enough through the old trees, which stood far apart, and were pretty free from branches near the ground, yet towards the upper part of the hill, I got entangled in such a close-growing rising generation as it was almost impossible to penetrate. I was often almost in despair of being able to extricate myself even from my present entanglement, and to retrace my steps to the open ground below; in my exhausted condition, as it was already long past midnight, I was making up my mind to roost with the owls on the fork of a tree; and was even anticipating the possibility of becoming

a permanent scarecrow there, when my very bones would be concealed in the thicket from the anxious search of my friends.

It was under the influence of excessive fatigue, perhaps, and the relaxation of the will generally consequent thereon, that my resolution now at length seemed on the point of giving way; nay, the very attachment to life itself, on my own individual account, seemed fading, and a disinclination to continue the struggle farther appeared to be gradually creeping over me. I was becoming reconciled to what appeared inevitable, and could look upon my own probable fate almost as calmly as if it had been that of a stranger. I believe something very similar not unusually takes place, under the merciful disposition of Providence, in the death-bed, where debility is the chief feature of the case. After a few moments of repose and dreamy reverie, however, I roused myself from this state of apathy, and, influenced by a sense of duty, as well as by a sympathy for the feelings of those dearer than life itself, sprang to my feet once more, and struggled manfully out of the mesh of branches in which I had been entangled, till, after a few more violent efforts, I found myself getting into a rather open and more advanced growth of wood, and at length succeeded in working my way out—almost to the very spot in the meadow I had started from!

Whilst still within the wood, I had been favoured with some novel experiences there—novel, at least, to me, as it was my first night in such a position. Thus, almost every branch I grasped in the dark to help me onward seemed crowded with snails, which smashed aimlessly under my shuddering hand! Glowworms were sparkling in the underwood in such myriads as I never witnessed before, save once in an evening-walk near Salerno. The sense of utter solitude and unbroken silence within these gloomy woods was truly awful. From time to time, as I advanced, a casual opening in the branches exhibited a momentary glimpse of the sky, with all its thousand twinkling fires; and shooting-stars of intense brilliancy were darting across its dark, blue depths in almost as great frequency as in those celebrated days of August and November, when the path of our earth crosses the thickest showers of these celestial fireworks.

On regaining the meadow, I felt quite at a loss whither to turn, or what to attempt next. I had already been floundering about for some half-dozen hours, and been ignorant all the while whether each additional step were not only taking me a step further, not from home alone, but from the very habitations of men. Almost done up at length, and hopeless of extricating myself from my labyrinth till daylight should come to my aid, I was again for a moment inclined quietly to resign myself to what seemed my inevitable fate, and drop down to sleep on a bank of earth under a hedge by which I was standing, and so await the dawn. But the dank grass, the trees dropping with dew, the creeping autumnal fog, and increasing cold, made me pause, and feel that to sleep in my light summer dress under such circumstances was, if not to die, at least to contract, during the night, such disease as would render existence not worth the having—racking rheumatism for life, or fever, or inflammation, in some of their many forms, and endless consequences. So I resolved to keep moving as long as I had power to stir a limb, as this would give me a chance of maintaining the circulation and animal heat throughout the remaining hours of the night, if my strength would but hold out so long. Like a drowning man, I struck out once more for life; again I tried the field-road I had lately too rashly abandoned; floundered once more through its pools and its ruts; clambered again on its high banks, or moved along under the shadow of the wood by its side. At length, after scarcely half an hour's additional walking, my perseverance had its reward, as I found myself at the entrance of a

village, and heard, not far off, the busy clatter of some industrious flaxdressers, who were turning night into day, at their work. This proved to be the termination of my mishap; for the instructions I received enabled me to find my way home by three o'clock.

It was my amusement during several subsequent days, to endeavour by daylight to retrace accurately my midnight wanderings. I found I could not have walked less than twenty miles, though never at any time more than three distant from home. I had been incessantly in motion during nearly eight hours; and was at least thrice on right tracks, which, if they had been followed up steadily only a little longer, would have brought me to my quarters. The chiming of the old convent-bells, which I had mistaken for those of our own pretty little church, came really from the very opposite direction to what I fancied—the sound I heard being merely their echo, reflected to my ear from the wooded hill-side.

Thus, the proposition with which I started—namely, that German woods are not to be trifled with, or rashly entered without a guide or compass—is fully sustained by my own luckless experience. Much of the surrounding country was already well known to me, and in my various walks I had skirted along and even intersected some of these very woods; but the way in which they are parcelled out, for the supply of neighbouring, but unconnected villages with firewood, and the puzzling manner in which they are shuffled together when the estates of several proprietors run into one another at a given point, render it singularly difficult to steer through them even by day, and to the uninitiated, quite impracticable by night.

AN ADULT ADVENTURE IN LIVERPOOL.

LIVERPOOL has perhaps fewer relics of an archaeological nature than any other town in the United Kingdom; and this at first seems a little singular, when we remember that it is not without its place in the more romantic eras of our history, and that a castle of considerable strength once lent it protection. Its old castle, its towers, and the walls by which it was surrounded, have all been swept away by the busy crowds that now throng its thoroughfares. Even the former names of places have in most instances been altered, as if to obliterate all recollections and associations connected with its early history. Thus a row of houses, which a few years ago bore the not very euphonious name of Castle Ditch, from its having followed a portion of the line of the moat by which the fortress which once stood near it was surrounded, was changed into St George's Crescent, and many others underwent similar transmutations. But if the physical aspect of the place holds out few or no attractions to the antiquary, the moral one of its inhabitants, in so far as his favourite subject is concerned, is equally uninviting; for, taken as a whole, it would be difficult to find a population less influenced by, or interested in, such studies.

The only relic of the olden times which Liverpool has for a long time past retained, was a long, low, picturesque-looking thatched cottage in the small village of Everton (of *teffee* notoriety), which went by the name of Prince Rupert's Cottage, from its having been the head-quarters of that fiery leader when he besieged the town from the ridge on which the village is situated. But even this was swept away about six years ago by the proprietor, to allow a street which he had mapped out to abut upon the village at the point it occupied. The project did not succeed, and the outline of the contemplated street is all that as yet marks out the spot where this interesting object stood.

I confess to the soft impeachment of having been, at a very early period of my life, inoculated with the true Monkbarns enthusiasm, and I have always been a great admirer of that beautiful remark of Lord Bacon's, that 'antiquities may be considered as the planks of a wreck which wise and prudent men gather and preserve from the deluge of time.'

Some months ago, I was walking along what is called the Breck Road, leading out of the little village of Everton, of which I have been speaking, when my attention was arrested by a market-cross in a field on the opposite side of the road. I was somewhat surprised that it had escaped my notice when I formerly passed that way, and I immediately crossed over to examine it. It was formed, as all the English market-crosses are, of a series of flat steps, with an upright shaft in the centre, was built of the red sandstone of the district, and bore the appearance of great antiquity. The field was not far from what might be called the principal street of the village; and as I was aware that considerable changes had taken place of late years in the neighbourhood, it occurred to me as possible, that at one time the cross might have occupied the centre of a space on which the markets were held. My time, however, being limited, I was unable to make any immediate inquiries regarding it, but resolved to take an early opportunity of making myself acquainted with its early history, so as to rescue one interesting relic at least of the place from apparently a very undeserved obscurity. This opportunity did not present itself for some weeks; but at length it did occur, and I started for the place, to collect all the information, both traditional and otherwise, which I could regarding it.

On arriving at the spot, my surprise may be conceived, for it cannot be described, when, on looking at the field where it stood, I found that it had been removed, and all that remained to point out the place, was the bare mark on the grass of the spot which it had occupied. The consternation of Alladin, when he got up one fine morning and found that his gorgeous palace had vanished during the night, was hardly greater than mine on making this sad discovery; and, like him, I daresay, I rubbed my eyes in hopes that my visual organs had deceived me, but with as little success. On looking to the other side of the road, I observed a mason at work repairing the opposite wall with some very suspicious-looking stones, and I immediately crossed over, and commenced a categorical examination of the supposed delinquent. I inquired whether he could explain to me the cause of the removal of the ancient cross, which used to be in the field exactly opposite to where we were then standing; but he said that, although he was an old residenter in Everton, he had not even been aware of the existence of such an object. This I set down as an additional instance of the want of interest which the natives of the place take in archaeological subjects. He told me, however, that about three weeks previously, he had observed several men facing the wall opposite with large stones, which they brought apparently from some place close at hand; but that, having his own work to attend to, he had not bestowed any particular thought on the matter. He said the field was rented by a person for the purpose of cleaning carpets, and that he had no doubt the removal had been accomplished by his directions.

On stepping across the road, I found these suspicions completely realised; for there, resting on the top of the wall, were the time-honoured steps of the cross of my anxiety. Luckily for me, at least, the tenant was not at hand at the time, as in the state of excitement in which I was, I might have done or said something which I should afterwards have regretted. I had no alternative but to return to town, 'nursing my wrath to keep it warm,' and thinking over the best and most efficacious method in which I could accomplish the punishment of the aggressor, whoever he might be, and procuring the restoration of the cross in all its primitive simplicity. I thought of an article in the papers, into which all my caustic and sarcastic powers were to be concentrated and discharged on the head of the desecrator—then of calling on the lord of the manor, and mentioning the matter to him, so as, if possible, to carry his influence along with me, although I thought it quite probable that he might have sanctioned the spoliation, to save the expense of new stones for the repair of his tenant's wall. Under this latter impression, therefore, and previous to carrying either of these belligerent intentions into effect, I thought it would only be fair to give the obnoxious man an opportunity of explaining the

circumstances under which he had assumed—such an unwarranted responsibility. Accordingly, a short time afterwards, I again wended my way towards the field, determined to bring the matter in some way or other to a bearing, when I saw a very pleasant-looking man standing at the door of the house in which the carpet-cleansing operations are carried on. Supposing him to be the delinquent, I endeavoured to bridle my rising choler as much as possible, while I asked him whether he could tell me anything about the removal of the cross which had once stood in that field. With a gentle smile, which I thought at the time almost demoniac, he mildly replied, that he had removed it, *because the object for which he had erected it, about twelve months before*, had ceased to exist, and he had taken the stones to repair the wall close by where it had stood!

The shock which the nervous system of our worthy friend Monkbarns received when the exclamation of Edie Ochiltree fell upon his ear, of 'Pretorium here, pretorium there, I mind the biggin' o't,' was not greater than that which mine sustained on receiving this death-blow to all my hopes of rescuing this interesting relic of antiquity from its unmerited oblivion. Gulping down my mortification as I best could, I, in as indifferent a manner as I could assume, craved the liberty of inquiring what the circumstances were which had led to such a fanciful employment of his time. He told me that he had been a carpet-manufacturer in Oxfordshire, but had been unsuccessful in business, and had come here and set up his present establishment for the cleaning of the articles which he formerly manufactured; and that, wishing to add to his income by every legitimate means within his power, he had been supplied regularly with a quantity of Banbury cakes, for the sale of which he had erected a temporary wooden-hut in one corner of his field; that one morning early, about eighteen months ago, as he was lying awake in bed, the thought struck him, that as there were a great many large flat stones lying in a corner of the field, he would erect them, in front of the hut, into the form of the well-known cross of equestrian nursery-rhyme notoriety. He immediately rose, and, summoning his workmen, succeeded in making a very tolerable imitation of the world-wide-known cross; but that, after about twelve months' trial of his cake-speculation, finding it did not succeed, he gave it up; and removing the cross of which it was the sign, turned the stones to a more useful purpose.

Thus ended my day-dream connected with this *interesting relic*; and nothing, I am sure, but that indomitable enthusiasm which distinguishes all genuine disciples of the Monkbarns school, could have sustained me under my grievous disappointment.

'TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF A SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA.'

In the article with the above title, in No. 431, the pay of seamen is stated at from L.2, 10s. to L.3 a month; but this does not bring the information down to the latest date. At present, we are informed, the very best A. Bs. (able-bodied seamen) receive only from L.2 to L.2, 5s.; and 'ordinary' hands only from L.1, 10s. to L.1, 15s. In the navy, the pay is still less than in the merchant service, which is the reason why our best men so constantly desert to the American navy, where they obtain, on an average, about twelve dollars a month. It ought to be added, that when one of our ships is short of hands in a foreign port, these rates do not prevail. Captains are sometimes obliged to bid as high as L.6 a month, to make up their complement.

EXCESSIVE MODESTY.

D'Israeli tells us of a man of letters, of England, who had passed his life in constant study; and it was observed that he had written several folio volumes, which his modest fears would not permit him to expose to the eye even of his critical friends. He promised to leave his labours to posterity; and he seemed sometimes, with a glow on his countenance, to exult that they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death, his sensibility took the alarm; he had the folios brought to his bed; no one could open them, for they were closely locked. At the sight of

his favourite and mysterious labours, he paused; he seemed disturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his strength decaying. Suddenly he raised his feeble hands by an effort of firm resolve, burnt his papers, and smiled as the greedy Vulcan licked up every page. The task exhausted his remaining strength, and he soon afterwards expired.

THE KHUNJUNEE.

[The little, disregarded wagtail of our own land, which we may frequently see wherever insects abound—on the green meadow, or by the margin of the brook—is the khunjune of the Hindoo, by whose romantic and fanciful mythology he has been made a holy bird, bearing on his breast the impression of Salagrama, the stone of Vishnoo, a sacred petrified shell. Protected by this prestige, the little creature ranges unmolested near the habitations of man, and may in this respect be styled the robin of the East. To Europeans in the East, this bird is also an object of interest, as being a precursor of the delightful cold season, the advent of which is anxiously looked for by every Anglo-Indian. The little khunjune makes his appearance in the early part of November, and departs as the hot season approaches—I think in March or April. The note of this little bird can hardly aspire to be called a song; I used, however, to think it a pleasing twitter. I paid particular attention to two khunjunes, which used to return every season and haunt our habitation: they would pick up insects from the pavement, and eat the crumbs with which they were plentifully supplied. I have watched them plucking themselves on the balustrade, while their sparkling black eyes glanced fearlessly and confidently in my face. When I now see a wagtail at home in Scotland, I cannot but look upon it as an old friend, reminding me of my departed youth, and recalling many soothing as well as mournful recollections.]

WELCOME to thee, sweet khunjune!

Which is thy best-loved home?—
Over the sea, in a far countrie,
Or the land to which thou art come?

What carest thou?—thou revelest here
In the bright and balmy air;
And again to regions far remote
Thou returnest—and summer is there!

Thou art sacred here, where the Brahmin tells
Of the godhead's seal impressed
By Vishnoo's hand—that thou bearest still
His gorget on thy breast.

And welcomed thou art, with grateful heart,
For well doth the Hindoo know,
That at thy approach the clouds disperse,
And temperate breezes blow.

Yet little he cares where thy sojourn hath been
So long, since he saw thee last;
Nor in what far land of storm or calm
The rainy months have passed.

But others there be, who think with me,
Thou hast been to that favoured land,
Which restores the bloom to the faded cheek,
And strength to the feeble hand.

And my children believe, that since thou wert here,
Thou hast compassed half the earth,
And that now thou hast come, like a thought in a dream,
From the land of their father's birth;

Bringing with thee the healthful breeze
That blows from the heath-clad hill,
And the breath of the primrose and gowan that bloom
On the bank by the babbling rill.

Then welcome to thee, little khunjune!
May thy presence a blessing confer;
Still of breezes cool, and returning health,
The faithful harbinger.

OLD INDIAN.

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THE OLD HOUSE IN CRANE COURT.

THE roaring pell-mell of the principal thoroughfares of London is curiously contrasted with the calm seclusion which is often found at no great distance in certain lanes, courts, and passages, and the effect is not a little heightened when in these by-places we light upon some old building speaking of antique institutions or bygone habits of society. We lately had this idea brought strikingly before us on plunging abruptly out of Fleet Street into Crane Court, in search of the establishment known as the Scottish Hospital. We were all at once transferred into a quiet narrow street, as it might be called, full of printing and lithographic offices, tall, dark, and rusty, while closing up the further end stood a dingy building of narrow front, presenting an ornamental porch. A few minutes served to introduce us to a moderate-sized hall, having a long table in the centre, and an arm-chair at the upper end, while several old portraits graced the walls. It was not without a mental elevation of feeling, as well as some surprise, that we learned that this was a hall in which Newton had spent many an evening. It was, to be quite explicit, the meeting-place of the Royal Society from 1710 till 1782, and, consequently, during not much less than twenty years of the latter life of the illustrious author of the *Principia*, who, as an office-bearer in the institution, must have often taken an eminent place here. We were not, however, immediately in quest of the antiquities of the Royal Society. Our object was to form some acquaintance with the valuable institution which has succeeded to it in the possession of this house.

We must advert to a peculiarity of our Scottish countrymen, which can be set down only on the credit side of their character—their sympathy with each other when they meet as wanderers in foreign countries. Scotland is just a small enough country to cause a certain unity of feeling amongst the people. Wherever they are, they feel that Scotsmen should stand, as their proverb has it, *shoulder to shoulder*. The more distant the clime in which they meet, they remember with the more intensity their common land of mountain and flood, their historical and poetical associations, the various national institutions which ages have endeared to them; and the more disposed are they to take an interest in each other's welfare. This is a feeling in which time and modern innovations work no change, and it is one of old-standing.

When James VI. acceded to the throne of Elizabeth, he was followed southward by some of his favourite *scots*, and there was of course an end put to that exclusive system of the late monarch which had kept

down the number of Scotsmen in London, to what must now appear the astonishingly small one of fifty-eight. Perhaps some exaggerations have been indulged in with regard to the host of traders and craftsmen who went southward in the train of King James, but there can be no doubt, that it was considerable in point of numbers. But where wealth is sought for, there also, by an inevitable law of nature, is poverty. The better class of Scotchmen settled in London, soon found their feelings of compassion excited in behalf of a set of miserable fellow-countrymen who had failed to obtain employment or fix themselves in a mercantile position, and for whom the stated charities of the country were not available. Hence seems to have arisen, so early as 1613, the necessity for some system of mutual charity among the natives of Scotland in London. So far as can be ascertained, it was a handful of journeymen or hired artisans, who in that year associated to aid each other, and prevent themselves from becoming burdensome to strangers—an interesting fact, as evincing in a remote period the predominance of that spirit of independence for which the modern Scottish peasantry has been famed, and which even yet survives in some degree of vigour, notwithstanding the fatally counteractive influence of poor-laws. The funds contributed by these worthy men were put into a box, and kept there—for in those days there were no banks to take a fruitful charge of money—and at certain periods the contributors would meet, and see what they could spare for the relief of such poor fellow-countrymen as had in the interval applied to them. We have still a faint living image of this simple plan in the *boxes* belonging to certain trades in our Scottish towns, or rather the survivance of the phrase, for the money, we must presume, is now everywhere relegated to the keeping of the banks. The institution in those days was known as the *SCOTTISH BOX*, just as a money-dealing company came to be called a bank, from the table (*banco*) which it employed in transacting its business. From a very early period in its history, it seems to have taken the form of what is now called a Friendly Society, each person contributing an entrance-fee of 5s., and 6d. per quarter thereafter, so as to be entitled to certain benefits in the event of poverty or sickness. Small sums were also lent to the poorer members, without interest, and burial expenses were paid. We find from the records that, in 1638, when the company was twenty in number, and met in Lamb's Conduit Street, it allowed 20s. for a certain class of those of its members who had died of the plague, and 30s. for others. The whole affair, however, was then on a limited scale—the quarterly disbursements in 1661 amounting only to L.9, 4s.

Nevertheless, upwards of 300 poor Scotsmen, swept off by the pestilence of 1665-6, were buried at the expense of the Box, while numbers more were nourished during their sickness, without subjecting the parishes in which they resided to the smallest expense. We have not the slightest doubt, that not one of these people felt the bitterness of a dependence on alms. If not actually entitled to relief in consideration of previous payments of their own, they would feel that they were beholden only to their kindly countrymen. It would be like the members of a family helping each other. Humiliation could have been felt only, if they had had to accept of alms from those amongst whom they sojourned as strangers. Such is the way, at least, in which we read the character of our countrymen.

In the year 1665, the Box was exalted into the character of a corporation by a royal charter, the expenses attendant on which were disbursed by gentlemen named Kinnear, Allen, Ewing, Donaldson, &c. When they met at the Cross Keys in 'Coven Garden,' they found their receipts to be L.116, 8s. 5d. The character of the times is seen in one of their regulations, which imposed a fine of 2s. 6d. for every oath used in the course of their quarterly business. The institution was now becoming venerable, and, as usual, members began to exhibit their affection for it by presents. The Mr Kinnear just mentioned, conferred upon it an elegant silver cup. James Donaldson presented an ivory mallet or hammer, to be used by the chairman in calling order. Among the contributors, we find the name of Gilbert Burnet (afterwards Bishop) as giving L.1 half-yearly. They had an hospital erected in Blackfriars Street; but experience soon proved that confinement to a charity workhouse was altogether uncongenial to the feelings and habits of the Scottish poor, and they speedily returned to the plan of assisting them by small outdoor pensions, which has ever since been adhered to. In those days, no effort was made to secure permanency by a sunk fund. They distributed each quarter-day all that had been collected during the preceding interval. The consequence of this not very Scotsman-like proceeding was that, in one of those periods of decay which are apt to befall all charitable institutions, the Scottish Hospital was threatened with extinction; and this would undoubtedly have been its fate, but for the efforts of a few patriotic Scotsmen who came to its aid.

Through the help of these gentlemen, a new charter was obtained (1775), putting the institution upon a new and more liberal footing, and at the same time providing for the establishment of a permanent fund. Since then, through the virtue of the national spirit, considerable sums have been obtained from the wealthier Scotch living in London, and by the bequests of charitable individuals of the nation; so that the hospital now distributes about L.2200 per annum, chiefly in L.10 pensions to old people.* At the same time, a special bequest of large amount (L.76,495) from William

Kinloch, Esq., a native of Kincardineshire, who had realised a fortune in India, allows of a further distribution through the same channel of about L.1800, most of it in pensions of L.4 to disabled soldiers and sailors. Thus many hundreds of the Scotch poor of the metropolis may be said to be kept by their fellow-countrymen from falling upon the parochial funds, on which they would have a claim—a fact, we humbly think, on which the nation at large may justifiably feel some little pride. As part of the means of collecting this money, there is a festival twice a year, usually presided over by some Scottish nobleman, and attended by a great number of gentlemen connected with Scotland by birth or otherwise. A committee of governors meets on the second Wednesday of every month, to distribute the benefactions to the regular pensioners and casual applicants; and, in accordance with the national habits of feeling, this ceremony is always prefaced by divine service in the chapel, according to the simple practice of the Presbyterian Church. Since 1782, these transactions, as well as the general concerns of the institution, have taken place in the old building in Crane Court, where also the secretary has a permanent residence.

Such, then, is the institution which has succeeded to the possession of the dusky hall in which the Royal Society at one time assembled. It was with a mingled interest that we looked round it, reflecting on the presence of such men as Newton and Bradley of old, and on the many worthy deeds which had since been done in it by men of a different stamp, but surely not unworthy to be mentioned in the same sentence. A portrait of Queen Mary by Zuccherro, and one of the Duke of Lauderdale by Lely—though felt as reminiscences of Scotland—were scarcely fitted of themselves to ornament the walls; but this, of course, is as the accidents of gifts and bequests might determine. We felt it to be more right and fitting, that the secretary should be our old friend Major Adair, the son of that Dr Adair who accompanied Robert Burns on his visit to Glendevon in 1787. He is one of those men of activity, method, and detail, joined to unfailing good-humour, who are invaluable to such an institution. He is also, as might be expected, entirely a Scotsman, and evidently regards the hospital with feelings akin to veneration. Nor could we refrain from sympathising in his views, when we thought of the honourable national principle from which the institution took its rise, and by which it continues to be supported, as well as the practical good which it must be continually achieving. To quote his own words: 'From a view of the numbers relieved, it is evident, that while this institution is a real blessing to the aged, the helpless, the diseased, and the unemployed poor of Scotland, resident in London, Westminster, and the neighbourhood, extending to a circle of ten miles radius from the hall of the corporation, it is of incalculable benefit to the community at large, who, by means of this charity, are spared the pain of beholding so great an addition, as otherwise there would be, of our destitute fellow-creatures seeking their wretched pittance in the streets, liable to be taken up as vagrants and sent to the house of correction, and probably subjected to greater evils and disgrace.' The major has a pet scheme for extending the usefulness of the institution. It implies that individuals should make foundations of from L.300 to

* Note by an Englishman.—It is not one of the least curious particulars in the history of the Scottish Hospital, that it substantiates by documentary evidence the fact, that Scotsmen, who have gone to England, occasionally find their way back to their own country. It appears from the books of the corporation, that in the year ending 30th November 1850, the sum of L.30, 10s. 6d. was spent in 'passages' from London to Leith; and there is actually a corresponding society in Edinburgh to receive the *revenants*, and pass them on to their respective districts.

L.400 each, in order to produce pensions of L.10 a year; these to be in the care and dispensation of the hospital, and each to bear for ever the name of its founder; thus permanently connecting his memory with the institution, and insuring that once a year, at least, some humble fellow-countryman shall have occasion to rejoice that such a person as he once existed. The idea involves the gratification of a fine natural feeling, and we sincerely hope that it will be realised. And why, since we have said so much, should we hesitate to add the more general wish, that the Scottish Hospital may continue to enjoy an undiminished measure of the patronage of our countrymen? May it flourish for ever!

THE HUNCHBACK OF STRASBOURG.

In the department of the Bas-Rhin, France, and not more than about two leagues north of Strasbourg, lived Antoine Delessert, who farmed, or intended farming, his own land—about a ten-acre slice of 'national' property, which had fallen to him, nobody very well knew how, during the hurly-burly of the great Revolution. He was about five-and-thirty, a widower, and had one child, likewise named Antoine, but familiarly known as Le Bossu (hunchback)—a designation derived, like his father's acres, from the Revolution, somebody having, during one of the earlier and livelier episodes of that exciting drama, thrown the poor little fellow out of a window in Strasbourg, and broken his back. When this happened, Antoine, *père*, was a journeyman *ferblantier* (tinman) of that city. Subsequently, he became an active, though subordinate member of the local Salut Public; in virtue of which patriotic function he obtained *Les Près*, the name of his magnificent estate. Working at his trade was now, of course, out of the question. Farming, as everybody knows, is a gentlemanly occupation, skill in which comes by nature; and Citizen Delessert forthwith betook himself, with his son, to *Les Près*, in the full belief that he had stepped at once into the dignified and delightful position of the ousted aristocrat, to whom *Les Près* had once belonged, and whose haughty head he had seen fall into the basket. But envious clouds will darken the brightest sky, and the new proprietor found, on taking possession of his quiet, unencumbered domain, that property has its plagues as well as pleasures. True, there was the land, but not a plant, or a seed thereon or therein, nor an agricultural implement of any kind to work it with. The walls of the old rambling house were standing, and the roof, except in about a dozen places, kept out the rain with some success; but the nimble, unrespecting fingers of preceding patriots had carried off not only every vestige of furniture, usually so called, but coppers, cistern, pump, locks, hinges—nay, some of the very doors and window-frames! Delessert was profoundly discontented. He remarked to Le Bossu, now a sharp lad of some twelve years of age, that he was at last convinced of the entire truth of his cousin Boisadet's frequent observation—that the Revolution, glorious as it might be, had been stained and dishonoured by many shameful excesses; an admission which the son, with keen remembrance of his compulsory flight from the window, savagely endorsed.

'Peste!' exclaimed the new proprietor, after a lengthened and painful examination of the dilapidations, and general nakedness of his estate—'this is embarrassing. Citizen Destouches was right. I must raise money upon the property, to replace what those brigands have carried off. I shall require three thousand francs at the very least.'

The calculation was dispiriting; and after a night's lodging on the bare floor, damply enveloped in a few old sacks, the financial horizon did not look one whit less gloomy in the eyes of Citizen Delessert. Destouches, he sadly reflected, was an iron-fisted notary-public, who

lent money, at exorbitant interest, to distressed landowners, and was driving, people said, a thriving trade in that way just now. His pulse must, however, be felt, and money be obtained, however hard the terms. This was unmistakably evident; and with the conviction tugging at his heart, Citizen Delessert took his pensive way towards Strasbourg.

'You guess my errand, Citizen Destouches?' said Delessert, addressing a flinty-faced man of about his own age, in a small room of Numéro 9, Rue Béchard.

'Yes—money: how much?'

'Three thousand francs is my calculation.'

'Three thousand francs! You are not afraid of opening your mouth, I see. Three thousand francs!—humph! Security, ten acres of middling land, uncultivated, and a tumble-down house; title, *droit de guillotine*. It is a risk, but I think I may venture. Pierre Nadaud,' he continued, addressing a black-browed, sly, sinister-eyed clerk, 'draw a bond, secured upon *Les Près*, and the appurtenances, for three thousand francs, with interest at ten per cent.'

'Morbieu! but that is famous interest!' interjected Delessert, though timidly.

'Payable quarterly, if demanded,' the notary continued, without heeding his client's observation; 'with power, of course, to the lender to sell, if necessary, to reimburse his capital, as well as all accruing *dommages-intérêts*!'

The borrower drew a long breath, but only muttered: 'Ah, well; no matter! We shall work hard, Antoine and I.'

The legal document was soon formally drawn: Citizen Delessert signed and sealed, and he had only now to pouch the cash, which the notary placed upon the table.

'Ah ça!' he cried, eyeing the roll of paper proffered to his acceptance with extreme disgust. 'It is not in those *chiffons* of assignats, is it, that I am to receive three thousand francs, at ten per cent.?'

'My friend,' rejoined the notary, in a tone of great severity, 'take care what you say. The offence of depreciating the credit or money of the Republic is a grave one.'

'Who should know that better than I?' promptly replied Delessert. 'The paper-money of our glorious Republic is of inestimable value; but the fact is, Citizen Destouches, I have a weakness, I confess it, for coined money—*argent métallique*. In case of fire, for instance, it'—

'It is very remarkable,' interrupted the notary with increasing sternness—'it is very remarkable, Pierre' (Pierre was an influential member of the Salut Public), 'that the instant a man becomes a landed proprietor, he betrays symptoms of *incivisme*: is discovered to be, in fact, an *aristocq* at heart.'

'I an *aristocq*!' exclaimed Delessert, turning very pale; 'you are jesting, surely. See, I take these admirable assignats—three thousand francs' worth at ten per cent.—with the greatest pleasure. Oh, never mind counting among friends.'

'Pardon!' replied Destouches, with rigid scrupulosity. 'It is necessary to be extremely cautious in matters of business. Deducting thirty francs for the bond, you will, I think, find your money correct; but count yourself.'

Delessert pretended to do so, but the rage in his heart so caused his eyes to dance and dazzle, and his hands to shake, that he could scarcely see the figures on the assignats, or separate one from the other. He bundled them up at last, crammed them into his pocket, and hurried off, with a sickly smile upon his face, and maledictions, which found fierce utterance as soon as he had reached a safe distance, trembling on his tongue.

'Scélérat! coquin!' he savagely muttered. 'Ten per cent. for this moonshine money! I only wish— But never mind, what's sauce for the goose is sauce

for the gander. I must try and buy in the same way that I have been so charmingly sold.'

Earnestly meditating this equitable process, Citizen Delessert sought his friend Jean Souday, who lived close by the Fossé des Tanneurs (Tanners' Ditch.) Jean had a somewhat ancient mare to dispose of, which our landed proprietor thought might answer his purpose. Cocotte was a slight waif, sheared off by the sharp axe of the Place de la Révolution, and Souday could therefore afford to sell her cheap. Fifty francs *argent métallique* would, Delessert knew, purchase her; but with assignats, it was quite another affair. But, courage! He might surely play the notary's game with his friend Souday: that could not be so difficult.

'You have no use for Cocotte,' suggested Delessert modestly, after exchanging fraternal salutations with his friend.

'Such an animal is always useful,' promptly answered Madame Souday, a sharp, notable little woman, with a vinegar aspect.

'To be sure—to be sure! And what price do you put upon this useful animal?'

'Cela dépend'—replied Jean, with an interrogative glance at his helpmate.

'Yes, as Jean says, that depends—entirely depends'—responded the wife.

'Upon what, citoyenne?'

'Upon what is offered, parbleu! We are in no hurry to part with Cocotte; but money is tempting.'

'Well, then, suppose we say, between friends, fifty francs?'

'Fifty francs! That is very little; besides, I do not know that I shall part with Cocotte at all.'

'Come, come; be reasonable. Sixty francs! Is it a bargain?'

Jean still shook his head. 'Tempt him with the actual sight of the money,' confidentially suggested Madame Souday; 'that is the only way to strike a bargain with my husband.'

Delessert preferred increasing his offer to this advice, and gradually advanced to 100 francs, without in the least softening Jean Souday's obduracy. The possessor of the assignats was fain, at last, to adopt Madame Souday's iterated counsel, and placed 120 paper francs before the owner of Cocotte. The husband and wife instantly, as silently, exchanged with each other, by the only electric telegraph then in use, the words: 'I thought so.'

'This is charming money, friend Delessert,' said Jean Souday; 'far more precious to an enlightened mind than the barbarous coin stamped with effigies of kings and queens of the *ancien régime*. It is very tempting; still, I do not think I can part with Cocotte at any price.'

Poor Delessert ground his teeth with rage, but the expression of his anger would avail nothing; and, yielding to hard necessity, he at length, after much wrangling, became the purchaser of the old mare for 250 francs—in assignats. We give this as a specimen of the bargains effected by the owner of Les Près with his borrowed capital, and as affording a key to the bitter hatred he from that day cherished towards the notary, by whom he had, as he conceived, been so egregiously duped. Towards evening, he entered a wine-shop in the suburb of Robertsau, drank freely, and talked still more so, fatigue and vexation having rendered him both thirsty and bold. Destouches, he assured everybody that would listen to him, was a robber—a villain—a vampire blood-sucker, and he, Delessert, would be amply revenged on him some fine day. Had the loquacious orator been eulogising some one's extraordinary virtues, it is very probable that all he said would have been forgotten by the morrow, but the memories of men are more tenacious of slander and evil-speaking; and thus it happened that Delessert's vituperative and menacing eloquence on this occasion

was thereafter reproduced against him with fatal power.

Albeit, the now nominal proprietor of Les Près, assisted by his son and Cocotte, set to work manfully at his new vocation; and by dint of working twice as hard, and faring much worse than he did as a journeyman *ferblantier*, contrived to keep the wolf, if not far from the door, at least from entering in. His son, Le Bossu, was a cheerful, willing lad, with large, dark, inquisitive eyes, lit up with much clearer intelligence than frequently falls to the share of persons of his age and opportunities. The father and son were greatly attached to each other; and it was chiefly the hope of bequeathing Les Près, free from the usurious gripe of Destouches, to his boy, that encouraged the elder Delessert to persevere in his well-nigh hopeless husbandry. Two years thus passed, and matters were beginning to assume a less dreary aspect, thanks chiefly to the notary's not having made any demand in the interim for the interest of his mortgage.

'I have often wondered,' said Le Bossu one day, as he and his father were eating their dinner of *soupe aux choux* and black bread, 'that Destouches has not called before. He may now as soon as he pleases, thanks to our having sold that lot of damaged wheat at such a capital price: corn must be getting up tremendously in the market. However, you are ready for Destouches' demand of six hundred francs, which it is now.'

'Parbleu! quite ready; all ready counted in those charming assignats; and that is the joke of it. I wish the old villain may call or send soon'—

A gentle tap at the door interrupted the speaker. The son opened it, and the notary, accompanied by his familiar, Pierre Nadaud, quietly glided in.

'Talk of the devil,' growled Delessert audibly, 'and you are sure to get a whisk of his tail. Well, messieurs,' he added more loudly, 'your business?'

'Money—interest now due on the mortgage for three thousand francs,' replied M. Destouches with much suavity.

'Interest for two years,' continued the sourly-sardonic accents of Pierre Nadaud; 'six hundred francs precisely.'

'Very good, you shall have the money directly.' Delessert left the room; the notary took out and unclasped a note-book; and Pierre Nadaud placed a slip of *papier timbré* on the dinner-table, preparatory to writing a receipt.

'Here,' said Delessert, re-entering with a roll of soiled paper in his hand, 'here are your six hundred francs, well counted.'

The notary reclasped his note-book, and returned it to his pocket; Pierre Nadaud resumed possession of the receipt paper.

'You are not aware, then, friend Delessert,' said the notary, 'that creditors are no longer compelled to receive assignats in payment?'

'How? What do you say?'

'Pierre,' continued M. Destouches, 'read the extract from *Le Bulletin des Lois*, published last week.' Pierre did so with a ringing emphasis, which would have rendered it intelligible to a child; and the unhappy debtor fully comprehended that his paper-money was comparatively worthless! It is needless to dwell upon the fury manifested by Delessert, the cool obduracy of the notary, or the cynical comments of the clerk. Enough to say, that M. Destouches departed without his money, after civilly intimating that legal proceedings would be taken forthwith. The son strove to soothe his father's passionate despair, but his words fell upon unheeding ears; and after several hours passed in alternate paroxysms of stormy rage and gloomy reverie, the elder Delessert hastily left the house, taking the direction of Strasbourg. Le Bossu watched his father's retreating figure from the door until it was lost in the clouds of blinding snow that was rapidly

falling, and then sadly resumed some indoor employment. It was late when he retired to bed, and his father had not then returned. He would probably remain, the son thought, at Strasbourg for the night.

The chill, lead-coloured dawn was faintly struggling on the horizon with the black, gloomy night, when Le Bossu rose. Ten minutes afterwards, his father strode hastily into the house, and threw himself, without a word, upon a seat. His eyes, the son observed, were blood-shot, either with rage or drink—perhaps both; and his entire aspect wild, haggard, and fierce. Le Bossu silently presented him with a measure of *vin ordinaire*. It was eagerly swallowed, though Delessert's hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pewter flagon to his lips.

'Something has happened,' said Le Bossu presently.

'Morbleu!—yes. That is,' added the father, checking himself, 'something *might* have happened, if— Who's there?'

'Only the wind shaking the door. What *might* have happened?' persisted the son.

'I will tell you, Antoine. I set off for Strasbourg yesterday, to see Destouches once again, and entreat him to accept the assignats in part-payment at least. He was not at home. Marguerite, the old servant, said he was gone to the cathedral, not long since reopened. Well, I found the usurer just coming out of the great western entrance, heathen as he is, looking as pious as a pilgrim. I accosted him, told my errand, begged, prayed, stormed! It was all to no purpose, except to attract the notice and comments of the passers-by. Destouches went his way, and I, with fury in my heart, betook myself to a wine-shop—Le Brun's. He would not even change an assignat to take for what I drank, which was not a little; and I therefore owe him for it. When the gendarmes cleared the house at last, I was nearly crazed with rage and drink. I must have been so, or I should never have gone to the Rue Bécard, forced myself once more into the notary's presence, and—and—'

'And what?' quivered the young man, as his father abruptly stopped, startled as before into silence by a sudden rattling of the crazy door. 'And what?'

'And abused him for a flinty-hearted scoundrel, as he is. He ordered me away, and threatened to call the guard. I was flinging out of the house, when Marguerite twitted me by the sleeve, and I stepped aside into the kitchen. "You must not think," she said, "of going home on such a night as this." It was snowing furiously, and blowing a hurricane at the time. "There is a straw pallet," Marguerite added, "where you can sleep, and nobody the wiser." I yielded. The good woman warmed some soup, and the storm not abating, I lay down to rest—to rest, do I say?' shouted Delessert, jumping madly to his feet, and pacing furiously to and fro—'the rest of devils! My blood was in a flame; and rage, hate, despair, blew the consuming fire by turns. I thought how I had been plundered by the mercenary ruffian sleeping securely, as he thought, within a dozen yards of the man he had ruined—sleeping securely just beyond the room containing the *secrétaire* in which the mortgage-deed of which I had been swindled was deposited—'

'Oh, father!' gasped the son.

'Be silent, boy, and you shall know all! It may be that I dreamed all this, for I think the creaking of a door, and a stealthy step on the stair, awoke me; but perhaps that, too, was part of the dream. However, I was at last wide awake, and I got up and looked out on the cold night. The storm had passed, and the moon had temporarily broken through the heavy clouds by which she was encompassed. Marguerite had said I might let myself out, and I resolved to depart at once. I was doing so, when, looking round, I perceived that the notary's office-door was ajar. Suddenly a demon whispered, that although the law was

restored, it was still blind and deaf as ever—could not see or hear in that dark silence—and that I might easily baffle the cheating usurer after all. Swiftly and softly, I darted towards the half-opened door—entered. The notary's *secrétaire*, Antoine, was wide open! I hunted with shaking hands for the deed, but could not find it. There was money in the drawers, and I—I think I should have taken some—did perhaps, I hardly know how—when I heard, or thought I did, a rustling sound not far off. I gazed wildly round, and plainly saw in the notary's bedroom—the door of which, I had not before observed, was partly open—the shadow of a man's figure clearly traced by the faint moonlight on the floor. I ran out of the room, and out of the house, with the speed of a madman, and here—here I am!' This said, he threw himself into a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

'That is a chink of money,' said Le Bossu, who had listened in dumb dismay to his father's concluding narrative. 'You had none, you said, when at the wine-shop.'

'Money! Ah, it may be as I said—Thunder of heaven!' cried the wretched man, again fiercely springing to his feet, 'I am lost!'

'I fear so,' replied a commissaire de police, who had suddenly entered, accompanied by several gendarmes—'if it be true, as we suspect, that you are the assassin of the notary Destouches.'

The assassin of the notary Destouches! Le Bossu heard but these words, and when he recovered consciousness, he found himself alone, save for the presence of a neighbour, who had been summoned to his assistance.

The *procès verbal* stated, in addition to much of what has been already related, that the notary had been found dead in his bed, at a very early hour of the morning, by his clerk Pierre Nadaud, who slept in the house. The unfortunate man had been stifled, by a pillow it was thought. His *secrétaire* had been plundered of a very large sum, amongst which were Dutch gold ducats—purchased by Destouches only the day before—of the value of more than 6000 francs. Delessert's mortgage-deed had also disappeared, although other papers of a similar character had been left. Six crowns had been found on Delessert's person, one of which was clipped in a peculiar manner, and was sworn to by an *épiciér* as that offered him by the notary the day previous to the murder, and refused by him. No other portion of the stolen property could be found, although the police exerted themselves to the utmost for that purpose.

There was, however, quite sufficient evidence to convict Delessert of the crime, notwithstanding his persistent asseverations of innocence. His known hatred of Destouches, the threats he had uttered concerning him, his conduct in front of the cathedral, Marguerite's evidence, and the finding the crown in his pocket, left no doubt of his guilt, and he was condemned to suffer death by the guillotine. He appealed of course, but that, everybody felt, could only prolong his life for a short time, not save it.

There was one person, the convict's son, who did not for a moment believe that his father was the assassin of Destouches. He was satisfied in his own mind, that the real criminal was he whose step Delessert had dreamed he heard upon the stair, who had opened the office-door, and whose shadow fell across the bedroom floor; and his eager, unresting thoughts were bent upon bringing this conviction home to others. After awhile, light, though as yet dim and uncertain, broke in upon his filial task.

About ten days after the conviction of Delessert, Pierre Nadaud called upon M. Huguet, the procureur-général of Strasbourg. He had a serious complaint to make of Delessert, *filis*. The young man, chiefly, he supposed, because he had given evidence against his father, appeared to be nourishing a monomaniacal

hatred against him, Pierre Nadaud. 'Wherever I go,' said the irritated complainant, 'at whatever hour, early in the morning and late at night, he dogs my steps. I can in no manner escape him, and I verily believe those fierce, malevolent eyes of his are never closed. I really fear he is meditating some violent act. He should, I respectfully submit, be restrained—placed in a *maison de santé*, for his intellects are certainly unsettled; or otherwise prevented from accomplishing the mischief I am sure he contemplates.'

M. Huguet listened attentively to this statement, reflected for a few moments, said inquiry should be made in the matter, and civilly dismissed the complainant.

In the evening of the same day, Le Bossu was brought before M. Huguet. He replied to that gentleman's questioning by the avowal, that he believed Nadaud had murdered M. Destouches. 'I believe also,' added the young man, 'that I have at last hit upon a clue that will lead to his conviction.'

'Indeed! Perhaps you will impart it to me?'

'Willingly. The property in gold and precious gems carried off has not yet been traced. I have discovered its hiding-place.'

'Say you so? That is extremely fortunate.'

'You know, sir, that beyond the Rue des Vignes there are three houses standing alone, which were gutted by fire some time since, and are now only temporarily boarded up. That street is entirely out of Nadaud's way, and yet he passes and repasses there five or six times a day. When he did not know that I was watching him, he used to gaze curiously at those houses, as if to notice if they were being disturbed for any purpose. Lately, if he suspects I am at hand, he keeps his face determinedly away from them, but still seems to have an unconquerable hankering after the spot. This very morning, there was a cry raised close to the ruins, that a child had been run over by a cart. Nadaud was passing: he knew I was close by, and violently checking himself, as I could see, kept his eyes fixedly averted from the place, which I have no longer any doubt contains the stolen treasure.'

'You are a shrewd lad,' said M. Huguet, after a thoughtful pause. 'An examination shall at all events take place at nightfall. You, in the meantime, remain here under surveillance.'

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, Le Bossu was again brought into M. Huguet's presence. The commissary who arrested his father was also there. 'You have made a surprising guess, if it be a guess,' said the procureur. 'The missing property has been found under a hearth-stone of the centre house.' Le Bossu raised his hands, and uttered a cry of delight. 'One moment,' continued M. Huguet. 'How do we know this is not a trick concocted by you and your father to mislead justice?'

'I have thought of that,' replied Le Bossu calmly. 'Let it be given out that I am under restraint, in compliance with Nadaud's request; then have some scaffolding placed to-morrow against the houses, as if preparatory to their being pulled down, and you will see the result, if a quiet watch is kept during the night.' The procureur and commissary exchanged glances, and Le Bossu was removed from the room.

It was verging upon three o'clock in the morning, when the watchers heard some one very quietly remove a portion of the back-boarding of the centre house. Presently, a closely-muffled figure, with a dark-lantern and a bag in his hand, crept through the opening, and made direct for the hearth-stone; lifted it, turned on his light slowly, gathered up the treasure, crammed it into his bag, and murmured with an exulting chuckle as he reclined the lantern and stood upright: 'Safe—safe, at last!' At the instant, the light of half a dozen lanterns flashed upon the miserable wretch, revealing the stern faces of as many gendarmes. 'Quite safe, M. Pierre Nadaud!' echoed their leader. 'Of that

you may be assured.' He was unheard: the detected culprit had fainted.

There is little to add. Nadaud perished by the guillotine, and Delessert was, after a time, liberated. Whether or not he thought his ill-gotten property had brought a curse with it, I cannot say; but, at all events, he abandoned it to the notary's heirs, and set off with Le Bossu for Paris, where, I believe, the sign of 'Delessert et Fils, Ferblantiers,' still flourishes over the front of a respectably furnished shop.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE SHEARS.

THE vestiarian profession has always been ill-treated by the world. Men have owed much, and in more senses than one, to their tailors, and have been accustomed to pay their debt in sneers and railleries—often in nothing else. The stage character of the tailor is stereotyped from generation to generation; his goose is a perennial pun; and his habitual melancholy is derived to this day from the flatulent diet on which he will persist in living—cabbage. He is effeminate, cowardly, dishonest—a mere fraction of a man both in soul and body. He is represented by the thinnest fellow in the company; his starved person and frightened look are the unfailing signals for a laugh; and he is never spoken to but in a gibe at his trade:

'Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail;

Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so bemet thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating while thou liv'st!'

All this is not a very favourable specimen of the way in which the stage holds the mirror up to nature. We may suppose that a certain character of effeminacy attached to a tailor in that olden time when he was the fashioner for women as well as men; but now that he has no professional dealings with the fair sex but when they assume masculine 'habits,' it is unreasonable to continue the stigma. In like manner, when the cloth belonged to the customer, it was allowable enough to suspect him of a little amiable weakness for cabbage; but now that he is himself the clothier, the joke is pointless and absurd. Tailors, however, can afford to laugh, as well as other people, at their conventional double—or rather *ninth*, for at least in our own day they have wrought very hard to elevate their calling into a science. The period of lace and frippery of all kinds has passed away, and this is the era of simple form, in which sartorial genius has only cloth to work upon as severely plain as the statuary's marble. It is true, we ourselves do not understand the 'anatomical principles' on which the more philosophical of the craft proceed, nor does our scholarship carry us quite the length of their Greek (?) terminology; but we acknowledge the result in their workmanship, although we cannot trace the steps by which it is brought about.

Very different is the plan now from what it was in the days of Shemus nan Snachad, James of the Needle, hereditary tailor to Vich Ian Vohr, when men were measured as classes rather than as individuals, and when a cutter had only to glance at the customer to ascertain to which category he belonged.

'You know the measure of a well-made man? Two double nails to the small of the leg'—

'Eleven from haunch to heel, seven round the waist. I give your honour leave to hang Shemus, if there's a pair of shears in the Highlands that has a boulder sneek than her ain at the *camadh an truais* (shape of the trows). And so the thing was done, without tape or figures, without a word of Greek or anatomy! However, the anatomical tailors we shall not meddle with for the present, because we do not understand their science; nor with the Greek tailors, because we fear to take the

liberty; nor with the Hebrew tailors, because we are only a Gentile ourselves. Our object is to draw attention to the doings of an individual who interferes with no science but his own, and who patronises exclusively his mother-tongue, which is not Hebrew, but broad Scotch.

This individual is Mr Macdonald, a near neighbour of ours, who, about eighteen years ago, listened with curiosity, but not with dread, to the clamorous pretensions of the craft to which he belonged. At that time, every man had a 'new principle' of his own for the sneek of the shears, some theoretical mode of cutting, which was to make the coat fit like the skin. Our neighbour, who had a practical and mechanical, rather than a speculative head, resolved not to be behind in the race of competition, but to proceed in a different way. 'It is all very well,' thought he, 'to talk of principles and theories; but with the requisite apparatus, the human figure may be measured as accurately as a block of stone;' and accordingly he set to work, not to invent a theory, but to construct a machine. This machine, though exhibited some time ago in the School of Arts, and received with great favour, we happened not to hear of till a few days ago; but a visit to our neighbour puts it now in our power to report that his apparatus does much more, as we shall presently explain, than measure a customer.

The machine consists of three perpendicular pieces of wood, the centre one between six and seven feet high, with a plinth for the measuree to stand upon. The wood is marked from top to bottom with inches and parts of an inch, and is furnished with slides, fitting closely, but movable at the pleasure of the operator. When the customer places himself upon this machine, standing at his full height, he has much the appearance of a man suffering the punishment of crucifixion, only his arms, instead of being extended, hang motionless by his sides, with the fingers pointed. A slide is now run up between the victim's legs, to give the measurement of what is technically called the fork; while others mark in like manner upon the inch scale, the position of the knees, hips, tips of the fingers, shoulder, neck, head, &c. When the operator is satisfied that he has thus obtained the accurate admeasurement of the figure, in its natural position when standing erect, the gentleman steps from the machine, and turning round, sees an exact diagram, in wood, of his own proportions.

This instrument, it will be seen, is very well adapted for the object for which it was intended; but it would, nevertheless, have escaped our inspection but for the other purposes of observation to which it has been applied by the ingenious inventor. He has measured in all about 5000 adults, registering in a book the measurement of each, with the names written by themselves. Among the autographs, we find that of Sir David Wilkie in the neighbourhood of the names of half a dozen American Indians. Here would be a new branch of inquiry for those who are addicted to the study of character through the handwriting. With such abundant materials before them, they would doubtless be able to determine the height and general proportions of their unseen correspondents. In the article of height, many men correspond to the minutest portion of an inch; but in the other proportions of the figure, it would seem that no two human beings are alike. So great is the disparity in persons of the same height, that the trunk of an individual of five feet and a half, is occasionally found to be as long as that of a man of six feet. In fact, Mr Macdonald, in an early period of his measurements, was so confounded by the difference in the proportions, that he at once came to the conclusion, that our population is made up of mixed tribes of mankind.

In the midst of all this diversity, the question was, What were the proper proportions? or, in other words, What proportions constituted a handsome figure? and

here our vestiarian philosopher was for a long time at a loss. At length, however, he took 300 measurements, without selection, including the length of the trunk, of the head and neck, and of the fork, and adding them all together, struck the average: from which it resulted, that the average head and neck gives $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; trunk, 25 inches; and fork, 32 inches; making the whole figure, from the crown of the head to the sole of the shoe, 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The word we have italicised is the drawback: a tailor measures with the shoes on; and Mr Macdonald can only approximate to the truth when he deducts half an inch for the sole, and declares the average height of our population to be five feet seven inches. On this basis, however, he constructed a scale of beauty applying to all heights: If a man of 5 feet 7 inches give $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches for head and neck, 25 for trunk, and $31\frac{1}{2}$ for fork, what should another give, of 6 feet, or any other height? The approximation of a man's actual measurement to this rule of three determines his pretensions in the way of symmetry; and the inventor of the *shibboleth* has found it so far to answer, that a figure coming near the rule invariably pleases the eye, and gives the assurance of a handsome man. Independently of this advantage, a man of such proportions has great strength, and is able to withstand the fatigue of violent exercise for a longer period than one less symmetrically formed.

The term 'adult,' however, used by Mr Macdonald to designate those he measured, is not satisfactory—it does not inform us that the persons measured had reached their full development; for men continue to grow, as has been shewn by M. Quetelet, even after twenty-five. The height given, notwithstanding—five feet seven inches—in all probability approximates pretty closely to the true average; and the very different result shewn in Professor Forbes's measurements in the University must be set pretty nearly out of the question. The number of Scotsmen measured by the professor was 523 in all; but these were of eleven different ages, from fifteen to twenty-five, all averaged separately; and supposing the number of each age to have been alike, this would give less than fifty of the age of twenty-five—the average height of whom was 69.3 inches. But independently of the smallness of the number, the professor's customers were volunteers, and it is not to be supposed that under-sized persons would put themselves forward on such an occasion. It may be added, that even the height of the boot-heels of young collegians of twenty-five would tend to falsify the average.

Men do not only differ in their proportions from other men, but from themselves. The arms and legs may be paired, but they are not matched, and in every respect one side of the body is different from the other: the eyes are not set straight across the face, neither is the mouth; the nose is inclined to one side; the ears are of different sizes, and one is nearer the crown of the head than the other; there are not two fingers, nor two nails on the fingers, alike, and the same disagreement runs through the whole figure. This, however, is so common an observation, that we should not have thought it necessary to mention it, but for the bearing the facts given by our statist have upon the common theory by which the irregularity is sought to be accounted for. This declares, that use is the cause of the greater growth of one limb, &c.: that the right hand, for instance, is larger than the left, because it is in more active service. It appears, however, that although the left limbs are in general smaller, this is not, as it is usually supposed, invariably the case; while the ears and eyes, that are used indiscriminately, present the same relative difference of size. We do not, therefore, make our own proportions in this respect: we come into the world with them, and our occupations merely exaggerate a natural defect. An idle man will have one arm half an inch longer than

the other; while a woman, who has been accustomed in early years to carry a child, exhibits a difference amounting sometimes to an inch and a half.

When these facts were first mentioned to us, we looked with some curiosity at the machine from which we had just stepped out; and there we found an illustration of them not highly flattering to our self-esteem. Knees, hips, shoulders, ears, all were so ill-assorted, that it seemed as if Nature had been actually trying her 'prentice hand upon our peculiar self. It was in vain to bethink ourselves of the physical eccentricities of the distinguished men of other times:

'Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's nose, and, sir, you have an eye!—

we might have gone through the whole inventory of the figure, and concluded the quotation:

'Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
Just so immortal Maro held his head;
And when I die, be sure you let me know—
Great Homer died three thousand years ago!'

What we had seen, however, was only the length of the figure; but we were informed by our philosophic tailor, that the limbs, &c., are likewise irregularly placed as regards breadth. The trunk of the body is of various shapes, which he distinguishes as the oval, the circular, and the flat. The first has the arms placed in the middle; in the second, they are more towards the back, and relatively long; and in the third, more towards the front, and relatively short. The length of the forearm should be the length of the lower part of the leg, and if either longer or shorter, the difference appears in the walk. If shorter, the walk is a kind of waddle, the elbows inclining outwards; if longer, it is distinguished by a swinging motion, as if the person carried weights in his hands. If the circumference of the body, measured with an inch-tape just below the shoulders, be smaller than the circumference of the hips, the person will rock in walking, and plant his feet heavily upon the ground. If greater, so that the chief weight is above the limbs, the step will be light, as is familiarly seen in corpulent men, whose delicate mode of walking we witness with ever-recurring surprise. If the shoulders slope downwards, with the spine bending inwards, the individual 'cannot throw a stone, or handle firearms with dexterity.' When inclined forwards, and well relieved from the body, he may be a proficient in these exercises. A peculiarity in walking is given by the size of the head and neck being out of proportion; and an instance is mentioned of a man being discharged from the army, on account of his conformation rendering it impossible for him to keep his head steady.

All these are curious and suggestive particulars. It is customary to refer awkwardness of manner to bad habit, and such diseases as consumption either to imprudence or hereditary taint; but it may be doubted whether taints are not mainly the result of original conformation. Habit and imprudence may doubtless aggravate the evil, just as exercise may enlarge a member of the body; but it is nature which sows the seeds of decay in her own productions. Physically, the child is a copy of the parents, even to their peculiarities of gait; and these peculiarities would seem to depend on the correct or incorrect balance of the members of the body. When the conformation is of a kind which interferes with the play of the lungs, the same transmission of course takes place, and consumption may be the fatal inheritance. If the arrangement of the parts were perfect, it may be doubted—for symmetry is the basis of health as well as beauty—whether we should ever hear of such a thing as 'taint in the blood.' If this theory were to gain ground, it would simplify much the practice of medicine; for the disease would

stand in visible and tangible presence before the eye, and the employment of inventions, to counteract and finally conquer the eccentricities of nature, would be governed by science, and thus relieved from the suspicion of quackery, which at present more or less attaches to it. To pursue these speculations, however, would lead us too far; and before concluding, we must find room for a few more of our practical philosopher's observations.

All good mechanics, it seems, have large hands and thick and short fingers; which is pretty nearly the conclusion arrived at by D'Arpentigny in *La Chirognomonie*, although the captain adds, that the hands must be *en spatule*—that is to say, with the end of the fingers enlarged in the form of a spatula. The hand is generally the same breadth as the foot: a fact recognised by the country people, who, when buying their shoes at fairs—which were the usual mart—might have been seen thrusting in their hand to try the breadth, when they had ascertained that the length was suitable. A short foot gives a mincing walk, while a long one requires the person to bring his body aplomb with the foot before taking the step, which thus resembles a stride. Good dancers have the limbs short as compared with the body, which has thus the necessary power over them; but if too short, there is a deficiency of dexterity in the management of the feet.

In conclusion, it will be seen, we think, that there is much to be learned even in the business of the shears. There is no trade whatever which will not afford materials for thought to an intelligent man, and thus enlarge the mind and elevate the character.

THE NIGHTINGALE:

A MUSICAL QUESTION.

Is the song of the nightingale mirthful or melancholy? is a question that has been discussed so often, that anything new on the subject might be considered superfluous, were it not that the very fact of the discussion is in itself a curiosity worthy of attention. The note in dispute was heard with equal distinctness by Homer and Wordsworth; and indeed there are few poets of any age or country who have not, at one time or other in their lives, had the testimony of their own ears as to its character. Whence, then, this difference of opinion? Listen to Thomson's unqualified assertion, given with the seriousness of an affidavit:

—'all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night, and on the bough
Sole sitting still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding wo; till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song and with her wail resound.'

Then Homer in the *Odyssey*, through Pope's paraphrase:

'Sad Philomel, in bowery shades unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains.'

Virgil, as rendered by Dryden:

—'she supplies the night with mournful strains
And melancholy music fills the plains.'

Milton, too:

—'Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the custom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly—
Most musical, most melancholy.'

And again in *Comus*:

—'the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.'

And Shakspeare makes his poor banished Valentine congratulate himself, that in the forest he can

—'to the nightingale's complaining note
Tune his distresses and record his wo.'

We might go on much longer in this strain. We might give, likewise, the mythological cause assigned for the imputed melancholy, and add that some, not content with this, represent the bird as leaning its breast against a thorn—

'To aggravate the inward grief,
Which makes its music so forlorn.'

But we would rather pause to admit candidly, that two of the above witnesses might be challenged—Virgil and Thomson; who indeed should be counted but as one, for the author of the *Seasons*, in the lines quoted, has translated, though not so closely as Dryden, from the *Georgics* of the Latin poet. If you will read the passage—it matters not whether in Virgil, Dryden, or Thomson—you will perceive that it is a special occurrence that is spoken of: no statement whatever is made as to the character of the nightingale's ordinary song. Thomson, in the course of his humane and touching protest against the barbarous art: 'through which birds are

— by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confined, and boundless air,'

represents the nightingale's misery when thus bereaved. This portion of the lines shall stand entire; none, we are sure, would wish us further to mangle the passage:

'But chief, let not the nightingale lament
Her ruined care, too delicately framed
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
The astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
By the rude hands of unrelenting clowns
Robbed: to the ground the vain provision falls.
Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night.'

It will at once be seen that this description relates to an exceptional condition, and we have yet to seek what character Virgil and Thomson would give to the ordinary song of this paradoxical musician. For the Roman, we do not know that any passage exists in his works which can help us to a conclusion; but Thomson's testimony must undoubtedly be ranged on the contra side, as appears from the following lines in his *Agamemnon*:

'Ah, far unlike the nightingale! she sings
Unceasing through the balmy nights of May—
She sings from love and joy.'

In the passage from his *Spring*, which we have given, we cannot but fancy that the poet endeavoured—if we may so say—to effect a compromise between the opinion which, through the influence of classical poetry, generally prevailed as to the character of the bird's music, and the opposing convictions which his own senses had forced upon him. It was desirable to describe its strains according to the popular fancy, and therefore he borrowed from Virgil such a description of the bird's sorrow as under the assumed circumstances did no violence to his own judgment.

Thomson is not the only poet in whom we fancy we detect some such attempt at compromise. It appears to us that Villega, the Anacreon of Spain, in the following little poem, which we give in Mr Wiffen's translation, adopted, with a similar object, this idea of the nightingale robbed of her young. The truthful and somewhat minute description in the song, however, represents the bird's ordinary performance, and but ill suits the circumstances under which it is supposed to be uttered. The failure on the part of the poet may be ascribed to his secret conviction, that the nightingale's was a cheerful melody; and his labouring against that conviction to the necessity he felt himself under of following his classical masters.

'I have seen a nightingale
On a sprig of thyme bewail,
Seeing the dear nest that was
Hers alone, borne off, alas!
By a labourer: I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird
Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind, which on its wings
From her to the guardian sky
Bore her melancholy cry—
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break.
One while in a sad, sweet note,
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail;
One while with the shrill dispute,
Quite o'er-wearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood,
Her harmonious shrieks renewed;
Now she winged it round and round,
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now from bough to bough in haste
The delighted robber chased;
And alighting in his path,
Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath:
'Give me back, fierce rustic rude!
'Give me back my pretty brood!'
And I saw the rustic still
Answer: "That I never will!"

Independently of the untruthfulness of which a naturalist would complain in this description—for no birds under such circumstances of distress sing, but merely repeat each its own peculiar piercing cry, never at any other time heard, and which cannot be mistaken—there is a palpable effort of ingenuity discoverable in the representation, which seems to tell us that the writer was making up a story, rather than uttering his own belief. It may even be doubted whether Virgil himself, who seems first to have invented this fancy, and behind whose broad mantle later poets have sheltered themselves, may not have felt an inclination to depart from the Greek opinion of Philomel's ditty. Why otherwise did he not simply and at once—as his masters Homer and Theocritus had done before him—describe her notes as mournful, instead of casting about for some cause that might excuse him for giving them that character? But however this may be, we cannot conceal from ourselves, that some stubborn passages still remain in the poets, proclaiming that there are men, and those among the greatest and most tasteful, to whose fancy the voice of the nightingale has sounded full of woe.

Homer must be counted of this number—unless we think with Fox, in the preface to his *History of Lord Holland*, that it is only as to her wakefulness Penelope is compared to the night singing-bird; and so must Milton (for although Coleridge has satisfactorily dealt with the passage in *Il Penseroso*, the line of the Lady's song in *Comus* remains still); and Shakespeare himself, who could scarcely be influenced, as Milton might very possibly be, by the opinions of the Grecian poets.

It is a strange contest we are here considering. Which of us would for a moment doubt our ability to decide in a dispute as to the liveliness or sadness of any given melody?—yet here we see the greatest poets, the favoured children of nature, utterly at variance on a point concerning which we should have expected to find even the most ordinary minds able to decide.

The question becomes more involved from the fact, that some writers take both sides; for instance, Chiabrera in *Aleppo*: the nightingale

'Unwearied still reiterates her lays,
Jocund or sad, delightful to the ear;'

and Hartley Coleridge, in the following beautiful song

which we transcribe the more readily because it has not long been published, and may be new to many of our readers:

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark
To the soothing song of sorrow.
Oh, nightingale! what doth she all?
And is she *sad* or *jolly*?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.
By night and day she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night may pass,
And wo may come to-morrow.'

We must now cite one or two of the many passages which represent the nightingale's as an *absolutely* cheerful song. We fear we cannot insist so much as Fox is disposed to do, on the evidence of Chaucer, who continually styles the nightingale's a merry note, because it is evident that in *his* day the word had a somewhat different meaning from that which it at present conveys. For example, the poet calls the organ 'merry.' Nor dare we lay stress upon the instance which Cary cites—in a note to his *Purgatory*—of a 'neglected poet,' Vallans, who in his *Tale of Two Swannes* ranks the 'merrie nightingale among the cheerful birds,' because we do not know whether, even at the time when Vallans wrote—the book was published, it seems, in 1590—'merrie' had come to bear its present signification.

We shall, however, find a witness among the writers of his period in Gawain Douglas, who died Bishop of Dunkeld in 1522. He, in a prologue to one of his *Æneids*, applies not only the word 'merry' to our bird, but one of less questionable signification—'mirthful.' If we come down to more modern times, we shall find Wordsworth, who seems above all others, except Burns, to have had a catholic ear for the whole multitude of natural sounds, not only refusing the character of melancholy to the nightingale's song, but placing it below the stock-dove's, because it is deficient in the pensiveness and seriousness which mark the note of the latter.

However, of all testimonies which can be brought on this side of the question, the strongest is that of Coleridge. No other has so accurately described the song itself; moreover, he alone has entered the lists avowedly as an antagonist, and confessing in so many words to the existence of an opinion opposite to his own.

'And hark! the nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird.
A melancholy bird? oh, idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the resemblance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And youths and maidens most poetical,

Who lose the deepening twilight of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My friend, and thou, our sister! we have learnt
A different love: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast-thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant and disburden his full soul
Of all its music!'

Little now remains to be said. We have laid before the reader specimens of the two contending opinions, as well as of that which is set up as a golden mean between them; and he has but to put down our pages, and to walk forth—provided he does not live too far north, or in some smoke-poisoned town—to judge for himself as to the true character of the strains. Small risk, we think, would there be in pronouncing on which side his verdict would be given! Well do we remember the night when we first heard this sweet bird: how we listened and refused to believe—for we were young, and our idea had of course been that his song was a melancholy one—that those madly hilarious sounds could come from the mournful nightingale. Wordsworth attempts thus to account for the delusion under which the older poets laboured on this subject:

'Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw,
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,
Peopling the harmless fields with sighs of wo.
Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry
Becomes an echo of man's misery.
What wonder? at her bidding ancient lays
Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel,
And that blithe messenger of summer days,
The swallow, twittered, subject to like spell.'

It is curious that the people who first fixed the stigma of melancholy upon our bird—the Greeks, or at least the Athenians, and it is of them we speak—were perhaps the very gayest people that ever danced upon the earth—absolute Frenchmen. The very sprightliness of their temper, however, by the universally prevailing law of contrast, may have induced in them a fondness for sad and doleful legends; and we confess, for our own part, that while we from our hearts admire the poetical beauty and elegance of their various fables, we do not a little disrelish the constant vein of melancholy which pervades them all. Not the least sad of their fictions is that which relates to the nightingale; a story that has found its way—and even more universally the opinion of the bird's music which it implied—amongst all the nations whom Greece has instructed and civilised.

But we have yet another reply to the question, 'Why do most people call the nightingale's a melancholy song?' It is heard by night, 'whilst our spirits are attentive,' and the solemn gloom of the hour influences the judgment of the ear; for another false impression, which like the monster Error of Spenser, has bred a thousand young ones as ill-favoured as herself, ascribes melancholy to night. There is no good reason why we should think thus of the night, still less that the impression should influence our judgment in other matters; and we owe no small thanks to those who have endeavoured to reclaim to their proper uses these misdirected associations, and to teach, that

'In nature there is nothing melancholy;'

but on the contrary,

'Healing her wandering and distempered child,
She pours around her softest influences,

—'The passage in Milton possesses an that of mere description. It is spoken melancholy Man, and has, therefore, a dra- or makes this remark, to rescue himself alluded with levity to a line of Milton's.'

Her sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
 Her melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
 Amid the general dance and harmony;
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
 His angry spirit healed and harmonised
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.'

THE TEA-COUNTRIES OF CHINA.

ABOUT four years ago, Mr Fortune, author of *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China*, was deputed by the East India Company to proceed to China for the purpose of obtaining the finest varieties of the tea-plant, as well as native manufacturers and implements, for the government tea-plantations in the Himalaya. Being acquainted with the Chinese language, and adopting the Chinese costume, he penetrated into districts unvisited before by Europeans—excepting, perhaps, the Catholic missionaries—exciting no further curiosity as to his person or pedigree, than what was due to a stranger from one of the provinces beyond the great wall. His principal journeys were to Sung-lo, the great green-tea district, and to the Bohea Mountains, the great black-tea district; besides a flying visit to Kingtang, or Silver Island, in the Chusan archipelago. The narrative, which he has since published,* manifests a good faculty for observation; but travelling as privately as possible, he saw little but the exterior aspects of the country, the appearance of which he describes very graphically. As a botanist, he had a keen eye for everything which promised to enlarge our knowledge of the Chinese flora, and discovered many useful and ornamental trees and shrubs, some of which, such as the funeral cypress, will one day produce a striking and beautiful effect in our English landscape, and in our cemeteries. Of social and political information relative to the Celestial Empire, the book is quite barren; and we do not know that there is anything in it which will be so acceptable to the reader, as fresh and reliable information about his favourite beverage. To this, therefore, our attention will be confined.

The plant in cultivation about Canton, from which the Canton teas are made, is known to botanists as the *Thea bohea*; while the more northern variety, found in the green-tea country, has been called *Thea viridis*. The first appears to have been named upon the supposition, that all the black teas of the Bohea Mountains were obtained from this species; and the second was called *viridis*, because it furnished the green teas of commerce. These names seem to have misled the public; and hence many persons, until a few years ago, firmly believed that black tea could be made only from *Thea bohea*, and green tea only from *Thea viridis*. In his *Wanderings in China*, published in 1846, Mr Fortune had stated that both teas could be made from either plant, and that the difference in their appearance depended upon manipulation, and upon that only. But the objection was made, that although he had been in many of the tea-districts near the coast, he had not seen those greater ones inland which furnish the teas of commerce. Since that time, however, he has visited them, without seeing reason to alter his statements. The two kinds of tea, indeed, are rarely made in the same district; but this is a matter of convenience. Districts which formerly were famous for black tea, now produce nothing but green. At Canton, green and black teas are made from the *Thea bohea* at the pleasure of the manufacturer, and according to demand. When the plants arrive from the farms fresh and cool, they dry of a bright-green colour; but if they are delayed in their transit, or remain in a confined state

for too long a period, they become heated, from a species of spontaneous fermentation; and when loosened and spread open, emit vapours, and are sensibly warm to the hand. When such plants are dried, the whole of the green colour is found to have been destroyed, and a red-brown, and sometimes a blackish-brown result is obtained. 'I had also noticed,' says Mr Warrington, in a paper read by him before the Chemical Society, 'that a clear infusion of such leaves, evaporated carefully to dryness, was not all undissolved by water, but left a quantity of brown oxidised extractive matter, to which the denomination *apothem* has been applied by some chemists; a similar result is obtained by the evaporation of an infusion of black tea. The same action takes place by the exposure of the infusions of many vegetable substances to the oxidising influence of the atmosphere; they become darkened on the surface, and this gradually spreads through the solution, and on evaporation, the same oxidised extractive matter will remain insoluble in water. Again, I had found that the green teas, when wetted and redried, with exposure to the air, were nearly as dark in colour as the ordinary black teas. From these observations, therefore, I was induced to believe, that the peculiar characters and chemical differences which distinguish black tea from green, were to be attributed to a species of heating or fermentation, accompanied with oxidation by exposure to the air, and not to its being submitted to a higher temperature in the process of drying, as had been generally concluded. My opinion was partly confirmed by ascertaining from parties conversant with the Chinese manufacture, that the leaves for the black teas were always allowed to remain exposed to the air in mass for some time before they were roasted.'

This explanation by Mr Warrington from scientific data, is confirmed by Mr Fortune from personal observation, and fully accounts, not only for the difference in colour between the two teas, but also for the effect produced on some constitutions by green tea, such as nervous irritability, sleeplessness, &c.; and Mr Fortune truly remarks, that what Mr Warrington observed in the laboratory of Apothecaries' Hall, may be seen by every one who has a tree or bush in his garden. Mark the leaves which are blown from trees in early autumn; they are brown, or perhaps of a dullish green when they fall, but when they have been exposed for some time in their detached state to air and moisture, they become as black as our blackest teas. Without detailing the whole process in the manufacture of either kind of tea, it may be stated in reference to green tea, 1st, That the leaves are roasted almost immediately after they are gathered; and 2d, That they are dried off quickly after the rolling process. In reference to black tea, on the other hand, it may be observed, 1st, That after being gathered, the leaves are exposed for a considerable time; 2d, That they are tossed about until they become soft and flaccid, and are then left in heaps; 3d, That after being roasted for a few minutes and rolled, they are exposed for some hours to the air in a soft and moist state; and 4th, That they are at last dried slowly over charcoal fires. After all, then, genuine green tea is, as might reasonably be conjectured, an article less artificial than black. There is, at the same time, too much foundation for the suspicion, that the green teas so much patronised in Europe and America, are not so innocently manufactured. Mr Fortune witnessed the process of colouring them in the Hung-chow green-tea country, and describes the process. The substance used is a powder consisting of four parts of gypsum and three parts of Prussian blue, which was applied to the teas during the last process of roasting.

'During this part of the operation,' he says, 'the hands of the workmen were quite blue. I could not help thinking, that if any green-tea drinkers had been present during the operation, their taste would have

* *A Journey to the Tea-Countries of China.* By Robert Fortune. 1852.

been corrected, and, I may be allowed to add, improved. One day, an English gentleman in Shang-hae, being in conversation with some Chinese from the green-tea country, asked them what reasons they had for dyeing the tea, and whether it would not be better without undergoing this process. They acknowledged that tea was much better when prepared without having any such ingredients mixed with it, and that they never drank dyed teas themselves; but justly remarked, that as foreigners seemed to prefer having a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum with their tea, to make it look uniform and pretty, and as these ingredients were cheap enough, the Chinese had no objections to supply them, especially as such teas always fetched a higher price! The quantity of colouring matter used is rather more than an ounce to 14½ lbs. of tea; so that in every 100 lbs. of coloured green tea consumed in England or America, the consumer actually drinks nearly half a pound of Prussian blue and gypsum! Samples of these ingredients, procured from the Chinamen in the factory, were sent last year to the Great Exhibition.

In the black-tea districts, as in the green, large quantities of young plants are yearly raised from seeds. These seeds are gathered in the month of October, and kept mixed up with sand and earth during the winter months. In this manner they are kept fresh until spring, when they are sown thickly in some corner of the farm, from which they are afterwards transplanted. When about a year old, they are from nine inches to a foot in height, and ready for transplanting. This is always done at the change of the monsoon in spring, when fine warm showers are of frequent occurrence. The most favourable situations are on the slopes of the hills, as affording good drainage, which is of the utmost importance; and which, on the plains, is attained by having the lands above the water-courses. Other things being equal, a moderately rich soil is preferred. They are planted in rows about four feet apart (in poor soils, much closer), and have a very hedge-like appearance when full grown. A plantation of tea, when seen at a distance, looks like a little shrubbery of evergreens. As the traveller threads his way amongst the rocky scenery of Woo-t-shan, he is continually coming upon these plantations, which are dotted upon the sides of all the hills. The leaves are of a rich dark-green, and afford a pleasing contrast to the strange, and often barren scenery which is everywhere around. The young plantations are generally allowed to grow unmolested for two or three years, till they are strong and healthy; and even then, great care is exercised not to exhaust the plants by plucking them too bare. But, with every care, they ultimately become stunted and unhealthy, and are never profitable when they are old; hence, in the best-managed tea-districts, the natives yearly remove old plantations, and supply their places with fresh ones. About ten or twelve years is the average duration allowed to the plants. The tea-farms are in general small, and their produce is brought to market in the following manner: A tea-merchant from Tsong-gan or Tsin-tsun, goes himself, or sends his agents, to all the small towns, villages, and temples in the district, to purchase teas from the priests and small farmers. When the teas so purchased are taken to his house, they are mixed together, of course keeping the different qualities as much apart as possible. By this means, a chop (or parcel) of 600 chests is made; and all the tea of this chop is of the same description or class. The large merchant in whose hands it is now, has to refine it, and pack it for the foreign market. When the chests are packed, the name of the chop is written upon each, or ought to be; but it is not unusual to leave them unmarked till they reach the port of exportation, when the name most in repute is, if possible, put upon them. When the chop is

purchased in the tea-district, a number of coolies are engaged to carry the chests on their shoulders, either to their ultimate destination, or to the nearest river. The time occupied in the entire transport by land and river, from the Bohea country to Canton, is about six weeks or two months. The expenses of transit, of course, vary with localities, and other circumstances; but, in general, those expenses are so very moderate, that the middlemen realise large profits, while the small farmers and manipulators are subjected to a grinding process, which keeps them in comparative poverty.

Of late years, some attempts have been made to cultivate the tea-shrub in America and Australia; but the result will not equal the expectation entertained by the projectors of the scheme. The tea-plant will grow wherever the climate and soil are suitable; but labour is so much cheaper in China than in either of those countries, that successful competition is impossible. The Chinese labourers do not receive more than twopence or threepence a day. The difference, therefore, in the cost of labour will afford ample protection to the Chinese against all rivals whose circumstances in this respect are not similar to their own.

India, however, is as favourably situated in all respects for tea-cultivation as China itself, and its introduction, therefore, into that country is a matter of equal interest and importance. In procuring the additional seeds, implements, and workmen, Mr Fortune succeeded beyond his expectations. Tea-seeds retain their vitality for a very short period, if they are out of the ground; and after trying various plans for transporting them to their destination, he adopted the method of sowing them in Ward's cases soon after they were gathered, which had the effect of preserving them in full life. The same plan will answer as effectually in preserving other kinds of seeds intended for transportation, and in which so much disappointment is generally experienced. In due time, all the cases arrived at their destination in perfect safety, and were handed over to Dr Jameson, the superintendent of the botanical gardens in the north-west provinces, and of the government tea-plantations. When opened, the tea-plants were found to be in a very healthy state. No fewer than 12,838 plants were counted, and many more were germinating. Notwithstanding their long voyage from the north of China, and the frequent transshipment and changes by the way, they seemed as green and vigorous as if they had been growing all the while on the Chinese hills.

In these days, when tea is no longer a luxury, but a necessary of life in England and her colonies, its production on Indian soil is worthy of persevering effort. To the natives of India themselves, it would be of the greatest value. The poor *paharie*, or hill-peasant, has scarcely the common necessities of life, and certainly none of its luxuries. The common sorts of grain which his lands produce will scarcely pay the carriage to the nearest market-town, far less yield such a profit as to enable him to procure any articles of commerce. A common blanket has to serve him for his covering by day and for his bed at night, while his dwelling-house is a mere mud-hut, capable of affording but little shelter from the inclemency of the weather. If part of these lands produced tea, he would then have a healthy beverage to drink, besides a commodity which would be of great value in the market. Being of small bulk, and extremely light in proportion to its value, the expense of carriage would be trifling, and he would have the means of making himself and his family more comfortable and more happy. In China, tea is one of the necessities of life, in the strictest sense of the word. A Chinese never drinks cold water, which he abhors, and considers unhealthy. Tea is his favourite beverage from morning to night—not what we call tea, mixed with milk and sugar—but the essence of the herb itself drawn out

in pure water. Those acquainted with the habits of the people, can scarcely conceive of their existence, were they deprived of the tea-plant; and there can be no doubt that its extensive use adds much to their health and comfort. The people of India are not unlike the Chinese in many of their habits. The poor of both countries eat sparingly of animal food; rice, and other grains and vegetables, form the staple articles on which they live. This being the case, it is not at all unlikely that the Indian will soon acquire a habit which is so universal in China. But in order to enable him to drink tea, it must be produced at a cheap rate, not at 4s. or 6s. a pound, but at 4d. or 6d.; and this can be done, but only on his own hills. The accomplishment of this would be an immense boon for the government to confer upon the people, and might ultimately work a constitutional change in their character and temperament—ridding them of their proverbial indolence, and endowing them with that activity of body and mind which renders the Chinese so un-Asiatic in their habits and employments.

That our readers may, if they choose, have 'tea as in China,' we quote a receipt from a Chinese author, which may be of service to them. 'Whenever the tea is to be infused for use,' says Tung-po, 'take water from a running stream, and boil it over a lively fire. It is an old custom to use running water boiled over a lively fire; that from springs in the hills is said to be the best, and river-water the next, while well-water is the worst. A lively fire is a clear and bright charcoal fire. When making an infusion, do not boil the water too hastily, as first it begins to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fish's eyes, and lastly, it boils up like pearls innumerable, springing and waving about. This is the way to boil the water.' The same author gives the names of six different kinds of tea, all of which are in high repute. As their names are rather flowery, they may be quoted for the reader's amusement. They are these: the 'first spring tea,' the 'white dew,' the 'coral dew,' the 'dewy shoots,' the 'money shoots,' and the 'rivulet garden tea.' 'Tea,' says he, 'is of a cooling nature, and, if drunk too freely, will produce exhaustion and lassitude. Country people, before drinking it, add ginger and salt, to counteract this cooling property. It is an exceedingly useful plant; cultivate it, and the benefit will be widely spread; drink it, and the animal spirits will be lively and clear. The chief rulers, dukes, and nobility, esteem it; the lower people, the poor and beggarly, will not be destitute of it; all use it daily, and like it.' Another author upon tea says, that 'drinking it tends to clear away all impurities, drives off drowsiness, removes or prevents headache, and it is universally in high esteem.'

THE GREAT OYER OF POISONING.

In a previous article, an account was given of the proceedings against the Earl and Countess of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Though they were spared, several other persons were executed for this offence; and the circumstances under which those who were represented as the chief criminals escaped, while the others, whose guilt was represented as merely secondary, were executed, is among the most mysterious parts of the history. There was so much said about poisoning throughout the whole inquiry, that Sir Edward Coke gave the trials the name of 'The Great Oyer of Poisoning.' Oyer has long been a technical term in English law; and it is almost unnecessary to explain, that it is old French for *to hear*—oyer and *terminer* meaning, to hear and determine. The same inscrutable reasons which make the evidence so imperfect against the chief offenders, affect the whole of it. But while the exact causes of the death of Sir Thomas Overbury may be left in doubt, as well as the motives which led to it, enough is revealed in the trials

of the minor offenders to throw a remarkable light on the strange habits of the time, and especially on the profligacy and credulity of the court of King James.

The first person put to trial was Richard Weston, who had been appointed for the purpose of taking charge of Sir Thomas Overbury. If he had been murdered by poison, there could be no doubt that Weston was one of the perpetrators. He had been brought up as an apothecary; and it was said that he was selected on account of his being thus enabled to dabble in poisons. The charge against him is very indistinct. He was charged that he, 'in the Tower of London, in the parish of Allhallows Barking, did obtain and get into his hand certain poison of green and yellow colour, called rosagar—knowing the same to be deadly poison—and the same did maliciously and feloniously mingle and compound in a kind of broth poured out into a certain dish.' Weston long refused to plead to the indictment. Of old, a person could not be put on trial unless he pleaded not guilty, and demanded a trial. The law, however, provided for those who were obstinate a more dreadful death than would be inflicted on the scaffold. To frighten him into compliance, the court gave him a description of it, telling him that he was 'to be extended, and then to have weights laid upon him no more than he was able to bear, which were by little and little to be increased; secondly, that he was to be exposed in an open place near to the prison, in the open air, being naked; and lastly, that he was to be preserved with the coarsest bread that could be got, and water out of the next sink or puddle.' He was told that 'oftentimes men lived in that extremity eight or nine days.' People have sometimes endured the *pains forte et dure*, as it was called, because, unless they pleaded and were convicted, their estates were not forfeited; and they endured the death of protracted torture for the sake of their families. Weston's object was supposed to be to prevent a trial, the evidence in which would expose his great patrons the Earl and Countess of Somerset. The motive was not, however, strong enough to make him stand to his purpose. He pleaded to the indictment, was found guilty, and executed at Tyburn.

The next person brought up was of a more interesting character—Anne Turner, the widow of a physician. It is stated in the Report, that when she appeared at the bar, the chief-justice Coke said to her: 'that women must be covered in the church, but not when they are arraigned, and so caused her to put off her hat; which done, she covered her hair with her handkerchief, being before dressed in her hair with her handkerchief over it.' Although Mother Turner's pursuits were of the questionable kind generally attributed to old hags—she dealt in philters, soothsaying, and poisoning—she must have been a young and beautiful woman. In some of the letters which were produced at the trials, she was called 'Sweet Turner.' In a poem, called *Overbury's Vision*, published in 1616, and reprinted in the seventh volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, she is thus enthusiastically described—

'It seemed that she had been some gentle dame;
For on each part of her fair body's frame
Nature such delicacy did bestow,
That fairer object oft it doth not shew.
Her crystal eye, beneath an ivory brow,
Did shew what she at first had been; but now
The roses on her lovely cheeks were dead;
The earth's pale colour had all overspread
Her sometime lovely look; and cruel Death,
Coming untimely with his wintry breath,
Blasted the fruit which, cherry-like in show,
Upon her dainty lips did whilome grow.
Oh, how the cruel cord did misbecome
Her comely neck! And yet by law's just doom
Had been her death.'

It might be said to be Mrs Turner's profession, to

minister to all the bad passions of intriguers. The wicked Countess of Essex employed her to secure to her, by magic arts and otherwise, the affection of Somerset, and at the same time to create alienation and distaste on the part of her husband. Among the documents produced at her trial was one said to be a list of 'what ladies loved what lords;' and it is alleged that Coke prohibited its being read, because, whenever he cast his eye on it, he saw there the name of his own wife. Some mysterious articles were produced at the trial, which were believed to be instruments of enchantment and diabolical agency. 'There were also enchantments shewed in court, written in parchment, wherein were contained all the names of the blessed Trinity mentioned in the Scriptures; and in another parchment + B + C + D + E; and in a third, likewise in parchment, were written all the names of the holy Trinity, as also a figure, on which was written this word, *corpus*; and on the parchment was fastened a little piece of the skin of a man. In some of these parchments were the devil's particular names, who were conjured to torment the Lord Somerset, and Sir Arthur Manwaring, if their loves should not continue, the one to the Countess, the other to Mrs Turner.' Along with these were some pictures, as they were termed, or, more properly speaking, models of the human figure. 'At the shewing,' says the report, 'of these, and enchanted papers, and other pictures in court, there was heard a crack from the scaffolds, which caused great fear, tumult, and confusion among the spectators, and throughout the hall, every one fearing hurt, as if the devil had been present, and grown angry to have his workmanship shewed by such as were not his own scholars.'*

The small figures, which appeared to have created the chief consternation, were, we are inclined to believe, very innocent things. There was, it is true, a belief that an individual could be injured or slain by operations on his likeness. There was, however, another purpose connected with Mrs Turner's pursuits to which small jointed images, like artists' lay figures, were used. This was to exhibit the effect of any new fashion, or peculiar style of dress. In this manner small figures, about the size of dolls, were long used in Paris. We have seen people expressing their surprise at pictures of full-grown Frenchwomen examining dolls, but in reality they were not more triflingly occupied than those who now contemplate the latest fashions in their favourite feminine periodical. Mrs Turner was very likely to have occasion for such figures, for she was, with her other pursuits, a sort of dressmaker, or *modiste*; in fact, she seems to have been a ready minister to every kind of human vanity and folly, as well as to a good deal of human wickedness. In the department of dress, she had a name in her own sex and age as illustrious as that of Brummel among dandies in the beginning of this century. As he was the inventor of the starched cravat, she was his precursor in the invention of the starched ruff, or, as it is generally said, of the yellow starch.

The best account we have of the starched ruff is by a man who wrote to abuse it. An individual named Stubbes published an *Anatomy of Abuses*. Having become extremely rare, a small impression of it was lately reprinted, as a curious picture of the times. Stubbes dealt trenchantly with everything that savoured of pride and ostentation in dress; and he was peculiarly severe on Mrs Turner's invention, which made the ruff stand against bad weather. He describes the ruffs as having been made 'of cambric Holland lawn; or else of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yard deep; yea, some more—very few less.' He describes with much glee the elementary calamities to which, before

the invention of the starch, they were liable. 'If Æolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazy barque of their bruised ruffs, then they goeth flip-flap in the wind, like rags that flew abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dish-clout of a slut.' Having thus, with great exultation, described these reproofs to human pride, he mentions how 'the devil, as he, in the fulness of his malice, first invented these great ruffs, so hath he now found out also two great pillars to bear up and maintain this his kingdom of great ruffs—for the devil is king and prince over all the kingdom of pride.' One pillar appears to have been a wire framework—something, perhaps, of the nature of the hoop. The other was 'a certain kind of liquid matter, which they call starch, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dye their ruffs well; and this starch they make of divers colours and hues—white, red, blue, purple, and the like, which, being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks.'

Mrs Turner, at her execution, was arrayed in a ruff stiffened with the material for the invention of which she was so famous. She had for her scientific adviser a certain Dr Forman—a man who was believed to be deep in all kinds of dangerous chemical lore, and at the same time to possess a connection with the Evil One, which gave him powers greater than those capable of being obtained through mere scientific agency. Had he been alive, he would have undoubtedly been tried with the other poisoners. His widow gave some account of his habits, and of his wonderful apparatus, such as 'a ring which would open like a watch;' but the glimpse obtained of him is brief and mysteriously tantalising. We remember that, about twenty-five years ago, this man was made the hero of a novel called *Forman*, which contains much effective writing, but did not somehow fit the popular taste.

Notwithstanding the scientific ingenuity both of the males and females concerned in this affair, the poisoning seems to have been conducted in a very bungling manner when compared with the slow and secret poisonings of the French and Italians. It is believed that a female of Naples, called Tophana, who used a tasteless liquid, named after her *Aqua Tophana*, killed with it 600 people before she was discovered to be a murderess. The complete secrecy in which these foreigners shrouded their operations—people seeming to drop off around them as if by the silent operation of natural causes—was what made their machinations so frightful. Poisoning, however, is a cowardly as well as a cruel crime, which has never taken strong root in English habits; and, as we have observed, the poisoners on this occasion, notwithstanding the skill and knowledge enlisted by them in the service, were arrant bunglers. Thus, the confession of James Franklin, an accomplice, would seem to shew that Sir Thomas Overbury was subjected to poisons enough to have deprived three cats of their twenty-seven lives.

'Mrs Turner came to me from the countess, and wished me, from her, to get the strongest poison I could for Sir T. Overbury. Accordingly, I bought seven—viz., aquafortis, white arsenic, mercury, powder of diamonds, *lapis costivus*, great spiders, and cantharides. All these were given to Sir T. Overbury at several times. And further confesseth, that the lieutenant knew of these poisons; for that appeared, said he, by many letters which he writ to the Countess of Essex, which I saw, and thereby knew that he knew of this matter. One of these letters I read for the countess, because she could not read it herself; in which the lieutenant used this speech: "Madam, the scab is like the fox—the more he is cursed, the better he fareth." And many other speeches. Sir T. never eat white salt, but there was white arsenic put into it. Once he desired pig, and Mrs Turner put into it *lapis costivus*. The white powder that was sent to Sir T. in a

* *State Trials*, ii. 932.

letter, he knew to be white arsenic. At another time, he had two partridges sent him by the court, and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs Turner put in cantharides instead of pepper; so that there was scarce anything that he did eat but there was some poison mixed.*

It is impossible to believe that the human frame could stand out for weeks against so hot a siege. It would appear as if Franklin must really have confessed too much. It has already been said, that the confused state of the whole evidence renders it difficult to find how far a case was made out against the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Such a confession as Franklin's only makes matters still more confused. That Sir Thomas Overbury really was poisoned, one can scarcely doubt, if even a portion of what Franklin and the others say is true; but the reckless manner in which the crime was gone about, and the confusion of the whole evidence, is extremely perplexing. Not the least remarkable feature in this tragedy is the number of people concerned in it. We find, brought to trial, the Earl and Countess of Somerset and Sir Thomas Monson, who, though said to be the guiltiest of all, were spared: Weston, Franklin, and Mrs Turner, were executed: Forman, and another man of science who was said to have given aid, had gone to their account before the trials came on. Then, in Franklin's confession, it was stated that 'the toothless maid, trusty Margaret, was acquainted with the poisoning; so was Mrs Turner's man, Stephen; so also was Mrs Horne, the countess's own handmaid;' and several other subordinate persons are alluded to in a similar manner.

The quietness and secrecy of the French and Italian poisonings have been already alluded to. The poisoners, in general, instead of acting in a bustling crowd, generally prepared themselves for their dreadful task by secretly acquiring the competent knowledge, so that they might not find it necessary to take the aid of confederates. They generally did their work alone, or at most two would act together. It certainly argues a sadly demoralised state of society in the reign of King James, that so many persons should be found who would coolly connect themselves with the work of death; but still there was not so much real danger as in the quiet, systematic poisonings of such criminals as Topham and the Countess of Brinvilliers. The great Oyer of poisoning was, however, calculated to make a very deep impression on the public mind. It filled London with fear and suspicion. When rumours about poisonings become prevalent, no one knows exactly how far the crime has proceeded, and this and that event is remembered and connected with it. All the sudden deaths within recollection are recalled, and thus accounted for. People supposed to be adepts in chemistry were in great danger from the populace, and one man, named Lamb, was literally torn to pieces by a mob at Charing-Cross. The people began to dwell upon the death of Prince Henry, the king's eldest son, who had fallen suddenly. It was remembered that he was a youth of a frank, manly disposition—the friend and companion of Raleigh and of other heroic spirits. He liked popularity, and went into many of the popular prejudices of the times—forming altogether in his character a great contrast to his grave, dry, fastidious, and suspicious brother Charles, who was to succeed to his vacant place. He had died very suddenly—of fever, it was said; but popular rumour now attributed his death to poison. Nay, it was said that his own father, jealous of his popularity, was the perpetrator; and it was whispered that this was the secret which King James was so afraid his favourite Somerset might tell if prosecuted to death. In a work called *Truth brought to Light*, a copy was given of an alleged medical report on a dissection of the body, calculated to confirm these

suspensions: it may be found in the *State Trials*, ii. 1002. Arthur Wilson, who published his life and reign of King James during the Commonwealth, said: 'Strange rumours are raised upon this sudden expiration of our prince, the disease being so violent that the combat of nature in the strength of youth (being almost nineteen years of age) lasted not above five days. Some say he was poisoned with a bunch of grapes; others attribute it to the venomous scent of a pair of gloves presented to him (the distemper lying for the most part in the head.) They that knew neither of these are stricken with fear and amazement, as if they had tasted or felt the effects of those violences. Private whisperings and suspicions of some new designs afoot broaching prophetic terrors that a black Christmas would produce a bloody Lent, &c.' Kennet, in his notes on Wilson's work, says that he possesses a rare copy of a sermon preached while the public mind was thus excited, 'wherein the preacher, who had been his domestic chaplain, made such broad hints about the manner of his (Prince Henry's) death, that melted the auditory into a flood of tears, and occasioned his being dismissed the court.'

But suspicion did not stop here. When King James himself died in much pain, his body shewing the unsightly symptoms consequent on his gross habits, poison was again suspected; and as it had been said on the former occasion, that the father had connived at the death of his son, it was now whispered that the remaining son, anxious to commence his ill-starred reign, was accessory to hurrying his father from the world. The moral character of Charles I. is sufficient to acquit him of such a charge. But historians even of late date have not entirely acquitted his favourite, Buckingham, who, it was said, finding that the king was tired of him, resolved to make him give place to the prince, in whose good graces he felt secure. The authors of the scandalous histories published during the Commonwealth, said that the duke's mother administered the poison externally in the form of a plaster.

NEURALGIA.*

OBSTRUCTIVES and sceptics are in one sense benefactors: although they do not generally originate improved modes of thought and action, they at least prevent the adoption of crude theories and ill-digested measures. To meet the criticism of these opponents, inventive genius must more carefully bring its ideas and plans to the test of practical experiment and thorough investigation; and as truth must ultimately prevail, it cannot be considered unjust or injurious to insist upon its presenting its credentials. This is, we submit, one of the benefits resulting from schools, colleges, and guilds: it is difficult to impress them with novel truths; but in a great degree they act as breakwaters to the waves of error. In no department of social life is this doctrine better illustrated than in the medical profession, which is among the keenest and most sceptical of bodies in scrutinising novelty; but it has rarely allowed any real improvement to remain permanently untested and unadopted. We believe this to be the fair view to take of a class of scientific men who have certainly had a large share of sarcasm to endure.

General readers, for whom we profess to cater, take no great interest in medical subjects and discussions; but as historians of what is doing in the world of art, science, and literature, we think it our duty to record, in a brief way, any information we can collect that may

* *Neuralgia: its various Forms, Pathology, and Treatment.* Being the Jacksonian Prize Essay of the Royal College of Surgeons for 1850; with some Additions. By C. Toogood Downing, M.D., M.R.C.S. Churchill, London.

* *State Trials*, 941.

be beneficial to the suffering portion of humanity; and in this 'miserable world' it is most probable that one-fourth part of our readers are invalids. Why should they not have their little troubles, whims, and maladies studied and cared for? The disease which gives a title to this short notice is perhaps one of the most mysterious and vexatious to which our nature is liable; both its cause and cure are equally occult, and its *modus operandi* is scarcely intelligible. A contemporary thus playfully alludes to the subject in terms more funny than precise:—'What is neuralgia? A nervous spasm, the cause of which has, however, not been satisfactorily and conclusively demonstrated; but we may, perhaps, obtain a clearer view of its nature, if we look upon it as connected with "morbid nutrition." Every one knows that the system is, or ought to be, constantly subject to a law of waste and repair; and if the operation of this law is impeded by "cold," "mental excitement," or any other baneful condition, diseases more or less unpleasant must ensue. The *vis nature* uses certain particles of matter in forming nerves; others in forming membrane, bones, juices, &c.; while used-up particles are expelled altogether from the system. We can readily conceive that each order of atoms is used by a distinct function, and has a different mission; and any morbid perversion or mingling of their separate destinies must end in disorder and suffering—nature's violent endeavour to restore the regularity of her operations. A cough is simply an effort of the lungs or bronchiæ to remove some offending intruder that ought to be doing duty elsewhere; and may we not call neuralgia a *cough of a nerve* to get rid of a disagreeable oppression—nature's legitimate *coup d'état* to put down and transport those "*red socialist*" particles that would interfere with the regularity of its constitution? Let us fancy, for a moment, a delicate little army of atoms marching obediently along, to form new nerve in place of the substance that is wasting away: another little army of carbonaceous particles have just received orders to pack up their luggage and be off, to make way for the advancing nerve-battalion; but in their exodus they are met by a fierce destroyer, in the shape of an east wind—a Caffre that suddenly throws the ranks of General Carbon into disorder, and drives them back upon the brilliant and pugnacious array of General Nerve: a battle-royal is the result. General Nerve immediately places lance in rest, and advances to the charge with the unsparing war-cry of: "Mr Ferguson, you don't lodge here!" and if Caffre East-wind is not despised and trifled with, he is generally beaten for a time; but great are the sufferings of humanity—the scene of this encounter—while the fight is raging.'

Now comes the question: How to get rid of this cruel invader? Dr Downing has undertaken to give an answer, which we believe to be satisfactory. In addition to the proper medical and hygienic treatment, which is carefully and ably stated in the work before us, Dr Downing has invented an apparatus which appears to be very efficacious; and we will therefore allow him to describe it in his own words:—"From considering tic douloureux as often a local disease, depending on a state of excessive irritability, sensibility, or spasm of a particular nerve, and from reflecting upon its causes, and observing the effect of topical sedatives, I was led to the conclusion, that the most direct way of quieting this state was by the application of warmth and sedative vapour to the part, so as to soothe the nerves, and calm them into regular action. For this purpose, I devised an apparatus which answers the purpose sufficiently well. It is a kind of fumigating instrument, in which dried herbs are burned, and the heated vapour directed to any part of the body. It is extremely simple in construction, and consists essentially of three parts with their media of connection—a cylinder for igniting the vegetable

matter, bellows for maintaining a current of air through the burning material, and tubes and cones for directing and concentrating the stream of vapour. The chief medicinal effects I have noticed in the use of this instrument are those of a sedative character; but its remedial influence is not alone confined to the use of certain herbs. A considerable power is attributable to the warm current or intense heat generated. When the vegetable matter is ignited, and a current of air is made to pass through the burning mass, a small or great degree of heat can be produced at pleasure. Thus, when the hand is gently pressed upon the bellows, a mild, warm stream of vapour is poured forth which may act as a *douche* to irritable parts; but by strongly and rapidly compressing the same receptacle, the fire within the cylinder is urged like that of a smith's forge, and the blast becomes intensely hot and burning.'

Those who wish to know more of this mode of treatment, had better refer to the work itself. We must content ourselves with having simply drawn our readers' attention to it.

ANCIENT GLACIERS IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

MR ROBERT CHAMBERS, in a recent tour of the lakes of Westmoreland (April 1852), has discovered that the valleys of that interesting district were at one time occupied by glaciers. Glacialised surfaces were previously observed in a few places not far from Kendal, but without any conclusion as to the entire district. By Mr Chambers conspicuous and unequivocal memorials of ice-action have been found in most of the great central valleys, such as those of Derwentwater, Ulleswater, Thirlwater, and Windermere. The principal phenomena are rounded hummocks of rock on the skirts of the hills, and in the middle of the valleys; and as these hummocks, whatever may be the direction of the valleys, invariably present a smoothed side up, and an abrupt side downwards (*stoss-seite* and *lee-seite* of the Scandinavian geologists), it becomes certain that the glaciers proceeding from the mountains at the upper extremities were local to the several valleys. The smoothed hummocks are very noticeable in Derwentwater or Borrowdale, the celebrated Bowderstone resting on one; a particularly fine low surface appears at Grange, near the head of the lake. At Patterdale, in Ulleswater Valley, the rocks are so much marked in this manner, that the whole place bears a striking resemblance to the sterile parts of Sweden; and some small rocky islets, near the head of the lake, are unmistakable *roches moutonnées*. The two valleys descending in opposite directions from Dummil Raise, have had glaciers proceeding from some central point: in that of Thirlwater, the rounded hummocks are conspicuous at Armboth; in the other, near Grasmere, and near the Windermere Railway Station. In all these cases, the characteristic striation, or scratching produced on rock-surfaces by glaciers, is more or less distinct, according as the surface may have been protected in intermediate ages. Where any drift or alluvial formation has covered it, the polish and striation are as perfect as if they had been formed in recent times, and the lines are almost invariably in the general direction of the valley.

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PROSAIC SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THERE are some phrases that convey only a vague and indefinite meaning, that make an impression upon the mind so faint as to be scarcely resolvable into shape or character. Being associated, however, with the feeling of beauty or enjoyment, they are ever on our lips, and pass current in conversation at a conventional value. Of these phrases is the 'poetry of life'—words that never fail to excite an agreeable though dreamy emotion, which it is impossible to refer to any positive ideas. They are generally used, however, to indicate something gone by. The poetry of life, we say, with sentimental regret, has passed away with the old forms of society; the world is disenchanted of its talismans; we have awakened from the dreams that once lent a charm to existence, and we now see nothing around us but the cold hard crust of external nature.

This must be true if we think it is so; for we cannot be mistaken, when we feel that the element of the poetical is wanting in our constitutions. But we err both in our mode of accounting for the fact, and in believing the loss we deplore to be irretrievable. The fault committed by reasoners on this subject is, to confound one thing with another—to account for the age being unpoetical—as it unquestionably is—by a supposed decay in the materials of poetry. We may as well be told that the phenomena of the rising and setting sun—of clouds and moonlight—of storm and calm—of the changing seasons—of the infinitely varying face of nature, are now trite and worn-out. They are as fresh and new as ever, and will be so at the last day of the world, presenting, at every recurring view, something to surprise as well as delight. To each successive generation of men, the phenomena both of the outer and inner world are absolutely new; and the child of the present day is as much a stranger upon the earth as the first-born of Eve. But the impression received by each individual from the things that surround him is widely different—as different as the faces in a crowd, which all present the common type of humanity without a single feature being alike. This fact we unconsciously assert in our everyday ~~utterances~~ ^{speech}; for when any similarity is detected in a ~~description~~ ^{character}, whether of things internal or external, we at once stigmatise the later version as a plagiarism, and as such set it down as a confession of weakness.

Although the manifestations of nature, being ~~finite~~ ^{finite}, cannot be worn out, the capacity to enjoy them, ~~being human~~ ^{being human}, may decay. It may, in fact, in some ~~instances~~ ^{instances}, be entirely wanting, and in some generations ~~be almost~~ ^{be almost} partially so. Seamen, for instance, who live, move, and have their being in a world of poetry and

romance, are the least poetical of men; even in their songs they affect the prosaic and matter of fact, and discard everything appertaining to the fanciful.* Here is a direct instance of the materials of poetry being present, and its spirit wanting. So common, however, is it to confound the poetical with the faculty of enjoying it, that we find a hygienic power ascribed as an absolute property to the beauty of that very element, from which they who view it, both in its sweetest and grandest aspects, derive no elevation of feeling whatever. Hufeland, who reckons among the great panaceas of life the joy arising from the contemplation of the beauties of nature, in estimating the advantage of sea-bathing as the chief natural tonic, attributes it in great part to the action of the prospect of the sea upon the nervous system. 'I am fully convinced,' says he, 'that the physical effects of sea-bathing must be greatly increased by the impression on the mind, and that a hypochondriac or nervous person may be half-cured by residing on the sea-coast, and enjoying a view of the grand scenes of nature which will there present themselves—such as, the rising and setting of the sun over the blue expanse of the waters, and the awful majesty of the waves during a storm.' Now, if all patients were alike impressionable, this would be sound doctrine; but, as it is, few see the sun rise at all, many retire before the dews of evening begin to condense, and almost all shut themselves carefully up during a storm.

The poetry of life, we need hardly say, is not associated exclusively with the things of external nature:

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,

are likewise a portion of the materials which it informs as with a soul. For poetry does not create, but modify. It is neither passion nor power; neither beauty nor love; but to one of these it gives exaltation, to another majesty; to one enchantment, to another divinity. It is not the light of 'the sun when it shines, nor of the moon walking in brightness,' but the glory of the one, and the grace and loveliness of the other. It is not instruction, but that which lends to instruction a loftier character, ascending from the finite to the infinite. It is not morality, but that which deepens the moral impression, and sends the thrill of spiritual beauty throughout the whole being. But its appeals, says an eloquent writer, are mainly 'to those affections that are apt to become indolent and dormant amidst the commerce of the world;' and it aims at the 'revival of those purer and more

* See Journal, No. 425. Article, 'Dibdin's Sailor-Songs.'

enthusiastic feelings which are associated with the earlier and least selfish period of our existence. Immersed in business, which, if it sharpen the edge of intellect, leaves the heart barren; toiling after material wealth or power, and struggling with fortune for existence; seeing selfishness reflected all around us from the hard and glittering surface of society as from a cold and polished mirror; it would go hard with man in adversity, perhaps still more in prosperity, if some resource were not provided for him, which, under the form of an amusement and recreation, administered a secret but powerful balsam in the one case, and an antidote in the other.' Poetry elevates some of our emotions, disinters others from the rubbish of the world, heightens what is mean, transforms what is unsightly,

Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

It is a spiritual wine which revives the weary denizen of the vale of tears, and softens, warms, and stimulates, without the reaction of material cordials. 'It gives him wings,' says another writer, 'and lifts him out of the dirt; and leads him into green valleys; and carries him up to high places, and shews him at his feet the earth and all its glories.'

The poetry of life, therefore, although one of those expressions that baffle definition, points to something of vast importance to the happiness of men and the progress of the race. It is no idle dream, no mere amusement of the fancy. Whenever we feel a generous thrill on hearing of a great action—that is poetry. Whenever we are conscious of a larger and loftier sympathy than is implied in the exercise of some common duty of humanity—that is poetry. Whenever we look upon the hard realities of life through a medium that softens and relieves them—that medium is poetry. Without poetry, there is no loftiness in friendship, no devotedness in love. The feelings even of the young mother watching her sleeping child till her eyes are dim with happiness, are one half poetry. Hark! there is music on the evening air, always a delightful incident in the most delightful scene; and here there are ruins, and woods, and waters, all the adjuncts of a picture. This is beauty; but if we breathe over that beauty the spirit of poetry, see what a new creation it becomes, and what a permanent emotion it excites!

The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits, old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky!
They faint on field, and hill, and river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes answer, dying, dying, dying.*

This is a sample of the spiritual wine we have talked of—something to elevate and intoxicate. But the picture it presents does not pass away in the reaction of the morning. It haunts us in all after-life, rising up before us in the pauses of the world, to heal and refresh our wearied spirits.

* Tennyson.

As in this poem the pleasure is caused by its appeals to the imagination heightening the feeling the scene naturally excites; by the spiritual and material world being linked together as regards the music; and by the connection established between the echoes and the sky, field, hill, and river, where they die—just so it is with the poetry of moral feeling. The spectacle we have instanced of the young mother watching her sleeping infant, is in itself beautiful; but it becomes poetical when we imagine the feeling of beauty united in her mind with the instinct of love, and detect in her glance, moist with emotion, the blending of hopes, memories, pride, and tearful joy. Poetry, therefore, is not moral feeling, but something that heightens and adorns it. It is not even a direct moral agent, for it deepens the lesson only through the medium of the feelings and imagination. Thus moral poetry, when reduced to writing, is merely morality conveyed in the form of poetry; and in like manner, religious poetry, is religion so conveyed. The thing conveyed, however, must harmonise with the medium, for poetry will not consent to give an enduring form to what is false or pernicious. It has often been remarked, with a kind of superstitious wonder, that poems of an immoral character never live long; but the reason is, that it is the characteristic of immorality to tie down man in the chains of the senses, and this shews that it has nothing in common with the spiritual nature of poetry. For the same reason, a poem based upon atheism, although it might attract attention for a time, would meet with no permanent response in the human breast; religion being Truth, and poetry her peculiar ministrant.

Although written poetry, however, does not necessarily come into this subject, it may be observed, that the comparative incapacity of the present generation to enjoy the poetical is clearly exhibited in its literature. Never was there so much verse, and so little poetry. Never was the faculty of rhyming so impartially spread over the whole mass of society. The difficulty used to be, to find one possessed of the gift: now it is nearly as difficult to find one who is not. Formerly, to write verses was a distinction: now it is a distinction not to write them—and one of some consequence. But with all this multitude of poets, there is not one who can take his place with the comparatively great names of the past, or vanishing generation. Now and then we have a brilliant thought—even a certain number of verses deserving the name of a poem; but there is no sustained poetical power, nothing to mark an epoch, or glorify a name. When we commend, it is some passage distinct from the poem, something small, and finished, and complete in itself. The taste of the day runs more upon conceits and extravagances, such as Cowley would have admired, and which he might have envied. The suddenness of the impression, so to speak, made by great poets, their direct communication with the heart, belongs to another time. It is our ambition to come to the same end by feats of ingenuity; and instead of touching the feelings, and setting the imagination of the reader instantaneously aglow, to exercise his skill in unravelling and interpretation. We expect the pleasure of success to reward him for the fatigue.

The same feeling is at work, as we have already pointed out, in decorative art; in which 'a redundancy of useless or ridiculous ornament is called richness, and the inability to appreciate simple and beautiful, or grand and noble forms, receives the name of genius.' The connection is curious, likewise, between this ingenuity of poetry and that of the machinery which gives a distinguishing character to our epoch. It looks as if the complication of images, working towards a certain end, were only another development of the genius that invents those wonderful instruments which the eye cannot follow till they are familiarly explained—and sometimes not even then. If this idea were kept

in view, there would be at least some wit, although no truth, in the common theory which attempts to account for the decline of poetry. Neither advancement in science, however, nor ingenuity in mechanics, is in itself, as the theory alleges, hostile to the poetical; on the contrary, the materials of poetry multiply with the progress of both. The prosaic character of the age does not flow from these circumstances, but exists in spite of them. It has been said, indeed, that the light of knowledge is unfavourable to poetry, by making the hues and lineaments of the phantoms it calls up grow fainter and fainter, till they are wholly dispelled. But this applies only to one class of images. The ghost of Banquo, for instance, may pale away and vanish utterly before the light of knowledge; but the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth is immortal like the mind itself. Knowledge cannot throw its illumination upon eternity, or dissipate the influences by which men feel they are surrounded. A candle brought into a darkened room discloses the material forms of the things in the midst of which we are standing, and which may have been involved, to our imagination, in a poetical mystery. But the light itself, as an unexplained wonder—its analogies with the flame of life—the modifications it receives from the faint gleam of the sky through the shadowed window—all are poetical materials, and of a higher character. Where one series of materials ends, another begins; and so on in infinite progression, till poetry seems to spurn the earth from beneath her foot—

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Telling of things which no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outer shape—
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

Science with us, however, is a business instead of an ambition; ingenuity a trade rather than a taste. We go on from discovery to discovery, from invention to invention, with an insatiate but prosaic spirit, which turns everything to a profitable and practical account—imprisoning the very lightning, that it may carry our messages over land and under sea! We do not stop to look, to listen, to feel, to exalt with a moral elevation the objects of our study, and snatch a spiritual enjoyment from imagination. All with us is material; and all would be even mean, but for the essential grandeur of the things themselves. And here comes the question: Is this material progress incompatible with spiritual progress? Is the poetry of life less abundant because the conveniences of life are more complete and admirable? Is man less a spirit of the universe because he is a god over the elements? We answer, No: the scientific and the prosaic spirit are both independent elements in the genius of the age; or, if there is a necessary connection, it is the converse of what is supposed—the restless mind in which the fervour of poetry has died, plunging into science for the occupation that is necessary to its happiness. Thus one age is merely poetical, another merely scientific; although here, of course, we use, for the sake of distinctness, the broadest terms, unmindful of the modifications ranging between these extreme points. The age, however, that has least poetry has most science, and *vice versa*.

But man, unlike the other denizens of the earth, has power over his own destiny. He is able to cultivate the poetical as if it were a plant; and if once convinced of its important bearing upon his enjoyment of the world, he will do so. The imagination may be educated as well as the moral sense, and the result of the advancement of the one as well as the other is an expansion of the mind, and an enlargement of the

capacity for happiness. The grand obstacle is precisely what we have now endeavoured to aid in removing—the common mistake as to the nature of the poetical, which it is customary to consider as something remote from, or antagonistic to, the business of life. So far from this, it is essentially connected with the moral feelings. It neutralises the conventionalisms of society, and makes the whole world kin. It enlarges the circle of our sympathies, till they comprehend, not only our own kind, but every living thing, and not only animate beings, but all created nature.

A DUEL IN 1830.

I HAD just arrived at Marseilles with the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travellers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris, and were enthusiastic about the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was, for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract attention; and my three fellow-travellers no doubt looked on me as a plain, common-place seaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for his pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boon-companions; the third, an elegant youth, blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and dark soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off, smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love-adventures, and the young man, whom they called Alfred, shewed his comrades a packet of delicately perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful fair hair.

He told them, that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. 'But now all is well,' he continued. 'I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good-humour, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuits and the Bourbons. In my character of one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies: I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde.' Thus they talked together; and by and by we parted in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly illumined coffee-house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon, in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was an elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with dark-red face, and dressed in a quiet coloured suit; it was easy to perceive that he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his gray, indeed almost white hair, which, however, rose from his head in luxurious fulness, gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly-knotted black kerchief alone encircled it; thick, silver-gray whiskers met together at his chin; a blue frock-coat, pantaloons of the same colour, silk stockings, shoes with thick soles, and a dazzlingly-white waistcoat and linen, completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his broad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large, glassy, grayish-blue

eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself—a strong onk that fate had shaped into a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clenched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

'You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals.' I looked up, and gave no answer. He continued: 'A sailor?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And have seen service?'

'Yes.'

'You are still in active service?'

'No.' And then, to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well-nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then, an evil destiny led my three young fellow-travellers into the room. They soon seated themselves at a table, and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well; but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing. Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice: 'Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!'

The young men sprang up in a fury, and asked if it was to them he alluded.

'Whom else should I mean?' said the gray man with a contemptuous sneer.

'But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like,' said the young man. '*Vive la République et vive Clotilde!*'

'One as blackguardly as the other!' cried the gray-beard tauntingly; and a wine-glass, that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth, was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped with the spilled wine, the old man said quite quietly: 'To-morrow, at the Cap Verd!' and seated himself again with the most perfect composure.

The young man expressed his determination to take the matter on himself; that he alone would settle the quarrel, and promised to appear on the morrow at the appointed time. They then all departed noisily. The old man rose quietly, and turning to me, said: 'Sir, you have been witness to the insult; be witness also to the satisfaction. Here is my address: I shall expect you at five o'clock. Good-night, Monsieur l'Abbé! To-morrow, there will be one Jacobin less, and one lost soul the more. Good-night!' and taking his hat and stick, he departed. His companion the abbé followed soon after.

I now learned the history of this singular man. He was descended from a good family of Marseilles. Destined for the navy while still young, he was sent on board ship before the Revolution, and while yet of tender years. Later, he was taken prisoner; and after many strange adventures, returned in 1793 to France: was about to marry, but having been mixed up with the disturbances of Toulon, managed to escape by a miracle to England; and learned before long that his father, mother, one brother, a sister of sixteen years of age, and his betrothed, had all been led to the guillotine to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. Thirst for revenge, revenge on the detested Jacobins, was now his sole aim. For a long time he roved about in the Indian seas, sometimes as a privateer, at others as a slave-dealer; and was said to have caused the tricoloured flag much damage, while he acquired a considerable fortune for himself. With the return of the Bourbons, he came back to France, and settled at Marseilles. He lived, however, very retired, and employed his large fortune solely for

the poor, for distressed seamen, and for the clergy. Alms and masses were his only objects of expense. It may easily be believed, that he acquired no small degree of popularity among the lower classes and the clergy. But, strangely enough, when not at church, he spent his time with the most celebrated fencing-masters, and had acquired in the use of the pistol and the sword a dexterity that was hardly to be paralleled. In the year 1815, when the royalist reaction broke out in La Vendée, he roved about for a long time at the head of a band of followers. When at last this opportunity of cooling his rage was taken from him by the return of order, he looked out for some victim who was known to him by his revolutionary principles, and sought to provoke him to combat. The younger, the richer, the happier the chosen victim was, the more desirable did he seem. The landlord told me he himself knew of seven young persons who had fallen before his redoubted sword.

The next morning at five o'clock, I was at the house of this singular character. He lived on the ground-floor, in a small simple room, where, excepting a large crucifix, and a picture covered with black crape, with the date, 1794, under it, the only ornaments were some nautical instruments, a trombone, and a human skull. The picture was the portrait of his guillotined bride; it remained always veiled, excepting only when he had slaked his revenge with blood; then he uncovered it for eight days, and indulged himself in the sight. The skull was that of his mother. His bed consisted of the usual hammock slung from the ceiling. When I entered, he was at his devotions, and a little negro brought me meanwhile a cup of chocolate and a cigar. When he had risen from his knees, he saluted me in a friendly manner, as if we were merely going for a morning walk together; afterwards he opened a closet, took out of it a case with a pair of English pistols, and a couple of excellent swords, which I put under my arm; and thus provided, we proceeded along the quay towards the port. The boatmen seemed all to know him. 'Peter, your boat!' He seated himself in the stern.

'You will have the goodness to row,' he said; 'I will take the tiller, so that my hand may not become unsteady.'

I took off my coat, rowed away briskly, and as the wind was favourable, we hoisted a sail, and soon reached Cap Verd. We could remark from afar our three young men, who were sitting at breakfast in a garden not far from the shore. This was the garden of a *restaurateur*, and was the favourite resort of the inhabitants of Marseilles. Here you find excellent fish; and also, in high perfection, the famous *bollebresse*, a national dish in Provence, as celebrated as the *olla podrida* of Spain. How many a love-meeting has occurred in this place! But this time it was not Love that brought the parties together, but Hate, his step-brother; and in Provence the one is as ardent, quick, and impatient as the other.

My business was soon accomplished. It consisted in asking the young men what weapons they chose, and with which of them the duel was to be fought. The dark-haired youth—his name was M—L—insisted that he alone should settle the business, and his friends were obliged to give their word not to interfere.

'You are too stout,' he said to the one, pointing to his portly figure; 'and you—to the other—are going to be married; besides, I am a first-rate hand with the sword. However, I will not take advantage of my youth and strength, but will choose the pistol, unless the gentleman yonder prefers the sword.'

A movement of convulsive joy animated the face of my old captain: 'The sword is the weapon of the French gentleman,' he said; 'I shall be happy to die with it in my hand.'

'Be it so. But your age?'

'Never mind; make haste, and *en garde*.'

It was a strange sight: the handsome young man on one side, overbearing confidence in his look, with his youthful form, full of grace and suppleness; and opposite him that long figure, half naked—for his blue shirt was furled up from his sinewy arm, and his broad, scarred breast was entirely bare. In the old man, every sinew was like iron wire: his whole weight resting on his left hip, the long arm—on which, in sailor fashion, a red cross, three lilies, and other marks, were tattooed—held out before him, and the cunning, murderous gaze rivetted on his adversary.

'Twill be but a mere scratch,' said one of the three friends to me. I made no reply, but was convinced beforehand that my captain, who was an old practitioner, would treat the matter more seriously. Young L—, whose perfumed coat was lying near, appeared to me to be already given over to corruption. He began the attack, advancing quickly. This confirmed me in my opinion; for although he might be a practised fencer in the schools, this was proof that he could not frequently have been engaged in serious combat, or he would not have rushed forwards so incautiously against an adversary whom he did not as yet know. His opponent profited by his ardour, and retired step by step, and at first only with an occasional ward and half thrust. Young L—, getting hotter and hotter, grew flurried; while every ward of his adversary proclaimed, by its force and exactness, the master of the art of fence. At length the young man made a lunge; the captain parried it with a powerful movement, and, before L— could recover his position, made a thrust in return, his whole body falling forward as he did so, exactly like a picture at the Académie des Armes—'the hand elevated, the leg stretched out'—and his sword went through his antagonist, for nearly half its length, just under the shoulder. The captain made an almost imperceptible turn with his hand, and in an instant was again *en garde*. L— felt himself wounded; he let his sword fall, while with his other hand he pressed his side; his eyes grew dim, and he sank into the arms of his friends. The captain wiped his sword carefully, gave it to me, and dressed himself with the most perfect composure. 'I have the honour to wish you good-morning, gentlemen: had you not sung yesterday, you would not have had to weep to-day;' and thus saying, he went towards his boat. 'Tis the seventeenth!' he murmured; 'but this was easy work—a mere greenhorn from the fencing-schools of Paris. 'Twas a very different thing when I had to do with the old Bonapartist officers, those brigands of the Loire.' But it is quite impossible to translate into another language the fierce energy of this speech. Arrived at the port, he threw the boatman a few pieces of silver, saying: 'Here, Peter; here's something for you.'

'Another requiem and a mass for a departed soul, at the church of St Gèneviève—is it not so, captain? But that is a matter of course.' And soon after we reached the dwelling of the captain.

The little negro brought us a cold pasty, oysters, and two bottles of *vin d'Artois*. 'Such a walk betimes gives an appetite,' said the captain gaily. 'How strangely things fall out!' he continued in a serious tone. 'I have long wished to draw the crape veil from before that picture, for you must know I only deem myself worthy to do so when I have sent some Jacobin or Bonapartist into the other world, to crave pardon from that murdered angel; and so I went yesterday to the coffee-house with my old friend the abbé, whom I knew ever since he was field-preacher to the Chouans, in the hope of finding a victim for the sacrifice among the readers of the liberal journals. The confounded waiters, however, betray my intention; and when I am there,

nobody will ask for a radical paper. When you appeared, my worthy friend, I at first thought I had found the right man, and I was impatient—for I had been waiting for more than three hours for a reader of the *National* or of *Figaro*. How glad I am that I at once discovered you to be no friend of such infamous papers! How grieved should I be, if I had had to do with you instead of with that young fellow!' For my part, I was in no mood even for self-felicitations. At that time, I was a reckless young fellow, going through the conventionalisms of society without a thought; but the event of the morning had made even me reflect.

'Do you think he will die, captain?' I asked: 'is the wound mortal?'

'For certain!' he replied with a slight smile. 'I have a knack—of course for Jacobins and Bonapartists only—when I thrust *en quarte*, to draw out the sword by an imperceptible movement of the hand, *en tierce*, or *vice versa*, according to circumstances; and thus the blade turns in the wound—and that kills; for the lung is injured, and mortification is sure to follow.'

On returning to my hotel, where L— also was staying, I met the physician, who had just visited him. He gave up all hope. The captain spoke truly, for the slight movement of the hand and the turn of the blade had accomplished their aim, and the lung was injured beyond the power of cure. The next morning early L— died. I went to the captain, who was returning home with the abbé. 'The abbé has just been to read a mass for him,' he said; 'it is a benefit which, on such occasions, I am willing he should enjoy—more, however, from friendship for him, than out of pity for the accursed soul of a Jacobin, which in my eyes is worth less than a dog's! But walk in, sir.'

The picture, a wonderfully lovely maidenly face, with rich curls falling around it, and in the costume of the last ten years of the preceding century, was now unveiled. A good breakfast, like that of yesterday, stood on the table. With a moistened eye, and turning to the portrait, he said: 'Thérèse, to thy memory!' and emptied his glass at a draught. Surprised and moved, I quitted the strange man. On the stairs of the hotel I met the coffin, which was just being carried up for L—; and I thought to myself: 'Poor Clotilde! you will not be able to weep over his grave.'

THE TREE OF SOLOMON.

Wide forests, deep beneath Maldivia's tide,
From withering air the wondrous fruitage hide;
There green-haired nereids tend the bowery dells,
Whose healing produce poison's rage expels.

The Lusid.

If Japan be still a sealed book, the interior of China almost unknown, the palatial temple of the Grand Lama unvisited by scientific or diplomatic European—to say nothing of Madagascar, the steppes of Central Asia, and some of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago—how great an amount of marvel and mystery must have enveloped the countries of the East during the period that we now term the middle ages! By a long and toilsome overland journey, the rich gold and sparkling gems, the fine muslins and rustling silks, the pungent spices and healing drugs of the Morning Land, found their way to the merchant princes of the Mediterranean. These were not all. The enterprising traversers of the Desert brought with them, also, those tales of extravagant fiction which seem to have ever had their birthplace in the prolific East. Long after the time that doubt—in not a few instances the parent of knowledge—had, by throwing cold water on it,

extinguished the last funeral pyre of the ultimate Phoenix, and laughed to scorn the gigantic, gold-grubbing pismires of Pliny; the Roc, the Valley of Diamonds, the mountain island of Loadstone, the potentiality of the Talisman, the miraculous virtues of certain drugs, and countless other fables, were accepted and believed by all the nations of the West. One of those drugs, seldom brought to Europe on account of its great demand among the rulers of the East, and its extreme rarity, was a nut of alleged extraordinary curative properties—of such great value, that the Hindoo traders named it *Trevanchere*, or the Treasure—of such potent virtue, that Christians united with Mussulmen in terming it the Nut of Solomon. Considered a certain remedy for all kinds of poison, it was eagerly purchased by those of high station at a period when that treacherous destroyer so frequently mocked the steel-clad guards of royalty itself—when poisoning was the crime of the great, before it had descended from the corrupt and crafty court to the less ceremonious cottage. Nor was it only as an antidote that its virtues were famed. A small portion of its hard and corneous kernel, triturated with water in a vessel of porphyry, and mixed, according to the nature of the disease and skill of the physician, with the powder of red or white coral, ebony, or stag's horns, was supposed to be able to put to flight all the maladies that are the common lot of suffering humanity. Even the simple act of drinking pure water out of a part of its polished shell was esteemed a salutary remedial process, and was paid for at a correspondingly extravagant price. Doubtless, in many instances it did effect cures; not, however, by any peculiar inherent sanative property, but merely through the unbounded confidence of the patient: similar cases are well known to medical science; and at the present day, when the manufacture and sale of an alleged universal heal-all is said to be one of the shortest and surest paths that lead to fortune—when in our own country 'the powers that be' encourage rather than check such wholesale empiricism—we cannot consistently condemn the more ancient quack, who having, in all faith, given an immense sum for a piece of nut-shell, remunerated himself by selling draughts of water out of it to his believing dupes. The extraordinary history of the nut, as it was then told, assisted to keep up the delusion. The Indian merchants said, that there was only one tree in the world that produced it; that the roots of that tree were fixed, 'where never fathom-line did touch the ground,' in the bed of the Indian Ocean, near to Java, among the Ten Thousand Islands of the far East; but its branches, rising high above the waters, flourished in the bright sunshine and free air. On the topmost bough dwelt a griffin, that sallied forth every evening to the adjacent islands, to procure an elephant or rhinoceros for its nightly repast; but when a ship chanced to pass that way, his griffinship had no occasion to fly so far for a supper. Attracted by the tree, the doomed vessel remained motionless on the waters, until the wretched sailors were, one by one, devoured by the monster. When the nuts ripened, they dropped off into the water, and, carried by winds and currents to less dangerous localities, were picked up by mariners, or cast on some lucky shore. What is this but an Eastern version—who dare say it is not the original?—of the more classical fable of the dragon and the golden fruit of the Hesperides?

Time went on. Vasco de Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, and a new route was opened to Eastern commerce. The Portuguese, who encountered the terrors of the Cape of Storms, were not likely to be daunted by a griffin; yet, with all their endeavours, they never succeeded in discovering the precious tree. By their exertions, however, rather more of the drug was brought to Europe than had previously been; still there was no reduction in its estimated value. In the

East, an Indian potentate demanded a ship and her cargo as the price of a perfect nut, and it was actually purchased on the terms; in the West, the Emperor Rodolph offered 4000 florins for one, and his offer was contemptuously refused; while invalids from all parts of Europe performed painful pilgrimages to Venice, Lisbon, or Antwerp, to enjoy the inestimable benefit of drinking water out of pieces of nut-shell! Who may say what adulterations and tricks were practised by dishonest dealers, to maintain a supply of this costly medicine? but, as similar impositions are not unknown at the present day, we may as well pass lightly over that part of our subject.

The English and Dutch next made their way to the Indian Ocean; yet, though they sought for the invaluable Tree of Solomon, with all the energy supplied by a burning thirst for gain, their efforts were as fruitless and unsuccessful as those of the Portuguese. Strange tales, too, some of these ancient mariners related on their return to Europe: how, in the clear waters of deep bays, they had observed groves of those marvellous trees, growing fathoms down beneath the surface of the placid sea. Out of a mass of equally ridiculous reports, the only facts then attainable were at length sifted: these were, that the tree had not been discovered growing in any locality whatever; that the nut was sometimes found floating on the Indian Ocean, or thrown on the coast of Malabar, but more frequently picked up on the shores of a group of islands known as the Maldives; from the latter circumstance, the naturalists of the day termed it *Cocus Maldivicus*—the Maldivian cocoa-nut. Garcius, surnamed Ab Horto (of the garden), on account of his botanical knowledge, a celebrated authority on drugs and spices, who wrote in 1563, very sensibly concluded that the tree grew on some undiscovered land, from whence the nuts were carried by the waves to the places where they were found; other writers considered it to be a genuine marine production; while a few shrewdly suspected that it really grew on the Maldives. Unfortunately for the Maldivians, this last opinion prevailed in India. In 1607, the king of Bengal, with a powerful fleet and army, invaded the Maldives, conquered and killed their king, ransacked and plundered the islands, and, having crammed his ships with an immense booty, sailed back to Bengal—without, however, discovering the Tree of Solomon, the grand object of the expedition. Curiously enough, we are indebted to this horrible invasion for an interesting book of early Eastern travel—the Bengalese king having released from captivity one Pyrrard de Laval, a French adventurer, who, six years previously, had suffered shipwreck on those inhospitable islands. Laval's work dispelled the idea that the nut grew upon the Maldives. He tells us, that it was found floating in the surf, or thrown up on the sea-shore only; that it was royal property; and whenever discovered, carried with great ceremony to the king, a dreadful death being the penalty of any subject possessing the smallest portion of it.

The leading naturalists of the seventeenth century having the Maldives thus, in a manner, taken away from beneath their feet, took great pains to invent a local habitation for this wonderful tree; and at last they, pretty generally, came to the conclusion, that the vast peninsula of Southern Hindostan had at one time extended as far as the Maldives, but by some great convulsion of nature, the intermediate part between those islands and Cape Comorin had sunk beneath the waters of the ocean; that the tree or trees had grown thereon, and still continued to grow on the submerged soil; and the nuts when ripe, being lighter than water, rose to the surface, instead—as is the habit of supermarine arboreal produce—of falling to the ground. Scarcely could a more splendid illustration of the fallacies of hypothetical reasoning be found, than the pages that contain this specious and far-fetched

argument. Even the celebrated Rumphius, who wrote so late as the eighteenth century, assures his readers that 'the *Calappa laut*, the Malay term for the nut, 'is not a terrestrial production, which may have fallen by accident into the sea, and there become hardened, as Garcias ab Horto relates, but a fruit, growing itself in the sea, whose tree has hitherto been concealed from the eye of man.' He also denominates it 'the wonderful miracle of nature, the prince of all the many rare things that are found in the sea.'

In the fulness of time, knowledge is obtained and mysteries are revealed. Chemistry and medicine, released from the tedious but not useless apprenticeship they had served to alchemy and empiricism, set up on their own account, and as a consequence, the 'nut of the sea' soon lost its European reputation as a curative, though it was still considered a very great curiosity, and the unsettled problem of its origin formed a famous stock of building materials for the erectors of theoretical edifices. In India and China, it retained its medicinal fame, and commanded a high price. Like everything else that is brought to market, the nuts varied in value. A small one would not realise more than L.50, while a large one would be worth L.120; those, however, that measured as much in breadth as in length were most esteemed, and one measuring a foot in diameter was worth L.150 sterling money. Such continued to be the prices of these nuts for two centuries after the ships of Europe had first found their way to the seas and lands of Asia. But a change was at hand. In the year 1770, a French merchant-ship entered the port of Calcutta. The motley assemblage of native merchants and tradesmen, Baboos and Banians, Dobashes, Dobies, and Dingy-wallahs, that crowd a European vessel's deck on her first arrival in an Eastern port, were astounded when, to their eager inquiries, the captain replied that his cargo consisted of *cocos de mer*.^{*} Scarcely could the incredulous and astonished natives believe the evidence of their own eyesight, when, on the hatches being opened, they saw that the ship was actually filled with this rare and precious commodity. Rare and precious, to be so no longer. Its price instantaneously fell; persons who had been the fortunate possessors of a nut or two, were ruined; and so little did the French captain gain by his cargo, that he disclosed the secret of its origin to an English mercantile house, which completed the utter downfall of the nut of Solomon, by landing another cargo of it at Bombay during the same year.

A singular circumstance in connection with the discovery of the tree, a complete exemplification of the good old tale, *Eyes and no Eyes*, is worthy of record, as a lesson to all, that they should ever make proper use of the organs which God has bestowed upon them for the acquisition of useful knowledge. Mahé de la Bourdonnais, one of the best and wisest of French colonial governors, whose name, almost unknown to history, is embalmed for ever in St Pierre's beautiful romance of *Paul and Virginia*, sent from the Isle of France, in 1748, a naval officer named Picault, to explore the cluster of islands now known as the Seychelles. Picault made a pretty correct survey, and in the course of it discovered some islands previously unknown; one of these he named Palmiers, on account of the abundance and beauty of the palm-trees that grew upon it; that was all he knew about them. In 1768, a subsequent governor of the Isle of France sent out another expedition, under Captain Duchemin, for a similar purpose. Barré, the hydrographer of this last expedition, landing on Palmiers, at once discovered that the palms, from which the island had, a quarter of a century previously, received its name, produced the famous and long-sought-for *cocos de mer*. Barré informed Duchemin,

and the twain kept the secret to themselves. Immediately after their return to the Isle of France, they fitted out a vessel, sailed to Palmiers, and having loaded with nuts, proceeded to Calcutta. How their speculation turned out, we have already related. We should add that Duchemin, in his vain expectation of making an immense fortune by the discovery, considering that the name of the island might afford future adventurers a clue to his secret, artfully changed it to Praslin, the name of the then intendant of marine, which it still retains.

We shall speak no more of the Tree of Solomon; it is the *Lodoicea Seychellarum*—the double cocoa-nut of the Seychelles—as modern botanists term it, that we have now to deal with. As its name implies, it is a palm, and one of the most nobly-graceful of that family, which have been so aptly styled by Linnæus the princes of the vegetable kingdom. Its straight and rather slender-looking stem, not more than a foot in diameter, rises, without a leaf, to the height of from 90 to 100 feet, and at the summit is superbly crowned with a drooping plume, consisting of about a score of magnificent leaves, of a broadly-oval form. These leaves, the larger of which are twenty feet in length and ten in width, are beautifully marked with regular folds, diverging from a central supporting chine; their margins are more or less deeply serrated towards the extremities; and they are supported by footstalks nearly as long as themselves. Every year there forms, in the central top of the tree, a new leaf, which, closed like a fan, and defended by a downy, fawn-coloured covering, shoots up vertically to a height of ten feet, before it, expanding, droops gracefully, and assumes its place among its elder brethren; and as the imperative rule pervades all nature, that, in course of time, the eldest must give place unto their juniors, the senior lowest leaf annually falls withered to the ground, yet leaving a memento of its existence in a distinct ring or scar upon the parent trunk. It is clear, then, that by the number of these rings the age of the tree can be accurately determined; some veterans shew as many as 400, without any visible signs of decay; and it seems that about the age of 130 years, the tree attains its full development.

As in several other members of the palm family, the male and female flowers are found on different individuals. The female tree, after attaining the age of about thirty years, annually produces a large drupe or fruit-bunch, consisting of five or six nuts, each enveloped in an external husk, not dissimilar in form and colour to the coat of the common walnut, but of course much larger, and proportionably thicker. The nut itself is about a foot in length; of an elliptic form; at one end obtuse, at the other and narrower end, cleft into two or three, sometimes even four lobes, of a rounded form on their outsides, but flattened on the inner. It is exceedingly difficult to give a popular description when encumbered by the technicalities of science; we must try another method. Let the reader imagine two pretty thick vegetable marrows, each a foot long, joined together, side by side, and partly flattened by a vertical compression, he will then have an idea of the curious form of the double cocoa-nut. Sometimes, as we have mentioned, a nut exhibits three lobes; let the reader imagine the end of one of the marrows cleft in two, and he will have an idea of the three-lobed nut; and if he imagines two more marrows placed side by side, and compressed with and on the top of the former two, he will then have an idea of the four-lobed nut. In fact, almost invariably, the four-lobed nut parts in the middle, forming two of the more common two-lobed nuts, only distinguishable by the flatness of their inner sides from those that grew separately. When green, they contain a refreshing, sweetish, jelly-like substance, but when old, the kernel is so hard that it cannot be cut with a knife.

The enormous fruit-bunches, weighing upwards of fifty pounds, hang three or four years on the tree

^{*} *Cocco-nuts of the sea*—the French appellation of the nut.

before they are sufficiently ripened to fall down; thus, though only one drupe is put forth each season, yet the produce of three or four years, the aggregate weight of which must be considerable, burdens the stem at one time. This great weight, suspended at the top of the lofty and almost disproportionately slender stem, causes the tree to rock gracefully with the slightest breeze; the agitated leaves creating a pleasing noise, somewhat similar to that of a distant waterfall. Some French writers have enthusiastically alluded to this rustling sound as a delightful adjunct of the interesting scene; nor have our English travellers spoken in less glowing language. 'Growing in thousands,' says Mr Harrison, 'close to each other, the sexes intermingled, a numerous offspring starting up on all sides, sheltered by the parent plants, the old ones fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, and going fast to decay to make room for the young trees, presents to the eye a picture so mild and pleasing, that it is difficult not to look upon them as animated objects, capable of enjoyment, and sensible of their condition.'

Though no longer producing a drug of great value for the exclusive use of the wealthy, the double cocoanut of the Seychelles affords many humbler benefits to the inhabitants of those islands. The trunk, when split and cleared of its soft, fibrous interior, serves to make water-troughs and palisades. The immense leaves are used, in that fine climate, as materials for building: not only do they make an excellent thatch, but they are also employed for walls. With one hundred leaves, a commodious dwelling, including doors, windows, and partitions, may be constructed. Baskets and brooms are made from the ribs of the leaves and the fibres of their footstalks. The young leaf, previous to its expanding, is soft, and of a pale-yellow colour; in this state it is cut into longitudinal stripes, and plaited into hats; while the downy substance by which it is covered, is found valuable for stuffing beds and pillows. Vessels, of various forms and uses, are made out of the light, strong, and durable nut-shells. When preserved whole, with merely a perforation at the top, they are used to carry water, some holding nearly three gallons. When divided, the parts serve, according to their size and shape, for platters, dishes, or drinking-cups. Being jet-black, and susceptible of a high polish, they are often curiously carved, and mounted with the precious metals, to form sugar-basins, toilet-dishes, and other useful and ornamental articles for the dwellings of the tasteful and refined.

The group of islands termed the Seychelles lie to the northward and eastward of Madagascar, in the latitude of 6 degrees south of the equinoctial. The tree, in its natural state, is found on three small, rocky, and mountainous islands only—Praslin, containing about 3000 acres; Curieuse, containing but 1000; and Round Island, smaller still; all three lying within a few hundred yards of each other. These islands are about 900 miles distant from the Maldives; and as *Jarrias ab Horto*, in the sixteenth century, supposed, he nuts, many of which grow on rocky precipices overhanging the sea, drop into the waves, and are transported by the prevailing currents to other shores. It is a remarkable fact, that the trees will not flourish on any other of the adjacent islands of the Seychelles group. Many have been planted, but they merely vegetate, and are wretchedly inferior to the splendid natural trees of Praslin and Curieuse. From the time that the nut falls from the tree, a year elapses before it germinates; it only requires to lie on the ground without being covered, for the germ shoots downwards, forming a root, from which ascends the *stipule* of the future plant.

Several attempts have been made to grow this tree in some of the larger horticultural establishments in Great Britain, but hitherto without success. Hopes, however, are now entertained; for the interesting

spectacle of a double cocoa-nut in the act of germination may be witnessed at this moment in the national gardens at Kew.

FALSE POLITICAL ECONOMY.

LEGISLATIVE PROTECTION AGAINST FRAUD.

THERE is a proverb full of wisdom—as these brief embodiments of experience often are—to the effect that in commerce 'the buyer's eye is his merchant.' It has found its way into our legal text-books, to express a principle which modern law has had much in view—that people should look to their own skill and knowledge in making their purchases, and should not trust to the legislature to protect them, by interference and penalties, from purchasing unworthy commodities. Undoubtedly, fraud, when it occurs, must be punished. If a merchant sell by sample, and intentionally give a different article—if a dog-dealer clothe a cur in the skin of a departed lap-dog, and sell him warranted an undoubted Blenheim spaniel—there should be some punishment for the fraud. It will not be found expedient, however, to go far, even in such clear cases. In too entirely superseding the buyer's eye, and substituting the judge's, we remove a very vigilant check on fraud. If people never bought Blenheim spaniels without an ample knowledge of the animal's character and appearance, followed by minute observation, it would do more to prevent fraud in this small by-article of commerce than a host of penal statutes.

And when we come to less palpable imperfections in goods, it will be seen that legislation is quite incapable of coping with them. If every thrifty housewife, whose last bought bushel of potatoes is more waxy than they ought to be—if every shabby dandy, who has bought a glossy satin hat, 'warranted superfine, price only 5s,' and who finds it washed into a kind of dingy serge by the next shower—had his action for the infliction of penalties, it would be a more litigious world even than it is. With thimble-riggers, chain-droppers, fortune-telling gipsies, and the like, the law wages a most unproductive war. Penal statutes and the police do little to put them down, while there are fools whose silly selfishness or vanity makes them ready dupes: if these fools would become wise and prudent, all the penalties might be at once dispensed with. But only imagine the state of litigational confusion in which this country would be plunged, if every tradesman who sold 'an inferior article,' which had a fair and attractive appearance, could be subject to penal proceedings!

Yet our ancestors made this attempt; and under the early monarchs of England there were passed a number of statutes, which vainly endeavoured to compel every manufacturer and dealer to be honest. The wool-trade was an especial favourite of this kind of legislation. Indeed, if any one be in search of violent legislative attempts to force trade into artificial channels, he will be very sure to find them if he turn up the acts on the wool and woollen trade. They would fill some volumes by themselves. One great object of the government, was to prohibit the exportation of wool, to export it only in the manufactured article, and to sell that only for gold. A tissue of legislation of the most complicated kind was passed to establish these objects. Costly arrangements were made, by which not only in this country, but also in others, the sale of the woollens was conducted only by Englishmen. This, however, is not our immediate subject—it relates rather to the curious efforts to make the manufacturers produce a sound article.

An act of the 13th of Richard II. (1389), gives this melancholy account of the dishonesty of certain cloth-makers, and provides a penal remedy: 'Forasmuch as divers plain clothes, that be wrought in the counties of Somerset, Dorset, Bristol, and Gloucester, be tacked and folded together, and set to sale, of the which clothes w-

great part be broken, brused, and not agreeing in the colour; neither be according to breadth, nor in no manner to the part of the same clothes showed outwards, but be falsely wrought with divers wools, to the great deceit, loss, and damage, of the people, in so much, that the merchants who buy the same clothes, and carry them out of the realm to sell to strangers, be many times in danger to be slain, and sometimes imprisoned, and put to fine and ransom by the same strangers, and their said clothes burnt or forfeit, because of the great deceit and falsehood that is found in the said clothes when they be untacked and opened, to the great slander of the realm of England. It is ordained and assented, that no plain cloth, tacked nor folded, shall be set to sale within the said counties; but that they be opened, upon pain to forfeit them, so that the buyers may see them and know them, as it is used in the county of Essex.' One would think, that if the buyers found themselves habitually cheated by made-up goods, they would find the remedy themselves, by insisting on seeing them, and declining, according to a Scottish saying, to buy 'a pig in a poke.' Another clause of the same act seems equally gratuitous: 'Provided always, that after the merchants have bought the same clothes to carry, and do carry them out of the realm, they may tack them and fold them at their pleasure, for the more easy carriage of them.' What a very accommodating statute!

And it really is reasonable, in comparison with other enactments on the same subject. In the ninth year of Henry VIII., for instance, an act was passed for 'avoiding deceits in making of woollen clothes,' containing a whole series of troublesome regulations, such as the following: 'That the wool which shall be delivered for or by the clothier to any person or persons, for breaking, combing, carding, or spinning of the same, the delivery therefore shall be by even just poise and weight of averdupois, sealed by authority, not exceeding in weight after the rate of xii pound seemed wool, above one quarter of a pound for the waste of the same wool, and in none other manner; and that the breaker or comber do deliver again to the same clothier the same wool so broken and combed, and the carder and spinner to deliver again to the said clothier yarn of the same wool, by the same even just and true poise and weight (the waste thereof excepted), without any part thereof concealing, or any more oil-water, or other thing put thereunto deceivable.

'Item, that the weaver which shall have the weaving of any woollen yarn to be webbed into cloth, shall weave, work, and put into the web, for cloth to be made thereof, as much and all the same yarn as the clothier, or any person for him, shall deliver to the same weaver, with his used mark put to the same, without changing, or any parcel thereof leaving out of the said web; or that he restore to the same clothier the surplus of the same yarn, if any shall be left not put in the same web, and without any more oil brine, moisture, dust, sand, or other thing deceivably putting or casting to the same web, upon pain to forfeit for every default three shillings and four pence.

'Item, that no manner of person buy any coloured wool, or coloured woollen yarn, of any carder, spinner, or weaver, but only in open market, upon pain of forfeiture of such wool and yarn so bought.' And so on: these, in fact, are but the beginning of a series of regulations, which it would tire the reader to peruse throughout.

One would think, that shoes and other leather manufactures are among the last things that require to be made sufficient by legislation. The ill-made shoes wear out, and the purchaser, if he be wise, will not go again to the same shop. Parliament, however, did not leave him in the matter to the resources of his own wisdom. By a statute of the 18th of Richard II.,

it is provided: 'Forasmuch as divers shoemakers and cordwainers use to tan their leather, and sell the same falsely tanned—also make shoes and boots of such leather not well tanned, and sell them as dear as they will, to the great deceit of the poor commons—it is accorded and assented, that no shoemaker nor cordwainer shall use the craft of tanning, nor tanner the craft of shoemaking; and he that doth contrary to this act, shall forfeit to the king all his leather so tanned, and all his boots and shoes.'

Fifty-two years later—in the year 1485, it was found that the people were still cheated with bad boots and shoes—especially, we doubt not, when they bought them cheap—and the legislature, pondering on a possible remedy, thought they might find it in further subdivision, and prohibiting tanners from currying their leather; and so it is enacted, 'that where tanners in divers parts of this realm use within themselves the mystery of currying and blacking of leather insufficiently, and also leather insufficiently tanned, and the same leather so insufficiently wrought, as well in tanning as in currying and blacking, they put to sale in divers fairs and markets, and other places, to the great deceit and hurt of liege people'—so no tanner is to 'use the mystery of a currier, nor black no leather to be put to sale, under the forfeiture of every hyde,' &c.

Let us now introduce our readers to a legislative protection against frauds of a more dire and mysterious character, in the shape of an act passed in the sixth year of Edward VI., 'for stuffing of feather-beds, bolsters, mattresses, and cushions.' Our readers, we hope, will not suppose—as the words might lead them to infer—that these articles are to be stuffed with the act; on the contrary, it would be highly penal so to do. The chief provisions are: 'For the avoiding of the great deceit used and practised in stuffing of feather-beds, bolsters, pillows, mattresses, cushions, and quilts—be it enacted, that no person or persons whatsoever shall make (to the intent to sell, or offer to be sold) any feather-bed, bolster, or pillow, except the same be stuffed with dry-pulled feathers, or clean down only, without mixing of scalded feathers, fen-down, thistle-down; sand, lime, gravel, unlawful or corrupt stuff, hair, or any other, upon pain of forfeiture,' &c. One would like to know what 'unlawful or corrupt stuff' is, and whether the corruptness be physical through putridity, or merely metaphysical and created, like the unlawfulness by statute. The act provides further, that after a certain day no person 'shall make (to the intent to sell, or offer, or put to sale) any quilt, mattress, or cushions, which shall be stuffed with any other stuff than feathers, wool, or flocks alone,' on pain of forfeiture.

But the most stringent enactments for the protection of the public against such wholesale deceptions appear to have been in the article of fustian; and perhaps the hidden adulterations that suggested the enactments, may be the reason why unsound reasonings and hollow speeches are called fustian. There is something mysteriously awful in the act of the eleventh year of Henry VII., called 'A remedy to avoid deceitful slights used upon fustians.' It begins thus:

'That whereas fustians brought from the parts beyond the sea unshorn into this realm, have been and should be the most profitable cloth for doublets and other wearing clothes greatly used among the common people of this realm, and longest have endured of anything that have come into the same realm from the said parts to that intent—for that the cause hath been that such fustians afore this time hath been truly wrought and shorn with the broad sheare, and with no other instruments or deceitful mean used upon the same. Now so it is, that divers persons, by subtlety and undue slights and means, have deceivably imitated and contrived instruments of iron, with which irons,

in the most highest and secret places of their houses, they strike and draw the said irons on the said fustians unshorn—by means whereof they pluck off both the nap and cotton of the said fustians, and break commonly both the ground and threads in sunder; and after, by crafty sleeking, they make the same fustians to appear to the common people fine, whole, and sound; and also they raise up the cotton of such fustians, and then take a light candle, and set it on the fustian burning, which singeth and burneth away the cotton of the same fustian from the one end to the other down to the hard threads, instead of shearing; and after that put them in colour, and so subtly dress them, that their false work cannot be espied, without it be workmen shearers of such fustian, or the wearers of the same.'

Many penalties and forfeitures are laid on the persons who so treacherously corrupt honest fustian. But one is apt to fear, that the accurate account given of the process may have induced some people to follow it, who would not have thought of doing so but for the instruction contained in the act for abolishing it.

Our manufacturing operatives have been justly censured for their occasional—and, to do them justice, it is but occasional—enmity to machinery. Sometimes it may be palliated, though not justified, by the hardship which is often, without doubt, suffered by those who have to seek a new occupation. We suspect, however, that the legislature is not entirely free from this kind of barbarous enmity. We are led to this supposition by finding, in the sixth year of Edward VI., an act 'for the putting down of gig-mills.' It sets out with the principle, that everything that deteriorates manufactured articles does evil, continuing: 'And forasmuch as in many parts of this realm is newly and lately devised, erected, builded, and used, certain mills called gig-mills, for the perching and burling of cloth, by reason whereof the true drapery of this realm is wonderfully impaired, and the cloth thereof deceitfully made by reason of the using of the said gig-mills'—and so provisions follow for their suppression. It is a general effect of machinery to fabricate goods less lasting than those which are handwrought, but with an accompanying reduction of price, which makes the machine produce by far the cheaper. We fear the legislature saw only the deterioration, and was not alive to the more than compensating facility of production.

VISIT TO THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

It is by the territorial division of labour that a country arrives most successfully at wealth and civilisation. Our hops are grown in Kent and Essex; Glasgow annually sends forth the engines of our steam fleets; Sunderland is the focus of our shipbuilding; Edinburgh, with her legion of professors, and her busy presses, is one vast academy. In short, each district does something peculiar to itself, while all avoid sending coal to Newcastle.

A large number of manufactures, particularly those of luxury, are peculiar to the metropolis, and one of the most prominent of this class is public amusement. Every season has its novelty, whether the opera of a great foreign composer, or the lectures of a literary lion; besides endless panoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas, and cycloramas, which bring home to John Bull the wonders of the habitable globe, and annihilate time and space for his delectation. We see the Paris of the Huguenots to the sound of Meyerbeer's blood-stirring trumpets; or gain companionship with Hogarth, Fielding, or Smollett as we listen to Thackeray; or, after paying our shilling in the Chinese Junk, are, to all intents and purposes, afloat in the Hoang Ho.

London is the place at which these amusements are manufactured and first presented, and at which the stamp is sought which enables a portion of them to pass current in the provinces, and make large returns

to the more fortunate speculators. In the metropolis, the vast capital afloat in such schemes is first cast on the waters, and a large amount annually sunk and engulfed for ever in the great vortex. The continued series of splendid fortunes which have been sacrificed in such schemes, would excite our astonishment that the fate of previous adventurers had not acted as a warning, if the moral of the gambling-table and the Stock Exchange were not always ready, by collateral illustration, to explain a riddle which would otherwise be insoluble.

Indisputably foremost of all the establishments which offer amusement to the London public, is the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden; and we say this without attempting to enter into the question of whether it has rightly or wrongly achieved a preponderance of vocal talent over the rival theatre. While noting, however, the combination of talent it presents, and the continued flow of capital it sends forth in the production of the highest class of works, we must at the same time express our admiration of the spirited efforts of Mr Lumley to sustain himself against such odds; and our hope that nothing will induce this gentleman to give up a rivalry which has been a stimulus to the exertions of the other house, and which has rendered London the musical capital of the world. Thus much premised, we sit down to give an account of a day spent at Covent Garden, devoted to a thorough examination of this vast establishment, from its extensive catacombs to the leads which overlook the panorama of London; persuaded as we are that the public has but an obscure idea of the capital, labour, and ingenuity expended in the production of what is visible to the eye of the audience. Access to the stage during rehearsal is strictly confined to the performers, although that is the least part of the exhibition; but by special favour, we were taken in charge by the chief mechanist, an individual provided with the necessary technical knowledge, as well as with a material bunch of keys to unlock all the mysteries of the place.

Our *debut* was made upon the stage, which we examined in its various parts and appendages while the ballet practice was proceeding. The curtain was up: the audience part of the house, from the pit to the ceiling, was covered with linen, in order to preserve the satin draperies from dust. Comparative darkness pervaded the vast space; but the front of the stage was illumined by a pipe of gas, pierced for jets, running over the orchestra from wing to wing; while a beam of sunlight, penetrating through the cords and pulleys of the upper regions, cast a strange lustre on the boards, as if it had come through green glass. Half a dozen chairs were placed in front of the stage, on one of which sat the ballet-master—a stout, bald-headed man, who beat time with his stick. A violinist played at his elbow the skeleton airs of the ballet music, while the male and female dancers executed their assigned parts; the stout bald-headed gentleman occasionally interrupting the rehearsal to suggest improvements, or to issue a peremptory reprimand to one of those pale, pretty things who were bounding across the stage in short muslin petticoats and faded white satin rehearsal chausseurs. 'Elle est folle!' 'Allez aux petites maisons!' sounded rather ungallant, if we did not know that an effective drill for so refractory a corps is not to be got through by the aid of the academy of compliments. The master himself, sulking the action to the word, occasionally started up, and making some *pas*, as an illustrative example, with his heels flying in the air, was certainly in a state of signal incongruity with his aspect, which, when seated, was that of a steady-looking banker's clerk from Lombard Street.

The width of the stage between the so-called fly-rails is 50 feet; while the depth from the footlights to the wall at the back, is 80 feet. But on extraordinary occasions, it is possible to obtain even a longer vista;

for the wall opposite the centre of the stage is pierced by a large archway, behind which, to the outer wall, is a space of 86 feet; so that by introducing a scene of a triumphal arch, or some other device, a depth of 100 feet can be obtained, leaving still a clear space of 16 feet behind the furthest scene, round the back of which processions can double. It would otherwise be difficult to comprehend how it is possible, as in the opera of *La Juive*, to manoeuvre here a procession of 894 persons, including a car drawn by eight horses.

The stage itself is covered all over with trap-doors and sliding panels, although it feels sufficiently firm to the tread; the depth from the boards to the ground below the stage is twenty-two feet, divided into two floors, the lower deck—if I may so call it—being also furnished with abundant hatchways down to the hold. On the left of the stage, facing the audience, is a room of good size, close to the flies; this is the property-room of the night, in which are accumulated, previous to the performance, all the articles required for that night, whether it be the toilette-table of a princess, or the pallet and water-jug of a dungeon prisoner. This apartment, the reader may easily understand, is quite distinct from the property store-room, which contains everything required for every opera, from the crown of the *Prophet of Munster* to the magpie's cage in *La Gazza Ladra*. There is one property, however, which is of too great dimensions to be transportable. The large and fine-toned organ, used in the *Prophète*, *Huguenots*, and *Robert le Diable*, is to the right of the stage, opposite the property-room; and the organist, from his position, being unable to see the baton of Mr Costa, takes the time from a lime-tree baton fixed to the organ, which is made to vibrate by machinery under the control of Mr Costa, from his place in the orchestra. It would take up too much space to enter more at large into the machinery used in theatrical entertainments; and at anyrate, the parallel slides, the pierced cylinder—by which a ripple is produced on water—and many other devices, however curious and interesting, could not be made intelligible without woodcuts.

Our conductor now provided himself with a lantern, in order to lead us to the regions under the stage; for, in consequence of the mass of inflammable material connected with a theatre, there are as strict regulations against going about with open lights as in a coal-pit addicted to carbonic acid gas. Descending a trap, we reached the so-called mazarine-floor, a corruption of the Italian *mezzanine*, from which the musicians have access to the orchestra. It is not much higher than the human stature; and hither descends that *Ateista Felnato*, Don Juan, or any other wight unlucky enough to be consigned to the infernal regions until the curtain drops. In this floor is a large apartment for the orchestra, in which are deposited the musical instruments in their cases; and beside it is the so-called pass-room, in which note is taken of the punctual arrival of performers.

Below this is the ground-floor, and below that, again, a vast extent of catacombs. One of these is the rubbish-vault, and this is of considerable size; for although dresses and properties are often made of the coarsest materials, and will not stand a close inspection—the problem to be solved being the combination of stage effect with economy—yet, on the other hand, their want of durability, and the constant production of new pieces, necessarily creates a large amount of waste; and for this accommodation must of course be provided.

Leaving the rubbish-vault, we examined the gasometer, and the remains of gas-works; for Covent Garden made its own gas, until an explosion took place, which suffocated several men. My conductor pointed out to me the spot where they attempted to stomp, having gone through a long corridor until

they were stopped by a dead wall, now pierced by a door. Near the gasometer is the hydraulic machine for supplying with water the tank on the top of the house; all the other services on this line of pipe are screwed off, and thus the water is forced to the top of the building. In the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, a supply for the tank on the roof is obtained from a well which was sunk by Mr Lumley under the building, in consequence of the river company having raised his water-rate from L.60 to L.90. From the well, the water is forced up by a machine.

We next ascended a stair, flight after flight; then wound our way through a region of flies and pulleys; and then scrambled up ladders until we arrived at the tank itself, which is large enough to hold sufficient water to supply six engines for half an hour. It has long hose attached to it, ready, at the shortest notice, to have the water directed either over the scenery or the audience part. We now proceeded over the roof of the audience part, to what appeared to be a large well, fenced by a parapet; and looking down ten or twelve feet, saw below us the centre chandelier, the aperture, which would otherwise be unsightly, being closed by an open framework in Arabesque. Through this the chandelier is lighted by a long rod, having at the end a wire, to which is attached a piece of ignited sponge soaked in spirits of wine: the chandelier is raised and lowered at pleasure by a three-ton windlass.

Not less than eighty-five apartments, great and small, surround the stage or adjoin it, and are used as dressing-rooms, workshops, store-rooms, and offices. We first visited the dressing-room of Madame Grisi, nearest the stage, and it had the air of an elegant boudoir, hung and furnished in green and crimson; while another close beside it, fitted up in precisely the same style, was somewhat prematurely called the dressing-room of Mademoiselle Wagner. The dresses of the various performers, we may mention, are supplied by the management; but some of them, with large salaries, and priding themselves on appearing before the public in costly and well-fitting garments, choose to incur this expense themselves.

The sempstresses-room looks exactly like a large milliner's shop, and here we found a forewoman with eighteen assistants at work. Books of costumes are always at hand, so that a degree of historical accuracy is now attained in Opera costume, which materially assists the illusion; and no such anachronism is visible in Covent Garden as in a certain theatre across the Thames, where, instead of the Saracenic minarets of Cairo, this gorgeous Arab city is represented by pyramids, obelisks, and sphynxes. The painting-room of Covent Garden is a light and lofty apartment at the top of the house, and the name of Mr Grieve is a sufficient guarantee both for historical accuracy and artistic character. Scene-painting, as practised at Covent Garden, is a most systematic process: a coloured miniature of each scene is made on Bristol-board, and consigned to an album; then a larger miniature is made, and placed in a model of the Opera stage, on a large table, and from this the scenes themselves are executed. Near the painting-room is the working property-room, filled with carpenters, mechanists, smiths, painters, and other artificers—everything either before or behind the curtain being kept up, repaired, and altered by the people of the establishment.

We now proceeded to hear the rehearsal of the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and entering the stalls, found the orchestra full and nearly ready to commence, Mr Costa discussing a glass of port-wine and a sandwich, while the stage-manager was marshalling the people for the first tableau, the principal singers being seated on chairs at the side. What would most have struck those accustomed only to English theatricals, was the respectable appearance of the chorus, so

different from the ragamuffin troop that fill up the back-ground of an English scene. The Covent Garden chorus includes, at rehearsal, a considerable number of well-dressed men in shining hats and new paletots, many of whom are good music-teachers, not the less qualified for that business by the opportunities they have in this establishment of becoming familiar with the way in which the best works of the best masters are executed by the best artists.

The rehearsal over, we turned our attention to the audience part of the house, more particularly the Queen's box, of the privacy and splendour of which even old *habitués* have no idea. In the first place, Her Majesty has a separate court-yard for entrance, in which she may alight, which is a check not only upon obtrusive curiosity on the part of the public, but upon the evil disposed; for although one might naturally suppose, that if there is any individual who ought to enjoy immunity from danger or disrespect, it would be a lady who is exemplary in her public duties as a constitutional sovereign, as well as in those of a consort and mother—experience has shewn the fallaciousness of the idea.

The staircase is very noble, such as few mansions in London possess. Passing through the vestibule, we enter the grand drawing-room, in the centre of which is one of those tables that formed an ornament of the Exhibition last year. The drapery is of yellow satin damask. The principal feature of this drawing-room is the conservatory, which is separated from it by one vast sheet of plate-glass, the gas-light being contrived in such a way as to be unseen by those in the room, although bringing out the colours of the flowers with the greatest brilliancy.

Adjoining the drawing-room is the Queen's dressing-room; and between the grand drawing-room and the royal box is the little drawing-room, the walls of which are hung with blue satin damask, relieved by rich gilt ornaments, mouldings, and bronzes, in the style of Louis Quinze. The royal box itself is fitted up with crimson satin damask, a large arm-chair at the extreme right of the front of the box being the one Her Majesty usually occupies; but when she visits the theatre in state, fourteen boxes in the centre of the house, overlooking the back of the pit, are opened into one, involving a large amount of expense and trouble, which, however, is no doubt amply compensated by the extraordinary receipts of the night.

A private and separate entrance is not the exclusive privilege of royalty. The Duke of Bedford, as ground-lord, and Miss Burdett Coutts, who has likewise a box in perpetual freehold, have separate entrances, just under that of the Queen's box, with drawing-rooms attached, which are small and low-roofed, but sumptuously fitted up. Such were the principal objects appertaining to the audience part of the house.

Returning behind the scenes, the two principal public rooms are the manager's room and green-room, which both suggested recollections of old Covent Garden in its British drama-days. Unlike the audience part of the theatre, which has been entirely reconstructed, the stage part has only been refurnished—and yet not entirely refurnished—for in this very manager's room, where John Kemble used to play the potentate off the stage with as much dignity as on it, stands a clock with the following inscription: 'After the dreadful fire of Covent Garden Theatre, on the morning of September the 21st 1808, this clock was dug out of the ruins by John Saul, master-carpenter of the theatre, and repaired and set to work.' When we reached the green-room itself, what recollections crowded on me of the stars that glittered around the Kemble dynasty! In Costa, seated at the pianoforte, I saw the face of an honest man, who unites dogged British perseverance and energy with the Italian sense of the beautiful in art. A feeling of regret, however,

came over me, to think that our British school of dramatic representation and dramatic literature, which dawned brightly under Elizabeth, and in the eighteenth century was associated with everything distinguished in polite letters and polite society, should have become all but extinct. But this feeling was momentary, when I reflected that our sense of the beautiful, including the good and the true, had not diminished, but had merely gone into new channels; and, more especially, that Meyerbeer and Rossini, in order to hear their own incomparable works executed in perfection, must come to the city which the Exhibition of last year has indelibly stamped as the capital of the civilised world.

NUMBER TWELVE.

WHEN I was a young man, working at my trade as a mason, I met with a severe injury by falling from a scaffolding placed at a height of forty feet from the ground. There I remained, stunned and bleeding, on the rubbish, until my companions, by attempting to remove me, restored me to consciousness. I felt as if the ground on which I was lying formed a part of myself; that I could not be lifted from it without being torn asunder; and with the most piercing cries, I entreated my well-meaning assistants to leave me alone to die. They desisted for the moment, one running for the doctor, another for a litter, others surrounding me with pitying gaze; but amidst my increasing sense of suffering, the conviction began to dawn on my mind, that the injuries were not mortal; and so, by the time the doctor and the litter arrived, I resigned myself to their aid, and allowed myself, without further objection, to be carried to the hospital.

There I remained for more than three months, gradually recovering from my bodily injuries, but devoured with an impatience at my condition, and the slowness of my cure, which effectually retarded it. I felt all the restlessness and anxiety of a labourer suddenly thrown out of an employment difficult enough to procure, knowing there were scores of others ready to step into my place; that the job was going on; and that, ten chances to one, I should never set foot on that scaffolding again. The visiting surgeon vainly warned me against the indulgence of such passionate regrets—vainly inculcated the opposite feeling of gratitude demanded by my escape: all in vain. I tossed on my fevered bed, murmured at the slowness of his remedies, and might have thus rendered them altogether ineffectual, had not a sudden change been effected in my disposition by another, at first unwelcome, addition to our patients. He was placed in the same ward with me, and insensibly I found my impatience rebuked, my repinings hushed for very shame, in the presence of his meek resignation to far greater privations and sufferings. Fresh courage sprang from his example, and soon—thanks to my involuntary physician—I was in the fair road to recovery.

And he who had worked the charm, what was he? A poor, helpless old man, utterly deformed by suffering—his very name unnoticed, or at least never spoken in the place where he now was; he went only by the appellation of No. 12—the number of his bed, which was next to my own. This bed had already been his refuge during three long and trying illnesses, and had at last become a sort of property for the poor fellow, in the eyes of doctors, students, nurse-tenders, in fact, the whole hospital staff. Never did a gentler creature walk on God's earth: walk—alas! for him the world

was but an old memory. Many years before, he had totally lost the use of his legs; but, to use his own expression, 'this misfortune did not upset him.' he still retained the power of earning his livelihood, which he derived from copying deeds for a lawyer at so much per sheet; and if the legs were no longer a support, the hands worked at the stamped parchments as diligently as ever. But some months passed by, and then the paralysis attacked his right arm: still undaunted, he taught himself to write with the left; but hardly had the brave heart and hand conquered the difficulty, when the enemy crept on, and disabling this second ally, no more remained for him than to be conveyed once more, though this time as a last resource, to the hospital. There he had the gratification to find his former quarters vacant, and he took possession of his old familiar bed with a satisfaction that seemed to obliterate all regret at being obliged to occupy it again. His first grateful accents smote almost reproachfully on my ear: 'Misfortune must have its turn, but every day has a to-morrow.'

It was indeed a lesson to witness the gratitude of this excellent creature. The hospital, so dreary a sojourn to most of its inmates, was a scene of enjoyment to him: everything pleased him; and the poor fellow's admiration of even the most trifling conveniences, proved how severe must have been his privations. He never wearied of praising the neatness of the linen, the whiteness of the bread, the quality of the food; and my surprise gave place to the truest pity, when I learned that, for the last twenty years, this respectable old man could only afford himself, out of the profits of his persevering industry, the coarsest bread, diversified with white cheese or vegetable porridge; and yet, instead of reverting to his privations in the language of complaint, he converted them into a fund of gratitude, and made the generosity of the nation, which had provided such a retreat for the suffering poor, his continual theme. Nor did his thankful spirit confine itself to this. To listen to him, you would have believed him an especial object of divine as well as human benevolence—all things working for his good. The doctor used to say, that No. 12 had 'a mania for happiness;' but it was a mania that in creating esteem for its victim, infused fresh courage into all that came within its range.

I think I still see him seated on the side of his bed, with his little black silk cap, his spectacles, and the well-worn volume, which he never ceased perusing. Every morning, the first rays of the sun rested on his bed, always to him a fresh subject of rejoicing and thankfulness to God. To witness his gratitude, one might have supposed that the sun was rising for him alone.

I need hardly say, that he soon interested himself in my cure, and regularly made inquiry respecting its progress. He always found something cheering to say—something to inspire patience and hope, himself a living commentary on his words. When I looked at this poor motionless figure, those distorted limbs, and, crowning all, that smiling countenance, I had not courage to be angry, or even to complain. At each painful crisis, he would exclaim: 'One minute, and it will be over—relief will soon follow. Every day has its to-morrow.'

I had one good and true friend—a fellow-workman, who used sometimes to spare an hour to visit me, and he took great delight in cultivating an acquaintance with No. 12. As if attracted by a kindred spirit, he never passed his bed without pausing to offer his cordial salutation; and then he would whisper to me: 'He is a saint on earth; and not content with gaining Paradise himself, must win it for others also. Such people

should have monuments erected to them, known and read of all men. In observing such a character, we feel ashamed of our own happiness—we feel how comparatively little we deserve it. Is there anything I can do to prove my regard for this good, poor No. 12?'

'Just try among the bookstalls,' I replied, 'and find the second volume of that book you see him reading. It is now more than six years since he lost it, and ever since, he has been obliged to content himself with the first.'

Now, I must premise that my worthy friend had a perfect horror of literature, even in its simplest stages. He regarded the art of printing as a Satanic invention, filling men's brains with idleness and conceit; and as to writing—in his opinion,—a man was never thoroughly committed, until he had recorded his sentiments in black and white for the inspection of his neighbours. His own success in life, which had been tolerable—thanks to his industry and integrity—he attributed altogether to his ignorance of those dangerous arts; and now a cloud swept across his lately beaming face as he exclaimed: 'What! the good creature is a lover of books? Well, we must admit that even the best have their failings. No matter. Write down the name of this odd volume on a slip of paper and it shall go hard with me, but I give him that gratification.'

He did actually return the following week with a well-worn volume, which he presented in triumph to the old invalid. He looked somewhat surprised as he opened it; but our friend proceeding to explain that it was at my suggestion he had procured it in place of the lost one, the old grateful expression at once beamed up in the eyes of No. 12; and with a voice trembling with emotion, he thanked the hearty giver.

I had my misgivings, however; and the moment our visitor turned his back, I asked to see the book. My old neighbour reddened, stammered, and tried to change the conversation; but, forced behind his last intrenchments, he handed me the little volume. It was an old Royal Almanac. The bookseller, taking advantage of his customer's ignorance, had substituted it for the book he had demanded. I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; but No. 12 checked me with the only impatient word I ever heard from his lips: 'Do you wish our friend to hear you? I would rather never recover the power of this lost arm, than deprive his kind heart of the pleasure of his gift. And what of it? Yesterday, I did not care a straw for an almanac; but in a little time it is perhaps the very book I should have desired. Every day has its to-morrow. Besides, I assure you it is a very improving study: even already I perceive the names of a crowd of princes never mentioned in history, and of whom up to this moment I have never heard any one speak.'

And so the old almanac was carefully preserved beside the volume of poetry it had been intended to match; and the old invalid never failed to be seen turning over the leaves whenever our friend happened to enter the room. As to him, he was quite proud of its success, and would say to me each time: 'It appears I have made him a famous present.' And thus the two guileless natures were content.

Towards the close of my sojourn in the hospital, the strength of poor No. 12 diminished rapidly. At first, he lost the slight powers of motion he had retained; then his speech became inarticulate; at last, no part obeyed his will except the eyes, which continued to smile on us still. But one morning, at last, it seemed to me as if his very glance had become dim. I arose hastily, and approaching his bed, inquired if he wished for a drink; he made a slight movement of his eyelids, as if to thank me, and at that instant the first ray of the rising sun shone in on his bed. Then the eyes lighted up, like a taper that flashes into brightness before it is extinguished—he looked as if saluting this

last gift of his Creator; and even as I watched him for a moment, his head fell gently on the side, his kindly heart ceased to beat. He had thrown off the burden of To-day; he had entered on his eternal To-morrow.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

June 1882.

As usual, everything shews in this month that our season will soon be past its perihelion: soirées, whether scientific, exquisite, or political, take place almost too frequently for the comfort and wellbeing of the invited; and loungers and legislators are alike beginning to dream of leafy woods and babbling brooks. Our learned societies have brought their sessions to a close, with more or less of satisfaction to all concerned, the Royal having elected their annual instalment of new Fellows, and the Antiquaries having decided to reduce their yearly subscription from four guineas to two, with a view to an increase and multiplication of the number of their members, so that the study of antiquity may be promoted, and latent ability or enthusiasm called into play. The British Association are making preparations for their meeting at Belfast, and if report speak truth, the result of the gathering will be an advancement of science in more than one department. Concerts, musical gatherings, spectacles, are in full activity, the *entrepreneurs* seizing the moments, and coins too, as they fly. In short, midsummer has come, and fashion is about to substitute languor for excitement. Meantime, our excursion trains have commenced their trips to every point of the compass; and during the next few months, thousands will have the opportunity of exploring the finest scenery of our merry island at the smallest possible cost; and for one centre of attraction, as London was last year, there will now be a hundred.

The award of Lord Campbell on the bookselling question has given a great triumph to the innovating party, to which the authors to a man, and the great bulk of the public, had attached themselves. The *Trade*, as the booksellers call themselves, while admitting that they can no longer stand under a protective principle, feel certain difficulties as to their future career, for unquestionably there is something peculiar in their business, in as far as a nominal price for their wares is scarcely avoidable. If so, the question is, How is it to be adjusted? at a lower allowance for the retailer? In that case, some would still undersell others; and the old troubles would still be experienced. Ought there, then, to be no fixed retailing price at all, but simply one for the publisher to exact from the retailer, leaving him to sell at what profit he pleases or can get? In that case, the publisher's advertisement, holding forth no price to the public, would lose half its utility. Shall we, then, leave the retailer to advertise? All of these questions must occupy the attention of booksellers for some time to come, and their settlement cannot speedily be hoped for. The general belief, however, is, that the cost for the distribution of books from the shops of the publishers must be considerably reduced, the prices of books of course lowered, and their diffusion proportionately extended. It will perhaps be found that some of the greatest obstructions that operate in the case are not yet so much as touched upon.

The French have resumed their explorations and excavations at Khorsabad, and will doubtless bring to light many more remains of the arts of Nineveh; and Colonel Rawlinson has found the burial-place of the kings and queens of Assyria, where the bodies are placed in sarcophagi, in the very habiliments and ornaments in which they were three thousand years ago!

What an important relic it will be for our rejuvenated Society of Antiquaries to exercise their faculty of investigation upon! If discoveries go on at this rate, we shall soon want to enlarge our British Museum.

The Registrar-General tells us, in his first Report for the present year, that 90,936 persons were married in the last quarter of 1881—a greater number than in any quarter since 1842, except two, when it was slightly exceeded. It is altogether beyond the average, and confirms what has been before observed, that marriages are most numerous in England in the months of September, October, and November, after the harvest. To every 117 of the whole population there was one marriage. On the other hand, births are found to be most abundant in the first quarters of the year; the number for the first three months of the present year was 161,776. 'So many births,' says the Registrar, 'were never registered before in the same time.' In the same period of 1851, it was 157,874; and of 1848, 189,786. The deaths during the three months were 106,682, leaving an increase in the population of 55,094, which, however, disappears in the fact, that 57,874 emigrants left the United Kingdom in the course of the quarter. The mortality, on the whole, was less than in the ten previous winters, owing, perhaps, to the temperature having been 3° above the average; but the difference was more marked in rural districts than in the large towns. According to the meteorological table attached to the Report, it appears that the mean temperature for the three months ending in February was 41°·1, being 4°·2 above the average of eighty years. On the 10th of February, the north-east wind set in, and on seventy nights during the quarter the temperature went below freezing. The movement of the air through January and February was 160 miles per day—in March, 100 miles. Up to February 9, the wind was generally south-west, and rain fell on twenty-three days, and on six days only after that date. These periodical reports, and those of our Meteorological and Epidemiological Societies will doubtless, before long, furnish us with sufficient data for a true theory of cause and effect as regards disease, and for preventive measures.

Gold is, and will be for some time to come, a subject much talked about. Some of our financiers are beginning to be of opinion, that the period is not distant when a great change must be made in the value of our currency—the sovereign, for instance, to be reduced from 20s. to 10s. If so, there would be a good deal of loss and inconvenience during the transition; but, once made, the difficulty would cease. Others, however, consider that the demand for gold for manufacturing purposes and new appliances in the arts, will be so great, that not for many years to come will its increase have any effect on the value of the circulating medium. It will be curious if the result, as not unfrequently happens, should be such as to falsify both conclusions. Connected with this topic is the important one of emigration; and so important is it, that either by public or private enterprise, measures will be taken to insure a supply of labourers to the Australian colonies to replace, if possible, those who have betaken themselves to the diggings. Convicts will not be received; and as something must be done with them, Sir James Matheson has offered to give North Rona, one of the Orkney Islands, to the government for a penal settlement. It has been surveyed, and found to contain 270 acres, sufficient to support a population of 1000. Should the proposal be adopted, it will afford an opportunity for trying an entirely new system of discipline with the criminal outcasts.

Some attention has been drawn to the fact, that our 'Ten Hour Bill' has produced an effect on the other side of the Atlantic. The legislature of Ohio has just passed a 'ten hour law,' to apply to 'all manufacturers,

workshops, and other places used for mechanical or manufacturing purposes' throughout the state; the penalty to be a fine of from one guinea to ten. Something has already been said about extending its provisions to agricultural labourers and domestic servants—not so easy a task as the other; but when one remembers how desperately hard people are made to work in the United States, it is gratifying to observe ever so small a beginning towards more temperate and life-preserving regulations. In New York, great efforts are made towards establishing female schools of design and female medical colleges, with a view to open to women a wider sphere of employment than that to which they are now restricted. Notwithstanding the objections expressed in many quarters against female physicians, it is certain that they would find favour among a large class of invalids. Another Women's Rights Convention has been held, and an Industrial Congress. One of the questions discussed at the latter was: Why in the United States some have all the work and no property, and others all the property and no work? Harriet Martineau's stories of Political Economy would have helped the debaters to a satisfactory solution.

Our sanitary reformers, also, are felicitating themselves on the spread of their principles to the West, seeing that the first Baths for the People were opened in New York a few weeks since. It appears from accounts which have been sent over, that the edifice cost 80,000 dollars, and is provided with every convenience to insure the end in view—the promotion of cleanliness. The charge for plunge-baths is two cents; for warm-baths, five cents; and first-class baths, ten cents. For washing, a range of stalls extends through the building, in the bottom of which is a contrivance for admitting hot or cold water, as may be desired. The drying machinery is 'arranged after the plan of a window-sash, with weights and pulleys, so as to rise and fall at pleasure. This sliding apparatus, when elevated, is brought into contact with confined heated air for a few minutes, followed by a rapid draught of dry air, which dries the clothes with great rapidity. The same heat is made use of for heating the flat-irons, which are brought from the furnace to the hands of the laundresses on a miniature railway.' With such an establishment as this in full play, the 71,000 emigrants who landed in New York during the first four months of the present year, would have little difficulty in purifying themselves after their voyage.

There is yet another topic of interest from the United States—namely, the earthquake that was felt over a wide extent of country on the 29th of April last. Our geologists are expecting to derive from it some further illustration of the dynamics of earthquakes, as the Smithsonian Institution has addressed a circular to its numerous staff of meteorological observers, calling for information as to the number of shocks, their direction, duration, intensity, effects on the soil and on buildings, &c. There have been frequent earthquakes of late in different parts of the world, and inquiry may probably trace out the connection between them. The centre of intense action appears to have been at Hawaii, where Mauna Loa broke out with a tremendous eruption, throwing up a column of lava 500 feet high, which in its fall formed a molten river, in some places more than a mile wide. It burst forth at a point 10,000 feet above the base of the mountain.

Dr Gibbons has published a few noteworthy facts with respect to the climate of California, which shew that San Francisco 'possesses some peculiar features, differing from every other place on the coast.' The average yearly temperature is 54°; at Philadelphia it is 51° 50'; and the temperature is found to be remarkably uniform, presenting few of those extremes common to the Atlantic states. On the 28th of April last year, it was 84°; on October 19th, 83°; August 18th, 82°

—the only day in the three summer months when it rose above 79°. It was 80° on nine days only, six of them being in October; while in Philadelphia it is 80° from sixty to eighty days in the year. In the latter city, the temperature falls below the freezing-point on 100 days in the year, but at San Francisco on twenty-five mornings only. The coldest month is January; the hottest, October. 'In the summer months, there is scarcely any change of temperature in the night. The early morning is sometimes clear, sometimes cloudy, and always calm. A few hours after sunrise, the clouds break away, and the sun shines forth cheerfully and delightfully. Towards noon, or most frequently about one o'clock, the sea-breeze sets in, and the weather is completely changed. From 60° or 65°, the mercury drops forthwith to near 50° long before sunset, and remains almost motionless till next morning.' The summer, far from being the beautiful season it is in other countries, parches up the land, and gives it the aspect of a desert, while the 'cold sea-winds defy the almost vertical sun, and call for flannels and overcoats.' In November and December, or about midwinter, the early rains fall, and the soil becomes covered with herbage and flowers. These are facts which emigrants bound for California will do well to bear in mind.

To come back to Europe. M. Fourcault has addressed a communication to the Académie on 'Remedies against the Physical and Moral Degeneration of the Human Species,' intended more especially for the working-classes. He would have schools of gymnastics and swimming established along the great rivers, and on the sea-shore; gymnastic dispensaries, and clinical gymnastic in towns; and agricultural and other hospitals, combining simple and economical means of water-cure. His clinical gymnastic comprehends three divisions: hygienic or muscular exercise, not violent or long-continued, or productive of perspiration; medical, in which the exercise is to be kept up until perspiration is induced; and orthopedic, which, by means of ropes, bands, and loops attached to a bed, enable the patient to take such straining and stretching exercise as may be likely to rectify any deformity of limb. Whichever method be adopted, it must be carried out conscientiously, because 'feeble muscular contractions, without energy or sustained effort, produce no hygienic, medical, or orthopedic effect.' M. Fourcault may perhaps find some of his objects accomplished in another way, for the Prince President has, by a decree, appropriated 10,000,000 francs to the improvement of dwellings for the working-classes—3,000,000 of the sum being set apart for Paris—and has offered 5000 francs for the best design. If such works as these continue, we shall soon cease to hear that enough is not done for the working-classes; and they will have, in turn, to shew how much they can do for themselves.

A portable electric telegraph has lately been introduced on some of the French railways, by which, in case of accident, the conductors may communicate with the nearest stations. It is all contained in a single box, the lower portion of which contains the battery, the upper, the manipulator and signal apparatus. When required to be used, one of the wires is hooked on to the wires of the telegraph, and the other attached to an iron wedge thrust into the earth. It answers so well, that the directors of the Orleans line have provided thirty of their trains with the portable instruments. In connection with this, I may tell you that Lamont of Munich, after patient inquiry, has come to the conclusion, that there is a decennial period in the variations of the magnetic declination; it increases regularly for five years, and decreases as regularly through another five. If it can be discovered that the horizontal intensity is similarly affected in a similar period, another of the laws of terrestrial magnetism will be added to the sum of our knowledge.

NATIVITY AND PARENTAGE OF MARSHAL MACDONALD, DUKE OF TARENTUM.

M. de Lamartine having made a mistake in his *History of the Restoration*, in describing Marshal Macdonald as of Irish extraction, it may be worth while to state what really was the parentage of that highly respectable man.

When Prince Charles Stuart had to voyage in an open boat from the isle of South Uist in the Hebrides to Skye, he was guided and protected, as is well known, by Miss Flora Macdonald. On that occasion, Flora had for her attendant a man called Neil Macdonald, but more familiarly Neil Macechan, who is described in the *History of the Rebellion* as a 'sort of preceptor in the Clanranald family.' This was the father of Marshal Macdonald. He remained more or less attached to the fugitive prince during the remainder of his wanderings in the Highlands, and afterwards joined him in France, under the influence of an unconquerable affection for his person. It was thus that his son came to be born abroad.

Neil Macdonald, though a man of humble rank, had received the education proper for a priest at the Scots College in Paris. His acquaintance with the French language had enabled him to be of considerable service to Prince Charles, when he wished to converse about matters of importance without taking the other people about him into his confidence. There is some reason to believe, that he wrote, or at least gave the information required for, a small novel descriptive of the poor Chevalier's wanderings, entitled *Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer*. (Cooper, London, 1746.)

When Marshal Macdonald visited Scotland in 1825, he made his way to the farm of Howbeg, in South Uist, where his father had been born, and where his ancestors had lived for many generations. He found here an old lady and her brother, his cousins at one remove, to whom he shewed great kindness, settling a pension at the same time upon a more distant relation whom he found in poverty. When about to leave the spot, he took up some of the soil, and also a few pebbles, which he got packed up in separate parcels, and carried back with him to France.

The facts respecting Marshal Macdonald's parentage were lately communicated to M. de Lamartine, who promptly sent the following answer: 'J'ai reçu, avec reconnaissance, monsieur, vos intéressantes communications sur le Maréchal Macdonald, homme qui honore deux pays. J'en ferai usage l'année prochaine à l'époque des nouvelles éditions.'

DOMESTICATION OF WILD BEES.

The following account of the process of transplanting bodily a tribe of wild bees, is given in the notes to *The Tay*, a descriptive poem of considerable merit by David Millar. (Perth, Richardson, 1850.) 'When the boy, whose hobby leads him in that direction, has found out a "byke," he marks the spot well, and returns in the evening, when all its inmates are housed for the night. Pushing a twig into the hole as far as it will go, in case he should lose it by the falling in of the rubbish, he commences digging freely till the hum of the hive is distinctly heard, when he proceeds more cautiously to work. By this time, the more adventurous of the bees come out to ascertain what is

going on, and are caught as they make their appearance, and put into a bottle. When the nest is fully exposed, it is lifted carefully up, and placed, as it stood, in a box prepared for it, along with the captured bees. The lid being now closed, the whole is carried home, and placed in the spot assigned for it in the garden. Next morning, a hole in the side of the box is quietly opened, when one or two of the strangers soon make their appearance, wondering, evidently, where they are, but apparently resolved to make the most of their new circumstances. At last, they rise slowly on the wing, and buzz round and round their new habitation for some time, taking, no doubt, special note of its every peculiarity. The circle of observation is then gradually enlarged, till it is thirty or forty yards in circumference, when the earnest reconnoitrer disappears, to return again in a short time with something for the general good. The curious in those matters, by placing the grubs of all the different kinds in one box beside a hive in operation, will soon have a choice assortment of all descriptions, working as amicably together as if they were all of the same family.'

COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVINGS COPIED ON STONE.

In No. 439 of this Journal, Lieutenant Hunt received the credit of inventing a process by which copper-plate engravings may be transferred to stone, and the copies from a single print thus multiplied indefinitely. A correspondent, however, makes us fear that Lieutenant Hunt may have been unacquainted with what others had done before him. The process, it is stated, is not at all new; although, so far as we have heard, it has never been applied to the transfer of complicated pictorial engravings.

SONNET:

ON MY LITTLE BOY'S FIRST TRYING TO SAY 'PA-PA.'

MARKED day! on which the earliest dawn of speech
Glimmered, in trial of thy father's name!
Albeit the sound imperfect, yet the aim
Thrilled chords within me, deeper than the reach
Of music! Happy hearted, I did claim
The title which those silver tones assigned;
And in me leaped my spirit, as when first
The father's strange and wondering feeling came!
While this dear thought woke up within my mind,
Which careful memory in her folds has nursed:
'If thus to earthly parent's heart so dear
His child's first accents, though imperfect all—
Dear, too, to FATHER-GOD, when faint doth fall
His new-born's half-formed "Abba" on his ear!'

P.

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1871

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THE ART SEASON.

RETURNING with the circling year, and advancing *pari passu* with the multitude of metropolitan musical attractions, comes the more silent reign of the picture exhibitions—those great art-gatherings from thousands of studios, to undergo the ultimate test of public judgment in the dozen well-filled galleries, which the dilettante, or lounging Londoner, considers it his recurring annual duty strictly to inspect, and regularly to gossip in. As places where everybody meets everybody, and where lazy hours can be conveniently lounged away, the exhibitions in some sort supply in the afternoon what the Opera and parties do in the evenings. Nearly all through the summer-day, they are crowded with a softly-rustling, humming, buzzing crowd, coming and going perhaps, taking little heed of the nominal attraction, but sauntering from room to room, or ensconcing themselves in colonies or clusters of chairs, and lounging vacantly in cool lobbies. At energetic sight-seers, who are labouring away, catalogue and pencil in hand, they stare languidly. They really thought everybody had seen the pictures; they know they have: they have stared at them until they became a bore. But this sort of people, who only come once, why, of course, they suppose this sort of people must be allowed to push about as they please. But it is a confounded nuisance; it is really.

The great army of art amateurs, connoisseurs, and the body who are regarded in the artistic world with far greater reverence—the noted picture buyers and dealers, have come and seen, and gone away again; after having lavishly expended their approbation or disapprobation, and possibly in a less liberal degree, their cash. After the first week or so, the galleries begin to clear of gentlemen of the class in question; even artists have got tired of coming to see their own pictures, particularly if they be not well hung; and so the exhibition is generally handed over during the greater part of its duration to the languid *far niente* elegant crowd we have seen thronging its corridors. The grand day for the moneyed amateurs, who come to increase their collections, is, however, that of the private view. This generally occurs on a Saturday, and the public is admitted on the following Monday. Within an hour of the opening on the former day, the rooms are crowded with a multitude of notabilities. You see that you are in a special class of society, or rather, in two special classes—literary and artistic on the one hand; wealthy and socially elevated on the other. The fact is evident in the general mutual acquaintanceship which prevails, principally within each respective circle, but by no means exclusively so. First, you are sure to observe a

cluster of those peers and members of parliament who busy themselves most in social, literary, and artistic questions. Bishops, too, are regular private-view men; capital judges, moreover, and liberal buyers; and we seldom miss catching a glimpse of some dozen faces, whose proprietors are men standing at the very top of our historic, philosophic, and critical literature, and who move smilingly about, amid the keen but concealed inspection of the crowd, who pass their names in whispers from group to group.

But the class of regular picture-buyers is quite *sui generis*. You may pitch upon your man in a moment. Ten to one, he is old, and has all the shrivelled, high-dried appearance of the most far-gone and confirmed bachelorism. Everything about him looks old and old-fashioned. His hair is thin and gray, and he shuffles along on a couple of poor old shanks, which will never look any stouter unless it be under the influence of a fit of the gout. He wears a white neck-cloth, arranged with the celebrated wisp-tie—shoes a great deal too big for him—and to his keen, twinkling eyes he applies a pair of heavy horn or silver-set glasses. These old gentlemen appear to know each other as if by magic. They cluster in groups like corks in a basin of water, and then go hobbling eagerly along, peering closely into the more promising works, jerking their heads from side to side, so as to get the painting in as many lights as possible; and full of talk—good critical talk—about the productions in course of inspection. True, there may be something in their observations speaking too much of the technical, and too little of the more ideal faculty. They are greater upon flesh-tints and pearly grays, middle distances and chiaro-scuro, than upon conception, expression, or elevation or magnificence of sentiment. Nevertheless, they know thoroughly what appertains to a good picture. They give a work its place in a moment, and assign it to its author by internal evidence, with an unflinching accuracy, which speaks of long training and constant familiarity with all the main studios of London. Perhaps you observe one of our friends apparently fascinated before a particular canvas: he dances about, so as to get it in every angle of light. Then he shuffles off, and brings two other skilful old foggies, holding each by an arm; and the three go through the former ceremony as to the lights, and then lay their heads together; and then our original personage glides softly up to the table where the secretary's clerk sits with pen and ink before him, and whispers. The clerk smiles affably—turns up a register: there are two or three confidential words interchanged; and then he rises and sticks into the frame of the lucky picture a morsel of card, labelled 'Sold;' and leaves the purchaser gloating over his acquisition.

And where do these pictures go? Frequently to some quiet, solemn old house in the West End, or to some grange or manor far down in the country. The picture-gallery is the nursery of that house—its pride and its boast. Year after year has the silent family of canvases been increasing and multiplying. Their proprietor is, as it were, their father. He has most likely no living ties, and all his thoughts and all his ambitions are clustered round that silent gallery, where the light comes streaming down from high and half-closed windows. The collection gradually acquires a name. Descriptions of it are found in guide-books and works upon art. Strangers come to see it with tickets, and a solemn housekeeper shews them up the silent stairs, and through the lonesome mansion to its *sanctum sanctorum*. At length, perhaps, the old man takes his last look at his pictures, and then shuts his eyes for ever. It may be, that within six weeks the laboriously collected paintings are in a Pall-Mall auction-room, with all the world bidding and buzzing round the pulpit; or it may also chance that a paragraph goes the round of the papers, intimating that his celebrated and unrivalled collection of modern works of art has been bequeathed by the late Mr So-and-so to the nation—always on the condition, that it provides some fitting place for their preservation. The government receives bequests of this kind oftener than it complies with the stipulation.

In the beginning of March, the first of the galleries opens its portals to the world. This is the British Institution, established at the west end of Pall-Mall, and now in existence for the better part of a half century. The idea of the establishment was to form a sort of nursing institution for the Royal Academy. Here artists of standing and reputation were to exhibit their sketches and less important works; and here more juvenile aspirants were to try their wings before being subjected to the more severe ordeal of Trafalgar Square. The idea was good, and flourished apace; so much so, that you not unfrequently find in the British Institution no small proportion of works of a calibre hardly below the average of the Great Exhibition; while the A. R. A.'s, and even the aristocratic R. A.'s* themselves, do not by any means disdain to grace the humble walls of the three rooms in Pall-Mall. This year, the only picture of Sir Edwin Landseer's exhibited—a wild Highland corry, with a startled herd of red deer—is to be found in the British Institution. But the merit of the works is wonderfully unequal. They are of all classes and all sizes, in water-colour and in oils. Clever sketches by clever unknowns, rest beside sprawling frescos by youths whose ambition is vaster than their genius; and finished and accomplished works of art are set off by the foils of unnumbered pieces of unformed and not very promising mediocrity. Among them are the productions of many of the more humble painters of *genre* subjects—the class who delight in portraying homely cottage interiors, or troops of playing children, or bits of minutely-finished still life—or careful academical studies of groups with all the conventions duly observed: this class of pictures musters strong, and connoisseurs, without so much remarking their imperfections, carefully note their promise.

A month after the opening of the British Institution, three galleries become patent on the same morning: the Old Water Colour, in Pall-Mall East, the New Water Colour, in Pall-Mall West, and a still more recently founded society, called, somewhat pompously, the National Institution of Fine Arts. These are mainly composed of dissenters from the other associations—gentlemen who conceive that they have been ill-treated by Hanging Committees, and a large class of juvenile but promising artists, who resort to the less crowded institutions in the hope of there meeting with better

places for their works than in the older and more established bodies. The two water-colour galleries are both highly favoured exhibitions, and present works of an importance quite equal to those of the Academy itself. Water-colour painting is indeed a national branch of art in England. Neither French, Germans, nor Italians, can presume for a moment to cope with us in the matter of *aquarelles*. They have no notion of the power of the medium, of the strong and rich effects it is capable of producing, and the transparency of the tints which a great water-colour artist can lay on. Nearly twenty years ago, there was but one water-colour society; but increasing numbers, and the usual artistic feuds, produced a partly natural, partly hostile, separation. The ladies and gentlemen who withdrew were mainly figure painters; those who stayed were mainly landscape artists; and thus it happens, that while in the new society you are principally attracted by historic and *genre* groups and scenes, in the old you are fascinated by landscape and city pictures of the very highest order of art. The painters, too, you observe, are very industrious. The fact is, they can work more quickly in water than in oil. Copley Fielding will perhaps exhibit a score of landscapes, blazing with summer sunshine; David Cox, half as many—stern and rugged in tone and style; George Tripp will have painted his fresh river and meadow scenes by the dozen; and the two brothers Callum will each have poured in old Gothic streets and squares, and ships in calm and storm, which catch your eye scores of times upon the walls. As in the other society, many of the finest 'bits' contributed by the water-colourists are not much above miniature size. The screens on which these gems are hung attract fully as much as the walls with their more ambitious freight; and Jenkin's rustic lassies, and Topham's Irish groups, and Alfred Fripp's dark-eyed Italian monks and Campagna peasants, are as much gazed at as Richardson's sunny landscapes or Bentley's breezy seas.

Five minutes' walk takes us to the new society. No lack of landscape here; but it is inferior to that in the rival institution, and its attractions are eclipsed by ambitious pictures of historic or fictitious interest; the scene almost always laid in the picturesque streets or rooms of a mediæval city, and the groups marvel of display in the matter of the painting of armour, arms, and the gorgeous velvets, minivers, and brocades of fædal *grande tenue*. See Mr Edward Corbould. He is sure to be as picturesque and chivalrous as possible. There is the very ring of the rough old times in his caroling processions of ladies and knights, or his fierce scenes of hand-to-hand fight, with battered armour, and flashing weapons, and wounded men drooping from their steeds. Or he paints softer scenes—passages of silken dalliance and love; ladies' bowers and courtly revels in alcoved gardens. Mr Haghe is equally mediæval, but more sternly and gloomily so. He delights in sombre, old Flemish rooms, with dim lights streaming through narrow Gothic windows, upon huge chimney-pieces and panellings, incrustated with antique figures, carved in the black heart of oak—knights, and squires, and priests of old. Then he peoples these shadowy chambers with crowds of stern burghers, or grave ecclesiastics, or soldiers 'armed complete in mail,' and so forms striking pieces of gloomy picturesqueness. Figure-paintings of a lighter calibre also abound. There is Mr John Absolon, who is in great request for painting figures in panoramic pictures; Mr Lea, whose graceful rural maidens are not to be surpassed; Mr Warren, whose heart is ever in the East; and Mr Mole, who loves the shielings of the Highland hills. Landscape, though on the whole subordinate to *genre* pictures, is very respectably represented; and the lady-artists usually make a good show on the screens, particularly in the way of graceful single figures, and the prettinesses of flower and fruit painting.

* Associates Royal Academy, and Royal Academicians.

We can merely mention the Society of British Artists and the National Institution of Fine Art. Both are mainly composed of the natural overgrowth of artists who prefer a speedy and favourable opportunity for the display of their works in minor galleries, to waiting for years and years ere they can work themselves up to good positions on the walls of the Academy. Many of these gentlemen, however, exhibit both in the smaller and the greater collection; but here and there an artist will be found obstinately confining his contributions to one pet establishment—possibly entertaining a notion that he has been deeply wronged by the Hanging Committee of another.

Both of the exhibitions under notice are very various in merit; but each generally contains some able works, and the specialties of one or two painters distinguished by notable peculiarities. Thus the president of the British Artists, Mr Hurlstone, has for several seasons confined himself to Spanish subjects; Mr West paints Norwegian landscape; Mr Pyne sends to this gallery only his very splendid lake-pictures; and Mr Woolmer's curious sketches, which seem compounded of the styles of Turner and Watteau, blaze almost exclusively upon the walls. The best men of the National Institution contribute also to the Royal Academy—as, for example, Mr Glass, with his capital groups of hunters or troopers, so full of life and movement; and Mr Parker, with his smugglers and coast-boatmen. In this exhibition—and, indeed, in all the London exhibitions—a family, or rather a race or clan of artists, connected at once by blood and style, and rejoicing in the name of Williams, abound and flourish exceedingly. These Williamses are dreadful puzzlers to the students of the catalogue; they positively swarm upon every page, and the bewildered reader is speedily lost in a perfect chaos of undistinguishable initials. Sometimes, indeed, the Williamses come forth under other appellations—they appear as Percies and Gilberts; but the distinguishing mark is strong, and a moment's inspection convinces the amateur that the landscape before him, attributed to Mr So-and-so, is the work of 'another of these everlasting Williamses.'

But the first Saturday of May arrives, and with it many a rumour, true and false, of the state of matters within the Royal Academy—of the academicians who exhibit, and of what are to be 'the' pictures. From early morning, St Martin's bells have been ringing, and a festival flag flies from the steeple; no great pomp, to be sure, but it marks the occasion. About noon, the Queen's party arrives, and Her Majesty is conducted about the rooms by the leading members of the Academy. Between one and two, she departs; and immediately after, the crowd of ticket-holders for the private view cluster before the closed gratings. Punctually as the last stroke of the hour strikes, the portals are flung open, and a cataract of eager amateurs rush up the staircases, and make their way straight to the inner room, or room of honour, all in quest of the picture, to which the *pas* has been given, by its being hung upon the line in the centre of the eastern wall of the apartment. The salons fill as by magic; in half an hour, you can hardly move through a crowd of dignitaries of all kinds—hereditary, social, literary, scientific, and artistic. Perhaps, indeed, there is no muster in London which collects a greater number of personages famous in every point of view. The ladies of the aristocracy swarm as at a drawing-room. The atmosphere is all one rustle of laces and silks; and it is anything but easy to make one's way among the beves of clustered beauties who flock round their chaperone, all one flutter of ribbons, feathers, and flowers. And to the Academy, at all events, come all manner of political notabilities: you find a secretary of state by your elbow, and catch the muttered criticism of a prime-minister. Ordinary peers and members of parliament are thicker than

blackberries. Bishops prevail as usual; and apropos of ecclesiastical costumes, peculiar looped-up beavers and single-breasted greatcoats, the odds are, that you will be attracted by the portly figure and not very refined face of the Romish dignitary whose pretensions, a couple of years ago, set the country in a blaze. The muster of literary men is large and brilliant. Mr Hallam is most likely there as Professor of Ancient History to the Academy; and Mr Macaulay as Professor of Ancient Literature. Sir George Staunton puts in an appearance as Secretary for Foreign Correspondence; and blooming Sir Robert Harry Inglis, with the largest of roses at his button-hole, looks the most genial and good-humoured of 'antiquaries.' The Academicians—lucky Forty!—muster early. Happy fellows! they have no qualms of doubt, or sick-agonies of expectation as they mount the broad flight of steps. They have been giving hints to the Hanging Committee, or they have been on the Hanging Committee themselves. Well they know that *their* works have been at least provided for—all on the line, or near it; all in the best lights; and all titivated and polished up and varnished on the walls, and adapted, as it were, to the situation. You may know an R.A. on the private view-day by the broad, expanding jollity of his visage, if he be a man of that stamp, or by a certain quiet, self-satisfied smile of self-complacency, if he be a man of another.

But he looks and bears himself as a host. He cicerones delighted parties of lady-friends with his face all one smile of courtesy, or he does the honours with dignity and a lofty sense of—we do not speak disrespectfully—of being on his own dunghill, in respect to the more important exigent connoisseurs, whom he thinks it right to patronise. He always praises his brethren's works, and discovers in them hidden virtues. For the Associates, he has minor smiles and milder words. The ordinary mob of exhibitors he looks down upon with a calm and complacent gaze, as though from the summit of a Mont Blanc of superiority. At any bold defier of the conventions and traditions of the Academy drawing-school, he shakes his head. The pre-Raphaelite heresy was a sore affliction to him. He looked upon Millais and Hunt as a Low-church bishop would regard Newman and Pusey. He prophesied that they would come to no good. He called them 'silly boys;' and he looks uneasily at the crowds who throng before this year's picture of the Huguenot Couple—not recovering his self-complacency until his eye catches his own favourite work, when he feels himself gradually mollified, and smiles anew upon the world.

Not so the nameless artist, whose work of many toiling days, and many sleepless nights, has been sent in unprotected to take its chance. He knows nothing of its fate until he can get a catalogue. It may be on the line in the east room; it may be above the octagon-room door; it may not be hung at all. Only the great artistic guns are invited to the private view, the rest must wait till Monday. Possibly a stray catalogue puts him so far out of his pain on Sunday. If not, he passes a feverish and unhappy time till the afternoon of Monday; and then, first among the crowd, rushes frantically up stairs. We had an opportunity the other day of seeing the result of a case of the kind. The picture—a work of great fancy and high feeling, but deficient in manipulative skill—the artist, a poet in the true sense of the word, had spent months in dreaming and in joying over. He found it in the dingiest corner of the octagon-room. His lip quivered and his chest heaved. He pulled his hat further down on his face, and walked quickly and quietly out.

We would gladly, indeed, see the octagon-room abolished. A picture is degraded, and an artist is insulted, by a painting being hung in this darksome and 'condemned cell.' The canvas gets a 'jail-bird' stamp, and its character is gone. In France, at the Palais-Royal,

the young artists have a far better chance. After a stated time, the pictures, which, as the best have primarily had the best places, change stations with their inferiors; so that everybody in turn enjoys the advantages of the brightest lights and the most favourable points of view.

No need, of course, of attempting even the most summary sketch of the styles and ordinary subjects of the great painters who bear aloft the banner of the British school of art—of Landseer's glimpses of the Highlands; or Stanfield's skye, breezy landscapes; of the quiet pieces of English rural scenery—meadows, and woodland glades, and river bits, fresh and rich, and green and natural—of our Lees, our Creswicks, our Coopers, our Witheringtons, our Redgraves, our Auddills; of the classic elegance and elevated sentiment of groups by our Dyces and our Eastlakes; of the abundance of clever *genre* subjects—scenes from history or romance—poured in by our Wards, our Friths, our Pooles, our Elmores, our Eggs; or of—last, not least—the strange but clever vagaries of that new school, the pre-Raphaelites, who are startling both Academy and public by the quaintness of their art-theories, and the vehement intensity of their style of execution. All the summer long, the world is free to go and gaze upon them. All the summer long, the salons are crowded from morning till night—in the earlier hours, by artists and conscientious amateurs, the humbler sort of folks, who have daily work to do; in the later, by our old friends, the staring, *insouciant*, lounging, fashionable mob, whose carriages and Broughams go creeping lazily round and round Trafalgar Square. And at parties and balls, and all such reunions, the exhibition forms a main topic of discourse. Bashful gentlemen know it for a blessing. Often and often does it serve as a most creditable lever to break the ice with. The newspapers long resound with critical columns apropos of Trafalgar Square. You see 'sixth notice' attached to a formidable mass of print, and read on, or pass on, as you please. But you distinctly observe, at any rate, the social and conversational, as well as the artistic importance of the Royal Academy; and you confess, that a London season would be shorn of its brightest feature if you shut the gates of the National Gallery.

A. B. R.

BILL WILLIAMS:

A STORY OF CALIFORNIA.

It was in the first flush of the Californian fever, when moderate people talked of making one's fortune in a fortnight, and the more sanguine believed that golden pokers would soon become rather common, that the *Betsy Jones* from London to New Zealand, with myself on board as a passenger, dropped anchor in the bay of San Francisco, and master and man turned out for the diggings. It is my impression that not a soul remained on board but the surgeon, who was sick, and the negro cook, who wouldn't leave him; and the first man I met on the deck of the *Go-Ahead* steamer, which took us up to Sacramento, was our enterprising captain, clad in a canvas jacket and trousers, with the gold-washing apparatus, two shirts, and a tin kettle, slung at his back. The crew followed his example, and all the passengers. The latter were some thirty men, from every corner of Britain, and of various birth and breeding. There were industrious farm-servants and spendthrift sons of gentlemen among them. Some had sailed with money, to purchase land in the southern colony, some were provided only with their hopes and sineys; but California was an irresistible temptation to them all, and by general desire, they had come to try their

luck at the washing. We had mere boys and men of grizzling hair in our company. Two were married, but they wisely left their wives in San Francisco, where, having brought with them some spare blankets and crockery, the ladies improvised a boarding-house, and I believe realised more than their wandering lords. Nevertheless, we, one and all, went up the broad river with loftier expectations than the prudent among us cared to make public.

There was one who made no secret of his hopes. The man's name was Bill Williams. I had had a loose acquaintance with Bill from school-time, for we had been brought up in the same good town of Manchester, where his father was a respectable tradesman, and his three brothers were still in business. Many a town and many a trade had Bill tried to little purpose. Never doing what his relatives could call well, he had gone through a series of failures, which tired out both kinsmen and creditors, and at length shipped for New Zealand, leaving a wife and seven children to the care of the said three brothers, till he should see how the climate agreed with him, and find a home for them. Bill did not belong to the extended fraternity of scapegraces. He was neither wild nor worthless, in the ordinary sense of those terms, but there was a faith in him, the origin of which baffled his most penetrating friends, that he was to get money somehow without working for it by any of the common methods. Unlike many a professor of better principles, Bill had carried that faith into practice. Under its influence, he had engaged in every scheme for making fortunes with incredible rapidity which coffee-house acquaintances or advertising sheets brought to his knowledge. There was not a banking bubble by which he had not lost, nor a mining company of vast promise and brief existence in which he had not held shares. Uncompromisingly averse to the jog-trot work of ordinary mortals, Bill was neither indolent nor timid in his own peculiar fashion of seeking riches. He would have gone up in a balloon to any height, or down in a diving-bell to depths yet unsounded, had the promise been large enough; and there was something so suitable to his inclinations in the Californian reports, that he was the prime mover of our visit to San Francisco, and the entire desertion of the ship. Strange to say, every man on board believed in Bill; from the captain to the cabin-boy, they had all listened to his tales. Where he had learned such a number, fortune knows, concerning found treasures, and wealth suddenly obtained by unexpected and rather impracticable ways. That was the whole circle of Bill's literature, and going over it appeared his chief joy; but the gem of the collection was a prophecy which a gipsy woman, whom his mother met once in a country excursion, had uttered concerning himself—that he should find riches he never wrought for, and leave a great fortune behind him. In the faith of that prediction Bill had lived; and it was a curious illustration of the sympathetic force inherent in a firm belief, that both passengers and seamen, even those who affected to laugh at the rest of what they called his wonderful yarns, entertained a secret conviction in favour of that tale, and felt secure of gold-gathering in Bill's company.

I am not certain that my own mind was entirely clear of a similar impression, but the two among us who contended loudest and believed most devoutly, were the captain and his mate. They were brothers, and of Jewish parentage; the rest of the family still hang about an old-clothes and dyeing establishment

in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch. I made that discovery by an accidental glance at a torn and mislaid letter before we left the Thames, and thought proper to reserve it for private meditation. The relationship of the two was kept a profound secret, for reasons best known to themselves; but to the eye at least it was revealed by their striking resemblance, both being small, spare, dingy-complexioned men, with keen, cunning eyes, and faces that looked as hard and sharp as steel. Ever since they first heard of the prophecy, they had half ridiculed, half flattered, and kept remarkably familiar with Bill. That familiarity rather increased as we went up the Sacramento. A goodly number we made on the deck of the *Go-Ahead*, our only place of accommodation; and at length we reached the new town, the golden city, which takes its name from the river, christened in old times of Spanish voyaging by some discoverer for his Catholic majesty, and which was to be the metropolis of the diggings. When I first saw it, it consisted of some hundred huts and tents, a large frame-house, in which an advertising board informed us there was an ordinary, a gaming-table, and all manner of spirits; and a timber wharf, somewhat temporarily put together, at which we landed. Yet the city was rising, as cities rise only in the western hemisphere: broad streets and squares were marked out; building was going forward on all sides; while bullock-wagons, canoes, and steamers, brought materials by land and water. The enterprise and vagrancy of all nations were there, as we had seen them at San Francisco; and those not engaged in building the town, were going off in caravans to the gold-gathering.

We fraternised with a company of Americans, who said they knew 'a bluff that flogged creation for the real metal,' and sold us two spare tents and a wagon, at a price marvellous to ask or pay. Our journey was not far. It led along the course of the Sacramento, and towards evening we came in sight of the diggings. A strange sight it was for one accustomed to London streets and shops. The Sacramento runs through a great inclined plane, sloping from the hill-country to the sea. Here and there, it is covered with low coppice or underwood; but the greater part is bare and sandy, or sprinkled over with thin, dry waving grass. As far as the eye could reach upon the plain, and up the river-banks, the smoke of fires was rising from hut, tent, and upturned wagon, which served for temporary dwellings. Groups of men were hard at work in small trenches, and numbers more stood with pan and cradle, washing out the gold in the shallow creeks of the river. 'Our location,' as the Americans called it, was an earthy promontory jutting far out into the water. Close by its landward base we pitched our tents, turned up our wagon—the bullocks that brought it belonged to the Americans, who promised to sell us a share when they were killed—and commenced operations. Digging out tenacious clay, and washing its sandy particles for minute grains of gold, sleeping under canvas at night, and living on half-cooked and not very choice provisions, have little in them of interest worth relating. The first thing that struck me, was the silence that prevailed among the workers. In a district so populous, scarcely a sound was heard from tent, trench, or river. Caravan after caravan, as it arrived, pitched its tents, and fell to work in the same quiet fashion. A cynical character might have attributed this to the absence of all feminine faces, for in my time there was not a woman at the diggings. Incredible as it may seem to the fair ones themselves, they were not missed; but nobody missed anything except gold. Relations parted; old comrades left each other with scarcely a leave-taking in search of better gatherings; our American friends began to get tired of the bluff that flogged creation; for although we were getting gold, it was but little, and the more impatient spirits of our company departed with them to find another.

I wondered that Bill did not join their company. He was long ago weary of gold-washing; the work was too regular, and the returns far too slow for him. He used to declare that shopkeeping was better; and it is probable that most of us had similar convictions regarding the vocations we had left in Britain; but except occasionally cooking for the rest, smoking the tobacco he had providently brought with him, and suggesting wild projects of digging down the bluff, and dredging the river for lumps of gold, which, he said, all the grains we found came off, Bill at last did nothing at all. With hard labour and harder fare, we had collected some of us more and some less of the precious dust; but nobody's fortune was yet made, and the rainy season set in.

The heavy rains confined us for days to the shelter of tent and wagon; but the days were nothing to the nights, which on the banks of the Sacramento are almost equinoctial throughout the year; and we had neither coal nor candle. All the fuel that could be found was rather too little for culinary purposes. Concerning the rest of our comforts, there is no use in being particular; but at intervals between the drowning showers, we were willing enough to come out and work, though the muddy soil and the swollen river made our labour still harder, and our profits less. The best service was done us by an honest Paisley weaver, who had left his helpmate and two children at San Francisco, in hopes of taking back, quite full, a strong chest, of some two hundredweight capacity, which he had brought with infinite pains to the diggings. He enlivened our wet leisure by repeating whole volumes of Burns and Scott. Bill also returned to his wonderful stories, though the captain and mate sneered at them more than ever; indeed, they were by far the most discontented of the company, and an unaccountable sort of distrust seemed growing between them and Bill. At length, fever and ague began to thin the ranks of the gold-seekers; we saw the working-parties around us diminish day by day, and graves dug in the shadows of the low coppice. Our company kept up amazingly, perhaps because, according to the captain's counsel, we held but little communication with other workers; but the want of the buffalo-meat, which the Indian traders were accustomed to bring, was much felt among us; and one day less rainy than usual, Bill Williams, as the idlest, was sent up the river's bank, on their wonted track, to look out for their coming. The rest were busy, and did not miss him; but I thought he stayed long. The sky became unusually dark; great clouds floated over us from the west, and then broke with a sudden thunder-crash, which was renewed every five minutes with such rain and lightning as I had never seen. We ran to our tents, and, when fairly sheltered, Bill also arrived, wet to the skin, out of breath, and looking terribly frightened. He said, hastily, that he had seen nothing, and no word of the Indians; but the poor fellow began to shiver as he spoke, and before evening the fever was strong upon him.

To keep the rest safe, he was quartered alone in a small hut which the Americans had left us. It was a poor shelter, being built of turf, and roofed with boughs and grass, but as good as any we had. There was no surgeon among us, and handing him food or drink was deemed a perilous business; but all his comrades had a sort of a liking for Bill, and, besides, he was regarded as the palladium of the party. The fever was not violent, though Bill raved at times, and all his wanderings were after gold. I have heard him talk for half-hours together in a loud whisper, as if communicating a secret to some very dull ear, concerning a pool among rocks, with glistening sands, and something shining far down in a crevice. He was restless, too, and kept looking out on the track of the Indians after they had come and gone. One evening I observed him particularly so. The night fell with heavy rain; we

all took early to shelter, and slept so soundly, that Bill was forgotten among us; but in the morning we found him lying wrapped in his blanket, as thoroughly wet as if he had been dipped in the river, while the hut remained quite dry. Where he had been, or under what illusion of the fever, we could not learn, for he never spoke a rational word after. The wet and exposure increased his malady tenfold. He became fiercely delirious, and struck at whoever approached him, swearing he would let nobody kill him for his gold. The captain warned us all, that this was the most dangerous time for infection; but I saw that he and his brother had got wind of something, for their eyes were never off the hut.

Towards the second evening, Bill grew worse, his ravings became faint and low, and he lay gathered up on a corner of his mattress. I had placed a pitcher of water as near him as possible, escaping by chance a blow which the poor soul struck at me in his feverish fury; but I could not help thinking of him when we had all gone to rest. The night was so still, that I could hear the rush of the river and the cries of the night-hawks on its opposite bank; but being unable to sleep, I crept out of the tent, and looked to Bill's hut. A smothered sound of scuffling came from that direction, and stepping nearer, I saw by the rising moon, which just then shone with extraordinary brightness, two men struggling, as it seemed for life, in the narrow space between Bill's bed and the door.

'If you don't give me the full half, I'll tell them all,' said the voice of the captain's brother; but almost as he spoke, his antagonist threw him heavily back. I knew it was upon poor Williams, for a low moan reached my ear, and I sprang forward just in time to intercept the victor, who stumbled over me as he rushed out, and a heavy bag rolled from him. The next moment the other was at my side, and I stood face to face with the captain and his brother in the broad moonlight. The bag for which they had sneaked, and sinned, and scuffled, had burst by the fall, and its contents—stones, gravel, and sand, with some small sparkles of gold-dust amongst them—were scattered at my feet. Both stood stupified, and I stepped into the hut; but Bill was dead, and growing cold, with his stiff hands stretched out, as if clutching at something, and a wild expression of pain and anger in the ghastly face, which lay turned up to the moon. Her light filled the hut, and lay upon plain, and tent, and river. It was a glorious night, such as sometimes shines in the gold-country. I woke up my comrades, and told them what I had seen, but they all said: 'Poor Bill! How could they help it? and it was a good thing that the captain and his chum had been disappointed;' upon which every man composed himself again to sleep.

Next morning, the captain and mate were gone with all their traps, having joined, as we afterwards heard, a company returning to San Francisco. We laid Bill beside the gold-seekers who rested in the coppice, and our company broke up, and scattered away: some settled at San Francisco; some went to the United States; and I, having collected through so many hardships almost a pound of dust, returned to the employment I had left in London with such high contempt. From an old comrade, however, still located at the diggings, I heard by letter that a party of Americans had made a great discovery of gold among some rocks in a creek of the Sacramento, and that they had found, sticking fast in a crevice close by, a small spade marked with the name of Bill Williams, which the poor fellow had cut on the handle, as I well remembered, in one of his many idle hours. This explained to me Bill's long absence when he went to look for the Indians, his after-anxiety, and where he had been in the delirium of the fever, filling up that canvas bag which so fatally deceived the captain and his brother. The last I heard of these worthies was, that they had gone to the diggings

in Australia; and I never see gold in any shape without a recollection of their disappointment, and my own experiences in California.

HYGIENIC CHANGE OF AIR.

THE age of hygiene is rapidly approaching, when the exhibition of drugs will be the exception instead of the rule in medical treatment. For this reason, the effect of climate on disease is rising into a subject of first-rate importance, and, no longer a prejudice or a tradition, submits to the investigations of science. The chief recent writers on what we already presume to call climatology, are Sir James Clark in England, Schouw in Sweden, and Carrière in France; and now there comes Dr Burgess, armed with the united authority of these physicians, and with his own experience, to indoctrinate the public as well as the profession. His book is of moderate size and price, and we recommend it to all invalids, whether they are able to travel abroad, or are confined by circumstances to their own country; but in the meantime, as the subject is both new and interesting to general readers, we propose giving them an inkling of what it contains.*

We do not mean that the subject of climate is new in itself: it is only new in its treatment. We have all, from our earliest youth, heard of the effects of climate; we have all been brought up to believe in certain foreign places; and we have all observed that when—consumption, for instance—approaches its last stage (rarely before), it is shipped off, as a matter of course, for Italy or the south of France. And, alas! we have all heard from the wan lips of the stricken one excluded by poverty from the privilege of foreign travel: 'If I could but get to a warm climate, I should live!' Such notions, right or wrong, depended exclusively upon habit or prejudice. Experience had no effect upon them, any more than it had upon the orthodox course of medicines which entitled the death of a patient to be considered professionally legitimate. Sometimes, indeed, the venue was changed, and one place became more fashionable than another to die in. Here the group of English tombs grew gray and ancient, and there a new city of the silent sprang up with the suddenness of an American emporium. But still the cry was: 'A warm climate! Give us Italy, or we perish!'

But we need not say the cry was: it continues to this moment. Such impressions are long of being dispelled; it takes a great many years for the voice of doubt even to reach completely the public ear; and we think it a privilege to be able to take such advantage of our wide circulation as will give repining invalids to understand, that the advantages of a foreign climate are closely limited by one portion of the profession, and considered by another portion as highly problematical, if not entirely visionary. This applies, however, mainly to consumption; for the advantages of the climatic change are seldom denied in dyspepsy, rheumatism, scrofula, and the tribe of nervous diseases. Even in these, however, the locality chosen is rarely a proper one. There are countries which, if they could only obtain the stamp of fashion, would be invaluable to the invalid. 'The climate of Norway, for example,' says Dr Burgess, 'is admirably suited, during several months of the year, between the middle of May and the middle of September, for certain forms of dyspepsy, lesions of the nervous system affecting the mind, or that form of general innervation which results from an overwrought brain, and diseases of repletion. But Norway is little frequented, because it is not fashionable,

* *Climate of Italy in Relation to Pulmonary Consumption: with Remarks on the Influence of Foreign Climates upon Invalids.* By T. H. Burgess, M.D., &c. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1852.

although it would be difficult to point out a more appropriate occasional residence for the numerous class of invalids just mentioned, than Christiania, with its picturesque environs, sublime scenery, and clear and rarefied atmosphere.'

The non-professional predilection in favour of a warm climate for consumption, may be referred, we suspect, to the analogy that exists between the earlier stages of that disease and those of a common cold. In fact, in most cases in this country, consumption is for a long time styled a cold; then it becomes a bad cold; then a worse; till it is impossible to withhold from it the more formidable name. A cold, however, it should be considered, occurs as frequently in summer as in winter; and in neither is it owing to the temperature, whether high or low, but to the *atmospheric changes*. The warmer the weather is, the greater will be the morbid effect of a cold draught of air. That a warm climate is *itself* is neither prevention nor cure in consumption, may be inferred from the prevalence of the complaint in all latitudes. In India and in Africa it is as rife as in any part of Europe. By the Army Reports from Malta, we find that upwards of 80 per cent. of the whole number of deaths throughout the year is caused by phthisis. In Madeira, according to Dr Heineken, Dr Gourlay, and Dr Mason, no disease is more common among the natives than pulmonary consumption. At Nice, it is stated by Dr Meryon, more natives die annually of consumption than in any town in England of the same amount of population. In Genoa, one of the most prevalent and fatal of the indigenous diseases is pulmonary consumption. In Florence, pneumonia is marked by a suffocating character, and rapid progress towards its last stage. In Naples, 1 death from consumption occurs in a mortality of $2\frac{1}{4}$; while in the hospitals of Paris, where phthisis is notoriously prevalent, the proportion is only 1 in $8\frac{1}{4}$. In short, in all the celebrated sanatoria to which we fly for relief, we find the disease as firmly established as at home.

If we examine the analogies presented by the history of the inferior animals, we find no argument in favour of a foreign climate. The fishes, birds, and wild beasts of one region, die in another. 'Man, although endowed in a remarkable degree, and more so than any other animal, with the faculty of enduring such unnatural transitions, nevertheless becomes sensible of their injurious results. For familiar illustrations of this influence, we have only to look to the broken-down constitutions of our Indian officers, or to the emaciated frame of the shivering Hindoo who sweeps the crossings of the streets of London. The child of the European, although born in India, must be sent home in early life to the climate of his ancestors, or to one closely resembling it, in order to escape incurable disease, if not premature death. Again, the offspring of Asiatics born in this country pine and dwindle into one or other of the twin cachexiæ—scrofula and consumption; and, if the individual survives, lives in a state of passive existence, stunted in growth, and incapable of enduring fatigue. If such extreme changes of climate prove obnoxious to the health of individuals having naturally a sound constitution, how are we to expect persons in a state of organic disease to be thereby benefited? In fact, view the subject in whatever light we may, we must eventually arrive at the natural and rational conclusion—that nature has adapted the constitution of man to the climate of his ancestors. The accident of birth does not constitute the title to any given climate. The natural climate of man is that in which not only he himself was born, but likewise his blood-relations for several generations. This is his natural climate, as well in health as when his constitution is broken down by positive disease, or unhinged by long-continued neglect of the common rules of hygiene.' It is Dr Burgess's theory, therefore, that when change is necessary, a modification of the patient's own climate—that

is to say, change of air in the same climate—is more in accordance with the laws of nature, and more likely to effect good, than a violent transition to warmer countries.

With regard to the curability of this disease, there is now, we believe, no doubt of the fact, although, unfortunately the process has not yet come completely into the hands of the physician. That a cure has frequently taken place, somehow or other, even in advanced stages of pulmonary consumption, has been demonstrated by *post-mortem* examinations; but nature herself seems, in these cases, to have been her own doctor, for no mode of treatment of general applicability has been discovered. Some think that the progress of tubercles may be arrested in the first stage—others, that nothing can be effected till the second. Some resort to the water-cure—others, to the still more marvellous Spanish baths of Panticosa; and others, again, swear by cod-liver oil. As to the last remedy, our author quotes the statements of Dr Williams, 'that the pure fresh oil from the liver of the cod is more beneficial in the treatment of pulmonary consumption than any agent, medicinal, dietetic, or regimenal, that has yet been employed. Out of 234 cases carefully recorded, the oil disagreed, and was discontinued, in only 9 instances. In 19, although taken, it appeared to do no good; whilst in the larger proportion of 206 out of 234, its use was followed by marked and unequivocal improvement—this improvement varying in degree in different cases, from a temporary retardation of the progress of the disease, and a mitigation of distressing symptoms, up to a more or less complete restoration to apparent health. The most numerous examples of decided and lasting improvement, amounting to nearly 100, have occurred in patients in the second stage of the disease, in which the tuberculous deposits begin to undergo the process of softening. The most striking instance of the beneficial operation of cod-liver oil in phthisis, is to be found in cases in the *third* stage—even those far advanced, where consumption has not only excavated the lungs, but is rapidly wasting the whole body with copious purulent expectoration, hectic, night-sweats, colliquative diarrhoea, and other elements of that destructive process by which, in a few weeks, the finest and fairest of the human family may be sunk to the grave. The power of staying the demon of destruction sometimes displayed by the cod-liver oil is marvellous.' Dr Burgess, however, although witnessing the same results even in far-gone cases, limits their duration to a year or eighteen months, after which the medicine lost its effect. Although the oil, therefore, is serviceable through the process of nutrition, he considers it no specific, and concludes on the subject thus: 'All that our present knowledge enables us to state positively on the subject is this: cod-liver oil is the most effectual stay to the progress of consumption, in a great majority of cases, that we possess; this salutary action is not always lasting, and there are cases in which its administration cannot be borne, and others in which it produces no good effects whatever. In those cases in which the stomach rejects the pure oil, if it be given in combination with phosphoric acid, it will generally be borne easily, and the acid will assist the tonic action of the oil.'

The non-professional notion respecting the curative powers of climate is, that by breathing a mild and soothing atmosphere, the phthisical patient withdraws irritation, and leaves nature at liberty to effect her own cure. But this, it seems, is entirely erroneous, inasmuch as it is through the skin, not the lungs, that a warm climate acts beneficially. When an atmospheric change takes place so as to produce a chill, 'whereby the cutaneous transpiration is instantly checked, the skin then becomes dry and hard, so that the respiratory organs suffer from the excessive action they now undergo, for the matter of transpiration must be eliminated through the lungs if the action of the skin

be interrupted.' This is illustrated by the instantaneous relief usually afforded by free perspiration in cases where difficult breathing and oppression of the chest have been occasioned by artificial heat. What really soothes, therefore, is *equability* of climate, not high temperature. Some authors even think that a cold climate is more suitable for consumption than a warm one, and point to Upper Canada, with its pure, dry, tonic atmosphere, affording hardly any trace of the complaint at all.

Here we might stop, as the nature of our work precludes our following Dr Burgess in his exposition of the action of climate on the lungs and skin; but it may be useful, and at anyrate amusing, to trace his iconoclastic progress through the popular shrines of Hygiea on the continent.

Malta is a famous resort for phthisical patients, although during the winter and spring the weather is cold and variable, and in autumn the sirocco is frequent. When a sirocco has blown for some days, it lulls suddenly, and is succeeded by an equally strong breeze from the north-west, contrasting violently with the former in temperature and everything else. The extremes of heat and cold are as great here and in other places in the Mediterranean as in London. In Malta, our author saw five or six cases of bronchitis, which in a single month terminated in incurable phthisis; and in two cases, six weeks only elapsed between the first signs of the tuberculous deposit and the death of the patients.

Madeira, a still more popular sanatorium for this disease, is a complete delusion. Instead of the climate being essentially dry, it is saturated with humidity during a great part of the year; and the peculiar sirocco of the place is of a hot, dry, irritating nature. An intelligent medical author, who had resorted to Madeira for change of air, remarks, that 'very frequent and remarkable variations in a given series of years, incontestably prove that Madeira is no more to be relied on than any other place for certainty of fine weather, and that it has equally its annual variations of temperature. . . . From what has been stated by writers, a person might be led to believe that disease was scarcely known there; but I am afraid, that were the subject thoroughly investigated, as it ought to be, few places would be found where the system is more liable to general disorder; while, at the same time, I suspect that the average duration of life would turn out to be inferior to that of our own country.'

Our author knows no place more unfavourable to patients suffering from organic diseases of the lungs, than the far-famed sanatoria—Aix and Montpellier. The atmosphere is pure, but ever and anon keen and piercing, and the *bise* and *marin*—one cold and cutting, and the other damp—irritate the lungs, and excite coughing. Add to this, that Provence is proverbially the land of dust, and, what is worse, the land of the *mistral*—a wind from the north-west, which carries stones, men, and carriages before it. 'For several days in spring the climate may no doubt be delicious, although, however, always too warm about mid-day, when suddenly the *mistral*, of evil celebrity, begins to blow. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the change, or of the injurious effects of the climate under the influence of this scourge. The same sun shines in the same bright blue sky, but the temperature is glacial. The sun is there only to glare and dazzle, and seems to have no more power in producing warmth, than a rushlight against the boisterous winds, which chill the very marrow in one's bones. During the prevalence of this wind, it is impossible to stir out of doors without getting the mouth and nostrils filled with dust. All nature seems shrivelled and dried up under its baneful influence.'

Nice, likewise, is scourged by the *mistral*, which there,

however, divides its empire with winds from the north and north-east. 'But one of the greatest vices characterising the climate of Nice, if not the greatest, is the remarkable variation of temperature noticed between day and night—in the sun and in the shade. The land or continental winds prevail during the night; the southerly or maritime during the day. The former are cold and dry; the latter, soft and humid. As soon, therefore, as the former subside, and the sun rises in the horizon, the humidity commences to shew itself in the atmosphere; whilst, on the contrary, when the diurnal winds cease, and the sun sets, the above hygro-metric condition of the air disappears.' M. Carrière cannot conceive why our countrymen prefer Nice to a milder climate, and considers that the annual mortality in the English colony ought to discourage other hectic invalids from going thither.

Central Lombardy is, in general, characterised by marshy swamps poisoning the whole atmosphere with their miasmatic exhalations. The meteoric influences are decidedly cold and variable; and the 'extremes of temperature increase in proportion as we approach the valleys at the foot of the Central Alps, especially those most distant from the Adriatic coast.' This climate, our author tells us, cannot afford more benefit to the consumptive than that of the fens of Lincolnshire, or of the marshes of Holland. Brescia, Pavia, Mantua, and other Lombard towns, also share in this character; and at Verona, Mr B. Honan writes, that of all humbugs, the humbug of an Italian climate is the most intolerable.

At Genoa, although the air is pure and transparent in fine weather, it is liable to sudden gusts of wind and violent transitions dangerous to the invalid.

'In no part of England could a climate be found more unfavourable for consumptive invalids than that of Florence, a town built in a deep ravine, almost surrounded by the Apennines, and intersected by a squalid river. . . . Extreme cold in winter, great heat in summer, the prevalence of the northerly winds, the chilling effects of which are not always neutralised by the antagonistic winds, rapid and violent transitions, profoundly affecting the system, even in healthy persons; and combined with these violent atmospheric and thermal variations are also, in similar proportions, hygrometric and electric ever-changing influences.' Leghorn, the seaport of Tuscany, is built in a sunk locality, in the midst of a marshy country. Beggars, galley-slaves, assassins, smugglers, these are the picturesque portions of the inhabitants; and the promenade is an arid beach, anything but soothing to the respiratory organs. The English cemetery is a touching spectacle, with its numerous monuments of brilliant marble; among which stands conspicuous the tomb of Smollett.

Of Pisa, the grand central dépôt of Italy for foreign consumptive patients, Dr Burgess says: 'The excess of humidity and warm temperature of the Pisan climate depress the vital force, induce an overwhelming lassitude, and are, in my opinion, most unfavourable elements in a climate so generally recommended for pulmonary consumption. Whatever effect the humid mildness of the air may have in diminishing excitability, and in allaying pulmonary irritation in patients of a nervous temperament, it is decidedly injurious in those of a feeble and lymphatic habit. . . . The delusion of an Italian climate, as regards the cure or prophylaxis of tubercular consumption, is in no part of that country, so delightful to persons in sound health, more clearly portrayed than at far-famed Pisa. The stagnant life, the death-like silence, the dreary solitude of this dull town, whatever utility these elements may have in allaying the restless irritability of nervous and excitable patients, always produce serious evils upon those consumptive invalids of a melancholy turn of mind, or whose spirit is broken by hope deferred. Brooding over their melancholy condition, in a foreign land, away

from the comforts of home, without the solace and cheering influence of friends and relations, they soon break down and perish.' M. Carrière and Sir James Clark consider the climate of Rome adapted only for consumptive patients in the first stage of the complaint; but Dr Burgess, after a train of reasoning founded on scientific facts, comes to a conclusion consonant with his own theory, that it is not adapted for consumption in any stage or form whatever.

It is needless to follow our author to Naples, for this place is admitted by all writers to be injurious in cases of pulmonary consumption; but we may conclude this fragmentary survey by stating that, according to Dr Burgess, the least injurious portions of Italy are the Lake of Como and the city of Venice, *the air in neither of them being warm, but in both equable*. Here we end as we began: 'It is a mistake to suppose that a warm, humid, relaxing atmosphere can benefit pulmonary disease. Cold, dry, and still air, appears a more rational indication, especially for invalids born in temperate regions.' It will be seen that our author differs occasionally from both his great predecessors, Sir James Clark and M. Carrière; but even in so doing, he has at least the merit of fairly opening out a most important subject.

Let it be understood, that we have merely mentioned the nature of the contents of this volume, without attempting to follow Dr Burgess either in his reasonings or in the facts on which these are founded. We have now only to recommend the work as one that will be found highly interesting and suggestive, both by the medical and non-medical reader.*

THE DEVICE, OR IMPRESS.

If the various works of useful and ornamental art discovered in the sepulchres of nations long since fallen into oblivion, were of no other value, at the present day, than merely to be applied to the purposes which they were originally intended to subserve; if they did not elucidate the manners, customs, and progressional refinement of men with passions and feelings similar to our own; the labour and expense incurred by their exhumation would be thrown away. It is not, then, for the intrinsic value of the specimens to be produced, neither is it for any very particular admiration of the 'good old times,' but to exhibit and illustrate a very general and exceedingly active phase of our ancestors' minds, that, turning over the refuse materials of history, we proceed to disinter, from their worm-eaten pages, the dead and almost forgotten art of Device—an art that once claimed an extensive literature, and canons of criticism, peculiarly its own. From about 250 to 400 years ago, were the high and palmy days of this 'dainty art.' Then, the learned and subtle schoolmen of the age did not disdain to write upon it, with ink scarcely dry upon the pens with which they had been discussing the most abstruse dogmas of theology; then, not unfrequently, the cureless curate, by the concoction of a happy device for a generous patron, found himself a beneficed bishop. Nor is such preferment to be wondered at. The qualifications considered necessary to constitute a device-maker, were fully equal to those which Imlac described to Rasselas as requisite to form a poet. 'Philosophy and poetry,' wrote Père le Moyné, 'history and fable, all that is taught in colleges, all that is learned in the world, are condensed and epitomised in this great pursuit; in short, if there be an art which requires an all-accomplished workman, that art is device-making.' Ruscelli says: 'It belongs only to the most exquisite wits and best-refined judgments to undertake the making of devices.' Yet,

though the learned doctors of Padua, Wirtemberg, and the Sorbonne, engaged in deep disquisitions on the emblematical properties, natural and mythical, of cranes and crescents, sunflowers and salamanders, pelicans and porcupines—the length and language of mottoes—how the wind should be pictorially portrayed, with many other equally weighty considerations, still the chivalrous knights of the tourney, and the fair ladies of their *devoirs*, attained proficiency in the art. Wolf of Wolfrath, the lute-player, records, that at a grand tournament held at Vienna in 1560, crowns of laurel were awarded to the knights who wore the wittiest devices, as well as to those who excelled in feats of arms.

'But,' the reader very probably exclaims, 'what was this art of device?'

It consisted in translating an idea into a symbol, and illustrating that symbol by a tersely-expressed motto. 'The object of a device,' according to the Lord of Fossez, 'was to express covertly, by means of a picture and words, a conception of human wit;' and it was distinguished from an emblem, inasmuch as the emblem demonstrated something universal, whereas the device was peculiarly appropriate to the person who wore it. The old writers glory in its antiquity, citing many instances of its having been known and used by both Greeks and Romans. Even during the dark ages it was not entirely lost; it merely slumbered until the *renaissance*, and the invasions of Italy under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., when it awoke to a vigorous existence. Thus, though of much greater antiquity than heraldic blazonry, which only dates from the time of the Crusades, it was not hereditary, could be adopted or changed at pleasure, and did not define the rank of the wearer. Shakspeare, who well understood the nature of the device, distinguishes between it and armorial bearings in the passage where Bolingbroke recounts his injuries:

'Disparked my parks, and felled my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,*
Razed out my impress'—

The old heralds, however, looked upon the device with but little favour. Camden sneeringly says, that 'Armes were most usual among the nobility in wars till about some hundred years since, when the French and Italians, in the expedition of Naples, beganne to leave armes, haply for that many of them had none, and to bear the curtains of their mistresses' beddes, their mistresses' colours, as impresses in their banners, shields, and caparisons.' Daniel, one of our earliest English writers on the subject, is worth quoting for a definition of the impress, and to shew the exclusive spirit of the age. He says: '*Impress*, used of the Italians for an enterprise taken in hand, with a firm and constant intent to bring the same to effect. As if a prince or capitaine taking in hand some enterprise of war, or any other perticulaire affaire, desirous by some figure and motto to manifest to the world his intent, this figure and motto together is called an impress, made to signify an enterprise, whereat a noble mind levelling with the aime of a deep desire, strives with a stedy intent to gaine the prize of his purpose. For the valiant and hautie gentlemen, disdayning to conjoine with the vile and base plebeians in any rustique invention, have procured to themselves this one most singulare.'

Paul Jovius, a celebrated Italian historian and bishop, in his treatise on devices, says, that the figure or emblem, which he terms the *body* of the device, must be exactly fitted to the motto, which he terms its *soul*; and though it should not be so obscure as to require a sibyl to explain it, yet the motto ought to be in a foreign or dead language, so that it may not be comprehended by the vulgar—'such dainties not being

* We print the above as we received it from a respectable contributor, but without giving any opinion ourselves upon a subject of which we are not qualified to judge.—Ed. C. J.

* The armorial bearings or coat-armour of his house.

intended for vulgar appetites.' The human figure, also, should never be introduced into the emblem, and the motto ought not to contain more than three or four words. These rules, however, were not strictly adhered to, even by Jovius himself. The treatise is written in the form of a dialogue between the bishop and his secretary; its gossiping manner, quaint style, and the great importance attributed to the subject-matter, remind us exceedingly of the *Complete Angler* of our old English friend Isaak Walton. As an example of a perfect device, Jovius mentions one worn in the Italian wars by Antonio Colonna, the friend of Michael Angelo. It represented a branch of palm laid across a branch of cypress, with the motto, *Erit altera merces* (There will be another reward.) Another, highly praised by the old device-writers 'for being of subtle invention, and singular in outward view,' was assumed by a Spanish knight, Don Diego Mendoza, to signify the slight encouragement he received from the fair lady who was mistress of his affections. It represented a well, with a circular machine for raising water, full buckets ascending and empty ones going down, the motto, *Los llenos de dolor, y los vazios de esperanza* (The full one is grief; the empty, hope.) By the way, we find a similar figure in *Richard II.*, where the unfortunate monarch says:

'Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owns two buckets, filling one another—
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my grief while you mount up on high.'

Jovius also warmly commends a device worn by Edward Stuart, Lord of Albany, a famous captain of tried valour in the French army, during their Italian campaigns. Of the blood-royal of Scotland, being cousin to James IV., he wore, as his arms, a lion rampant in a field argent; and as his device, a buckle, with the motto, *Distantia jungit*; 'thereby implying that he was the bond which held united the kings of France and Scotland, to countervail the forces of their natural enemy, the king of England.'

A quaint bit of romance, in connection with a lady's device, is perhaps worthy of notice. Hippolita Fioramonda excelled all the ladies of her day in beauty and courtesy, and wore, as her device, moths, embroidered in gold, on a sky-blue robe—a warning to the amorous not to approach too closely the light of her beauty, lest, like moths attracted by a lamp, they should be burned. There being no motto, one of her admirers, the Lord Lesui, a brave knight, famous for his horsemanship, asked her for an explanation of such a singular and imperfect device. She replied: 'It is to use the like courtesy to gentlemen who call to see me, as you do to those who ride in your company; you being accustomed to put on the tail of your horse a small rattle, to make him more fierce in kicking, so as to warn any who may approach you of the danger of his heels, thereby causing them to keep aloof.' Notwithstanding this repulse, the knight persevered, though unsuccessfully, in his suit, until he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Pavia. Then the lady Fioramonda relenting, had him sought for on the sanguinary field, and carried to her own house, where, to his great contentment, he died in her arms. Such imperfect devices, however, were considered unworthy of the name, unfit for men of gravity, and suited but to make sport with ladies. Of this description was that of Augustine Porco, a gentleman of Verona, who, being in love with a lady named Bianca, wore in his scarlet cap a small, real, white wax-candle, and perseveringly followed the lady to every place of public resort she visited. To the inquiries of his friends respecting this extraordinary device, he merely replied, that it signified *Candela bianca* (A white candle), and, consequently, doubts were

entertained of the eccentric gallant's sanity. At last, though love is proverbially blind, the lady—probably she had a prompter—discovered that the true meaning was *Can de la Bianca* (The dog of Bianca), and with her hand rewarded the ingenuity and perseverance of Signor Porco.

Through devices we obtain glimpses at the morals, as well as the manners, of a foreign people and a bygone age. The amorous devices of many ecclesiastical dignitaries afford a capital reason for the rule, that the motto should not be comprehensible 'by the vulgar.' That of Cardinal Medici, who loved the lady Julian Gonzago, was a comet surrounded by stars, the motto, *Micat inter omnes* (It shines among them all), from the lines of Horace:

*Micat inter omnes Julium sidus
Velut inter ignes luna minores.*

The allusion to the star of Julius in connection with the lady's name renders this device, in our opinion, rather neat and classical.

A still more startling sign of the times is exhibited by the device-loving bishop. He relates that one Mattei, a man of noble courage, when waiting with dissimulation and patience an opportunity to murder a person by whom he had been insulted, applied to him (Jovius) for an appropriate device; and the bishop, 'wishing to shew that a noble mind has power to digest, with time, every grievous injury,' designed an ostrich devouring a nail, with the motto, *Spiritus christi conquirit*. Mattei wore the device, and ultimately succeeded in assassinating his victim; and 'so much was this noble revenge commended,' that the pope promoted the ruffian to be captain of his guard—the family of the murdered man signing an agreement to cancel all future quarrels.

Great care was requisite, when framing a device, lest any part of it could be turned into ridicule by a witty or spiteful enemy. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, bore a flint and steel, with the motto, *Asse ferit quam flamma micet* (As he strikes, the fire flashes); and when defeated, and slain at the battle of Nancy, the day being cold, with snow on the ground, his triumphant enemy, the Duke of Loreno, said: 'This poor man, though he has great need to warm himself, has not leisure to use his tinder-box.'

However puerile the 'art' may appear to us now, there can be little doubt, that the construction of devices, as an incentive to the acquisition of general knowledge, and as a kind of mental training, was not altogether useless in its day, and formed a link, were it ever so slender, in the development of the human mind. Estienne, a noted French device-author, observes, that 'to express the conceptions of our own mind in the most perfect device, there is nothing so proper, so *gentile*, so powerful, or so witty, as the similitudes we discover when walking in the spacious fields of Nature's wonderful secrets; for the grace of a device, as well as the skill of him who makes it, consists in discovering the correspondence of natural qualities and artificial uses with our own thoughts and intentions.'

The old scholastic logic was freely employed in the arguments by which the device-authors advanced their own opinions, or attacked those of their contemporaries. Ammirato condemns the unphilosophical definition of Jovius—that the emblem is the body, and the motto, the soul of a device. With long, and, we must acknowledge, to us at least, not very intelligible argument, he maintains, that 'the motto is the major part of a syllogism, and the emblem the *minor*; from the conjunction of which the conclusion is drawn.' Unprofitable and uninteresting are these discussions. We shall, in preference, mention the canons of device-criticism, which were of most general prevalence.

Comparison was considered an essential property of a perfect device. Thus the Pillars of Hercules, with

the motto, *Plus ultra* (More beyond), adopted by Charles V., in allusion to the Spanish discoveries and conquests in America, and still to be seen on the coin of that nation, was, by the connoisseurs, termed a mere conceit. The scholar's two pens, with *His ad aethera* (By these fame), being also devoid of comparison, was equally inferior. Not more than three figures were permissible in the emblem, unless the greater number were of the same species. A device portraying an elephant, with a flock of sheep grazing quietly around, the motto, *Infestus infestis* (Hostile only to the wicked), was strictly correct, as the sheep, being all of one species, were recognised merely as one figure. Metaphor was not allowed in the motto: a device faulty in this respect, represented a ball of crystal, the motto, from Plautus, *Intus et in cute* (The same within and without); crystal being devoid of skin (*cutis*), the expression was metaphorical. The introduction of negatives into the motto was considered good: as a sundial, with *Ne aspiciatur non aspiciatur* (Unless looked upon—by the sun—it is not esteemed, or is of no use), a good device for a king's favourite; a flame of fire, with *Nunquam deorsum* (Never downwards); a gourd floating on a stream, with *Jactor non mergor* (Abandoned, but not sunk.) When the motto was taken from a well-known classic, fewer words were required: thus in a device representing a flame blown upon by the wind, with *Lenis abt flammis, grandior aura necat* (A gentle wind nourishes flame, a stronger, extinguishes), the words, *grandior necat* (a stronger, extinguishes) would have been sufficient. Nice discrimination was required in selecting the most suitable language for a motto. According to Contile, the Spanish was most suitable for love-matters; the Italian, for pleasant conceits; the Greek, for fiction; and the Latin, for majesty. Household furniture, and implements of husbandry, were considered improper subjects for the emblem of a device; consequently, that of the Academia della Crusca was set down as decidedly vulgar, it being a sieve, with *Il piu bel fior ne coglie* (It collects the finest flour of it)—a play on the word *crusca* (bran), assumed as the title of the Academy, from its having been instituted for the express purpose of purifying (sifting) the Italian language.

Objects that were not recognisable unless painted in colours, were also inadmissible; thus the otherwise clever device of the Earl of Essex—a rough diamond, with the motto, *Dum formas minus* (In fashioning, you diminish), came under the censure of the critics. In like manner, objects not easily distinguishable from others, were liable to the same condemnation. The celebrated device assumed by Mary Queen of Scots on the death of her first husband, Francis II., representing a liquorice-plant, with *Dulce meum terra tegit* (The earth covers my sweet), was pronounced faulty, because the liquorice-plant could not be readily distinguished from other shrubs, the roots of which wanted the property of sweetness so necessary to give point to the device. Unnatural or chimerical figures could not be admitted, excepting those to which tradition or classical authors had given fixed forms and attributes—as the mermaid, harpy, phoenix; consequently, a device representing a winged tortoise, the motto, *Amor addidit* (Love has added them), was improper. Qualities ascribed to animate or inanimate bodies by the ancients, were considered legitimate, though known by the moderns to be fictitious. Thus the dolphin, from the story of Arion, appears in devices as the friend of the distressed; the salamander, living in fire, typifies the strong passions, natural, yet destructive to their victims; the young stork, carrying the old one, illustrates filial piety; the crane, which, according to Pliny, holds a stone in its claw to avert sleep, is a fit emblem of watchfulness; the pomegranate, king of fruits, wears a regal crown; the crocodile, symbol of hypocrisy, sheds deceitful tears. In short, almost everything that was in the heavens above, in the earth

beneath, and in the waters under the earth, was seized by the device-maker, and converted into a symbol of some virtue, vice, or other quality of the mind. Nor was there only one emblem taken from each object; by varying the circumstances, they were multiplied to an enormous amount. Menestrier gives no less than 514 different devices, founded upon the properties of the sun alone.

Though devices previous to the reign of Henry VIII. were seldom worn in England, yet the insignia of the order of the Garter, instituted in 1350, in connection with its well-known motto and assumed origin, may be considered a genuine device. The next earliest we meet with was worn by Henry IV., and represented a blazing beacon, the motto, *Une sans plus* (One alone.) This motto has been termed inappropriate; but, considering that beacons were always placed at considerable distances from each other—one sufficing for a considerable district—we may conclude that the usurping Henry implied, that there was only one king in England, and that one was himself. Richard Duke of York, when he took up arms against Henry VI., assumed, as his device, a sun, partly visible only through thick clouds, with the motto, *Invitis nubibus* (Obscured by clouds.) After his death, his son Edward, in consequence of the success of the Yorkist cause, changed this device to a full sun unobscured. This was the sun of York so frequently alluded to by Shakspeare, and such a stumbling-block to his commentators. Henry VIII., on the occasion of his visiting Francis I. at the field of the Cloth of Gold, wore an English archer, dressed in Lincoln green, drawing his arrow to the head, the motto, *Cui adhaereo preest* (He whom I aid, conquers); a very significant intimation to Charles V. and Francis, both of whom were anxious for Henry's alliance against each other. Ann Boleyn wore a white-crowned falcon standing on a golden stem, from which sprouted red and white roses, with the motto, *Mihi et meae* (To me and mine.) This device of the fair and unfortunate Ann has survived to the present day. Now, emblematical of her fall, as it was once of her high station, it is degraded to be the sign of an ale-house, and known to the village toppers as the *Maggie and Stump*! 'The gentle Surrey of the deathless lay,' one of the last victims of the tyrant Henry, wore a broken pillar, with the motto, *Sat super est* (Enough remains.) One of the charges brought against him, when arraigned for high treason, was for wearing this very device. Mary, when she ascended the throne, wore a representation of Time drawing Truth out of a well, with the words, *Veritas temporis filia* (Truth is the daughter of Time); and Cardinal Pole wore a serpent surrounding the terrestrial globe, with the motto, *Estote prudentes* (Be ye cunning.) Both of those devices were very significant of the period and of their wearers.

The romantic amusements of Queen Elizabeth raised the device to the highest pinnacle of importance it ever possessed in this country. Hentzner, a German traveller, who visited the palace of Whitehall in 1598, says, that he saw in her majesty's bedroom 'a variety of devices on paper, out in the shape of shields, with mottoes, used by the nobility at tilts and tournaments, hung up there for a memorial.' As to Elizabeth herself, Camden states, that the enumeration of the various devices worn by her would fill a large volume. The generality, however, of the devices of that reign were fulsome flatteries, allusive to the Maiden Queen; such as—the moon, with the words, *Quid sine te cælum?* (What would Heaven be without thee?) or, Venus seated on a cloud, with, *Salva me Domina!* (Save me, O lady!) The best of the time was worn by the impetuous and ill-starred Essex, to signify his grief on one of the occasions when he had lost the queen's favour. It represented merely a sable field, surrounded by the words, *Par nulla figura dolori* (Grief cannot be painted.) The 'English Bayard,' Sir Phillip Sidney,

does not appear to great advantage in his devices. One, we presume intended to shew the steadfastness of his purpose, represented the tideless Caspian Sea, the motto, *Sine refluxa* (Without ebb.) Another of 'that famous soldier, scholar, and poet,' throws a curious light on the manners of the age. Camden tells us that Sir Philip, 'who was a long time heir-apparent to the Earl of Leicester (his uncle), after the earl had a son born to him, used at the next tilt-day following the motto, *Speravi* (I had hoped), with a dash across the word, thereby signifying that his hope was dashed.' Would any gentleman now thus publicly express his disappointment at such an event?

The pedantry of the first James was almost as favourable to devices as the pageantry of Elizabeth; but the days of chivalry, the glories of the triumph and the tilt-yard, were fast passing away, while the new arts of wood and copper-plate engraving were rising into eminence; and consequently devices, instead of being worn singly on the shields and trappings of knights and maskers, were soon found collected, and seasoned with poetry on the pages of printed books. These books of emblems, as they were termed, are by no means uninteresting; haply, at a future time, we may have an opportunity of referring to them. The early printers, we should observe, were the first who used devices on paper, each having a distinguishing emblem and motto, which they displayed on the title-pages of their works. We read of only one device worn by James; it represented the Scottish thistle united with red and white roses, the motto, *Rosas Henricus, regna Jacobus*, implying that as Henry united roses, James united kingdoms. Though foreign to our subject, we may mention here, as it is not generally known, that it was James who removed the red dragon of the Tudors from the royal arms, placing as a supporter in its stead the unicorn of Scotland. We meet with only one device of the unfortunate Charles. It represented a snake that had just cast its skin, the motto, *Paratior* (More ready.) During the civil war, many mottoes and figures were adopted by both the royalist and parliamentary parties, but few of them can be termed regular devices. With the Restoration, a new description of court amusement came into fashion, and the device soon became a prey to 'dull forgetfulness.' Many emblems, however, were then and subsequently assumed as crests, and a great number of mottoes were taken to point the moral, if any, of heraldic blazonry. Though repudiated and unrecognised by the strict herald, they are now generally considered to be the particular property and distinguishing ensign of certain surnames and families, and as hereditary as the quaint and fanciful charges and quarterings of coat-armour itself.

A COUNTRY WEDDING IN FRANCE.

No part of France, with the exception of Brittany, has preserved its patriarchal habits, national character, and ancient forms of language, more than Touraine and Berry. The manners of the people there are extremely primitive, and some of their customs curious and interesting. The following account is from the pen of a modern French writer of great power of observation and description.

It was in winter, near the time of the carnival, a season of the year when it is very customary to celebrate country weddings. In the summer, there is seldom time, and the farm-work will not allow of a three days' holiday, to say nothing of the slackened diligence which is the unavoidable consequence of a village festival. I was seated under the large kitchen chimney, when the firing of pistols, the barking of dogs, and the squeaking sounds of the bagpipe, announced

the approach of the betrothed couple. Presently after, old Maurice and his wife, with Germain and Marie, followed by Jacques and his wife, the chief respective kinsfolk, and the godfathers and godmothers of the betrothed, made their entrance into the yard.

Marie, not having yet received the wedding-presents, called *livrées*, was dressed in the best attire of her simple wardrobe: a coarse dark gown; a white handkerchief, with large flowers of gaudy colours; a red calico apron; a snow-white muslin head-dress, the shape of which called to mind the *coiffure* of Ann Boleyn and Agnes Sorel. Marie's features were fresh-looking, and lighted up with a smile, but without any expression of pride, albeit she had some good reason for such a feeling at this moment. Germain was grave and tender in his attentions to his betrothed, like the youthful Jacob saluting Rachel at the wells of Laban. Any other girl would have assumed an air of importance and triumph; for in all classes of society, it is something for a girl to be married for her sparkling eyes. But Marie's eyes glistened with tears of emotion and love; you could see at a glance that she was too deeply affected to be heedful of the opinion of others. Père Maurice was the spokesman on the occasion, and delivered the customary compliments and invitations. In the first place, he fastened to the mantelpiece a branch of laurel ornamented with ribbons: this is called the *exploit*—that is to say, the form of invitation. He then proceeded to distribute to each of those invited a small cross, made of blue and rose coloured ribbon—the rose for the bride, the blue for the bridegroom; and the guests had to keep this token—the women to deck their head-dress, and the men their buttonhole, on the day of the wedding. This is their ticket of admission to the ceremonies.

Père Maurice, after making his compliments, invited the master of the house and all his 'company'—that is to say, all his children, his kinsfolk, his friends, and servants—to the benediction, to the entertainment, to the feast, to the dance, and 'to all the rest;' observing with the usual form of words: 'I have done you the honour of bidding you to the wedding.'

Notwithstanding the liberality of the invitation carried thus from house to house, through the whole parish, the natural politeness of the peasants, which is remarkably discreet, prescribes that only two persons of each family should avail themselves of the summons—the head of the family and one of the children.

The invitations being concluded, the betrothed couple and their relatives repaired to dinner together at the farmhouse, after which Marie tended her three sheep on the common, and Germain went to work in the fields, as if nothing had happened.

The day before that appointed for the wedding, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the band of music arrived—that is to say, the *bagpipe*, and the man with the *triangle*—their instruments ornamented with long floating ribbons, and playing a march for the occasion, somewhat slow, indeed, for feet not indigenous to the country, but in perfect harmony with the character of the soil and the up-and-down nature of the roads in those parts. Some pistol-shots, fired by the young folks and children, announced the commencement of the nuptials. The company gradually assembled, and a dance was struck up on the grass-plot before the house. At nightfall, strange preparations were begun, the party separating into two bands; and when darkness closed in, they proceeded to the ceremony of the *livrées*, or present-making.

This took place at the house of the bride—Mrs Guillet's cottage. The good woman took with her her daughter; a dozen young and pretty *pastourelles*, Marie's friends and relatives; two or three respectable matrons, her neighbours, loquacious, quick of reply,

and rigid guardians of ancient usages; then she selected a dozen vigorous champions from her kinsmen and friends; and lastly, the old *chasseur* or flaxdresser of the parish, a man of eloquence and address if ever there was one.

The part that in Brittany is played by the *barzazan* or village tailor, is in our part of the country acted by the flaxdresser or woolcomber—two professions which are often united. He is present at all solemnities, gay or grave, being essentially a man of erudition and a good speaker; and on these occasions he has always to act as spokesman, and to execute well and worthily certain formularies of speech, in use from time immemorial. His wandering profession, which introduces the man into so many family circles, without allowing him to fix himself in his own, naturally serves to render him talkative and amusing, a ready story-teller, and an able man of song.

The flaxdresser is particularly sceptical. He and another rustic functionary, of whom we shall speak presently, the grave-digger, are always the *esprits forts* of the place. They are so much in the habit of talking of ghosts, and are so well acquainted with all the tricks of which these evil spirits are capable, that they scarcely fear them at all. It is especially in the night that all these worthies, grave-diggers, flaxdressers, and ghosts, exercise their industry. It is in the night also the flaxdresser relates his lamentable stories. But he is no more than the sacristan addicted exclusively to the pleasure of inspiring his auditors with fear; he delights in raising a laugh; and is jocose and sentimental by turns, when he comes to speak of love and Hymen. He is the man to collect and store up in memory the most ancient songs, and to hand them down to posterity; and, as usual, he was in the present instance the person charged with the presentation of the wedding-gifts at the nuptials of Marie.

As soon as all were assembled in the house, the doors and windows were closed with the greatest care; the very leucomb shutter of the granary was barricaded; planks, trussels, and tables were put up across all the points of egress, as if one was preparing to sustain a siege; and within this fortification reigned a solemn silence of expectation, until from a distance were heard singing, laughter, and the sound of rustic instruments. These were the bridegroom's band, Germain at its head, accompanied by his stoutest companions, the grave-digger, kinsfolk, friends, and servants, who formed a joyous and solid *cortège*.

As they approached the house, however, they slackened their pace, consulted together, and were silent. The young girls, shut up in the house, had contrived to find little slits in the windows, through which they watched the procession as it arrived, and formed in order of battle. A fine chilly rain fell, which added to the excitement of the situation, whilst a large fire crackled and blazed on the hearth within doors. Marie would gladly have shortened the inevitable slowness of this state of siege: she did not at all like to see her betrothed dawdling about in the wet and cold; but she had no voice in the affair—nay, she had even to share ostensibly in the cruelty of her companions.

When the two camps were thus pitched in face of one another, a discharge of firearms from the party without doors set all the dogs in the neighbourhood in commotion: those belonging to the house flew to the gate, barking loudly; and the little children, whom their mothers vainly endeavoured to quiet, fell to crying and trembling with fear. The grave-digger, the bard and orator of the bridegroom, now stationed himself before the door, and in a pitiable voice began a dialogue with the flaxdresser, who was at the garret-window over the same door.

Grave-digger. Hollo! my good folks, my dear neighbours, for mercy's sake open the door.

Flaxdresser. Pray who may you be; and how come

you to take the liberty of calling us your dear neighbours? We don't know you.

G. We are honest folks in trouble. Don't fear us, my friends, but bestow your hospitality on us. The sleet falls fast, our feet are all frozen, and we have come such a distance that our shoes are worn out.

The flaxdresser inquires sharply who they are, and receives various ridiculous answers. At length the besiegers say—

Grave-digger. Well, then, if you'll not listen to reason, we shall enter by force.

Flaxdresser. Try, if you like. We are strong enough not to fear you; and as you are insolent, we shall not answer you any more.

So saying, the flaxdresser slammed to the wicket with a bang, and went down a ladder into the room below. He then took the bride elect by the hand, and the young folks joining them, all fell to dancing and shouting gaily, whilst the matrons of the party sang with shrill voices, and amidst shouts of laughter, at the people outside, who were attempting the assault. The besiegers, on their side, pretended rage; they fired their pistols at the doors, set the dogs barking, rattled the shutters, thumped the walls, and uttered loud cries.

The garrison at last seemed to manifest some desire to capitulate; but required as a condition that the opposite party should sing a song. As soon as the song was begun, however, the besieged replied with the second line; and so long as they were able to do this, they were safe. The two antagonists were the best hands in the country for a song, and their stock seemed inexhaustible. Once or twice the flaxdresser made a wry face, frowned, and turned to the women with a disappointed look. The grave-digger sang something so old that his adversary had forgotten it, or perhaps had never known it; but instantly the good woman took up the burden of the song with a shrill voice, and helped their friend through his trouble. At length the party of the bride declared they would yield, provided the others offered her a present worthy of her. Thereupon began the song of the *Wedding-gifts*, to an air as solemn as a church psalm, the men outside singing bass in unison, and the women answering from within in falsetto. In twenty couplets at least the men enumerate all the wedding-presents, and the matrons at length consent that the door should be opened.

On this being arranged, the flaxdresser instantly drew the wooden spigot which fastened the door on the inside—the only fastening known in most of the dwellings in our village—and the bridegroom's band rushed in, but not without a combat, for the lads who garrisoned the place, even the old flaxdresser and the ancient village dames, considered it their duty to defend the hearth. The invaders were armed with a goose stuck upon a large iron spit, adorned with bouquets of straw and ribbons, and to plant this at the fire was to gain possession of the hearth. Every effort was of course made to attain this object. Now came a veritable battle, although the combatants did not come to actual blows, and fought without any anger or ill-will. But they pressed and pushed one another so closely, and there was so much emulation in the display of muscular power, that the results might have been more serious than they appeared amidst the singing and laughter. The poor old flaxdresser, who fought like a lion, was pinned to the wall, and squeezed until he could hardly get breath. More than one hero was rolled in the dust, more than one hand was withdrawn bleeding from an attack on the spit. These sports are dangerous, and in consequence of the occurrence of serious accidents, our peasants have resolved to drop them. The enormous iron spit was twisted like a screw before it was at length flung across the fire-irons, and the conquest achieved.

There was now no lack of talk and laughter. Each one exhibited the wounds he had received; but as they were in many cases given by the hand of a friend, nobody complained. The matrons cleaned the stone-floor, and order was re-established. The table was covered with pitchers of new wine. When they had all drunk together, clinking their glasses, and had taken breath, the bridegroom was led into the middle of the room; and, furnished with a ring, he had to undergo a new trial.

During the contest, the bride had been concealed, with three of her companions, by her mother, her god-mother, and her aunts, who had seated the four young girls on a bench, in a corner of the room, and covered them with a large white cloth. The three girls had been selected of the same height as Marie; and this cloth veiling them from head to foot, it was impossible to distinguish one from another. The bridegroom was only allowed to touch them with the end of his switch, to point out which he guessed to be his bride. If wrong, he could not dance with the latter that evening, but only with the one he had selected in error.

The party then separated, to re-assemble at eight o'clock the next morning. At the appointed time, after a breakfast of milk-soup, well peppered to stimulate the appetite—for the nuptial-feast promised to be a rich one—all assembled in the farmyard. A journey of several miles had to be performed to obtain the nuptial benediction. Germain mounted the gray mare, which had been new shod and decked with ribbons for the occasion; the bride rode behind him; whilst his brother-in-law, Jacques, was mounted on the old gray, with the grandmother. The joyous cavalcade set out, escorted by the children on foot, who kept firing pistols and making the horses start. Mrs Maurice, the mother, seated with the children and the village fiddlers in a cart, opened the procession to the sounds of the little band of music.

A crowd was gathered at the *mairie* and the church to see the pretty bride. We must describe her dress, it became her so well. Her clean muslin cap, embroidered all over, had lappets trimmed with lace; a white kerchief, modestly crossed in front, left visible only the delicate outline of a neck rounded like that of a dove; her dress of fine green cloth set off her pretty figure; and she wore an apron of violet silk, with the *bavette* or bib, which the village lasses have since then foolishly given up.

At the ceremony of the *offrande*, Germain, according to custom, placed the *treizaine*—that is to say, thirteen pieces of silver—in the hand of his bride, and slipped on her finger a silver ring of a peculiar form, which had existed unchanged for ages, but which has now been replaced by the *alliance d'or*.

We pass over the ceremony of the wedding. The party remounted their steeds, and returned home at a rapid pace. The feast was splendid, and lasted till midnight, interspersed with song and dance. The old folks did not quit the table for fourteen hours. The grave-digger superintended the *cuisine*, and filled his part to admiration; in fact, he was famous in this line, and between the services, he left his cooking and joined in the dance and song. He was strong, fresh, and gay as a lark. On leaving a wedding-party, he would go and dig a grave, or nail down a coffin—a task of which he acquitted himself with pious care.

We now come to the third and most curious day of the nuptials, which is still strictly observed. As the ceremony of the *livrées* is the symbol of taking possession of the heart and home of the bride, that of the *chou* is the type of the fecundity of marriage. After breakfast the next morning, this performance commenced—a custom of ancient Gallic origin, which became gradually a sort of Mystery or Morality of the middle ages. Two lads disappear during the breakfast, go and dress themselves up, and then return,

accompanied by music, dogs, children, and firing of pistols. They represent a couple of beggars—husband and wife—covered with rags: they are called the gardener and his wife (*le jardinier* and *la jardinière*), and give out that they have the charge and the cultivation of the sacred cabbage. The man's face is bedaubed with soot and wine-lees, or sometimes covered with a grotesque mask. A broken pot or an old shoe, suspended to his belt with a bit of string, serves him to beg for and collect the offerings of wine. No one refuses; and he pretends to drink, and then pours the wine on the ground, in token of libation. He now feigns to be tipsy, and rolls in the mud; whilst his poor wife runs after him, reproaching him pathetically, and calling for help. A hand-barrow is now brought, on which is placed the gardener, with a spade, a cord, and a large basket. Four strong men carry him on their shoulders. His wife follows on foot, and the old folks come after with a grave and pensive air; then the nuptial procession march two by two to the measure of the music. The firing of pistols recommences, the dogs bark more loudly than ever at the sight of the gardener thus borne in triumph, and the children jeer him as he passes. The procession arrives at the bride's dwelling, and enters the garden. There a fine cabbage is selected—a matter which is not effected in a hurry, for the old folks hold a council, each one pleading for some favourite cabbage. Votes are taken; and when the choice is made, the gardener ties his cord round the stalk, and retreats to the further end of the garden, whilst the other actors in the comedy—the flaxdresser, the grave-digger, the carpenter, and the shoemaker—all stand round the cabbage. One digs a trench, advances, recedes, makes a plan, spies at the others through a pair of spectacles; and, in short, after various difficulties and mummeries, the gardener pulls the cord, his wife spreads her apron, and the cabbage falls majestically amidst the hurrahs of the spectators. The basket is then brought, the two gardeners plant the cabbage in it with all sorts of precautions; fresh earth is put round its root, it is propped with sticks, and carefully tied up. Rosy apples on the end of sticks, branches of thyme, sage, and laurel are stuck all round it, and the whole is decked with ribbons and streamers. The trophy is then replaced on the handbarrow with the gardener, who has to hold it upright, and prevent any accident. Lastly, the procession leaves the garden in good order, and to a measured march. On coming, however, to the gate, and again when they enter the court-yard of the bridegroom's house, an imaginary obstacle opposes their passage. The bearers of the burden stumble, raise a great outcry, draw back, advance again, and, as if repelled by some invincible force, pretend to give way under their load. Meantime the bystanders keep exclaiming, to excite and encourage the bearers: 'Bravo!' 'Well done, my boys!' 'Courage!' 'Have a care!' 'Patience!' 'Stoop now; the gate is too low!' 'To the left—now to the right!' 'Look sharp now!' 'Now you're through!'

On reaching the court-yard of the bridegroom, the cabbage is lifted off the barrow, and carried to the highest point of the house—whether a chimney, a gable, or a pigeon-house. The gardener plants it there, and waters it with a large pitcher of wine, whilst a salvo of pistol-shots, and the joyous contortions of the *jardinière*, announce its inauguration. The same ceremony is immediately recommenced: another cabbage is removed from the bridegroom's garden, and carried with the same formalities to the roof of the house which his wife has just quitted. These trophies remain there, until the wind and rain destroy the baskets, and carry away the plants; but they generally remain long enough to verify the predictions of the village dames, that ere their removal, the new-married couple shall be blessed with a pretty little addition to their domestic happiness.

The day is far advanced when these ceremonies are

accomplished, and all that remains, is to escort with music the parents of the young couple to their homes. There they have a dance, and all is over.

NOBLE INSTANCE OF TURKISH GENEROSITY AND HONESTY.

I HAPPENED, a short time ago, to be in company with a retired shipmaster in Liverpool, who, after spending forty-five years of his life chiefly in command of vessels from that port, had retired to enjoy the fruits of a well-deserved competency. The conversation turned upon the difficulty, nay, almost the impossibility, of being able, in this highly-civilised and moral country, in the ordinary business of life, to trust only to the word or honour of the contracting parties. The Ancient Mariner fully agreed with me in my opinions, and said, that during a long intercourse with his species in every quarter of the globe, the only men he had met with whose words were equal to their bonds, or whose honesty would stand the test of being trusted with untold gold, were—the *Turks*. On my expressing surprise at this unqualified encomium in favour of a set of men on whom, as a nation, we have generally been accustomed to look with distrust and suspicion, the old gentleman said: 'I will give you an account of the circumstances which first led me to form this opinion, and leave you to judge for yourself'; and added, that during an occasional intercourse with them, extending over a period of twenty years, he had had it only the more strengthened and confirmed. He then said: 'It is now upwards of thirty years since I had, for the first time, any intercourse with the Mediterranean: our vessel was chartered to Constantinople; and one of the principal owners, a Liverpool merchant, was aboard acting as his own supercargo. Although it was my first acquaintance with the *Turks*, it was not *his*, as the sequel will shew.

'As we approached our destination, we availed ourselves of the customary aid of one of the local pilots; but he who on this occasion undertook the responsibility, proved but an inexperienced guide; and from some mistake in his bearings, ran the vessel upon a sandbank, from which every effort to dislodge her, laden as she was, proved unavailing. We were on a bleak part of the coast, and not more than half a mile from the shore, although a considerable distance from our destined port. It was necessary, therefore, to take out several boat-loads of the cargo, and send them on shore, whatever might be the risk they ran of being left there, while we were getting the ship afloat again. On expressing my fears as to their safety to the merchant whose property the goods were, he at once said: "I know the *Turks*, and will abide the consequences of the step;" although, situated as we were, we could not shrink from the results, whatever they might be, without incurring a much heavier loss, if not the entire destruction of the vessel. Accordingly, the boats were got out, and part of the cargo at once transferred to them, and conveyed to the shore, I acting as cockswain on the occasion. As the foremost boat approached, a number of turbaned figures were seen advancing, who, as soon as it touched the beach, rushed into the surf, and, with a shout, hauled it high and dry, and commenced at once to bear off its cargo to a field in the immediate neighbourhood, above high-water mark. Remonstrance or resistance would have been equally out of the question, as neither understood a word the other said, and their numbers were overpowering. So rapidly did the goods vanish from the boat under their active operations, that I had not even time to take a note of the particular packages. As soon as the boat was emptied of its contents, they assisted in pushing it off again into deep water; and in a very desponding state of mind regarding the ultimate fate of the goods which I had left on shore, I returned to the ship. On expressing my fears on that score to the merchant, who met me at the gangway, he smiled, and said: "It's all right. I saw by the turbans and dresses of the men who came down to you that they were *Turks*; and I know, from experience, that we run no risk whatever in leaving the goods under their self-imposed guardianship." As he was the party who was most interested in the result, I said nothing more, but

proceeded to lighten the ship as speedily as possible, by making several additional trips to the shore with as much of the cargo as enabled us to get at the ballast; and on each occasion we received the same prompt and energetic assistance from our turbaned allies, each boat-load being carried to the corner of the field where the others were deposited. It required two days to get the ship sufficiently lightened of her ballast, so as to get her afloat again, and this we were enabled to do without her sustaining any damage of a serious nature, as the weather, fortunately for us, continued perfectly calm.

'During these two nights that the goods were left on shore, they were watched by two of the *Turks* alone; and when we were ready for their reshipment, they assisted us as energetically in replacing them in the boat, as they did at first in removing them from it. On our last trip to the shore, the merchant went with us, and I took several pieces of gold with me, which I offered to the honest fellows who had so generously and voluntarily rendered us such efficient service; when, to my still greater surprise, they, to a man, making a low bow, and muttering something, which to me was unintelligible, put their hands on their hearts, and refused to accept it. The merchant, who understood a word or two only of their language, said that he could make out that what they had said was, that *we were brothers*, and in *distress*, and that was enough to induce them to do what they could to assist us.

'Our vessel then proceeded on her voyage to Constantinople, which she reached in a short time, and got her cargo safely disembarked. While there, I occasionally met in the streets several of the men who had assisted us, and received from them in passing always a pleasing smile of recognition.'

I ask my readers whether they think that, if such a thing had occurred on almost any part of *our own coasts*, a similar result would have taken place? Is it not notorious, and a deep and indelible stain on the great proportion of our population on the coast, that on a wreck taking place, the natives not only pilfer all that they can lay their hands upon, but sometimes do not even hesitate, it is alleged, to extinguish any glimmering sparks of life that may be perceptible in the bodies of the unfortunate mariners who have been washed ashore—with a view to protect themselves in the possession of their basely acquired spoil? And is it not equally notorious, that so far from their doing anything to warn a ship in distress, that they see approaching their iron-bound shores, of its danger, and doing anything to prevent it, they very often shew false signals, so as to draw the unfortunate vessel upon the rocks which it is so anxious to avoid? Such practices are an everlasting disgrace to the natives of many parts of our coasts; and how nobly, therefore, does the conduct of the poor *Turks* contrast with it, and that, too, be it borne in mind, even when rendered to those whom they are taught to regard as *Infidels*!

My venerable informant also told me, that during an occasional intercourse, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, with the natives of several parts of Turkey, he had never met with a solitary instance even of dishonesty, or a departure from an agreement, the conditions of which had only been settled by a verbal engagement, even when the result would evidently be unfavourable to them.

LADY BETTY, THE HANGWOMAN.

[The following curious sketch is from Mr W. R. Wilde's *Irish Popular Superstitions*, printed in M'Glashan's *Readings in Popular Literature*. It does not refer to a superstition, but to one of those facts which exhibit as much of the preternatural as the wildest excursion of fancy. A portion of the little volume is reprinted from the *Dublin University Magazine*, and, for aught we know, Lady Betty may have made her appearance originally in that work.]

THE old jail of Roscommon stood, and, although now converted to other purposes, still stands in the market-place, in the centre of the town. It is an exceedingly high, dark, gloomy-looking building, with a castellated top, like one of the ancient fortresses that tower above

the houses in many of the continental cities. It can be discerned at a great distance; and, taken in connection with the extensive ruins of O'Connor's Castle, in the suburbs, and the beautiful abbey upon the other side of the town, seems to partake of the character of the middle-age architecture. The fatal drop was, perhaps, the highest in Ireland. It consisted of a small doorway in the front of the third storey, with a simple iron beam and pulley above, and the *lapboard* merely a horizontal door hinged to the wall beneath, and raised or let fall by means of a sliding-bolt, which shot from the wall when there was occasion to put the apparatus of death in requisition. Fearful as this elevated gallows appeared, and unique in its character, it was not more so than the finisher of the law who then generally officiated upon it. No decrepit wretch, no crime-hardened ruffian, no secret and mysterious personage, who was produced occasionally disguised and masked, piled his dreadful trade here. Who, think you, *gentle reader*—who now, perhaps, recoils from these unpleasant but truthful minutiae—officiated upon this gallows high?—a female!—a middle-aged, stout-made, dark-eyed, swarthy-complexioned, but by no means forbidding-looking woman—the celebrated Lady Betty—the finisheress of the law—the unflinching priestess of the executive for the Connaught circuit, and Roscommon in particular, for many years. Few children, born or reared in that county thirty, or even five-and-twenty years ago, who were not occasionally frightened into 'being good,' and going to sleep, and not crying when left alone in the dark, by *huggath a' Pooka*, or, 'here's Lady Betty.' The only fragment of her history which we have been able to collect is, that she was a person of violent temper, though in manners rather above the common, and possessing some education. It was said that she was a native of the County Kerry, and that by her harsh usage she drove her only son from her at an early age. He enlisted; but, in course of years, returned with some money in his pocket, the result of his campaigning. He knocked at his father's door, and asked a night's lodging, determined to see for himself whether the brutal mother he had left had in any way repented, or was softened in her disposition, before he would reveal himself. He was admitted, but not recognised. The mother, discovering that he possessed some money, murdered him during the night. The crime was discovered, and the wretched woman sentenced to be hanged, along with the usual dockful of sheep-stealers, Whiteboys, shop-lifters, and cattle-houghers, who, to the amount of seven or eight at a time, were invariably 'turned off' within four-and-twenty hours after their sentences at each assizes. No executioner being at hand, time pressing, and the sheriff and his deputy being men of refinement, education, humanity, and sensibility, who could not be expected to fulfil the office which they had undertaken—and for which one of them, at least, was paid—this wretched woman, being the only person in the jail who could be found to perform the office, consented; and under the name of Lady Betty, officiated, unmasked and undisguised, as *hangwoman* for a great number of years after; and she used also to flog publicly in the streets, as a part of her trade. Numerous are the tales related of her exploits, which we have now no desire to dwell upon. We may, however, mention one extraordinary trait of her character. She was in the habit of drawing, with a burnt stick, upon the walls of her apartment, portraits of all the persons she executed.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase, and a bit of board lying in my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter, it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation. I had not a moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling,

and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men—and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task, is there—can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?—*William Cobbett.*

PAPER-MILLS.

A return has been made of the number of paper-mills at present at work in England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; also of the number of 'beating-engines' in each mill. From this it appears that there are in England 304 paper-mills at present in activity, having 1267 beating-engines at work, and 107 silent. In Scotland, there are 48 mills, having 278 beating-engines at work, and 8 silent. In Ireland, there are 28 mills, having 71 beating-engines at work, and 15 silent. In Wales, there are no paper-mills. The total is, 880 mills, having 1616 beating-engines at work, and 130 silent.

LINES TO —.

O COULD I love thee, love as thou art worthy to be loved,
Thy deep, thy constant tenderness my purpose might have moved.

I know, might I accept thy heart, a blissful lot were mine;
Would we had earlier met—but no! I never could be thine.

I love thee as a sister loves a brother kind and dear,
And feel a sister's thrilling pride whene'er thy praise I hear;
And I have breathed a sister's prayer for thee at Mercy's throne,
And ne'er a truer, purer love might sister's bosom own.

I knew this trial was in store; I felt it day by day;
And oft in agony I prayed this cup might pass away;
And yet I lacked the power to tell, what thou too late
must hear,
To tell thee that another claims this heart to thee so dear.

Alas! that I must cause thee pain—I know that thou wilt
grieve—
For oh! thou art all truthfulness; thou never couldst
deceive;
And I have wept when anxious care sat heavy on thy brow,
Have wept when others wounded thee, and I must wound
thee now.

It may be that in after-years we yet shall meet again,
When time has cancelled every trace of this dark hour of
pain:

O may I see thee happy, blest, whate'er my lot may be,
And, as a sister and a friend, I shall rejoice with thee.

HARRIET.

PROCESS FOR PRODUCING TAPERED IRON.

In No. 430 of this Journal, page 207, there is some mention of the patented rolling process for tapering bar-iron by machinery. This important invention is not of American origin, as persons unacquainted with the facts might imagine: it was first practised at the Mersey Steel and Iron Company's works at Liverpool, and then patented by Mr William Clay in the United States. The Company mentioned were awarded for the manufacture the prize-medal of the Great Exhibition, and the silver medals of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, and the American Institute of New York.

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ECONOMY IN DISTRIBUTION.

WE had lately occasion to proceed by an omnibus from a country town to a station on a railway, by which we were to return to the city where we have our customary abode. On arriving at the station, we learned that we should have to wait an hour for an *up* train, the omnibus being timed in relation to a *down* one, which was about to pass. Had this arrangement been the only one readily practicable in the case, we should have felt it necessary to submit uncomplainingly to the loss of our hour; but it really was not so. We had come in one of three omnibuses, none of which had more than two or three passengers. Why should not one have come at this hour with *down* passengers, and another come an hour later with *up* ones, thus by the same trouble giving more accommodation? We found that the three omnibuses are run by so many hotels, and that an arrangement for general convenience was impossible, as it might have interfered with the hotel business. On the continent, the government would have ordered matters otherwise: with us, the genius of *laissez faire* permits them to be as we describe.

It is in the same part of the country that a system exists amongst bakers, which we described many years ago in these pages. There are three towns, triangularly arranged, about ten miles from each other. One or more bakers in each has a van, in which he sends bread every day to the other two. As there is no witchcraft in the making of bread, it might be as well for the inhabitants of each town to be supplied by the bakers of their own place exclusively, and then the expense of the carriage would be saved. Such, however, is the keenness of competition in the case, that each baker strives to get supporters in the neighbouring towns, and willingly pays for van, horse, and driver in order to retain their custom. We presume each van goes thirty miles a day, and that there is not much less than 2000 miles of this unprofitable travelling weekly in connection with the three towns.

Any one who has a sincere respect for the principle of untrammelled industry, must lament to see these its abuses or drawbacks. But our commercial world is full of such anomalies. The cause is readily traced in the excessive number of persons engaged in the various trades. Not many years ago, the number of bakers in a town known to us, of the same size as one of those above referred to, was fourteen, while everybody acknowledged that four might have sufficed. In such circumstances, it is not wonderful that expedients like that of the van are resorted to, notwithstanding that it can only diminish the aggregate of profit derived by an already starving trade.

Few persons who walk along a street of nicely-decorated and apparently well-stocked shops, have the slightest conception of the hollowness of many of the appearances. The reality has been tested in part by the income-tax inquiry, which shews a surprising number of respectable-looking shops not reaching that degree of profit which brings the owner within the scope of the exaction. It may be that some men who are liable, contrive to make themselves appear as not so; but this cannot be to such an extent as greatly to affect the general fact. In the assessing of the tax, no result comes out oftener than one of this kind: Receipts for the year, L.2200; estimated profit at 15 per cent., L.330; deductions for rent of shop, taxes, shopmen's wages, and bad debts, L.193; leaving, as net profit, L.137. The commissioners are left to wonder how the trader can support his family in a decent manner upon so small a return, till they reflect that possibly a son brings in a little as a shopman, or a daughter as a day-governess; or that possibly an old female relative lives with the family, and throws her little income into the general stock. It is, after all, a fact capable of the clearest demonstration, that a vast number of shopkeepers' families maintain decent appearances upon an income below that enjoyed by many artisans—what goes, in the one case, for the decent appearances, being enjoyed in substantial comforts in the other, or else misapplied, to the degradation of body and mind.

The evil primarily lies in an erroneous distribution of industry. Where twenty men offer themselves to do a duty to society for which three are sufficient, it cannot be good for any party; whereas, were the extra seventeen to apply themselves to other departments of the labour required for all, it would be better times for the whole twenty. The light, easy, and pleasant occupations are those most apt to be beset by superfluous hands. Shopkeeping is generally easy, and often pleasant; hence the excessive number of individuals applying themselves to it. In the difficulties of the case, conspicuousness of situation, extravagant decoration, and abundant advertising, are resorted to, as means of obtaining a preference. Many, to help out profits, resort to tricks and cheating. The expense thus incurred, above what is necessary, in distributing certain goods, must be enormous. To bring most articles to the hands of the consumer should be a simple business. Every member of the public must feel that his clothes will be as good, coming from a ware-room on a third floor at L.30 a year, as from a flashy corner shop which costs L.300. He will feel that to make him buy a new hat when he needs one, it is not necessary that an advertising van should be continually rumbling along the streets. His tea and sugar from the nearest grocer cannot be any better because

of there being fifty other grocers within two miles of his residence, and forty of these not required. Yet, by reason of the great competition in nearly all trades, these vast expenses, which do nothing for the public, are continually incurred. Means misapplied are means lost. The community is just so much the poorer. And we must pronounce the superfluous shopkeepers, those who live by the rents of fine shops, and those who are concerned in the business of advertising beyond what is strictly necessary for the information of the public, as incumbrances on the industry of the country.

One unfortunate concomitant of competition is, that it prompts in the individual trader an idea which places him in a false position towards the general interest. It is the general interest that all things fit for use should be abundant; but when a man is concerned in producing any of those things, he sees it to be for his immediate interest that they should be scarce, because what he has to sell will then bring a greater price. It is the general interest that all useful things should be produced and distributed as cheaply as possible; but each individual producer and distributor feels that the dearer they are, it is the better for him. It is thus that a trade comes to regard itself as something detached from the community; that a man also views his peculiar trading interest as a first principle, to which everything else must give way. It might, indeed, be easily shewn, that whatever is good for the whole community, must be in the long-run beneficial to each member. He either cannot look far enough for that, or he feels himself unable to dispense with the immediate benefit from that which is bad for the public. In short, each trade considers the world as living for it, not it as living for the world—a mistake so monstrous, that there is little reason to wonder at the enormous misexpenditure to which it gives rise.

The idea essentially connected with these false positions, that *because* there are certain persons in a trade in a particular place, they *ought* to be there, and that the primary consideration regarding them is how to enable them to continue living by that trade—as if they were fixed there by some decree of Providence—is one of the most perverse and difficult to deal with in political economy. The assertion of any principle ruling to the contrary purpose, seems to the multitude of superficial thinkers as a kind of cruelty to the persons, the severity of the natural law being, by an easy slide of thought, laid to the charge of the mere philosopher who detects and announces its operation. In reality, those are the cruel people who would contentedly see a great number of their fellow-creatures going on from year to year in a misery, which, being brought upon themselves by ignorance, and the want of a right spirit of enterprise, can only be banished or lessened by their being rightly informed, and induced to enter upon a proper course.

If there were a right knowledge and just views of these subjects diffused through the community, a man would be ashamed to enter upon a business in which a sufficient number of persons was already engaged, knowing that he was thereby trifling with his time and fortunes, and perhaps encouraging in himself a love of ease, or some other desire which he was not entitled to gratify. He would rather go to some new country, where he might eat in rough independence the rewards of an actual toil. What is really required, however, is not that men should leave their own country, but enter upon such pursuits there as may preserve an equal instead of an unequal distribution of industry throughout the various fields in which there is something to be done for the general advantage. Distribution should be less a favourite department, and production more so. With more producers and fewer distributors,

the waste we have endeavoured to describe would be so far saved, and there would be fewer miserable people on the earth.

Even amidst all the delusions which prevail upon the subject, it is curious to observe that there is a strong current towards a rectification of what is amiss. The interests of the individual, which produce so much fallacy, after all bring a correction. The active, original-minded tradesman, seeing that, with an ordinary share of the entire business of his department, he can scarcely make bread and butter, bethinks him of setting up a leviathan shop, in which he may serve the whole town with mercery at a comparatively small profit to himself, looking to large and frequent returns for his remuneration. The public, with all its sentimentalism, never fails to take the article, quality being equal, at the lowest price, and accordingly the leviathan dealer thrives, while nearly all the small dealers are extirpated. Now this is a course of things which produces partial inconveniences; but its general effect is good. It lessens the cost of distribution for the consumer, and it decides many to take to new and more hopeful courses, who otherwise might cling to a branch of business that had become nearly sapless. Under-selling generally has the same results. When in a trade in which distribution usually costs 43 per cent., one man announces himself as willing to lessen this by 15 or 20 per cent., his conduct is apt to appear unbrotherly and selfish to the rest; but the fact is, that for goods of any kind to cost 43 per cent. in mere distribution, is a monstrosity; and he who can in any measure lessen that cost, will be regarded by the community as acting in the spirit of a just economy, and as deserving of their gratitude. These may be considered as the rude struggles of competition towards a righting of its own evils. The public sees two selfishnesses working in the case, and it naturally patronises that which subserves its own interest.

The waste arising from an over-costly system of distribution, will probably lead to other correctives of even a more sweeping kind than that of underselling, or the setting up of leviathan shops. For the greater number of the articles required for daily use, men begin to find that a simple co-operative arrangement is sufficient. A certain number agree to combine in order to obtain articles at wholesale prices; after which a clerk, shopman, and porter suffice to distribute them. They thus save, in many trades, as much as 15 per cent. So far from their being under any peculiar disadvantage as to the quality of the articles, they are rather safer than usual in that respect; and indeed a freedom from the danger of getting adulterated or inferior goods is one of the recommendations of the system. It would probably extend more rapidly, were it not for the difficulties attending the law of partnership, which, however, will in all likelihood be speedily removed.

We make these remarks on distribution mainly in the hope of saving individuals from entering upon a career in which, not being truly useful to their fellow-creatures, they have little to expect of good for themselves. At present, shopkeeping is limited by what an able writer of the day calls the *bankruptcy check*;* that is, men go into it, and remain in it, while they can just barely sustain themselves, not regarding that they do not and cannot thrive, and that they are only adding to a mass of idleness already burdensome to the community. What we desire is, to see men so far enlightened in the principles of economy, that they will be at least less apt to rush into fields where their help is not wanted. We wish to assist in creating a public opinion on this subject, which, fixing on shopkeeping in such circumstances the odium of a masked idleness, will tend to send the undecided into courses of real

* Mr F. O. Ward.

activity and serviceableness; thus securing their own good by the only plan which can be safely depended upon—that of first securing the good of the entire community.

THE VENDETTA.

IN the morning, we were off the coast of Sardinia, steaming rapidly along for the Straits of Bonifacio. The night had been tranquil, and the morning was more tranquil still; but no one who knew the capricious Mediterranean felt confident of continued fair weather. However, at sea the mind takes little thought for the morrow, or even for the afternoon; and as we sat in the warm shade of the awning, looking out to the purple horizon in the east, or to the rocky and varied coast to the west, I felt, and if the countenance be not treacherous, all felt that it was good even for landmen to be moving over waters uncrispd except by the active paddles, beneath a sky all radiant with light. My companions were chiefly Levant merchants, or sawtoe East Indians; for I was on board the French packet *Le Caire*, on its way from Alexandria, of Egypt, to Marseillo.

I had several times passed the Straits, each time with renewed pleasure and admiration. It would be difficult to imagine a scene more wild and peculiar. After rounding the huge rock of Tavolara—apparently a promontory running boldly out into the sea, but in reality an island, we are at once at the mouth of the Straits. The mountains of Corsica, generally enveloped in clouds, rise above the horizon ahead, and near at hand a thousand rocks and islands of various dimensions appear to choke up the passage. The narrow southern channel, always selected by day, is intricate, and would be dangerous to strangers; and indeed the whole of the Straits are considered so difficult, that the fact of Nelson, without previous experience, having taken his fleet through, is cited even by French sailors as a prodigy.

On one of the rocky points of the Sardinian coast, I observed the ruins of a building, but so deceptive in distance, I could not at first determine whether it had been a fortress or a cottage. I asked one of the officers for his telescope; and being still in doubt, questioned him as I returned it. He smiled and said: 'For the last five or six years, I have never passed through the Straits by day without having had to relate the story connected with that ruin. It has become a habit with me to do so; and if you had not spoken, I should have been compelled, under penalty of passing a restless night, to have let out my narrative at dinner. You will go down to your berth presently; for see how the smoke is weighed down by the heavy atmosphere upon the deck, and how it rolls like a snake along the waters! What you fancy to be merely a local head-wind blowing through the Straits, is a mistral tormenting the whole Gulf of Lions. We shall be tossing about presently in a manner unpleasant to landmen; and when you are safely housed, I will come and beguile a little time by relating a true story of a Corsican Vendetta.

The prophecy was correct. In less than a quarter of an hour, *Le Caire* was pitching through the last narrows against as violent a gale as I ever felt. It was like a wall of moving air. The shores, rocks, and islands were now concealed by driving mist; and as the sea widened before us, it was covered with white-crested waves. Before I went below, a cluster of sails ahead was pointed out as the English fleet; and it was surmised that it would be compelled to repeat Nelson's manœuvre, as Sardinia and Corsica form a dangerous lee-shore. However, the atmosphere thickened rapidly; and we soon lost sight of all objects but the waves amidst which we rolled, and the phantom-like shores of Corsica.

The officer joined me, and kept his promise. By constant practice, he had acquired some skill in the art of telling at least this one story; and I regret that I do not remember his exact words. However, the following is the substance of his narrative:—Giustiniani and Bartuccio were inhabitants of the little town of Santa Maddalena, situated on the Corsican side of the Straits. They were both sons of respectable parents, and were united from an early age in the bonds of friendship. When they grew up, Giustiniani became clerk in a very humble mercantile establishment; whilst Bartuccio, more fortunate, obtained a good place in the custom-house. They continued on excellent terms till the age of about twenty-one years, when an incident occurred, that by making rivals of them, made them enemies.

Giustiniani had occasion to visit the city of Ajaccio, and set out in company with a small party mounted upon mules. Bartuccio went with him to the crest of the hill, where they parted after an affectionate embrace. The journey was fortunately performed; in about a month Giustiniani was on his way back, and reached without incident, just as night set in, a desolate ravine within a few leagues of Santa Maddalena. Here a terrific storm of wind and rain broke upon the party, which missed the track, and finally dispersed; some seeking shelter in the lee of the rocks, others pushing right and left in search of the path, or of some hospitable habitation. Giustiniani wandered for more than an hour, until he descended towards the plain, and, attracted by a light, succeeded at length in reaching a little cottage having a garden planted with trees. The lightning had now begun to play, and shewed him the white walls of the cottage streaming with rain, and the drenched foliage that surrounded it. Guided by the rapidly succeeding gleams, he was enabled to find the garden gate, where, there being no bell, he remained for some time shouting in vain. The light still beamed gently through one of the upper windows, and seemed to tell of a comfortable interior and cosy inmates. Giustiniani exerted his utmost strength of voice, and presently there was a movement in the lighted chamber—a form came to the window; and, after some delay, the door of the house was opened, and a voice asked who demanded admittance at that hour, and in such weather. Our traveller explained, and was soon let in by a quiet-looking old gentleman, who took him up stairs into a little library, where a good wood-fire was blazing. A young girl of remarkable beauty rose as he entered, and received him with cordial hospitality. Acquaintance was soon made. Giustiniani told his little story, and learned that his host was M. Albert Brivard, a retired medical officer, who, with his daughter Marie, had selected this out-of-the-way place for economy's sake.

According to my informant, Giustiniani at once fell in love with the beautiful Marie, to such an extent that he could scarcely partake of the supper offered him. Perhaps his abstinence arose from other reasons—love being in reality a hungry passion in its early stage—for next day the young man was ill of a fever, and incapable of continuing his journey. M. Brivard and his daughter attended him kindly; and as he seemed to become worse towards evening, sent a messenger to Maddalena. The consequence was, that on the following morning Bartuccio arrived in a great state of alarm and anxiety; but fate did not permit him again to meet his friend with that whole and undivided passion of friendship in his breast with which he had quitted him a month before. Giustiniani was asleep when he entered the house, and he was received by Marie. In his excited state of mind, he was apt for new impressions, and half an hour's conversation seems not only to have filled him with love, but to have excited the same feeling in the breast of the gentle girl. It would have been more romantic, perhaps, had Marie been tenderly impressed

by poor Giustiniani when he arrived at night, travel-stained and drenched with rain, in the first fit of a fever; 'but woman,' said the sagacious narrator, as he received a tumbler of grog from the steward, 'is a mystery'—an opinion I am not inclined to confute.

In a few days, Giustiniani was well enough to return to his home, which he reached in a gloomy and dissatisfied state of mind. He had already observed that Bartuccio, who rode over every day professedly to see him, felt in reality ill at ease in his company, spoke no longer with copious familiarity, and left him in a few minutes, professing to be obliged to return to his duty. From his bed, however, he could hear him for some time after laughing and talking with Marie in the garden; and he felt, without knowing it, all the pangs of jealousy: not that he believed his friend would interfere and dispute with him the possession of the gem which he had discovered, and over which he internally claimed a right of property, but he was oppressed with an uneasy sentiment of future ill, and tormented with a diffidence as to his own powers of pleasing, that made him say adieu to Marie and her father with cold gratitude—that seemed afterwards to them, and to him when reflection came, sheer ingratitude.

When he had completely recovered his strength, he recovered also to a certain extent his serenity of mind. Bartuccio was often with him, and never mentioned the subject of Marie. One day, therefore, in a state of mingled hope and love, he resolved to pay a visit to his kind host; and set out on foot. The day was sunny; the landscape, though rugged, beautiful with light; a balmy breeze played gently on his cheek. The intoxication of returning strength filled him with confidence and joy. He met the old doctor herboring a little way from his house, and saluted him so cordially, that a hearty shake of the hand was added to the cold bow with which he was at first received. Giustiniani understood a little of botany, and pleased the old man by his questions and remarks. They walked slowly towards the house together. When they reached it, M. Brivard quietly remarked: 'You will find my daughter in the garden,' and went in with the treasures he had collected. The young man's heart bounded with joy. Now was the time. He would throw himself at once at Marie's feet, confess the turbulent passion she had excited, and receive from her lips his sentence of happiness, or—No, he would not consider the alternative; and with bounding step and eager eye, he ran over the garden, beneath the orange and the myrtle trees, until he reached a little arbour at the other extremity.

What he saw might well plunge him at once into despair. Marie had just heard and approved the love of Bartuccio, who had clasped her, not unwilling, to his breast. Their moment of joy was brief, for in another instant Bartuccio was on the ground, with Giustiniani's knee upon his breast, and a bright poniard glittered in the air. 'Spare him—spare him!' cried the unfortunate girl, sinking on her knees. The accepted lover struggled in vain in the grasp of his frenzied rival, who, however, forbore to strike. 'Swear, Marie,' he said, 'by your mother's memory, that you will not marry him for five years, and I will give him a respite for so long.' She swore with earnestness; and the next moment, Giustiniani had broken through the hedge, and was rushing frantically towards Santa Maddalena.

When he recovered from his confusion, Bartuccio, who, from his physical inferiority, had been reduced to a passive part in this scene, endeavoured to persuade Marie that she had taken an absurd oath, which she was not bound to abide by; but M. Brivard, though he had approved his daughter's choice, knew well the Corsican character, and decreed that for the present at least all talk of marriage should be set aside. In vain Bartuccio pleaded the rights of an accepted lover. The old man became more obstinate, and not only insisted

that his daughter should abide by her promise, but hinted that if any attempt were made to oppose his decision, he would at once leave the country.

As may well be imagined, Bartuccio returned to the city with feelings of bitter hatred against his former friend; and it is probable that wounded pride worked upon him as violently as disappointed passion. He was heard by several persons to utter vows of vengeance—rarely meaningless in that uncivilised island—and few were surprised when next day the news spread that Giustiniani had disappeared. Public opinion at once pointed to Bartuccio as the murderer. He was arrested, and a careful investigation was instituted; but nothing either to exculpate or inculpate him transpired, and after some months of imprisonment, he was liberated.

Five years elapsed. During the first half of the period, Bartuccio was coldly received by both M. Brivard and his daughter, although he strenuously protested his innocence. Time, however, worked in his favour, and he at length assumed the position of a betrothed lover, so that no one was surprised when, at the expiration of the appointed time, the marriage took place. Many wondered indeed why, since Giustiniani had disappeared, and was probably dead, any regard was paid to the extorted promise; whilst all augured well of the union which was preceded by so signal an instance of good faith. The observant, indeed, noticed that throughout the ceremony Bartuccio was absent and uneasy—looking round anxiously over the crowd assembled from time to time. 'He is afraid to see the ghost of Giustiniani,' whispered an imprudent bystander. The bridegroom caught the last word, and starting as if he had received a stab, cried: 'Where, where?' No one answered; and the ceremony proceeded in ominous gloom.

Next day, Bartuccio and his young wife, accompanied by M. Brivard, left Santa Maddalena without saying whither they were going; and the good people of the town made many strange surmises on the subject. In a week or so, however, a vessel being wrecked in the Straits, furnished fresh matter of conversation; and all these circumstances became utterly forgotten, except by a few. 'But this drama was as yet crowned by no catastrophe,' said the officer, 'and all laws of harmony would be violated if it ended here.' 'Are you, then, inventing?' inquired I. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'but destiny is a greater tragedian than Shakespeare, and prepares *dénouements* with superior skill.' I listened with increased interest.

The day after the departure of the married couple, a small boat with a shoulder-of-mutton sail left the little harbour of Santa Maddalena a couple of hours before sunset, and with a smart breeze on its quarter, went bravely out across the Straits. Some folks who were accustomed to see this manœuvre had, it is true, shouted out to the only man on board, warning him that rough weather was promised; but he paid no heed, and continued on his way. If I were writing a romance, if, indeed, I had any reasonable space, I would keep up the excitement of curiosity for some time, describe a variety of terrific adventures unknown to seamen, and wonderful escapes comprehensible only by landmen, and thus make a subordinate hero of the bold navigator. But I must be content to inform the reader, that he was Paolo, a servant of Giustiniani's mother, who had lived in perfect retirement since her son's disappearance, professing to have no news of him. In reality, however, she knew perfectly well that he had retired to Sardinia, and after remaining in the interior some time, had established himself in the little cottage, the ruins of which had attracted my attention. The reason for his retirement, which he afterwards gave, was that he might be enabled to resist the temptation to avenge himself on Bartuccio, and, if possible, conquer his love for Marie. He no longer entertained any hope of possessing her himself; but he thought that at least

she would grow weary of waiting for the passage of five years, and would marry a stranger—a consummation sufficiently satisfactory, he thought, to restore to him his peace of mind. Once a month at least he received, through the medium of the faithful Paolo, assistance and news from his mother; and to his infinite discomfiture learned, as time proceeded, that his enemy, whilom his friend, was to be made happy at last. His rage knew no bounds at this; and several times he was on the point of returning to Santa Maddalena, to do the deed of vengeance from which he had hitherto refrained. However, he resolved to await the expiration of the five years.

Paolo arrived in safety at the cottage some time after dark, and communicated the intelligence both of the marriage and the departure of the family. To a certain extent, both he and the mother of Giustiniani approved the projects of vengeance entertained by the latter, but thought that the honour of the family was sufficiently cleared by what was evidently a flight. Paolo was disappointed and puzzled by the manner of the unfortunate recluse. Instead of bursting out into furious denunciations, he became as pale as ashes, and then hiding his face in his hands, wept aloud. His agony continued for more than an hour; after which he raised his head, and exhibited a serene brow to the astonished servitor. 'Let us return to Santa Maddalena,' he said; and they accordingly departed, leaving the cottage a prey to the storms, which soon reduced it to ruins, and will probably ere long sweep away every trace.

Giustiniani reached his mother's house unperceived, and spent many hours in close conversation with his delighted parent. He did not, however, shew himself in the town, but departed on the track of the fugitives the very next day. He traced them to Ajaccio, thence to Marseille, to Nice, back to Marseille, to Paris, but there he lost the clue. Several months passed in this way; his money was all spent, and he was compelled to accept a situation in the counting-house of a merchant of the Marais, and to give up the chase and the working out of the catastrophe he had planned for his Vendetta.

A couple of years afterwards, Giustiniani had occasion to go to one of the towns of the north of France—Lille, I believe. In its neighbourhood, as my narrator told me—and on him I throw the whole responsibility, if there seem anything improbable in what is to come—the young man was once more overtaken by a storm, and compelled to seek refuge in a cottage, which the gleams of the lightning revealed to him. This time he was on foot, and after knocking at the door, was admitted at once by a young woman, who seemed to have been waiting in the passage for his arrival. She was about to throw herself into his arms, when suddenly she started back, and exclaimed: 'It is not he!' Taking up a candle, which she had placed on the floor, she cast its light on her own face and that of the stranger, who had remained immovable, as if petrified by the sound of her voice. 'Madam,' said he, brought to himself by this action, 'I am a stranger in these parts, overtaken by the storm, and I beg an hour's hospitality.'

'You are welcome, sir,' replied Marie, the wife of Bartuccio, for it was she; but she did not at the moment recognise the unfortunate man who stood before her.

They were soon in a comfortable room, where was M. Brivard, now somewhat broken by age, and a cradle, in which slept a handsome boy about a year old. Giustiniani, after the interchange of a few words—perhaps in order to avoid undergoing too close an examination of his countenance—bent over the cradle to peruse the features of the child; and the pillow was afterwards found wet with tears. By an involuntary motion, he clutched at the place where the poniard was wont to be, and then sat down upon a chair that stood in a dim corner. A few minutes afterwards, Bartuccio came joyously into the room, embraced his wife, asked her

if she was cold, for she trembled very much—spoke civilly to the stranger, and began to throw off his wet cloak and coat. At this moment the tall form of Giustiniani rose like a phantom in the corner, and passions, which he himself had thought smothered, worked through his worn countenance. Brivard saw and now understood, and was nailed to his chair by unspeakable terror, whilst Bartuccio gaily called for his slippers. Suddenly Marie, who had watched every motion of the stranger, and, with the vivid intuition of wife and mother, had understood what part was hers to play, rushed to the cradle, seized the sleeping child, and without saying a word, placed it in Giustiniani's arms. The strong-passioned man looked amazed, yet not displeased, and, after a moment's hesitation, sank on his knees, and embraced the babe, that, awaking, curled its little arms round his head—

A tremendous crash aloft interrupted the well-prepared peroration of the narrator; and, to say the truth, I was not sorry that a sail was carried away, and one of our boats stove in at this precise moment, for I had heard quite enough to enable me to guess the conclusion of the history of this harmless Vendetta.

WRECK-CHART AND LIFE-BOATS.

MANY of our readers are probably aware that Prince Albert, in his capacity of president of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, suggested that lectures should be delivered on the results of the different classes of the Great Exhibition, by gentlemen peculiarly qualified by their several professions and pursuits. This suggestion has been admirably carried out; but we propose at present to direct attention only to one of the twenty-four lectures in question—namely, that on life-boats, by Captain Washington, R. N.; our individual calling in early life having been such as to enable us to understand thoroughly the technical details, and judge of the accuracy of the views and opinions propounded by the gallant and intelligent lecturer.*

First, we will speak of the wreck-chart of the British islands prefixed to the lecture. Round the entire coast is a prodigious number of *black dots*, of two kinds—one a simple round dot, and the other having a line drawn through it. They all point out the locality of shipwrecks during the year 1850, and the latter dot shews the wreck to have been total. The English coasts are most thickly dotted, but this is to be expected from the greater proportion of shipping; next in the scale is Ireland, and then Scotland, which has comparatively few black dots, the densest portion being on the west coast, from Ayr to Largs, where we count eleven, nine indicating total wrecks. In the Firth of Forth there are but three, one total. A sprinkling of dots is seen among the Eastern Hebrides, but not so many as one would expect. Turning to England, we count about forty-five wrecks in the Bristol Channel alone, by far the greater number being total. On the Goodwin Sands there are fourteen, all total but one. On the Gunfleet Sands there are nine, four total. They are numerous on the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts, especially off Yarmouth and the Washway. On the Welsh coast, particularly around Beaumaris, Holyhead, &c., the number is very great. In the firth leading to Liverpool, we count no less than twenty-one, of which twelve are total. On the north coast of England the numbers are appalling. Off Hartlepool are fifteen, eight being total. Off Sunderland are twelve, all total but three. Off Newcastle are fifteen, eight total. Ah, that fearful, iron-bound coast of Northumberland! We have hugged it close in calm weather, with a fair breeze, and the views we caught of its shores made us shudder to think of what would befall a vessel on a stormy night and the shore alee. The following is the

awful summary of 1850:—'The wrecks of British and foreign vessels on the coasts and in the seas of the United Kingdom were 681. Of these, 277 were total wrecks; sunk by leaks or collisions, 84; stranded and damaged so as to require to discharge cargo, 304; abandoned, 16. Total wrecks, &c., 681; total lives lost, 784.'

Certain peculiar marks on this chart indicate the spots where life-boats are kept. In the vicinity of Liverpool we count no less than seven, and not one too many; but in many parts of the coast, where numerous wrecks occur, there are none. In all England there are eighty life-boats; in Ireland, eight; in Scotland, eight. A most portentous note on the chart informs us, that 'about one-half of the boats are unserviceable!' Think of Scotland, with its rocky seaboard of 1500 miles: only eight life-boats, and some of these 'quite unserviceable!' The boats at St Andrews, Aberdeen, and Montrose, have saved eighty-three lives; and the rockets at eight stations, sixty-seven lives. 'Orkney and Shetland are without any provision for saving life; and with the exception of Port Logan, in Wigtonshire, where there is a mortar, the whole of the west coast of Scotland, from Cape Wrath to Solway Firth—an extent of 900 miles, without including islands—is in the same state.' With regard to the chief distribution of English life-boats, there is one to every eight miles on the Northumberland coast; one to every ten miles in Durham and Yorkshire; one to fifteen miles in Lincolnshire; and one to five miles in Norfolk and Suffolk—a fact which, the lecturer well observes, is highly creditable to the county associations of the two last counties. But 'from Falmouth round the Land's End, by Trevoose Head to Hartland Point, an extent of 150 miles of the most exposed sea-coast in England, there is not one really efficient life-boat.' On the Welsh coasts are twelve boats, some very defective. At the five Liverpool stations are nine good boats, 'liberally supported by the dock trustees, and having permanent boats' crews.' These Liverpool boats have, during the last eleven years, assisted 269 vessels, and brought ashore 1128 persons. As to the Isle of Man, situated in the track of an enormous traffic, with shores frequently studded with wrecks, we are told that there is not a single life-boat; for the four boats established there by Sir William Hillary, Baronet, 'have been allowed to fall into decay, and hardly a vestige of them remains!' The paltry eight life-boats for the whole Irish coast of 1400 miles are stated to be likewise inefficient.

On the whole, it appears to us that the present number of efficient life-boats is not more than one-fourth of what ought to be constantly kept ready for immediate service. Only think of the amount of wrecks occurring occasionally in a single gale. On the 18th January 1848, not less than 108 vessels were lost on the British coasts. In 1846, nearly forty vessels were driven ashore in Hartlepool Bay alone. In the month of March 1850, the wrecks on our coasts were 134; in the gale of the 25th and 26th September 1851, the number wrecked, stranded, or damaged by collision, was 117; and in January of the present year, the number was 120. The above are the numbers actually ascertained; but it is well known that *Lloyd's List* is an imperfect register, although at present the best existing.

A secondary mode of communicating with a stranded vessel is by firing rockets with a line attached to them, by which means a hawser may be drawn from the ship and fastened to the shore. Mortars are likewise used for the same purpose; the latter plan having been invented by Sergeant Bell, and first tried in 1792. Bell's plan was very greatly improved by Captain Manby; and all the mortars now in use for the purpose are called after him. Mr Dennett, of the Isle of Wight, first introduced the rocket-plan in 1825. Rockets or mortars, or both, are kept at most of the coast-guard stations; but in numerous cases were found worthless on trial, owing

to the lines breaking, or the rockets being old and badly made. Nevertheless, at twenty-two stations, 214 lives have been saved by them. The evil is, that neither rockets nor mortars are of any use unless the wreck lies within a short distance of the shore; for the maximum range attained is only 850 yards, and in the teeth of a violent wind, often not above 200 to 300 yards. If a ship, therefore, is stranded on a low shelving shore, she is almost certain to be beyond the range of the life-rocket or of Manby's mortar. The main reliance, therefore, is the life-boat, and to it we return.

The Duke of Northumberland recently offered a reward for the best model of a life-boat. This offer was responded to by English, French, Dutch, German, and American boat-builders; and the amazing number of 280 models and plans was sent in. About fifty of the best of these were contributed by the duke to the Great Exhibition; and he had also a report and plans and drawings of them printed, of which he distributed 1800 copies throughout the world. Baron Dupin, chairman of the Jury of Class VIII., thus summed up the award of the jury concerning them:—'These models figure among the most valuable productions in our Great Exhibition, and furnish an example of liberality in the cause of humanity and practical science never surpassed, if ever equalled. Such are the motives from which we have judged his Grace the Duke of Northumberland worthy of receiving the Council Medal.'

The inventor of life-boats, as is well known, was Henry Greathead, of South Shields, in 1789. His boat was 80 feet long, with 10 feet breadth of beam, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet depth of waist, stem and stern alike nearly 6 feet high, and pulled ten oars (double-banked.) A cork lining went fore and aft 12 inches thick, on the inside of the boat, from the floor to the thwarts; and outside was a cork fender, 16 inches deep, 4 inches wide, and 21 feet long. 'She could not free herself of water, nor self-right in the event of being upset.' She was launched in 1790, and in the year 1802, the inventor was rewarded by the Society of Arts with its gold medal and fifty guineas; and parliament voted him £1200, 'in acknowledgment of the utility of his invention.' Many presumed improvements and modifications of the original boat have been effected, with more or less success. James Beeching, a Yarmouth boat-builder, has carried off the prize offered by the duke, and we may therefore suppose his was the best of the models submitted. Captain Washington thus describes Beeching's model sent to the Exhibition: 'It may be seen from the model of that boat, that from her form she would both pull and sail well in all weathers; would have great stability, and be a good sea-boat. She has moderately small internal capacity under the level of the thwarts for holding water, and ample means for freeing herself readily of any water that might be shipped; she is ballasted by means of water admitted into a tank or well at the bottom after she is afloat; and by means of that ballast and raised air-cases at the extremities, she would right herself in the event of being upset. It will thus be seen, that this model combines most of the qualities required in a life-boat; and the boat which has since been built after it, and is now stationed at Ramsgate, is said to answer her purpose admirably.'

M. Lahure, of Havre, sent a full-sized boat of iron; and Mr Francis, of New York, also sent a model life-boat of corrugated galvanised iron. Captain Washington thinks, that if metal is used at all, it should be copper in preference to any other. For our own part, we can only say, that we have helped to build boats, though not life-boats, and we have helped likewise to man boats, but we should like to have good sound timber beneath our feet in preference to any metal whatever; and we should prefer cork for the floating substance to air-tight cases, or copper tubing, or any of the other contrivances that have been adopted to give buoyancy to a swamped boat. Air-cases are very

liable to leak, or may be stove in by the sea, or be crushed by coming in contact with the wreck or rocks, but cork can never be injured. And as to metal air-cases, it was found on opening the sides of a life-boat at Woolwich Dockyard, that her copper tubes, supposed to be air-tight, were corroded into holes; for copper will corrode when in contact with sea-water, especially when alternately wet or dry, as is the case in life-boats.

We cannot here follow Captain Washington through his critical and technical details, but we think it right to express our strong suspicion, that the much-lauded self-righting power of certain new life-boats is obtained only at the cost of greater liability to upset. Doubtless a boat can be made to right herself after a capsize, but this really seems to us something like locking the stable-door when the steed is stolen; for even if she rights the very instant after upsetting, three-fourths of the crew are almost certain to perish. We think it far more important to construct a boat that will hardly capsize at all, than to build one that will right itself after capsizing; for we repeat our opinion, that the latter boat will prove liable to upset just in proportion to her capability of self-righting.

Many fatal accidents have happened to life-boats; and the details of some mentioned by the lecturer are peculiar and interesting. On the coast of Northumberland, in 1810, one of Greathead's boats, after saving several crews of fishing-cobles, was returning to the shore, when a heavy sea overwhelmed her, and by its sheer weight and force broke her in two, and the whole of the crew, thirty-four in number, perished. In 1820, Greathead's original life-boat, after saving the crew of the ship *Grafton*, at Shields, struck on a rock, and swamped; nevertheless, the brave old boat—although she had not the boasted power of self-righting—preserved her centre of gravity, and brought both crews to land. At Scarborough, in 1836, the life-boat, in going out to a vessel, turned completely end over end, 'shutting up one of the crew inside, where he remained in safety, getting fresh air through the tubes in the bottom, and was taken out when the boat drifted, bottom upwards, on the beach: ten lives were lost.' In 1841, the life-boat at Blyth, Northumberland, capsized, and ten men were drowned. At Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire, in 1843, the life-boat capsized, three men remaining under her bottom, while others got upon it. The accident was seen from the shore, and five men put off in a coble, fitted with air-cases like a life-boat; but she almost immediately turned end over end, and two men were drowned. The life-boat herself drifted ashore, and the three men under her bottom were saved. In all, twelve lives were lost. But the most lamentable disaster that ever befell a life-boat was at South Shields, on December 4, 1849, when twenty-four men, all pilots, went off to rescue the crew of the *Betsy*, stranded on Herd Sand. 'The boat had reached the wreck, and was lying alongside with her head to the eastward, with a rope fast to the quarter, but the bow-fast not secured. The shipwrecked men were about to descend into the life-boat, when a heavy knot of sea, recoiling from the bow of the vessel, caught the bow of the boat and turned her up on end, throwing the whole crew and the water into the stern-sheets. The bow-fast not holding, the boat drove in this position astern of the vessel, when the ebb-tide, running rapidly into her stern, the boat completely turned end over end, and went on shore bottom up. On this occasion, twenty out of twenty-four—or double the proper crew—were drowned under the boat. On seeing the accident, two other life-boats immediately dashed off from North and South Shields, saved four of the men, and rescued the crew of the *Betsy*.' It is added, that the life-boats have been in constant use at Shields since Greathead first launched his boat there in 1790, and excepting the above accident, no life has ever been lost in them, or from want of them. Between 1841 and 1849, they saved 466 lives.

But good is frequently educed from evil, and it was this very disaster at Shields that induced the Duke of Northumberland to offer a premium for the best life-boat; and his Grace has now, with princely liberality, undertaken to place a well-built life-boat at each of the most exposed points of the coast of his own county, with rockets or mortars at every intermediate station.

As to dimensions, the existing life-boats are of three classes: from 20 to 25 feet long, from 25 to 30 feet, and from 30 to 36 feet. Some are only 18 feet long, and on thinly-inhabited coasts are the best, as unless a regular crew is provided, it is often difficult to man a large boat—at least efficiently. The largest boats are used at Caistor and Corton, in Norfolk, and are 40 to 45 feet long, weigh from four to five tons, and cost £200 to £250 each. They are said to be admirable vessels of the kind, and well manned. The 36 feet boat is used at Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Deal, &c., and always goes off under sail. The 30 feet boat is used at Liverpool, Shields, Dundee, &c.; and one of those at Liverpool brought sixty people ashore on one occasion. Some of the models sent to the Exhibition were of boats that did not weigh more than half a ton; but we fully agree with the lecturer, that a boat so light as that would never be able to pull out to sea in a head-wind. A life-boat ought to possess a certain weight, or momentum, or it will be driven back by the winds, or sucked back by the sea, like a feather.

It is exceedingly desirable that all life-boats should have regularly trained crews, for an ordinary sailor or fisherman is by no means competent to do properly the duty of a life-boatman. The cockswain, especially should be well trained.

Captain Washington remarks, that 'a careful examination of the returns of wrecks by the Coast-guard officers, forcibly impresses on the mind the painful conviction, that the greater part of the casualties that occur are not occasioned by stress of weather, but that they are mainly attributable to causes within control, and to which a remedy might be applied.' This has long been our own opinion, and we have again and again expressed it. 'Wherever the boats have been looked after, and the crews well trained, as at Liverpool, Shields, and on the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk, the most signal success has rewarded their exertions. The first step is to insure a safe and powerful life-boat, and this, we feel confident, has been accomplished; the next is to build a sufficient number of such boats, place them where required, organise and train the crews, and provide for their supervision and maintenance. . . . There seems no reason why a very few years should not see a life-boat stationed at each of the exposed points on the most frequented parts of the coasts of the United Kingdom; by means of which—with the blessing of Divine Providence upon the endeavours of those who undertake the work—the best results to the cause of humanity may confidently be anticipated.'

THE SALONS OF PARIS.

News has just reached us from Paris of the death of Madame Sophie Gay. She was a writer of the half-historical, half-sentimental school of French fiction, of which Madame de Genlis, the Duchess d'Abrantes, and Madame de Souza were specimens more or less worthy; but in ease and grace, Madame Gay was superior to all we have mentioned. It is, in our minds, very affecting to witness the last lights of the ancient salons of Paris dropping out one by one. Mme Gay has herself, in a single volume published in 1837, entitled *Salons Célèbres*, left us a very beautiful picture of them as they were in their prime. We have translated—abridging, however, as we went—the opening chapters of this work, and may add a notice of more modern salons, as given by the lively pen of Mme Emile de Girardin—née Del-

phine Gay—daughter of Mme Sophie. The reader will judge whether the fashionable Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have really profited much by the storms and tempests that have gone over their heads. To be sure, Mme de Girardin's pictures were given twelve years ago; but we believe they would require little change, at least up to the conclusion of the Orleans reign in 1848. The volume from which these last extracts are made, is entitled *Lettres Parisiennes*. It has all the wit and talent of the cleverest of fashionable Frenchwomen. The tone is sometimes extremely good—better than we were led to expect; but the picture it presents is about as mournful a one as pictures of French frivolity usually are. We will, however, leave them to make their own impression. First, then, for Mme Sophie Gay and the ancient salons.

Now that the empire of the salons, she observes, has passed away with that of women, it would be difficult to convey to our youthful France an idea of the influence which certain of these were wont to exercise, in state affairs and in the choice of men in power. To have a salon is far from an easy thing; a crowd of people may, and do every day, give concerts and balls in their gilded apartments, and yet they may never have salons. Essential conditions are required which can rarely be found in conjunction. The most important of all is the talent and character of the lady who does the honours. Without being old, she must have passed the age in which a woman is chiefly spoken of for her prettiness or her dress, and be at that point of time when a woman's mind may rule over the self-love of a man more than her youthful attractions enabled her to rule over his heart.

Rank and fortune were important items, not quite indispensable, however; for Mme du Deffand was poor, and Mme Geoffrin was the wife of a manufacturer. In the salons of these two women edicts were framed, and academicians reared; but the questions discussed there were not nearly of the importance of those to which Mme de Staël's salon gave rise. It was essential that the mistress of the house should have a decided and superior taste in a variety of ways; also a total absence of those little, envious feelings which might have tended to exclude the fashionable woman or successful author. She must know how to bear enemies in her presence, to place talents according to their worth, to shew the tiresome way to the door—things which require address and courage.

The salon of Mme de Staël, during three different periods of her life, took considerable modification from the changes of the time; but it was always the same in power, if not in brilliancy.

Under the first Revolution, it was the scene of most momentous deliberations. Barnave, Talleyrand, Lameth, Dupont, Boissy d'Anglas, Portalis, Chénier, Roderer, and Benjamin Constant, discussed at the place of familiar meeting many a half-formed decree, and many important state nominations. The only member of the Directory who visited there was Barras; and it was a common saying, that every visit cost him a good deed; for Mme de Staël never slackened in her intercessions for the victims of the tribunals. She infused courage into the hearts of those who were pleaders for them. Through her means, Talleyrand was recalled, and even named minister of foreign affairs. 'He wanted some help,' she said, 'in order to arrive at power, but none to enable him to keep it when gained.' Her sagacity was at fault, if she persuaded herself that the returned emigrant-priest would bring harmony into public councils. On these evenings, pregnant with deeds both evil and good, it was said that some very foul conspiracies were concocted, and some of these were directly imputed to Mme de Staël; but she earnestly denied the truth of such surmises. Her salon, not herself, was guilty. Most generously did she exert herself in behalf of those who suffered after

such conspiracies; but some one was heard to say: 'She is a good woman, but would push any of her friends into the water for the delight of fishing them up again with her own tackle.'

When the Consulate was established, Mme de Staël's salon empire was watched by the rising influence of the day with a jealous eye. It was certainly a turbulent scene. Very bitter were the complaints of the men of the Revolution. They had risked so much; they had fought so courageously for liberty! They saw the disorders of the time, but they could not bear to lose all the fruits of their toil; and Garat and Andrieux, Daunon and Benjamin Constant, urged on by the eloquence of Mme de Staël, framed powerful appeals on these occasions for the morrow. Bonaparte could not tolerate this. His power was too recently gained—his projects too unripe. In vain did the friends of Mme de Staël say, that a *salon* could never be dangerous to a rule like his. 'It is not a salon,' said he; 'it is a club.' It was, in fact, the antagonism between mind and physical force. The First Consul had said before, of the orators of the Tribune: 'I have no time to answer these refractory speechifiers: they do nothing but perplex all things; they must be silenced.' And one great point of attack was Mme de Staël's salon. It was necessary she should abdicate her throne. A sentence of banishment condemned the brilliant lady to lay down the sceptre. Exiled to Geneva, surrounded by friends, sharing her father's lot, occupied with her daughter's education, she had, it may be thought, plenty of objects: she was unquestionably the first literary woman in Europe, too, and as such, Geneva was as her salon, where she received the homage of royalty and talent. Yet, a true Frenchwoman, unable to bear separation from the peculiar atmosphere in which she had been reared, she pined after it—pined still more for the friends who visited her only to be partakers of her exile; and so she passed the whole period of the Napoleon dynasty.

Meanwhile, in the interval between the banishment of Mme de Staël and her return, the most captivating mistress of a Paris salon appears to have been Mme de Beaumont. She was the daughter of M. de Montmorin, the minister of foreign affairs, who had immediately followed Necker. She married early, and not happily. She lived with her father, separated from her husband, and was intrusted to transcribe some of the very important correspondence between Mirabeau and the court. In the Reign of Terror, her father, and it is thought others of her family, fell by the guillotine; but she herself was spared, even against her will. She retired for awhile into the country, visiting among her friends, who did all they could to console her. She was the object of the strongest attachment on the part of Châteaubriand, Joubert, Fontanes, Molé, and many others; and when, once more, quiet and order were restored, even at the sacrifice of much of liberty, she came to Paris again. Her old friends rallied about her, her spirits seemed to revive for awhile, and her salon was for a year or two a scene of remarkable enjoyment. One who truly appreciated her, and who was worthy to be himself the centre of a social circle—M. Joubert, the author of some beautiful thoughts on literature and divers other subjects—thus tenderly commemorates the evenings to which we have alluded: 'Peaceful society! where none of those disuniting pretensions which spoil enjoyment could come; where acknowledged talent was not divorced from good temper; where praise was given to whatever was praiseworthy; where nothing was thought of but what was really attractive. Peaceful society! whose scattered members can never unite again without speaking of her who was the connecting link that brought them all together.'

To our minds, there seems something unique and infinitely touching in this bursting out, though but for

a short time, of the slumbering fires of an older society, from underneath the heaps of hard and alien material which had gone far to extinguish every spark of gentleness and refinement. The relics of families—their hearts still bleeding from their wounds—came to forget, if possible, the terrible past, and indulge their quiet hopes for the future. Very soon, indeed, the dream was dispelled; the tyranny proved to some unbearable; and some it vanquished in their highest part—their inward conscience—making them subservient when they might have shunned the danger altogether. But while the quiet interval lasted, it was like an Indian summer, prolonging the intellectual and tasteful beauty which was soon to be overwhelmed by the vulgar splendours of the Empire.

The greatest loss this circle could have had was the first. *Mme de Beaumont* died at Rome in 1804—attended only by *Châteaubriand*—who has given an account of the closing scene in his memoirs, and thenceforth it does not appear that the same society reassembled.

But another and third edition of the salon, under *Mme de Staël*, was witnessed at the Restoration. Hitherto we have sketched from *Mme Sophie Gay's* pictures. At this period, she declares herself unable to bear the mortification of mingling with the public of Paris: she could not see the Cossacks without shuddering. She shut herself up in her house, and knew what passed only through the kindness of friends, who wrote narratives for her amusement of any remarkable incidents they might note. Among these communications, *Mme Sophie Gay* has preserved one from the *Marquis de Custine*, and she has given it as a faithful picture of one of the last of *Mme de Staël's* soirées in Paris.

'I am just returned, and will not go to bed without telling you what has most amused me—not that amused is the right word, for *Mme de Staël's* salon is more than a scene of amusement: it is a glass in which is reflected the history of the time. What we see and hear there is more instructive than books, more exciting than many comedies. . . .

'You know that the Duke of Wellington was to visit her this evening for the first time. I went in good time; she was not yet in the room: several others were also waiting—such as the *Abbé de Pradt*, *Benjamin Constant*, *La Fayette*. They were conversing; I remained in one corner, as if listening to them. . . . At length *Mme de Staël* came in. "I am late," she said; "but it is not my fault. I was invited to dine at —, and was obliged to go." A great many of the guests were come: all were looking for the hero of the evening—we had seen him only as part of a show, now we wanted to hear him converse. At length he entered. The nobleness of his figure and simplicity of his manners produced a most agreeable impression on us. His pride, as it ought, has nearly the grace of timidity. *Mme de Staël*, impressed by a style and manner so little like that of our countrymen, said: "He carries his glory as if it were a nothing." Then, by a quick recall of patriotism, she whispered in my ear: "One must admit, however, that nature never made a great man at less expense." It seemed to me that the whole man was portrayed in these brief remarks.

'You would suppose, after this *début*, that we had a very pleasant evening: you shall judge. The Duke had not reached the end of the salon, when the *Abbé de Pradt* fastened on him, and actually forced him to listen for at least three-quarters of an hour, while he expressed his ideas—the ideas of the *Abbé de Pradt*!—upon military tactics. Conceive the wrath of *Mme de Staël*, and the annoyance of everybody there! *M. Schlegel* said, that he could fancy he was listening to that rhetorician who pronounced a discourse on the art of war to Hannibal.

'This remark did not make amends for the nuisance

of hearing in good French what we all knew before, when what we wanted was to listen to new things, in a foreign accent. Among the very few words which the English general was allowed to put in, I caught one sentence which struck me. While the *abbé* took breath, or coughed, the warrior had just time to tell us, that the most awful day in the life of a commander is that in which he has gained a battle; because, before having passed a night on the ground, and being assured on the morrow of the departure of the enemy, the conqueror cannot even know whether he is not conquered.

'Everything has its cost in this world, and if every man told us his secret, we should see that the most dazzling triumphs are paid for at their full price. However that may be, I thought there was sense and good taste in the Duke's remark. It seemed as if he tried to make us forgive him for exciting our curiosity so much.

'Many people went away discouraged by the bad manners of *M. de Pradt*. The hero himself was thinking of a retreat, when *Mme de Staël* came to release him from the ambuscade into which he had fallen. She retained him near the door, and there was a grave conversation on the English constitution. *Mme de Staël* could not reconcile the idea of political liberty, with the prevalence of servile forms remaining in the individual relationships of a society so jealous of that liberty as England.

"Language and aristocratic customs do not annoy people living in a country that is really free," said the Duke. "We use these unimportant formulæ in compliment to the past, and preserve our ceremonies as we keep a memorial, even when it has lost its primitive destination."

"But is it true," asked *Mme de Staël*, "that your lord chancellor speaks to the king on his bended knee during the opening address or sitting of parliament?"

"Yes; quite true."

"How does he do it?"

"He speaks to him kneeling, as I have told you."

"But how?"

"Must I shew you? You will have it!" answered the Duke; and he threw himself at the feet of our *Corinna*. "I wish everybody could see him," cried *Mme de Staël*.

'And everybody there did applaud with one accord. I would not answer for the same unanimity of approbation among the same people after they had reached the foot of the staircase!

'Everybody went away, only I stayed two hours with the mistress of the house and *M. Schlegel*, whose anger against the *abbé* did not wear out. Those two hours *Mme de Staël's* conversation enchanted me, proving how much there is to attach us in one who can live at one and the same time so near and yet so far above the world. . . . I might pass many evenings in recounting in detail the conversation of this evening. There is more than matter for a book in a two hours' talk with *Mme de Staël*. I had better go to bed, that I may be able to tell you to-morrow all I can only leave you to guess at now.*

And now we come to a later period, and *Mme Sophie Gay* shall give place to her lively and clever daughter *Delphine*, *Mme Emile Girardin*.

'Parisian society,' she writes, 'now, in 1839, offers the strangest aspect that ever was seen—a mixture of luxury and rudeness, English propriety and French negligence, political absurdities and revolutionary

* Perhaps the reader of the above will partake our own feeling of surprise at one circumstance which it records. How happened it, that the accomplished lady of a Parisian salon could not shield her chief guest, and all her guests, from the impertinence of one among them? To us this seems incomprehensible, and excites our suspicion that *Mme de Staël* could not have been among those mistresses of the science of tact, of whom elsewhere *Mme Gay* speaks. The whole charm of the evening was here allowed to be spoiled.

terrors, of which it is hard to form a just conception. The luxury of the salons is truly Eastern, not only the salons, indeed, but the anterooms: an anteroom in a handsome hotel is more richly adorned than the most beautiful drawing-room of the provincial prefecture. There, footmen more or less powdered—for there are rebels who choose to wear so little powder, that you would rather take them for millers in livery, than for servants of the anteroom—these self-styled powdered lackeys offer you a great book, bound in velvet, with the corners bronzed and gilt, in which you are asked to write your name. If the lady of the house is visible, you are pompously ushered into the sanctuary—that is to say, into the second salon or parlour, or closet, or *atelier*, whichever best assorts with the pretensions of the lady. A dog darts upon you, barks, makes a show of biting you; he is quieted, submits, and regains his purple cushion, growling. Dogs are very much in fashion: together with the fire, flowers, an old aunt, and two toadies, they make up part of the living accompaniments of a genteel salon. As you are an elegant person, of course you are ill-dressed: your coat is dusty, your boots speckled with mud, your hair uncombed, you exhale a strong odour of tobacco. At first glance, such things seem rather disagreeable, common, and inelegant. No such thing: this is exactly the most fashionable style we have; it seems to say: "I have just dismounted from the finest horse in Paris. I am a man of fashion, of that distinguished position in society, that I can go in a morning to call on a duchess, *dressed like a highwayman*."

'On the other hand, the mistress of the house is charming. One must do women the justice to say, that they never take a pride in ugliness; that they never make elegance to consist in appearing to the greatest possible disadvantage. The woman whom you are visiting, then, is dressed in the best taste. A beautiful lace cap covers her light hair; she wears a soft figured Gros de Naples; her stockings are of exquisite fineness; her shoes irreproachable (we doubt not they bear the mark of either Gros or Müller); her Valenciennes cuffs are irresistible: everything betokens care and fastidious nicety. The freshness of her appearance is a satire on the negligence of yours. One cannot comprehend why this elegant woman should have prepared herself in so costly a manner to receive this man; and in the evening, really the contrast is greater still. Young men no longer wear stockings when they go into a party; yet they dare not just yet present themselves in boots; and therefore they come in *brodequins*, like students. We are in the age of the *juste-milieu*; and this is appropriate enough. The *brodequin* is in its right place half-way between shoes and boots. These ill-dressed men are surrounded by women blazing in jewels and diamonds, coronets and diadems. It is impossible to believe that such differently dressed beings can be of the same country and station in society; and yet they are all talking and chirping together: and what conversation! what a conflict of subjects! what an inexplicable picture of forethought and thoughtlessness! or rather of apathy!

"And do you also believe in a revolution, M. de P—?" inquires a charming princess, spreading out her fan.

"Certainly, madame; and I hope we shall have one sooner than some may think."

"What! monsieur—you make me tremble."

"Can you, then, be afraid of a revolution which will bring about what you wish for?"

"No; but we shall have some cruel moments to pass through."

"Some may; but not everybody."

"Bah! revolutions make no selection; and then, when once the scaffold is set up—"

"How fast you travel, madame: in our day we shall never bear with scaffolds. The days of Terror will never return!"

"I think with M. de P—," chimes in a young dandy, playing with a Chinese ape on the table: "I rather look for civil war."

"I do not expect it; we have not energy enough for a civil war." . . .

"But you will have household assassinations, probably, if that will be any comfort."

"And then, the pillage of Paris!"

"Pillage!"

"Certainly." And every one cries:

"Oh, well, if there is pillage, I will be in it."

"I shall come to your house, madame," says one. "I shall carry away this beautiful vase."

"And I, the plate."

"And I, the charming portrait."

"I have no fixed idea yet. I shall come to your house to-morrow, madame, to choose," &c.

"All this will be very amusing; and yet, when the day comes, I shall not be sorry to be in Italy."

"Well, let us set out, then."

"Not yet, but soon. I will warn you when it is best to go." And so they talk on of all these horrible things, half buried under canopies of *lamps*, surrounded by flowers, by the light of thousands of wax-candles burning in golden lustres; and these women, who foresee such great catastrophes—tragic events, which may divide them from all they love, from parents, from friends—have beautiful dresses, with trimmings from England, and make the prettiest little gestures while speaking. It is because in France vanity is so deeply rooted that it leads to indifference. Presumption stands in lieu of courage. They believe in disasters, but only for others: they never seem to expect them for themselves.

So much for national character. If all this be a truthful picture, and really we see no reason for doubt, it does but add another to the many proofs of the springing elasticity of that element of light-hearted short-sightedness which is so proverbially characteristic of the French. But we will say no more, for our paper has already exceeded the limits we had assigned to it; and the things that *are* must ever prevail in our pages over those that have been.

THE OLD CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF SCOTLAND.

THE father of mental philosophy, Aristotle, begins his work on ethics by telling us, that nothing exists without some theory or reason attached to it. The following out of this view leads to classification—that great engine of knowledge. We see things at first in isolated individuality or confused masses. Investigation teaches us to separate them into groups, which have some common and important principle of unity, though each individual of the group may be different from the others in detail. Thus we arrive at the great classifications of natural science, with which every one is more or less familiar. But the works of men have their classification too, for in human effort like causes produce like effects. Most people know what schools of poetry, painting, and music are. In architecture, we know, too, that there are great divisions—such as classic and Gothic. But many have yet to learn how far classification may go; and it is a new feature to have the peculiar national architecture of Scotland separated from that of England, and its peculiarities traced to interesting national events and habits. The common observer is apt to think that all buildings are much alike, or that each is alone in its peculiarities. Before classification can take place, there must be a collection and comparison of leading characteristics;

and this is not easily accomplished with the edifices scattered over a whole country. It may be said that it was never done for Scotland, until Mr Billings completed his great series of engravings of the baronial and ecclesiastical antiquities of Scotland.

Taking the former—the baronial—for our text, we find ourselves now for the first time in a condition to discover the leading features of the Scottish school of architecture, and to connect it with the history of Scotland. We know that until the wars of Wallace and Bruce, the two countries, England and Scotland, could scarcely be said to be entirely separated; at all events, they did not stand in open hostility to each other. Endless animosities, however, naturally followed a war in which the one country tried to enslave the other, and where the weaker only escaped annihilation by a desperate struggle. It is not unnatural, therefore, to expect that the habits of the two countries diverged from each other as time passed on; and this process is very distinctly shewn in the character of the edifices used by the barons and lairds of Scotland. A very few of the oldest strongholds resemble those of the same period in England. The English baronial castle of the thirteenth century generally consisted of several massive square or round towers, broad at the base, and tapering upwards, arranged at distances from each other, so that lofty embattled walls or curtains stood between them, making a ground-plan of which the towers formed the angles. The doors and windows were generally in the Gothic or pointed style of architecture, and the vaulted chambers were frequently of the same. There are not above three or four such edifices in Scotland. The most complete, perhaps, is the old part of Caerlaverock, in Dumfriesshire; another fine specimen is Dirleton, in East Lothian; and to these may be added Bothwell, in Clydesdale, and Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire.

This style was long followed in England. It is known as the baronial, and architects in all parts of the country, when building a modern mansion in the castellated manner, have invariably followed it. It is easy to see, however, that it was early abandoned in Scotland, the people not taking their forms of architecture from a nation with which they had no connection but that of hostility. The first species of national baronial architecture to which they resorted was a very simple one, characteristic of an impoverished people. It consisted of little more than four stone walls, forming what in fortification is called a block-house. The walls were extremely thick, with few apertures, and these suspiciously small. But these old towers or keeps were not without some scientific preparations for defence. In the more ancient baronial castles, the large square or round towers at the angles served to flank the walls or curtains between them; that is, supposing an enemy to be approaching the main gate, he could be attacked on either side from the towers at the angles. To serve the same purpose, the Scottish keeps had small bastions or turrets at the corners, which, projecting over the wall, flanked it on each face. The simple expedient here adopted is at the root of all the complex devices of fortification. The main thing is just to build a strong edifice, and then, by flanking outworks, to prevent an enemy from getting up to it. In other respects, these square towers were scarcely to be considered peculiarly Scottish. They are to be found in all parts of the world—along

the Wall of China; in the Russian steppes; in Italy, where they are sometimes remains of republican Rome; and in Central India. They constitute, in fact, the most primitive form of a fortified house.

When we come a century or two later, the difference between the English and Scottish styles becomes more distinct and interesting. Almost every one is acquainted with that beautiful style of building called in England the Tudor or Elizabethan, with its decorated chimneys, its ornamented gables, and large oriel or bow windows. It is not well suited for defence, and denotes a rich country, where private warfare has decayed. This class of edifice is rarely, if at all, to be found north of the border; but much as it is to be admired, a contemporary style sprang up in Scotland entirely distinct from it, yet, in our opinion, quite fitted to rival it in interest and beauty. It was derived, in some measure, from Flanders, but chiefly from France. The Scots naturally looked to their friends as an example, rather than to their enemies. Many of the Scottish gentry made their fortunes in the French service, and when they came home, naturally desired to imitate, on such a scale as they could afford, the châteaux of their allies and patrons. The state of the country, too, made it a more suitable pattern than the Tudor style. France was still a country of feudal warfare—so was Scotland; and it was necessary in both to have defence associated with ornament. The chief peculiarity of this new style was, the quantity of sharp-topped turrets, which form a sort of crest to the many details of the lower parts of the buildings. These are not solely ornamental; they succeeded the bastions of the old square towers, and served the same purpose. Among the secondary peculiarities of these buildings, may be counted an extremely rich and profuse ornamentation of the upper parts—probably the only portions out of the way of mischief. Indeed, the edifice is sometimes a mere square block for two or three storeys, while it is crowned, as it were, with a rich group of turrets and minarets, gables, window-tops, ornamented chimneys, and gilded vanes. In many instances, the great square block of older days received this fantastic French termination at a later time—as, for instance, the famous castle of Glamis, in Strathmore.

It almost appears as if this style, which has its own peculiar beauties, had been adopted out of a national antagonism to the contemporary style in England. The Tudor architecture has always a horizontal tendency, spreading itself out in broad open screens or wall-plates, diversified by occasional angular eminences—as, for instance, in the tops of the decorated windows. But in the Gallo-Scottish style everything tends to the perpendicular, not only in the long, narrow shapes of the buildings themselves, and their tall, spiral turrets, but in the many decorations which incrust them. This decoration has an extremely rich look, from the quantity of breaks, and the absence of bare wall or long straight lines. Thus, to save the uniform plainness of the straight gable-line, it is broken into small gradations called 'crow-steps.' Every one who looks at old houses in Scotland must be familiar with this feature, and must have noticed its picturesqueness. It appears to have been derived from the Flemish houses, where, however, the steps or terraces are much larger, and not so effective, since, instead of merely breaking and enriching the line of the gable, they break it up, as it were, into separate pieces.

The Scottish style has not, indeed, slavishly adopted any foreign model. It is, as we have remarked, chiefly

adopted from the French; but it has characteristics and beauties of its own. No one, we believe, had any conception of their extent and variety, until they were brought to light by the artistic labours of Mr Billings. In some instances, to bring out the full effect of the ornamental parts of these buildings without overloading his picture with the more cumbrous plain stone-work, he brings forward, by some artistic manœuvre, the crest of the building, as if the spectator saw it from a scaffold or a balloon level with the highest storey. The effect of the rich Oriental-looking mass of decoration thus concentrated is extremely striking, and one is apt to ask, if it is possible that the country so often characterised as bare, cold, and impoverished, could have produced these gorgeous edifices. Their number and distribution through the most remote parts of the land are equally remarkable. Among Mr Billings's specimens, we have, in the southern part of Scotland, Pinkie, near Musselburgh; Auchans and Kelburn, in Ayrshire; Newark, on the Clyde; Airth and Argyle's Lodging, in Stirling. Going northward, we come to Elcho and Glamis, and to Muchalls and Crathes, in Kincardineshire. It is remarkable, that the further north we go, the French style becomes more conspicuous and complete. Many of the finest specimens are to be found in Aberdeenshire. Fyvie Castle, which was built for a Scottish chancellor—Seton, Earl of Dunfermline—is almost a complete French château of the sixteenth century, such as the traveller may have seen in sunny Guienne or Anjou; and there it stands transplanted, like an exotic, among the bleak hills of the north. It is only natural to find in connection with such a circumstance, that Seton received his education in France, and passed a considerable part of his life there. Whether from such an example or not, the Aberdeenshire lairds seem to have been all ambitious of possessing French châteaux; and thus in the county of primitive rock, where there is certainly little else to remind us of French habits or ideas, we have some admirable specimens of that foreign architectural school in Castle Fraser, Craigievar, Midmar, Tolquhon, Dalpersie, and Udny. Nearer Inverness, we have Balveny, Castle-Stewart, and Cawdor.

The same foreign influence is exhibited in our street architecture, some specimens of which are engraved in the work to which we have referred.* Every one knows that the lofty Scottish edifices with common stairs—houses built above each other, in fact—give our large towns a character totally different from those of England; but it is equally clear that the practice was derived from France, where it is still in full observance literally among all classes, since the different social grades occupy separate floors of the same edifices. In the *coup d'état* of 1851, it will be remembered, that in making the arrests of the leading men supposed to be inimical to Louis Napoleon, one of the difficulties—as the affair took place at midnight—was to know the floors in which they lived; for these great statesmen and generals inhabited houses with common stairs.

We have here discussed one special feature of Mr Billings's work, on account of the remarks which it suggests; but it is only right to mention, before parting with it, that it contains engravings of every thing that is remarkable in the ancient architecture of Scotland, whether it be called civil and baronial or ecclesiastical. Certainly, the remains of antiquity in North Britain were never previously so amply and completely illustrated. Nor is it without reason, that some contemporary critics have maintained this to be the most entire collection of the sort which any nation possesses. The chief merits of the views consist in their accuracy and effect. They are wonderfully clear

and minute, so that every detail of the least importance is brought out as distinctly as in a model, while this is accomplished without sacrifice of their artistic effect as pictures.

AMERICAN HONOUR.

About seventy-five years ago, there was at Charleston, in South Carolina, a family consisting of several members. It belonged to the middle class—that is to say, contained barristers, bankers, merchants, solicitors, and so on—all of them animated, at least so far as appears, by a high sense of honour and integrity. But noble sentiments are no certain guarantee against poverty. One of the members of the family in question became embarrassed, borrowed £1000 of one of his relatives, but was soon after seized with paralysis, and, having kept his bed five years, died, leaving behind him a widow with several children. He could bequeath them no property, instead of which they received as their inheritance high principles, and a strong affection for the memory of their father. The widow also was, in this respect, perfectly in harmony with her sons. By dint, therefore, of prudence, industry, and economy, they amassed among them the sum of £400, which they rigidly appropriated to the repayment of a part of their father's debt. The old man had, indeed, called them together around his death-bed, and told them that, instead of a fortune, he left them a duty to perform; and that if it could not be accomplished in one generation, it must be handed down from father to son, until the descendants of the B—s had paid every farthing to the descendants of the S—s.

While matters stood in this predicament, the creditor part of the family removed to England, and the debtors remained at Charleston, struggling with difficulties and embarrassments, which not only disabled them from paying the paternal debt, but kept them perpetually in honourable poverty. Of course, the wish to pay in such minds survived the ability. It would have been to them an enjoyment of a high order to hunt out their relatives in England, and place in their hands the owing £600. This pleasure, which they were destined never to taste, often formed the subject of conversation around their fireside; and the children, as they grew up, were initiated into the mystery of the £600.

But that generation passed away, and another succeeded to the liability; not that there existed any liability in law, for though a deed had been executed, it had lapsed in the course of time, so that there was really no obligation but that which was the strongest of all—an unradicable sense of right. Often and often did the B—s of Charleston meet and consult together on this famous debt, which every one wished, but no one could afford, to pay. The sons were married, and had children whom it was incumbent on them to support; the daughters had married, too, but their husbands possibly did not acquire with their wives the chivalrous sense of duty which possessed the breast of every member, male and female, of the B. family, and inspired them with a wish to do justice when fortune permitted.

It would be infinitely agreeable to collect and peruse the letters and records of consultations which passed or took place between the members of this family on the subject of the £600. These documents would form the materials of one of the most delightful romances in the world—the romance of honour, which never dies in some families, but is transmitted from generation to generation like a treasure above all price. When this brief notice is read in Charleston, it may possibly lead to the collection of these materials, which, with the proper names of all the persons engaged, should, we think, be laid before the world as a pleasing record of hereditary nobility of sentiment.

After the lapse of many years, a widow and her three nephews found themselves in possession of the

* *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland.* By William Burn and W. Billings. 4 vols. 4to. Blackwoods, Edinburgh.

necessary means for paying the family debt. Three-quarters of a century had elapsed. The children and the children's children of the original borrower had passed away; but the honour of the B. family had been transmitted intact to the fourth generation, and a search was immediately commenced to discover the creditors in England. This, however, as may well be supposed, was no easy task. The members of the S. family had multiplied and separated, married and intermarried, become poor and wealthy, distinguished and obscure by turns, changed their topographical as well as their social position, and disappeared entirely from the spot they had occupied on their first arrival from America.

But honour is indefatigable, and by degrees a letter reached a person in Kensington, who happened to possess some knowledge of a lady of the S. family, married to a solicitor practising with great success and distinction in London. When the letter came to hand, she at first doubted whether it might not be a sort of grave hoax, intended to excite expectation for the pleasure of witnessing its disappointment. However, the English solicitor, accustomed to the incidents of life, thought there would at least be no harm in replying to the letter from Charleston, and discovering in this way the real state of the affair.

Some delay necessarily occurred, especially as the B. family in America were old world sort of people, accustomed to transact business slowly and methodically, and with due attention to the minutest points. But at length a reply came, in which the writer observed, that if a deed of release were drawn up, signed by all the parties concerned in England, and transmitted to America, the L.600 should immediately be forwarded for distribution among the members of the S. family. Some demur now arose. Some of the persons concerned growing prudent as the chances of recovering the money appeared to multiply, thought it would be wrong to send the deed of release before the money had been received. But the solicitor had not learned, in the practice of his profession, to form so low an estimate of human nature. He considered confidence in this case to be synonymous with prudence, and at any rate resolved to take upon himself the entire responsibility of complying with the wishes of the Americans. He accordingly drew up the necessary document, got it signed by as many as participated in his views, and sent it across the Atlantic, without the slightest doubt or hesitation. There had been something in the rough, blunt honesty of Mr B——'s letter that inspired in the man of law the utmost reliance on his faith, though during the interval which elapsed between the transmission of the deed and the reception of an answer from the States, several of his friends exhibited a disposition to make themselves merry at the expense of his chivalry. But when we consider all the particulars of the case, we can hardly fail to perceive that he ran no risk whatever; for even if the debt had not legally lapsed, the people who had retained it in their memory through three generations—who had from father to son practised strict economy in order to relieve themselves from the burden—who had, with much difficulty and some expense, sought out the heirs of their creditor in a distant country, could scarcely be suspected of any inclination to finish off with a fraud at last.

Still, if there was honour on one side, there was enlarged confidence on the other; and in the course of a few months, the American mail brought to London the famous L.600 due since before the War of Independence. The business now was to divide and distribute it. Of course, each of the creditors was loud in expressions of admiration of the honour of the B. family, whose representative, while forwarding the money, asked with much simplicity to have a few old English newspapers sent out to him by way of acknowledgment. For his own part, however, he experienced a strong desire to behold some of the persons to whom

he had thus paid a debt of the last century; and he gave a warm and pressing invitation to any of them, to come out and stay as long as they thought proper at his house in Charleston. Had the invitation been accepted, we cannot doubt that Brother Jonathan would have acted as hospitably in the character of host as he behaved honourably in that of debtor. It would have been a pleasure, we might indeed say a distinction, to live under the same roof with such a man, whose very name carries us back to the primitive times of the colony, when Charleston was a city of the British Empire, and English laws, manners, habits, and feelings regulated the proceedings and relations of its inhabitants. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the London solicitor will some day drop in quietly upon his friend in Charleston, to smoke a cigar, and discuss old times with him. He will in that case probably fancy himself chatting with a contemporary of Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless there are thousands of such men in the States, where frequently everything that is estimable in the English character is cultivated with assiduity.

How the property was distributed among the S. family in England, we need not say. Each surviving individual had his or her share. The solicitor was only connected with them by marriage; but with good old English ideas of uprightness and integrity, he was fully able to appreciate the Charleston lawyer's sentiments. He would have done exactly the same himself under similar circumstances; and therefore, had the sum been tens of thousands instead of hundreds, it could not be said to have fallen into bad hands. Whether the transaction above noticed has led or not to a continued correspondence between the families, we are unable to say; but we think the creditors in England would naturally have felt a pleasure in exchanging intelligence from time to time with their worthy debtors in Charleston. These things, however, are private, and therefore we do not intend to trench upon them.

THE PARLOUR AQUARIUM.

It is not many years since Mr Ward first drew the attention of botanists to the cultivation of plants in closely-glazed cases; but the most sanguine dreams of the discoverer could not then have foretold the many useful purposes to which the Wardian Case has become applicable, nor the important influence which it was destined to obtain in promoting the pleasant pursuits of gardening and botany. The Wardian Case has been instrumental in diffusing a love of these pursuits among all classes of society. It has opened up to those whose pursuits confine them within the limits of the city's smoke-cloud, a means whereby they may obtain 'a peep at nature, if they can no more.' Far removed from green fields and leafy woods, they may, for instance, enjoy their leisure mornings in watching one of the most beautiful phenomena of vegetable development—the evolution of the circinate fronds of the fern; a plant in every respect associated with elegance and beauty. This kind of gardening has, therefore, become of late years one of the most fashionable, while at the same time one of the most pleasant sources of domestic amusement.

An interesting companion to the Wardian Case has lately been presented in the Aquatic Plant Case, or Parlour Aquarium, due to the ingenuity of Mr Warrington, and which has for its object, as its name indicates, the cultivation of aquatic or water plants. It may be described as a combination of the Wardian Case and the gold-fish globe, the object being to illustrate the mutual dependence of animal and vegetable life. Mr Warrington has lately detailed his experiments. 'The small gold-fish were placed in a glass-receiver of about twelve gallons' capacity, having a cover of thin muslin stretched over a stout copper wire, bent into a

circle, placed over its mouth, so as to exclude as much as possible the sooty dust of the London atmosphere, without, at the same time, impeding the free passage of the atmospheric air. This receiver was about half-filled with ordinary spring-water, and supplied at the bottom with sand and mud, together with loose stones of limestone tufa from Matlock, and of sandstone: these were arranged so that the fish could get below. . . . A small plant of *Vallisneria spiralis* was introduced, its roots being inserted in the mud and sand, and covered by one of the loose stones, so as to retain the plant in its position. . . . The materials being thus arranged, all appeared to go on well for a short time, until circumstances occurred which indicated that another and very material agent was required to perfect the adjustment.' The decaying leaves of the *vallisneria* produced a slime which began to affect the fish injuriously: this it was necessary to get quit of. Mr Warrington introduced five or six snails (*Limnea stagnalis*), 'which soon removed the nuisance, and restored the fish to a healthy state; thus perfecting the balance between the animal and vegetable inhabitants, and enabling both to perform their functions with health and energy. So luxuriant was the growth of the *vallisneria* under these circumstances, that by the autumn the one solitary plant originally introduced had thrown out very numerous offshoots and suckers, thus multiplying to the extent of upwards of thirty-five strong plants, and these threw up their long spiral flower-stems in all directions, so that at one time more than forty blossoms were counted lying on the surface of the water. The fish have been lively, bright in colour, and appear very healthy; and the snails also—judging from the enormous quantities of gelatinous masses of eggs which they have deposited on all parts of the receiver, as well as on the fragments of stone—appear to thrive wonderfully, affording a large quantity of food to the fish in the form of the young snails, which are devoured as soon as they exhibit signs of vitality and locomotion, and before their shell has become hardened.'

In remarking upon the result of his experiments, Mr Warrington observes: 'Thus we have that admirable balance sustained between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and that in a liquid element. The fish, in its respiration, consumes the oxygen held in solution by the water as atmospheric air, furnishes carbonic acid, feeds on the insects and young snails, and excretes material well adapted as a rich food to the plant, and well fitted for its luxuriant growth. The plant, by its respiration, consumes the carbonic acid produced by the fish, appropriating the carbon to the construction of its tissues and fibres, and liberates the oxygen in its gaseous state to sustain the healthy functions of the animal life; at the same time that it feeds on the rejected matter, which has fulfilled its purposes in the nourishment of the fish and snail, and preserves the water constantly in a clean and healthy condition. While the slimy snail, finding its proper nutriment in the decomposing vegetable matter and minute confervoid growth, prevents their accumulation by removing them; and by its vital powers converts what would otherwise act as a poison into a rich and fruitful nutriment, again to constitute a pabulum for the vegetable growth, while it also acts the important part of a purveyor to its finny neighbours.* This perfect adjustment in the economy of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, whereby the vital functions of each are permanently maintained, is one of the most beautiful phenomena of organic nature.

The Parlour Aquarium affords valuable, we might say invaluable, facilities to the naturalist in the prosecution of his researches. The botanist can now conveniently watch the development of aquatic plants under condi-

tions not unnatural, throughout the entire period of their existence, from their germination to the production of flowers and the perfection of seeds; and we are in hopes that much of the obscurity that invests many aquatic vegetables will in consequence be cleared up. The zoologist is perhaps even more indebted to the invention. The habits, not only of the fishes, but of the mollusca, can be accurately studied under natural conditions, and many important facts of their history ascertained and illustrated. The water-beetles and other aquatic insects will also come in for a share of attention.

In concluding his paper in the *Garden Companion* (l. p. 7), Mr Warrington states, that he is at present attempting a similar arrangement with a confined portion of sea-water, employing some of the green sea-weeds as the vegetable members of the circle, and the common winkle or whelk to represent the water-snails. In a Report of the Yorkshire Naturalist's Club, November 5, 1851,* we observe it stated, that Mr Charlesworth read an extract from a letter from a gentleman in America, detailing some successful experiments on keeping marine molluscs alive in sea-water for months; but our inquiries have not been successful in eliciting any further information on the subject.

Experiments of our own have led to the conclusion, that some families of aquatic plants are altogether unsuitable for the Parlour Aquarium—such as, potato-germ, chara, &c., which very soon communicate a putrescent odour to the water in which they are grown, rendering it highly disagreeable in a sitting-room.

A WEDDING DINNER.

THE English are often reproached with love of good cheer, and certainly if foreigners were to judge of us from the manner in which we celebrate our Christmas, we cannot wonder at their supposing 'biflik' to be necessary to our happiness. But high feasting has not in any age been confined to the English, and perhaps the following account, translated from an old chronicle, of a wedding-dinner given by the Milanese, in 1386, to our Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., may prove not unamusing or unsuggestive.

Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, was the widower of Elizabeth of Ulster, and his second wife, Zolante, was the sister of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan. The latter nuptials were celebrated at Milan with great pomp. The most illustrious personages were invited from every part of Europe; tournaments, balls, and other diversions, occupied the guests, who were all furnished with splendid apartments, till the whole company being assembled, Giovanni Galeazzo conducted the newly-married couple from the church to his palace. In one immense hall were laid out a hundred tables for the most distinguished guests, including the mightiest princes in Italy, the most beautiful women, and the most celebrated characters of the age; among whom we must not omit to mention Francesco Petrarca. Other tables were placed in the adjoining apartments. Seneschals, in the most sumptuous dresses, brought in the massive dishes of gold and silver. The cup-bearers performed their duties on horseback, galloping round the hall and handing the choicest wines in costly vases of gold, silver, or crystal. This custom of servants waiting at table on horseback appears singular in our time, but it serves to give an idea of the splendour of other days and the enormous size of the apartments. It also tends to explain why most of the noble mansions still exist from the time of which we speak, instead of a stable-case, have a gradual ascent of bricks, generally leading to a hall of large dimensions. And frequently we

* Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society, III. 52.

* Naturalist, vol. I. 239.

see evident tokens that flights of steps have been substituted in later times.

The banquet consisted of eighteen courses; and between each course presents of various kinds were offered to the bridegroom, or distributed by him; so that before the dinner had ended, Lionel had presented every individual around him with some article of value, besides 600 richly embroidered garments which he had given to the mimes and players engaged for the occasion.

Here follows a formal account of the dinner, but we must economise our space. The first course consisted of young pigs, gilded, with flames issuing from their mouths; the second, of hares and pike, likewise gilded; the third, of gilded veal and trout; the fourth, of partridges, quails, and fish, all gilded; the fifth, of ducks, small birds, and fish, all gilded; the sixth, of beef, capons with garlic-sauce, and sturgeon; the seventh, of veal and capons with lemon-sauce; the eighth, of beef-pies, with cheese and sugar, and eel-pies with sugar and spices; the ninth, of meats, fowl and fish in jelly (potted, we presume); the tenth, of gilded meats and lamprey; the eleventh, of roast kid, birds, and fish; the twelfth, of hares and venison, and fish with vinegar and sugar; the thirteenth, of beef and deer, with lemon and sugar; the fourteenth, of fowls, capons, and tench, covered with red and green foil; the fifteenth, of pigeons, small birds, beans, salt tongues, and carp; the sixteenth, of rabbits, peacocks, and eels roasted with lemon; the seventeenth, of sour milk and cheese; and the eighteenth, of fruits of the rarest and most expensive kinds.

At each of these courses the duke received a separate gift—beginning with a pair of *leopards*, with velvet collars and gilded buckles. Then followed numberless braces of pointers, greyhounds, setters, and falcons, all with trappings and ornaments of silk, gold, and pearls; dozens of breastplates, helmets, lances, shields, saddles, and complete suits of armour, enriched with silver, gold, and velvet; numerous pieces of cloth of gold and satin; horses by half-dozens, with saddles and trappings highly ornamented; twelve beautiful milk-white oxen; 'a vest and cowl embroidered with pearls, representing various flowers; a baronial mantle and cowl lined with ermine, and richly embroidered with pearls; a large ewer of massive silver, four waistbands of wrought silver (now called *filigrane*); a clump of diamonds and rubies, with a pearl of immense value in the centre; and a variety of specimens of the choicest wines and most elegant confectionary.'

In those times, there was little refinement of taste, and the culinary art was probably in its infancy. Hence we find the dishes in quality and number rather suited to satisfy the appetites of huntsmen than the delicate palate of a courtier of our day. Sugar and spices were used in profusion, perhaps because they were scarce and expensive, rather than on account of their flavour. Fowls were coloured red or green; while meat, and such other solid eatables as could only be boiled or roasted, were gilt all over. The expense of such an entertainment must have been immense; and when we add, that the value of most of the gifts was vastly greater than at present, and that, besides the presents to the bridegroom, Giovanni Galeazzo gave away 150 beautiful horses, and his kinsman, Bernabo, jewels and golden coins to a large amount, the whole sum disbursed on this occasion would appear so enormous as to make one doubt whether a petty sovereign could really afford such ostentatious prodigality. But when we consider that the flourishing state of the commerce of Italy attracted thither all the wealth of Europe, we are no longer surprised at an expenditure which, however great, might at that time have been borne not by a reigning duke of Milan or Florence alone, but even by many citizens of the various Italian republics.

During the repast, an innumerable crowd of jesters, mimes, and trick-players of all sorts, amused the

company with their gambols; and such was the noise produced by trumpets, drums, and other martial instruments, by the vociferation of the performers and the applause of the spectators, that no single voice could be heard; and a contemporary historian compares it to the wild roar of a tempestuous sea.

SAVINGS-BANKS IN RUSSIA.

UNTIL the year 1825, no kind of savings-bank existed in Russia. The farmers and peasants, residing for the most part in remote and scattered habitations, were accustomed to keep their little store of money in common earthen-pots buried in the ground, whence it was not unfrequently stolen. It also often happened that, owing to the sudden illness or death of the owner, the place of concealment was unknown to any one; thus the savings were lost, and much family trouble and difficulty arose. In March 1825, a truly patriotic young merchant, Frederick Hagedom, junior, of Libau, in Courland, perceived the advantage of savings-banks in other countries of Europe, and the disadvantages of the system pursued by his poor countrymen. He resolved, therefore, to institute a savings-bank in Libau. The patronage of the governor-general was obtained, and one of the magistrates of the town appointed superintendent: Frederick Hagedom and two other gentlemen were chosen directors. The public of the town soon testified their approbation of the good work, by bringing in their silver rubles and copper kopecks at the appointed hours—namely, from five to seven every Saturday evening, and at two periods of the year daily—from the 1st to the 12th of June and December. The peasants, however, did not display the same alacrity and confidence as indeed was to be expected. Their kind benefactor perceiving this, wrote and circulated a short pamphlet in the Lettish language of the country, explaining the intention, object, and advantages of the new savings-bank. This convinced the ignorant country-people that their old way of keeping their money, even if safe, was not profitable. The pastors of the village churches also took occasion to speak to their people on the subject, being persuaded, like the benevolent founders of the savings-bank, that it was a plan which could not fail to improve the moral and religious character of the peasantry. These exertions did not fail to produce the desired effect.

To accommodate the country-people who came from a distance, it was soon found advisable to open the savings-bank for their attendance daily from twelve to one—the Saturday evenings being reserved for the inhabitants of the town. All classes now became desirous of taking advantage of the savings-bank, and brought in silver rubles and kopecks, instead of keeping them hoarded and useless.

A sum under five rubles receives no interest—is merely saved and kept—which is, however, no slight benefit to the poor peasant. Above that sum, 4 per cent. interest is paid. The owner is at liberty to withdraw the principal at will. The tables published in 1845, after twenty years' existence, afford a most satisfactory and interesting result. The increase of members who partake of the benefits has steadily advanced. One-third of the number are inhabitants of Libau, the remainder are from the country. A very important gain was also perceived to arise from the system: a large portion of the silver rubles and Albert-dollars paid in, had evidently been for many years kept entirely out of circulation, buried in pots in the earth, and consequently in such a condition, that it was often necessary to have the coin carefully cleaned, before it was fit to be sent out into circulation again. Besides the pecuniary advantage, the improvement in the character of the people has been remarkable. The savings-bank has strengthened in a singular degree the love of order, industry, and temperance. How many

cheerful hopes and anticipations are connected with savings! It has been ascertained, both in England and France, that since the establishment of savings-banks in those countries, no criminal has ever been found to have been a member of one. How true a benefactor to his country has the young merchant Hagedorn proved himself to be! May he live long to direct the savings-bank of his native town of Libau! And, to conclude with the words of the last report of the institution: 'May a gracious Providence continue to prosper this first and oldest institution of the kind in the empire of Russia, and preserve this institution, so highly beneficial to the economical and moral state of the people, in its full prosperity, to future generations!''*

CALORIC SHIPS.

The idea of substituting a new and superior motive-power for steam will no doubt strike many minds as extravagant, if not chimerical. We have been so accustomed to regard steam-power as the *ne plus ultra* of attainment in subjecting the modified forces of nature to the service of man, that a discovery which promises to supersede this agency will have to contend with the most formidable preconceptions as well as with gigantic interests. Nevertheless, it may now be predicted with confidence, that we are on the eve of another great revolution, produced by the application of an agent more economical and incalculably safer than steam. A few years hence we shall hear of the 'wonders of caloric' instead of the 'wonders of steam.' To the question: 'How did you cross the Atlantic?' the reply will be: 'By caloric of course!' On Saturday, I visited the manufactory, and had the privilege of inspecting Ericsson's caloric engine of 60 horse-power, while it was in operation. It consists of two pairs of cylinders, the working pistons of which are 72 inches in diameter. Its great peculiarities consist in its very large cylinders and pistons, working with very low pressure, and in the absence of boilers or heaters, there being no other fires employed than those in small grates under the bottoms of the working cylinders. During the eight months that this test-engine has been in operation, not a cent has been expended for repairs or accidents. The leading principle of the caloric engine consists in producing motive-power by the employment of the expansive force of atmospheric air instead of that of steam; the force being produced by compression of the air in one part of the machine, and by its dilatation by the application of heat in another part. This dilatation, however, is not effected by continuous application of combustibles, but by a peculiar process of transfer, by which the caloric is made to operate over and over again—namely, the heat of the air escaping from the working cylinder at each successive stroke of the engine, is transferred to the cold compressed air, entering the same; so that, in fact, a continued application of fuel is only necessary in order to make good the losses of heat occasioned by the unavoidable eradication of the heated parts of the machine. The obvious advantages of this great improvement are the great saving of fuel and labour in the management of the engine, and its perfect safety. A ship carrying the amount of coal that the Atlantic steamers now take for a single trip, could cross and recross the Atlantic twice without taking in coal; and the voyage to China or to California could be easily accomplished by a caloric ship without the necessity of stopping at any port to take in fuel. Anthracite coal being far the best fuel for this new engine, we shall no longer have to purchase bituminous coal in England for return-trips. On the contrary, England will find it advantageous to come to us for our anthracite. A slow radiating fire without flame is what is required, and this is best supplied by our anthracite. The *Ericsson* will be ready for sea by October next, and her owners intend to take passengers at a reduced price, in consequence of the reduced expenses under the new principle.—*Boston Transcript*.

* Communicated by a lady, as translated from a pamphlet published in Russia.

VIOLETS:

SENT IN A TINY BOX.

Let them lie—ah, let them lie!
Plucked flowers—dead to-morrow;
Lift the lid up quietly,
As you'd lift the mystery
Of a buried sorrow.

Let them lie—the fragrant things,
All their souls thus giving;
Let no breeze's ambient wings
And no useless water-springs
Mock them into living.

They have lived—they live no more;
Nothing can requite them
For the gentle life they bore,
And up-yielded in full store
While it did delight them.

Yet, I ween, flower-corses fair!
'Twas a joyful yielding,
Like some soul heroic, rare,
That leaps bodiless forth in air
For its loved one's shielding.

Surely, ye were glad to die
In the hand that slew ye,
Glad to leave the open sky,
And the airs that wandered by,
And the bees that knew ye;

Giving up a small earth-place
And a day of blooming,
Here to lie in narrow space,
Smiling in this smileless face
With such sweet perfuming.

O ye little violets dead!
Coffined from all gazes,
We will also smile, and shed
Out of heart-flowers withered
Perfume of sweet praises.

And as ye, for this poor sake,
Love with life are buying,
So, I doubt not, ONE will make
All our gathered flowers to take
Richer scent through dying.

CHINESE LAUNDRY IN CALIFORNIA.

What a truly industrious people they are! At work, cheerfully and briskly, at ten o'clock at night. Huge piles of linen and under-clothing disposed in baskets about the room, near the different ironers. Those at work dampening and ironing—peculiar processes both. A bowl of water is standing at the ironer's side, as in ordinary laundries, but used very differently. Instead of dipping the fingers in the water, and then snapping them over the clothes, the operator puts his head in the bowl, fills his mouth with water, and then blows so that the water comes from his mouth in a mist, resembling the emission of steam from an escape-pipe, at the same time so directing his head that the mist is scattered all over the piece he is about to iron. He then seizes his flat iron. This invention beats the 'Yankees' all to bits. It is a vessel resembling a small, deep, metallic wash-basin, having a highly-polished flat bottom, and a fire continually burning in it. Thus they keep the iron hot, without running to the fire every five minutes and spitting on the iron to ascertain by the 'sizzle' if it be ready to use. This ironing machine has a long handle, and is propelled without danger of burning the fingers by the slipping of the 'ironing rag.' Ladies who use the ordinary flat irons will appreciate the improvement.—*Marysville (California) Herald*.

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WOLF-CHILDREN.

It is a pity that the present age is so completely absorbed in materialities, at a time when the facilities are so singularly great for a philosophy which would inquire into the constitution of our moral nature. In the North Pacific, we are in contact with tribes of savages ripening, sensibly to the eye, into civilised communities; and we are able to watch the change as dispassionately as if we were in our studies examining the wonders of the minute creation through a microscope. In America, we have before us a living model, blind, mute, deaf, and without the sense of smell; communicating with the external world by the sense of touch alone; yet endowed with a rare intelligence, which permits us to see, through the fourfold veil that shrouds her, the original germs of the human character.* Nearer home, we have been from time to time attracted and astonished by the spectacle of children, born of European parents, emerging from forests where they had been lost for a series of years, fallen back, not into the moral condition of savages, but of wild beasts, with the sentiments and even the instincts of their kind obliterated for ever. And now we have several cases before us, occurring in India, of the same lapses from humanity, involving circumstances curious in themselves, but more important than curious, as throwing a strange light upon what before was an impenetrable mystery. It is to these we mean to direct our attention on the present occasion; but before doing so, it will be well just to glance at the natural history of the wild children of Europe.†

The most remarkable specimen, and the best type of the class, was found in the year 1725, in a wood in Hanover. With the appearance of a human being—of a boy about thirteen years of age—he was in every respect a wild animal, walking on all-fours, feeding on grass and moss, and lodging in trees. When captured, he exhibited a strong repugnance to clothing; he could not be induced to lie on a bed, frequently tearing the clothes to express his indignation; and in the absence of his customary lair among the boughs of a tree, he crouched in a corner of the room to sleep. Raw food he devoured with relish, more especially cabbage-leaves and other vegetables, but turned away from the sophistications of cookery. He had no articulate language, expressing his emotions only by the sounds emitted by various animals. Although only five feet three inches, he was remarkably

strong; he never exhibited any interest in the female sex; and even in his old age—for he was supposed to be seventy-three when he died—it was only in external manners he had advanced from the character of a wild beast to that of a good-tempered savage, for he was still without consciousness of the Great Spirit.

In other children that were caught subsequently to Peter, for that was the name they gave him, the same character was observable, although with considerable modifications. One of them, a young girl of twelve or thirteen, was not merely without sympathy for persons of the male sex, but she held them all her life in great abhorrence. Her temper was ungovernable; she was fond of blood, which she sucked from the living animal; and was something more than suspected of the cannibal propensity. On one occasion, she was seen to dive as naturally as an otter in a lake, catch a fish, and devour it on the spot. Yet this girl eventually acquired language; was even able to give some indistinct account of her early career in the woods; and towards the close of her life, when subdued by long illness, exhibited few traces of having once been a wild animal. Another, a boy of eleven or twelve, was caught in the woods of Canne, in France. He was impatient, capricious, violent; rushing even through crowded streets like an ill-trained dog; slovenly and disgusting in his manners; affected with spasmodic motions of the head and limbs; biting and scratching all who displeased him; and always, when at comparative rest, balancing his body like a wild animal in a menagerie. His senses were incapable of being affected by anything not appealing to his personal feelings: a pistol fired close to his head excited little or no emotion, yet he heard distinctly the cracking of a walnut, or the touch of a hand upon the key which kept him captive. The most delicious perfumes, or the most fetid exhalations, were the same thing to his sense of smell, because these did not affect, one way or other, his relish for his food, which was of a disgusting nature, and which he dragged about the floor like a dog, eating it when besmeared with filth. Like almost all the lower animals, he was affected by the changes of the weather; but on some of these occasions, his feelings approached to the human in their manifestations. When he saw the sun break suddenly from a cloud, he expressed his joy by bursting into convulsive peals of laughter; and one morning, when he awoke, on seeing the ground covered with snow, he leaped out of bed, rushed naked into the garden, rolled himself over and over in the snow, and stuffing handfuls of it into his mouth, devoured it eagerly. Sometimes he shewed signs of a true madness, wringing his hands, gnashing his teeth, and becoming formidable to those about him. But in other moods, the phenomena

* See 'The Rudimental,' in No. 391.

† A paper on this subject will be found in *Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, vol. v. No. 48.

of nature seemed to tranquillise and sadden him. When the severity of the season, as we are informed by the French physician who had charge of him, had driven every other person out of the garden, he still delighted to walk there; and after taking many turns, would seat himself beside a pond of water. Here his convulsive motions, and the continual balancing of his whole body, diminished, and gave way to a more tranquil attitude; his face gradually assumed the character of sorrow or melancholy reverie, while his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the surface of the water, and he threw into it, from time to time, some withered leaves. In like manner, on a moonlight night, when the rays of the moon entered his room, he seldom failed to awake, and to place himself at the window. Here he would remain for a considerable time, motionless, with his neck extended, and his eyes fixed on the moonlight landscape, and wrapped in a kind of contemplative ecstasy, the silence of which was interrupted only by profound inspirations, accompanied by a slight plaintive noise.

We have only to add, that by the anxious care of the physician, and a thousand ingenious contrivances, the senses of this human animal, with the exception of his hearing, which always remained dull and impassive, were gradually stimulated, and he was even able at length to pronounce two or three words. Here his history breaks off.

The scene of these extraordinary narratives has hitherto been confined to Europe; but we have now to draw attention to the wild children of India. It happens, fortunately, that in this case the character of the testimony is unimpeachable; for although brought forward in a brief, rough pamphlet, published in a provincial town, and merely said to be 'by an Indian Official,' we recognise both in the manner and matter the pen of Colonel Sleeman, the British Resident at the court of Lucknow, whose invaluable services in putting down thuggee and dacoitee in India we have already described to our readers.*

The district of Sultanpoor, in the kingdom of Oude, a portion of the great plain of the Ganges, is watered by the Goomtee River, a navigable stream, about 140 yards broad, the banks of which are much infested by wolves. These animals are protected by the superstition of the Hindoos, and to such an extent, that a village community within whose boundaries a single drop of their blood has been shed, is believed to be doomed to destruction. The wolf is safe—but from a very different reason—even from those vagrant tribes who have no permanent abiding-place, but bivouac in the jungle, and feed upon jackals, reptiles—anything, and who make a trade of catching and selling such wild animals as they consider too valuable to eat. The reason why the vulpine ravager is spared by these wretches is—that *wolves devour children!* Not, however, that the wanderers have any dislike to children, but they are tempted by the jewels with which they are adorned; and knowing the dens of the animals, they make this fearful gold-seeking a part of their business. The adornment of their persons with jewellery is a passion with the Hindoos which nothing can overcome. Vast numbers of women—even those of the most infamous class—are murdered for the sake of their ornaments, yet the lesson is lost upon the survivors. Vast numbers of children, too, fall victims in the same way, and from the same cause, or are permitted, by those who shrink from murder, to be carried off and devoured by the wolves; yet no Indian mother can withstand the temptation to bedizen her child, whenever it is in her power, with bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments of gold and

silver. So much is necessary as an introduction to the incidents that follow.

One day, a trooper, like Spenser's gentle knight, 'was pricking on the plain,' near the banks of the Goomtee. He was within a short distance of Chandour, a village about ten miles from Sultanpoor, the capital of the district, when he halted to observe a large female wolf and her whelps come out of a wood near the roadside, and go down to the river to drink. There were four whelps. Four!—surely not more than three; for the fourth of the juvenile company was as little like a wolf as possible. The horseman stared; for in fact it was a boy, going on all-fours like his comrades, evidently on excellent terms with them all, and guarded, as well as the rest, by the dam with the same jealous care which that exemplary mother, but unpleasant neighbour, bestows upon her progeny. The trooper sat still in his saddle watching this curious company till they had satisfied their thirst; but as soon as they commenced their return, he put spurs to his horse, to intercept the boy. Off ran the wolves, and off ran the boy belterskelter—the latter keeping close up with the dam; and the horseman, owing to the unevenness of the ground, found it impossible to overtake them before they had all entered their den. He was determined, nevertheless, to attain his object, and assembling some people from the neighbouring village with pickaxes, they began to dig in the usual way into the hole. Having made an excavation of six or eight feet, the garrison evacuated the place—the wolf, the three whelps, and the boy, leaping suddenly out and taking to flight. The trooper instantly threw himself upon his horse, and set off in pursuit, followed by the fleetest of the party; and the ground over which they had to fly being this time more even, he at length headed the chase, and turned the whole back upon the men on foot. These secured the boy, and, according to prescriptive rule, allowed the wolf and her three whelps to go on their way.

'They took the boy to the village,' says Colonel Sleeman, 'but had to tie him, for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown-up person came near him, he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him, he rushed at it with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put near him, he rejected it in disgust; but when raw meat was offered, he seized it with avidity, put it upon the ground, under his hands, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog's coming and sharing his food with him.'

This wild boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, the European officer commanding the 1st regiment of Oude Local Infantry, stationed at Sultanpoor. He lived only three years after his capture, and died in August 1850. According to Captain Nicholetts' account of him, he was very inoffensive except when teased, and would then growl and snarl. He came to eat anything that was thrown to him, although much preferring raw flesh. He was very fond of uncooked bones, masticating them apparently with as much ease as meat; and he had likewise a still more curious partiality for small stones and earth. So great was his appetite, that he has been known to eat half a lamb at one meal; and buttermilk he would drink by the pitcher full without seeming to draw breath. He would never submit to wear any article of dress even in the coldest weather; and when a quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him, 'he tore it to pieces, and ate a portion of it—cotton and all—with his bread every day.' The countenance of the boy was repulsive, and his habits filthy in the extreme. He was never known to smile; and although fond of dogs and jackals,

* See 'Gang-Robbers of India,' in Nos. 300 and 361 of this Journal. The title of the pamphlet alluded to is, *An Account of Wolves nurturing Children in their Dens.* By an Indian Official. Plymouth: Jenkin Thomas, printer. 1852.

formed no attachment for any human being. Even when a favourite pariah dog, which used to feed with him, was shot for having fallen under suspicion of taking the lion's share of the meal, he appeared to be quite indifferent. He sometimes walked erect; but generally ran on all-fours—more especially to his food when it was placed at a distance from him.

Another of these wolf-children was carried off from his parents at Chupra (twenty miles from Sultanpoor), when he was three years of age. They were at work in the field, the man cutting his crop of wheat and pulse, and the woman gleaning after him, with the child sitting on the grass. Suddenly, there rushed into the family party, from behind a bush, a gaunt wolf, and seizing the boy by the loins, ran off with him to a neighbouring ravine. The mother followed with loud screams, which brought the whole village to her assistance; but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey, and the boy was heard no more of for six years. At the end of that time, he was found by two sipahis associating, as in the former case, with wolves, and caught by the leg when he had got half-way into the den. He was very ferocious when drawn out, biting at his deliverers, and seizing hold of the barrel of one of their guns with his teeth. They secured him, however, and carried him home, when they fed him on raw flesh, hare, and birds, till they found the charge too onerous, and gave him up to the public charity of the village till he should be recognised by his parents. This actually came to pass. His mother, by that time a widow, hearing a report of the strange boy at Koeleapoor, hastened to the place from her own village of Chupra, and by means of indubitable marks upon his person, recognised her child, transformed into a wild animal. She carried him home with her; but finding him destitute of natural affection, and in other respects wholly irreclaimable, at the end of two months she left him to the common charity of the village.

When this boy drank, he dipped his face in the water, and sucked. The front of his elbows and knees had become hardened from going on all-fours with the wolves. The village boys amused themselves by throwing frogs to him, which he caught and devoured; and when a bullock died and was skinned, he resorted to the carcass like the dogs of the place, and fed upon the carrion. His body smelled offensively. He remained in the village during the day, for the sake of what he could get to eat, but always went off to the jungle at night. In other particulars, his habits resembled those already described. We have only to add respecting him, that, in November 1850, he was sent from Sultanpoor, under the charge of his mother, to Colonel Sleeman—then probably at Lucknow—but something alarming him on the way, he ran into a jungle, and had not been recovered at the date of the last dispatch.

We pass over three other narratives of a similar kind, that present nothing peculiar, and shall conclude with one more specimen of the Indian wolf-boy. This human animal was captured, like the first we have described, by a trooper, with the assistance of another person on foot. When placed on the pommel of the saddle, he tore the horseman's clothes, and, although his hands were tied, contrived to bite him severely in several places. He was taken to Bondce, where the rajah took charge of him till he was carried off by Janoo, a lad who was khidmutgar (table-attendant) to a travelling Cashmere merchant. The boy was then apparently about twelve years of age, and went upon all-fours, although he could stand, and go awkwardly on his legs when threatened. Under Janoo's attention, however, in beating and rubbing his legs with oil, he learned to walk like other human beings. But the vulpine smell continued to be very offensive, although his body was rubbed for some months with mustard-seed soaked in water, and he was compelled

during the discipline to live on rice, pulse, and bread. He slept under the mango-tree, where Janoo himself lodged, but was always tied to a tent-pin.

One night, when the wild boy was lying asleep under his tree, Janoo saw two wolves come up stealthily, and smell at him. They touched him, and he awoke; and rising from his reclining posture, he put his hands upon the heads of his visitors, and they licked his face. They capered round him, and he threw straw and leaves at them. The khidmutgar gave up his protégé for lost; but presently he became convinced that they were only at play, and he kept quiet. He at length gained confidence enough to drive the wolves away; but they soon came back, and resumed their sport for a time. The next night, three playfellows made their appearance, and in a few nights after, four. They came four or five times, till Janoo lost all his fear of them. When the Cashmere merchant returned to Lucknow, where his establishment was, Janoo still carried his pet with him, tied by a string to his own arm; and, to make him useful according to his capacity, with a bundle on his head. At every jungle they passed, however, the boy would throw down the bundle, and attempt to dart into the thicket; repeating the insubordination, though repeatedly beaten for it, till he was fairly subdued, and became docile by degrees. The greatest difficulty was to get him to wear clothes, which to the last he often injured or destroyed, by rubbing them against posts like a beast, when some part of his body itched. Some months after their arrival at Lucknow, Janoo was sent away from the place for a day or two on some business, and on his return he found that the wild boy had escaped. He was never more seen.

It is a curious circumstance, that the wild children, whether of Europe or Asia, have never been found above a certain age. They do not grow into adults in the woods. Colonel Sleeman thinks their lives may be cut short by their living exclusively on animal food; but to some of them, as we have seen, a vegetable diet has been habitual. The probability seems to be, that with increasing years, their added boldness and consciousness of strength may lead them into fatal adventures with their brethren of the forest. As for the protection of the animal by which they were originally nurtured becoming powerless from age, which is another hypothesis, that supposes too romantic a system of patronage and dependence. The head of the family must have several successive series of descendants to care for after the arrival of the stranger, and it is far more probable that the wild boy is obliged to turn out with his playmates, when they are ordered to shift for themselves, than that he alone remains a fixture at home. That protection of some kind at first is a necessary condition of his surviving at all, there can be no manner of doubt, although it does not follow that a wolf is always the patron. The different habits of some of the European children we have mentioned, shew a totally different course of education. If, for instance, they had been nurtured by wolves, they would no more have learned to climb trees than to fly in the air. As for the female specimen we have mentioned, hers was obviously an exceptional case. She was lost, as appeared from her own statement, when old enough to work at some employment, and a club she used as a weapon was one of her earliest recollections.

The wild children of India, however, were obviously indebted to wolves for their miserable lives; and it is not so difficult as at first sight might be supposed, to imagine the possibility of such an occurrence. The parent wolves are so careful of their progeny, that they feed them for some time with half-digested food, disgorged by themselves; and after that—if we may believe Buffon, who seems as familiar with the interior of a den as if he had boarded and lodged in the family—they bring home to them live animals, such as hares and rabbits. These the young wolves play with, and

when at length they are hungry, kill: the mother then for the first time interfering, to divide the prey in equal portions. But in the case of a child being brought to the den—a child accustomed, in all probability, to tyrannise over the whelps of pariah dogs and other young animals, they would find it far easier to play than to kill; and if we only suppose the whole family going to sleep together, and the parents bringing home fresh food in the morning—contingencies not highly improbable—the mystery is solved, although the marvel remains. It may be added, that such wolves as we have an opportunity of observing in menageries, are always gentle and playful when young, and it is only time that develops the latent ferocity of a character the most detestable, perhaps, in the whole animal kingdom. Cowardly and cruel in equal proportion, the wolf has no defenders. 'In short,' says Goldsmith—probably translating Buffon, for we have not the latter at hand to ascertain—'every way offensive, a savage aspect, a frightful howl, an insupportable odour, a perverse disposition, fierce habits, he is hateful while living, and useless when dead.'

But what, then, is man, whom mere accidental association for a few years can strip of the faculties inherent in his race and convert into a wolf? The lower animals retain their instincts in all circumstances. The kitten, brought up from birth on its mistress's lap, imbibes none of her tastes in food or anything else. It rejects vegetables, sweets, fruits, all drinks but water or milk, and although content to satisfy its hunger with dressed meat, darts with an eager growl upon raw flesh. Man alone is the creature of imitation in good or in bad. His faculties and instincts, although containing the germ of everything noble, are not independent and self-existing like those of the brutes. This fact accounts for the difference observable, in an almost stereotyped form, in the different classes of society; it affords a hint to legislators touching their obligation to use the power they possess in elevating, by means of education, the character of the more degraded portions of the community; and it brings home to us all the great lesson of sympathy for the bad as well as the afflicted—both victims alike of *circumstances*, over which they in many cases have nearly as little control as the wild children of the desert.

THE LITERATURE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to its other varied and important functions, fulfils, through one of its branches, that of a great national book manufactory. Every session, the House of Commons issues a whole library of valuable works, containing information of the most ample and searching kind on subjects of a very miscellaneous character. These are the Blue-books, of which everybody has heard: many jokes are extant as to their imposing bulk and great weight, literally and figuratively; and a generation eminently addicted to light reading, may well look with horror on these thick and closely-printed folios. But, in truth, they are not for the mere reader: they are for the historian, and student of any given subject; they are storehouses of material, not digested treatises. True it is, that their great size sometimes defeats its object—the valuable portion of the material is sometimes buried under the comparatively worthless heap that surrounds it—the golden grains lost amid the chaff. But in a case of this kind, the error of redundancy is on the safe side; let a subject in all its bearings be thoroughly and fully brought up, and it is the fault or failing of him who sets about the study of it, if he is appalled at the amount of information on which he has to work, or cannot discriminate and seize upon the salient points, or on those which are necessary for his own special purposes.

Few persons, we believe, who have not had occasion to consult these parliamentary volumes in a systematic manner, are at all aware of the immense labour that is bestowed upon them, and the care and completeness with which they are compiled and arranged. Indeed, we daresay few readers have any accurate notions of the actual number of parliamentary papers annually issued, or of the nature of their contents. From even a very cursory examination of the literary result of a parliamentary session, the previously uninformed investigator could not fail to rise with a greatly augmented estimate of the functions of the great ruling body of the state—the guarding and directing power in the multitudinous affairs of the British Empire—an empire that extends over every possible variety of country and climate, and includes under its powerful, yet mild and beneficent sway, tribes of every colour of skin, and of every shade of religious belief. Such a survey, in fact, tends to impress one more fully and immediately than could well be fancied, with the magnitude of the business of the British legislature, and the consequent weighty responsibilities imposed upon its members. But, great as the burden is, it is distributed over so many shoulders, that it appears to press heavily, and really does so, only on a few who support it at the more trying points.

The session 1851 is the latest of whose labours, as they appear in the form of parliamentary records, an account can be given. By the admirable system of arrangement we have referred to, each parliamentary 'paper,' whether it issues in the shape of a bulky Blue-book—that is to say, as a thick, stitched folio volume, in a dark-blue cover—or as a mere 'paper'—an uncovered folio of a single sheet of two or four pages, or several stitched together, but not attaining the dignity of the blue cover—is marked as belonging to a certain class; and when the issue of the session is complete, a full set of 'Titles, Contents, and Indexes' to the whole is supplied, so that they can all be classified and bound up in due order with the utmost ease and celerity. The *Titles, Contents, and Indexes to the Sessional Printed Papers of Session 1851* are at present before us, in the shape of a folio Blue-book about an inch and a half thick, from which we think we may pick some facts of interest.

It must be premised, that the session 1851 was considered by politicians a peculiarly barren and unfruitful one, as the Great Exhibition, in conjunction with ministerial difficulties, and the monster debates on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, tended greatly to impede the ordinary business of the Houses, and gave an air of tedium and languor to the whole proceedings. Nevertheless, the papers for the year amount to no less than sixty volumes! Of these, the first six contain Public Bills. A bill, as most of our readers must be aware, is a measure submitted to the consideration of parliament with the view of its being adopted into the legal code of the country, for which it must receive the sanction of both Houses and the assent of the crown. When a bill has 'passed' through the Lords and Commons, and received the royal assent, it becomes an 'act'—that is, a law. A bill, in passing through the Houses, is subjected to numerous amendments and alterations in form, and is often printed, for the use of members and other parties interested, three or four times after such alterations, before it comes forth in its final and permanent form as an act. Thus, the famous Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill is to be found in three several shapes among the bills before it reappears for the fourth time as an act. Again, the word 'public' prefixed to these six volumes of bills, reminds us of the vast amount of business that comes before parliament and its committees in the shape of 'private' bills, of which no record appears here. These are bills of special and individual application, such as when a public company seeks an act of incorporation, the possessor of an entailed estate

desires to sell a portion of ground, a railway directory asks for powers of various kinds, and so on.

An examination of the contents of these six volumes would shew how many and diverse are the subjects that turn up in parliament in the course of a single and brief session; but to enter on it satisfactorily would require a great amount of space, and might, after all, be more tedious than profitable. A glance at those actually passed may suffice. These were 106 in number: the first is, 'An Act to amend the Passengers' Act of 1849;' and the hundred and sixth, 'An Act to appoint Commissioners to inquire into the Existence of Bribery in St Albans.' Besides the acts of an ordinary or routine character, we find the following among the subjects legislated on:—The Marine Forces, Leases for Mills in Ireland, Protection of Original Designs, the Protection of Servants and Apprentices, the Sale of Arsenic, Highways in Wales, Sites for Schools, Herring-Fishery, Prisons in Scotland, Common Lodging-Houses, Window and House Duties, Marriages in India, Ecclesiastical Titles, Smithfield Market, Settlement of the Boundaries of Canada and New Brunswick, Highland Roads and Bridges, Gunpowder Magazine at Liverpool, Management of the Insane in India, Lands in New Zealand, Representative Peers of Scotland, Emigration, Law of Evidence, Criminal Justice, &c.

Following the six volumes of bills, are fifteen volumes of *Reports from Committees*, which are again succeeded by nine volumes of *Reports from Commissioners*. These two sections of the literature of parliament form vast stores of material on an immense number of subjects, into which he who digs laboriously is sure to be rewarded in the end. They contain great masses of 'evidence,' extracted by the examinations of committees and commissioners from the parties believed to be best qualified to give correct and full information on the various subjects on which they are examined, and these opinions are supported by facts and authentic statements and statistics, invaluable to the investigator. The first volume of last year's Reports from Committees opens with that on the Edinburgh Annuity Tax, the fifteenth contains that on Steam Communications with India. There are four volumes on Customs, two on Ceylon, one on Church-rates, one on the Caffre Tribes, one on Newspaper Stamps, &c.; while other volumes contain Reports on the Property Tax, the Militia, the Ordnance Survey, Public Libraries, Law of Partnership, &c. From commissioners, we have Reports on Fisheries, Emigration, National Gallery, Public Records, Board of Health, Factories, Furnaces, Mines and Collieries, Education, Maynooth College, Prisons, Public Works, &c.

The fourth section of these parliamentary papers for 1851 amounts to thirty volumes, and consists of *Accounts and Papers*. It is in these that the statistic finds inexhaustible wealth of material, long columns of figures with large totals, tables of the most complicated yet the clearest construction, containing a multiplicity of details bearing on the riches and resources of the empire in its most general and most minute particulars. Thus the first volume relates to 'Finance,' and includes the accounts of the Public Income and Expenditure, Public and National Debt, Income Tax, Public Works, and a vast variety of other subjects. The second volume is made up of the 'Estimates' for the Army, Navy, Ordnance, and 'Civil Services,' which includes Public Works, Public Salaries, Law and Justice, Education, Colonial and Consular Services, &c. The third volume is filled with Army and Navy Accounts and Returns. The next six volumes refer to the colonies, and consist of Accounts, Dispatches, Correspondence. The tenth is occupied with the subject of Emigration; and the eleventh with the Government of our Eastern Empire in all its vast machinery and complicated relations. The remaining volumes—for space would fail us to enumerate them in detail—

treat of such subjects as the Census, Education, Convict Discipline, Poor, Post-office, Railways, Shipping, Quarantine, Trade and Navigation Returns, Revenue, Population and Commerce, Piracy, the Slave Trade, and Treaties and Conventions with Foreign States. Last of all, as volume sixty of the set, we have the *Numerical List and General Index*, itself a goodly tome of nearly 200 pages, compiled with immense care, and arranged so perspicuously as to afford the utmost facilities for reference.

These papers, as we have said, differ greatly in size. Some consist of but a single page, others swell up to volumes two or three inches thick, and of perhaps 2000 pages. As to the contents, the majority display a mixture of letterpress with tabular matter; and while some are wholly letterpress, others present an alarming and endless array of figures—filing along, page after page, in irresistible battalions. In many, valuable maps and plans are incorporated, with occasional designs for public works, &c.

Besides these returns and papers of permanent value, there are daily issued during the session programmes of the business of the day, entitled *Votes and Proceedings*, and containing a list of the subjects, the motions, petitions, bills, &c., that are to be brought before the House, according to 'the orders of the day.' These, and all the other papers issued by parliament, may be obtained regularly through 'all the booksellers,' by any person desiring to have them. Their prices are fixed; and in the case of the larger papers, the price is printed on the back of each. Copies of bills and returns may be had separately, on payment of these affixed prices; and indeed few parties require complete sets. Some public libraries take them, as do most of the London, and one or two provincial newspapers, by which the gentlemen of the press are enabled to compile the numerous articles and paragraphs with which all newspaper readers are familiar, and which usually begin: 'By a return just issued, we learn,' &c.; or: 'From a parliamentary paper recently printed, it appears,' &c. The public is often considerably indebted to the labours of newspaper men in regard to these papers, for the exigence of space, and the necessity of beating everything into a readable shape, require them to condense the voluminous details of the returns; and their sum and substance is thus given without any encumbering extraneous matter.

The cost of complete series of the papers varies from session to session, according to the number issued, ranging usually about L.12 or L.14.

LIGHTS FOR THE NIGHT.

UNQUESTIONABLY, darkness is disagreeable. Whether to manhood hoary-headed in wisdom, or to childhood yet in soft-brained ignorance, darkness is an unpleasant fact, to be got over in the best way possible—to be got over at all events, and at any cost, and to be turned into luminosity by every expedient that can be used. Wax-tapers, to throw their soft, luxurious light on my lady's delicate face, as she lies like a beautiful piece of marble-work on her dreamy couch; shaded lamps for the grave merchant, the virtual king of the present, as he sits in his still office, ruling nations by bale and bond, and guiding the tide of events by invoices and ship's papers; Palmer's candles, under green pent-houses, for students and authors, whose eyes must withstand a double strain; the mild house-light, with a dash of economy in the selection, whether of oil, sperm, long-fours, or short-sixes, for the family group; the white camphine flame for the artist; strange mechanisms for the curious; the flaunting brilliancy of the coloured chandeliers and cut-glass shades for our English Bedouins in the gin-palace; the flaring jet of the open butchers' shops; the paper-lantern of the street-stalls; the consumptive dip of

the slop-worker; the glimmering rush-light for the sick-room; the resin torch for the midnight funeral: these, and countless other inventions—not to mention the universal gas—assert man's disinclination to transact his life in the dark, or to bound his powers by the simple arrangements of nature. There are better lights, though, than any of these, and a worse than mere physical night, be it the blackest with which romancer ever stained his innocent paper, when describing those dark deeds on desolate moors which all romancers delight in, and which send young ladies pale to bed. The night of the mind is worse than the night of time; and lamps which can dispel this are more valuable than any which make up for the loss of the sun only, though these are grand undertakings too.

Most people know what a Child's night-light is, and most people have heard of Belmont Wax, and Price's Patent Candles, though few would be able to explain exactly what the warrant guards. But who ever pretends to understand patents? The 'Belmont' every one knows; it is a mere ordinary wax-candle, which perhaps does not 'gutter' so much as others, and with wick more innocent of 'thieves' than most, but with nothing more wonderful in appearance than an ordinary candle. A Child's night-light, too, has nothing mysterious in its look. It greatly resembles the thick stumpy end of a magnificent mould, done up in a coloured card-jacket, and with a small thin wick, that gives just a point of flame, and no more, by which to light another candle, if necessary—of admirable service for this and all other purposes of a common-place bedroom. Eccentric sleepers, who write Greek hexameters, and fasten on poetic thoughts while the rest of the world are in rational slumber, might object to the feebleness of this point of light; but eccentricities need provisions of their own, and comets have orbits to which the laws of the stars do not apply. For all ordinary people, this thick candle-end is a delicious substitute for the ghastly rush-light in its chequered cage, which threw strange figures on wall and curtain, and gave nervous women the megrims. But nothing more is known of Belmonts or night-lights; their birthplace, and the manner of their making, are alike hidden from the outer world; the uninitiated accept the arcana of tallow only in the positive form. It is generally presumed that candles, in the abstract, come from some unknown place in 'the City'; but how they are made, or who is employed in their making, or how the workmen live in the greaseladen steam of the factory, not one in a thousand would know if he could—certainly none would give himself any trouble to find out. Neither should we ourselves have known, had not a little pamphlet, bearing the heading, *Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company*, fallen into our hands. Holding the Report open on the desk before us, we will now give to our readers the net result of the moral doings of the factory.

In the winter of 1848, half-a-dozen of the boys employed in the candle manufactory used to hide themselves behind a bench two or three times a week, when work and tea were over, to practise writing on useless scraps of paper picked up anyhow, and with worn-out pens begged from the counting-house. Encouraged by the foreman of their department, who begged some rough, movable desks for them, and aided by timely but not oppressive prizes from the Messrs Wilson, and by the presence of Mr J. P. Wilson, the little self-constituted school progressed considerably, until it reached the number of thirty; then a large old building was cleared out, a rickety wooden staircase taken down, an iron one put up in its stead, and a lofty school-room, capable of holding about 100 or more, made in the place of two useless lumber-rooms. The making and furnishing that room amounted to L.172. The school for some time held to its first principles of self-government. All the instruction, discipline, and

management were supplied by the boys themselves; and when a number of elder boys joined, a committee, appointed by themselves, regulated the affairs of the community. However, this did not last long. The hot young blood and immature young brain needed a stronger curb than self-appointed committees could supply; and by a general request, the school has since been worked by authority—this authority itself guided by a general vote in many matters of choice immediately concerning the scholars. In the following summer—we are still in '48—a day-school was held in the room, to which the younger boys who were wanted in the factory at uncertain times and for indefinite periods, were sent when not employed—drafted from school to work, and from work to school, as the necessities of the factory required. The annual cost of this day-school is L.180; the total cost from the commencement, L.327.

Amusements must now be provided. The first and most obvious were tea-parties, the usual rewards to school-children, and often made very tedious affairs by the enormous quantity of talk inflicted on them. However, Mr Wilson managed better. To the first, many of the boys came dirty and untidy; the second shewed a great improvement; the third, one still greater; until now, most of the factory-boys assemble to chapel, and other places where they ought to be decent, in plain suits of black, which give them a neat and even gentlemanlike appearance: yes, though the word applied to a set of factory-boys, candlemakers, may make many of our readers smile. But for all that constitutes real gentlemanlike feeling for order, obedience to authority, courtesy of manner, the absence of rudeness, quarrelling, and other petty vices of school-boys—these factory lads, taken from the very heart of a low population, shine pre-eminently, or rather have shone, since Mr Wilson has taken their educational training so much to heart. The first tea-party was held on Easter-Monday, as a counterpoise to the attractions of Greenwich and Camberwell fairs; and it succeeded in that object, evidencing that vice is not that necessary ingredient in the pleasures of the people which some people think.

In 1849, the cholera came, peculiarly severe about Lambeth and Battersea Fields, where many of the candlemakers lived. Mr Wilson's first thought was for the young people in the factory. He consulted with his brother, and they took additional counsel of first-rate medical men, and then added to the committee a Mr Symes, a gentleman holding a field that was waiting to be built on. The result of these consultations was, that Mr Symes giving them temporary possession of the field, the night-school was closed entirely, and all the boys set to work to learn cricket—cricket as the best antidote to cholera the directors of Price's Patent could devise. Wise men these directors, with some sterling common sense and rare old hearty benevolence mixed up with their generous Saxon blood! Mr Symes was not the only stranger—for stranger he was—eager to help the directors. A Mr Graham came forward, and many others joined in offering; and altogether, as Mr J. P. Wilson says, 'everybody's heart seemed to warm up to their object.' The plan was a success. Of the whole crowd of cricket-players, only one, an interesting lad of seventeen, was lost, though most of them had kinspeople dying and dead in their own homes. That cricket-ground was not, however, useful only for physical health; it presented a beautiful and striking scene, which must have carried home to every heart deep thoughts and holy purposes to strengthen the soul as well.

'Always when the game was finished,' says Mr Wilson, 'they (the boys) collected in a corner of the field, and took off their caps for a very short prayer for the safety of themselves and their friends from cholera; and the tone in which they said their amen

to this, has always made me think, that although the school was nominally given up for the time, they were really getting from their game, so concluded, more moral benefit than any ordinary schooling could have given them.' This belief we heartily endorse. That informal prayer, made while the blood was warm with happiness and high with health, spoken in the open field, by themselves, direct to Heaven, without other interpreter between them, must have made a deep impression on the boys. Its very informality must have added to its solemnity; making it appear, and indeed making it in reality, so much more the genuine, spontaneous, heart-spoken expression of each individual, than the mere customary attendance on a prescribed form can admit. A field of six and a half acres is now rented, at the annual gross cost of L.80, the middle of which is kept for the cricket-ground, while the edges are laid down in gardens, allotted out.

During all the bright summer weather the boys worked eagerly at their gardens, and played perseveringly at cricket—making a happy and healthy use of time that otherwise must, if used well, have been spent in a dull school-room (not the most inviting of recreations, after a hard day's work at the candle-making), or idled away in the streets, amongst the unprofitable and unhealthy amusements provided for the people. Amongst other good results, Mr Wilson notices that of 'softening to the boys one of the greatest evils now existing in the factory—the night-work, for which the men and boys come in at six in the evening, to leave at six in the morning.' These workers do not go to bed, it seems, so soon as they leave work: in former days, they generally dawdled about, took a walk, or strolled into a gin-palace, as it might happen, or did anything else to kill the time until their sleeping-hour arrived. Since the cricket-ground has been established, however, they rush off to the field on leaving work at six in the morning, thoroughly enjoy themselves at gardening and cricket until about a quarter past eight; and then, after collecting in a little shed, where a verse or two of the New Testament and the Lord's Prayer are read to them, they go home to sleep, refreshed by the exercise after their unnatural hours, happy, peaceful, and healthy. These are the birches and canes of the Messrs Wilson's moral and scholastic training!

Then came the summer-excursion. The first experiment was in June 1850, when 100 of them went down to Guildford early in the morning, and returned late in the evening. It was a beautiful day, bright and cloudless; and as those London boys wandered about the country lanes and meadows of Guildford, and heard the ceaseless hum of insect life, and the uncaged birds singing high in the blue sky, and saw the wild-flowers in the hedgerows, and the glancing waters in their way, we may be sure that more than mere enjoyment was stored up in their minds, and that thoughts which might not be brought out into set phrases, but which would be undying in their influence through life, were raised in each heart that drank in the glories and the holy teaching of nature, perhaps on that day for the first time. It was something for them to think of in the toil and heat of the factory; a beautiful picture, to fill their minds while their hands were busy at their work; and the rippling rivers and singing birds would sing and flow again and again in many a young head bending carefully over its task. The excursion of the next year was on a grander scale: 250 started from Vauxhall Bridge, to go down the river to Herne Bay, which, though it may sound ludicrously Cockney-fied, was quite as much as the strength, and more than the stomachs of the little candlemakers could stand; yet very delightful, notwithstanding the qualmsiness and face-playing of the majority. This year, they are all invited by the Bishop of Winchester to the brave old castle of Farnham—a treat to which they are

looking forward with all the headlong eagerness of youth, and which, we trust, will have other and even better results than the pleasures we wish them. A bishop entertaining a set of factory children will be a welcome sight in these days of clerical pomp, when the episcopal purple so often hides the pastoral staff. It will be a rare occurrence, but a good practice begun—to be followed, we would fain hope, by its like in other districts.

The expense of the day at Guildford was L.28; of that at Herne Bay, L.48; the estimated expense of the excursion for the present year is L.55. This seems a heavy item for a single day's amusement, but the Messrs Wilson have proved the immense advantage which their boys derive from these excursions: the hope, the stimulus to exertion—as only those who have worked hard at school, and behaved well generally, join the cricket-club and the excursionists—the health, the incentive to good conduct, and the preservation from evil habits; all these varied good effects have convinced the directors that it is money well spent—money that will bring in a richer percentage than government securities or Australian gold-fields could give, for it brings in the percentage of virtue. Not always in the power of money to gain that! And right thankful ought we to be, when we have found any investment whatever which will return us such rich usurious interest for what is in itself so intrinsically valueless.

So much, then, for the Belmont Factory—for the light of that busy wax-candle making. Turn we now to the Night-Light Factory, though our notice of this must be brief; but brevity befits those thick, short candle-ends.

In the autumn of 1849, the night-light trade came into the possession of Price's Patent Candle Company. Amongst the Child's Lights we have girls to deal with as well as boys—an element not to be provided for in the Belmont arrangements, and causing a little difficulty as to their proper disposition on first starting. But nothing seems to daunt Mr Wilson. Give him but a square inch for his foothold, and his moral lever will raise any given mass of ignorance, and remove any possible amount of obstruction. After a little time, and some expense, one of the railway arches near the night-factory was taken possession of, fitted up, made water-tight, and turned into a school-room for the boys and girls of the adopted concern. The expense of preparing and furnishing that arch was L.93. Still, the girls remained as a doubtful and untried version of the Belmont success; but by the energetic aid of a lady, much experienced in such matters, and by the untiring cares of a chaplain recently appointed to the factory, and who is in reality the moral and educational superintendent of the whole, something of the uncertainty hanging over the result has been removed, and all matters have greatly improved. Inasmuch as the character of women is of more delicate texture than that of men, so are the managers of the Night-Light School more careful to secure an unexceptionable set of girls in the school, that prudent parents may send their children there without alarm, and without more danger of contamination than must always arise where a number of human beings, adults or youths, are assembled together.

Everything seems prospering. Church-organs in the school-rooms, chapel-services at various times as the different sets of workmen come and go, and flourishing schools for the mere child up to the actual young man, supply all the spiritual, intellectual, and devotional requirements of the work-people; games, gardening, excursions, and a general friendliness between masters and people, form their social happiness; and useful arts taught and about to be taught, help to make up the wellbeing of the community. Tailoring and shoemaking are to be learned, not as trades, but

as domestic aids, many working-men having found the advantage, in various ways, of being able to do those little repairs at home which perishable garments are always requiring; and a shop full of young coopers employs another section of tradesmen in rather large numbers. For this last improvement, Mr J. Wilson was obliged to take up his freedom of the city, that he might apprentice the lads to himself, as it is a rule among the coopers that no one follows this trade, which is a close one, without having learned it by regular apprenticeship. However, a freeman can take apprentices in any trade, whether close or open, provided he does teach them a *bona fide* business; and Mr Wilson availed himself of this privilege, and netted to himself a batch of young coopers, as we have said. So much can one earnest wish to be of real use to a cause or a generation enable a single individual to do! We may be sure that when we talk of our inability to do good, we mean our inattention to means, not our incapacity from want of them.

The expenses we have quoted were all originally borne by Mr J. P. Wilson. In three years, he spent £2289 in payments to teachers, in fitting up schools, in cricket-grounds, excursions, chaplain's salary, &c. His own salary is £1000 per annum. And though the proprietors have refunded all moneys spent by him on these things, and have taken on themselves the future expenses of the institutions commenced by him, yet that does not diminish the worth of his magnificent intentions, or take from the largeness of his self-sacrifice and generosity. Add to this simple expenditure—for it was made in good faith, and in the belief that it was a virtual sacrifice of income—the labour, want of rest, the constant thought at all times and under all sorts of pressure—illness and business the most frequent—and we may form a slight estimate of what this glorious work of educating his young charge has cost a man whose name we must ever mention with respect.

In Mr J. Wilson's Report, there are many points unattainable to moderate incomes and circumscribed resources, but many also that it is in the power of every man of education, and consequently of influence, to carry out in his neighbourhood. Amongst them is that simple item of the cricket-field and garden-ground. It has become so much the fashion among certain of us, renowned more for zeal than knowledge, to cry down all amusements for the people, as tending to the subversion and overthrow of morality, to shut them out from all but the church, the conventicle, and the gin-shop—that any recognition of this mistake in a more liberal arrangement, may be hailed as the inauguration of an era of common sense, and consequently of true morality. Amusements are absolutely necessary for mankind. The nation never existed on this earth which could dispense with them. Sects rise up every now and then which carry their abhorrence of all that is not fanaticism—after their own pattern—to the extreme, and which lay pleasure under the same curse with vice; but sects are cometic, and are not to be judged of after the generalisations of national character. Practically, we find that rigidity and vice, amusements and morality, go together, Siamese-like. In the year of the Crystal Palace, the London magistrates had fewer petty criminals brought before them than at any other period of the same duration; and what Mr Wilson proves in his cricket-ground, what London shewed in the time of the World's Fair, generations and countries would always exhibit in larger characters, more widely read—that the mind and body of man require amusement—simple pleasure—purposeless, aimless, unintellectual, physical pleasure—as much as his digestive organs require food and his hands work; not as the sole employment, but mixed in with, and forming the basis and the body of higher things—the strong practical woof through which the warp of golden

stuff is woven into a glorious fabric—a glorious fabric of national progression. Yes, and into a wider garment still; one that will cover many an outlying Bedouin cowering in the darkness round—one that will join together the high and the low, the good and the bad, and so knead up the baser element into amalgamation with and absorption into the higher. This is no ideal theory. It is a possibility, a practical fact, proved in this place and in that—wherever men have taken the trouble to act on rational bases and on a true acceptance of the needs of human nature. For as the quality of light is to spread, and as the higher things will always absorb the lower, so will schools and kindly sympathy diffuse knowledge and virtue among the ignorant and brutalised; and Love to Humanity will once more read its mission in the salvation of a world.

OUT-OF-DOORS LIFE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

THE out-of-doors life enjoyed by the inhabitants of the continent, strikes a person, unacquainted with their habits and manners, more perhaps than anything which meets his eye in that part of the world. Rational, agreeable, and healthy as it is, it requires a long time before a thorough Englishman can accustom himself to it, or feel at all comfortable in eating his meals in the open air, surrounded by two or three hundred persons employed in the same manner, or crossing and recrossing, and circling round his table. He is apt to fancy himself the sole object of curiosity; while, in reality, the eyes which seem to mark him out, have in them perhaps as little speculation as if they were turned on vacancy. We have been amused, and sometimes ashamed, in witnessing the painful awkwardness of many of those numerous steam-boat voyagers who, subscribing in London for their passage to and from the Rhine in a given time, and for a trifling sum, find themselves in a few hours transported from the bustle of Oxford Street, Ludgate Hill, or the Strand, to the happy, idle, *fat*, laughing, easy enjoyment of a German *Thee-Garten*, in the midst of four or five hundred men, women, and children—all eating, drinking, and smoking as if time, cares, and business had no influence over them. It is a life so new to him, and so diametrically opposed to all his habits and notions, that, in general, it affords him anything but ease and enjoyment. To those, however, who know how to enjoy it, it affords both. There is in these popular reunions an ease and confidence, a *bonhomie* and freedom, of which a Briton, with all his boasted liberty, has no idea. What is strangest of all to him, no distinction of rank, wealth, or profession is acknowledged. There are no reserved places. The rich and the poor, the prince and the artisan, sit down at the same kind of modest little green-painted tables, with rush-bottomed chairs, all kind, affable, and jovial—all respecting each other. The child of the citizen comes up without restraint, and plays with the sword-knot of the commander-in-chief; and the little princess will naively offer her bunch of grapes to the peasant who sits at the next table with his pipe and his tall glass of Bavarian beer. And yet the truest decorum is observed. There is no noise, no rioting, no intoxication; we have never witnessed a single example of any of these inconveniences. The education and habits of all the inhabitants of this part of the world, have been from infancy so regulated, and during many generations so completely formed to this sort of life, that not the smallest ungracious familiarity ever troubles these kindly popular reunions.

But let us come to a definite description. We will take the Blum-Garten at Prague, for example—a city where the aristocracy are as exclusive, as it is called, as anywhere in the world. This garden, or rather park, is an imperial domain, having formed part of the hunting-park of the emperors of Germany in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was planted

by the great and good Charles IV., king of Bohemia, and emperor of Germany, son of that blind king who was killed at the battle of Cressy by Edward the Black Prince. This park is situated without the fortifications of the Hradschin, at about half an hour's walk from them, in a valley formed by the river Moldau, and stretches away to the plateau which forms the eastern boundary of the valley. On the edge of this plateau, surrounded by gardens and plantations, is situated the Lust-Haus, or summer residence, in which the governor of Bohemia, or the members of the imperial family in Prague, pass some days at intervals during the summer months. The principal descent to the park is by a broad drive, which zig-zags till it gains the proper level. There are also several pleasant paths which descend in labyrinth under a profusion of lilacs and other flowering shrubs, overhung by birches and all kinds of forest-trees.

At the foot of the drive is the house of general entertainment, consisting of several apartments, together with a spacious ball-room—an indispensable requisite, as on the continent all the world dances. From this house stretches a long wide gravel space, completely shaded from the noonday heat by four or five vast lime-tree alleys, beneath which are placed some fifty or a hundred tables. A military band is always to be found on fête-days, and very good music of some kind is never wanting. Here the whole population of Prague circle with perfect freedom, and with no attempt at class separations. The first comer is first served, taking any vacant place most suited to his fancy, or to the convenience of his party. At one table may be seen the Countess Grünne, her governess, and children, taking their coffee with as much ease and simplicity as if she were in her own private garden; at another, a group of peasants, with their smiling faces and picturesque costumes; at a third table, a soldier and his old mother and sister, whom he is treating on his arrival in his native town. Then come the Archduke Stephen, with his imperial retinue, and one or two general-officers with their staffs; and at a little distance, with a merry party of laughing guests, the Prince and Princess Colorado. In short, all the tables are by and by occupied by guests continually succeeding each other, of all classes and of all professions, from the imperial family, down to the most humble artisan; all gay, amiable, condescending on the one side; happy, respectful, and free from restraint on the other. Thus the season passes in that delicious climate, which is rendered a thousand times more delicious by the harmony and good-feeling reigning throughout all these mingled classes of society. In the evening, the same joyous reunions again take place, with this exception, that after dinner (which meal takes place generally from three to four, very rarely so late as six, and that only within the last three or four years) the aristocracy drive round the broad shady alleys of the park till sunset, while the lawns and paths are crowded with innumerable groups of pedestrians, before or after taking their evening repast under the lime-trees.

But what makes summer life so agreeable in these countries, is the simplicity and cheapness with which every variety of necessary refreshment and restoration is afforded, and the multiplicity of places where such are to be found. Walk in whatever direction you may, in the environs of any town—wherever there is shade, wherever there is a grove, or a clump of acacias, limes, or chestnuts, the favourite trees for such purposes, and consequently much cultivated—there you are sure to find rest and refreshment suited to the wants and purses of all classes—from the most simple brown bread, milk, and beer, to the most delicate sweetmeats and wines. In the article of wine, however, Bohemia is not so favoured; but this is a circumstance more felt by the stranger than by the natives, who like the wines of their own country, as they do the beer better than our

ale and porter. Still, there are some passably good wines, such as Melnik, Czerniska, and one or two others, and all at a moderate price, varying from 8d. to 1s. a bottle. But in Hungary we have good wines and extraordinarily cheap, which adds much to these rural out-of-doors reunions. It is true, that some of the most fashionable restaurateurs, both in the town and country, have been much spoiled by the extravagance of the higher classes, who are here the most reckless; carrying this vice in Europe to an excess which has ruined, or greatly embarrassed, almost all the nobility of the kingdom. Notwithstanding this passion, however, for everything that is foreign, few countries can be at all compared with Hungary as to its wines, many of which are scarcely known to any but to the peasants who grow them, and the local consumers of the same class. These wines, with which every peasant's house, especially on the skirts of the mountain-districts, and every little bothy-like public-house, are abundantly furnished, are both red and white, and at a price within the reach of the poorest peasant. Even in and about the great towns—such as Presburg, near the frontier of Austria—where every article of food is double and treble the price of the interior—the wines cost no more than from 2d. to 3d. a quart. Most of the peasants grow their own, and make from 50 to 200, and even 1500 cimers or casks, containing 63 bottles each; and this is not like many of the poor, thin, acid wines, known in so many parts of Germany, the north of France, and other countries; but strong, generous beverage, with a delicious flavour, perfectly devoid of acidity, and at the same time particularly wholesome. Many of the white wines we prefer to the generality of those from the Rhine, Moselle, &c.; the red has a kind of Burgundy flavour, with a sparkling dash of champagne, and is nearly as strong as port, without its heating qualities.

For the sake of these agreeable and cheap enjoyments, the whole of the population of the towns pass a great part of the summer in the woods, orchards, and gardens in the neighbourhood, where every want of the table is supplied without the trouble of marketing, cooking, or firing; and, consequently, in the cool of a summer morning, the inhabitants of Presburg, for instance, may be seen strolling in different directions—either ascending the vine-covered hills to the fresh tops, or wending their way through the deep, shady woods, along the side of the Danube, to the Harbern or the Alt Mülau. There, after having sharpened their appetites with this charming walk, they find themselves seated at a neat little table, beneath the shade of an old chestnut or elm. The cloth is laid by the vigilant host as soon as the guest is seated, and often before, as the former knows his hour; for nothing in machinery can equal the regularity with which meal-hours are ordered, especially in Germany, where the habitual greeting on the road is: 'Ich wünsche guten appetit'—(I wish you a good appetite.) Coffee, wine, eggs, butter, sausages, Hungarian and Italian, the original dimensions of which are often two feet long, and four to five inches thick: these are to be found at the most humble houses of resort, among which are those frequented by the foresters and gamekeepers, not professed houses of entertainment, yet always provided with such materials for those who love the merry greenwood, and who extend their walks within their cool and solitary depths. And now we must speak of the expenses of these rural repasts. A party of five persons can breakfast in the above manner—that is to say, on coffee, eggs, sausages, rolls, butter, and a quart bottle of wine—for something less than 4½d. a head. Those who breakfast more simply, take coffee and rolls—and the natives rarely, if ever, eat butter in the morning, though a profusion of this, as well as of oil and lard, enters into the preparation for dinner—and such guests pay only from 8d. to 3½d. But if wine,

which is the most common native production, is taken instead of coffee, it is always cheaper. Among the middle and lower classes, the favourite refreshment is wine, household bread, and walnuts; and thus you will constantly find labourers, foresters, or wood-cutters, joyfully breakfasting together, with their large slices of brown bread and a bottle of wine, for 2d. a head. Many, again, of the lower classes of labourers bring their own home-baked bread in their pockets, and get their large tumbler of good wine to moisten it for a half-penny.

The evening, however, is the great time for recreation and redoubled enjoyment, as the labours and occupations of the day have then ceased; and all without exception, rich and poor, flock from the town to the sweet, cool, flowery repose of the woods and vineyards, and there take their evening repast in the midst of the wild luxuriance of nature, 'health in the gale, and fragrance on the breeze.' And when the sun is gone down, they return in the cool twilight to their homes, where they find that sweet sleep which movement in the open air alone can give, and which, with our more confined British habits, few but the peasant ever enjoy.

A word more on Presburg, and we have done. In winter, this place, so little known to travellers, is frequented by the best society in Hungary; and it becomes a little metropolis, to which many of the nobility resort from the distance of 300 to 500 miles—from Tokay, and beyond the Theiss and Transylvania. In summer, perhaps, it offers still more enjoyment; for although the winter-society is then scattered far and near, the town is always animated by the presence of those who are continually coming and going between Pesth and all parts of the south of Hungary and Vienna, conveyed either by the railway or by the numerous steam-boats which daily ply on the Danube. The neighbourhood, as we have already mentioned, is full of simple and healthy enjoyments, from the number of its delicious drives and walks, and places of rural entertainment, the quaint names of some of which cannot fail to amuse and attract the stranger. At about half an hour's drive from the town is the Chokolaten-Garten, much frequented for its excellent chocolate, which is manufactured on the spot. A little further on, and situated in the centre of one of the most beautiful little valleys of the Kleine Karpathen, is the Eisen-Brundel, a large house of entertainment, with a spacious dancing-room; and, without, a luxuriant grove of fine old trees, forming an impenetrable shelter, beneath which are arranged a number of tables and chairs. Here every species of entertainment is to be found, from the most simple brown bread, milk, and fruits, to the most sumptuous champagne dinners; and the prince and the peasant take their places without ceremony, as in the olden time of Robin Hood and Little John—all merry under the greenwood tree.

Numerous other and still more simple places of refreshment and enjoyment present themselves at every turn of those delicious mountain-paths, which lead through the little valleys and hollows of the vineyards overlooking the town. One of the most agreeable is on the summit of the hill, near the little chapel of St Mary, called Marien Kirche, under the Kalvarienberg, and from which the eye looks over the whole town and the plain which stretches towards Pesth, and through which the Danube winds like a vast silver serpent, till it is lost in the far woods and dim distance. Lower down, and still nearer the town, in a little valley, is 'The Entrance to the New World!' The house is deliciously situated half-way up a wooded hill crowned with pines, and clothed with rich orchards and vineyards; not far off, in another little valley, are the Patzen-Häuser, with their orchards and gardens; and higher up we come to 'The Entrance to Paradise!' whence, as might be expected, there is a most superb

view. This embraces the whole plain so far as the eye can reach towards the east and south; on the north it is bounded by the towering mountains of the Great Carpathians, the haunt of bears and wolves, wild boars and stags; and to the west, between the valleys which are formed by the hills of this smaller range of the same mountains, is seen the plain of Vienna, in the midst of which can be distinguished in a clear day the tall spire of St Stephen, rising as if from the bosom of the imperial park which conceals the capital. Beyond this towers the Neu-klosterberg, with its vast monastery; and further to the left, like white broken clouds in the blue horizon, are the snow-clad mountains of Steyer-mark (Styria.)

MY FIRST BRIEF.

I HAD been at Westminster, and was slowly returning to my 'parlour near the sky,' in Plowden Buildings, in no very enviable frame of mind. Another added to the long catalogue of unemployed days and sleepless nights. It was now four years since my call to the bar, and notwithstanding a constant attendance in the courts, I had hitherto failed in gaining business. God knows, it was not my fault! During my pupillage, I had read hard, and devoted every energy to the mastery of a difficult profession, and ever since that period I had pursued a rigid course of study. And this was the result, that at the age of thirty I was still wholly dependent for my livelihood on the somewhat slender means of a widowed mother. Ah! reader, if as you ramble through the pleasant Temple Gardens, on some fine summer evening, enjoying the cool river breeze, and looking up at those half-monastic retreats, in which life would seem to glide along so calmly, if you could prevail upon some good-natured Asmodeus to shew you the secrets of the place, how your mind would shudder at the long silent suffering endured within its precincts. What blighted hopes and crushed aspirations, what absolute privation and heart-rending sorrow, what genius killed and health utterly broken down! Could the private history of the Temple be written, it would prove one of the most interesting, but, at the same time, one of the most mournful books ever given to the public.

I was returning, as I said, from Westminster, and wearily enough I paced along the busy streets, exhausted by the stifling heat of the Vice-Chancellor's court, in which I had been patiently sitting since ten o'clock, vainly waiting for that 'occasion sudden' of which our old law-writers are so full. Moodily, too, I was revolving in my mind our narrow circumstances, and the poor hopes I had of mending them; so that it was with no hearty relish I turned into the Cock Tavern, in order to partake of my usual frugal dinner. Having listlessly despatched it, I sauntered into the garden, glad to escape from the noise and confusion of the mighty town; and throwing myself on a seat in one of the summer-houses, watched, almost mechanically, the rapid river-boats puffing up and down the Thames, with their gay crowds of holiday-makers covering the decks, the merry children romping over the trim grass-plot, making the old place echo again with their joyous ringing laughter. I must have been in a very desponding humour that evening, for I continued sitting there unaffected by the mirth of the glad little creatures around me, and I scarcely remember another instance of my being proof against the infectious high spirits of children. Time wore on, and the promenaders, one after the other, left the garden, the steam-boats became less frequent, and gradually lights began to twinkle from the bridges and the opposite shore. Still I never once thought of removing from my seat, until I was requested to do so by the person in charge of the grounds, who was now going round to lock the gates for the night. Staring

at the man for a moment half unconsciously, as if suddenly awaked out of a dream, I muttered a few words about having forgotten the lateness of the hour, and departed. To shake off the depression under which I was labouring, I turned into the brilliantly-lighted streets, thinking that the excitement would distract my thoughts from their gloomy objects; and after walking for some little time, I entered a coffee-house, at that period much frequented by young lawyers. Here I ordered a cup of tea, and took up a newspaper to read; but after vainly endeavouring to interest myself in its pages, and feeling painfully affected by the noisy hilarity of some gay young students in a neighbouring box, I drank off my sober beverage, and walked home to my solitary chambers. Oh, how dreary they appeared that night!—how desolate seemed the uncomfortable, dirty, cold staircase, and that remarkable want of all sorts of conveniences, for which the Temple has acquired so great a notoriety! In fine, I was fairly hipped; and being convinced of the fact, smoked a pipe or two—thought over old days and their vanished joys—and retired to rest. I soon fell into a profound sleep, from which I arose in the morning much refreshed; and sallying forth after breakfast with greater alacrity than usual, took my seat in court, and was beginning to grow interested in a somewhat intricate case which involved some curious legal principles, when my attention was directed to an old man, whom I had frequently seen there before, beckoning to me. I immediately followed him out of court, when he turned round and said: 'I beg your pardon, Mr —, for interrupting you, but I fancy you are not very profitably engaged just now?'

I smiled, and told him he had stated a melancholy truth.

'I thought so,' answered he with a twinkle of his bright gray eye. 'Now'—and he subdued his voice to a whisper—'I can put a little business into your hands. No thanks, sir,' said he, hastily checking my expressions of gratitude—'no thanks; you owe me no thanks; and as I am a man of few words, I will at once state my meaning. For many years, I have been in the habit of employing Mr — (naming an eminent practitioner); and feeling no great love for the profession, intrusted all my business to him, and cared not to extend my acquaintance with the members of the bar. Well, sir, I have an important case coming on next week, and as bad luck will have it, T—'s clerk has just brought me back the brief, with the intelligence that his master is suddenly taken dangerously ill, and cannot possibly attend to any business. Here I was completely flung, not knowing whom to employ in this affair. I at length remembered having noticed a studious-looking young man, who generally sat taking notes of the various trials. I came to court in order to see whether this youth was still at his ungrateful task, when my eyes fell upon you. Yes, young man, I had intended once before rewarding you for your patient industry, and now I have an opportunity of fulfilling those intentions. Do you accept the proposal?'

'With the greatest pleasure!' cried I, pressing his proffered hand with much emotion, quite unable to conceal my joy.

'It is as I thought,' muttered he to himself, turning to depart. Then suddenly looking up, he requested my address, and wished me good-morning.

How I watched the receding form of the stranger! how I scanned over his odd little figure! and how I loved him for his great goodness! I could remain no longer in court. The interesting property case had lost all its attractions; so I slipped off my wig and gown, and hastened home to set my house in order for the expected visit. After completing all the necessary arrangements, I took down a law-book and commenced reading, in order to beguile away the time. Two, three o'clock arrived, and still no tidings of my client; I

began almost to despair of his coming, when some one knocked at the outer-door; and on opening it, I found the old man's clerk with a huge packet of papers in his hand, which he gave me, saying his master would call the following morning. I clutched the papers eagerly, and turned them admiringly over and over. I read my name on the back, Mr —, six guineas. My eyes, I feel sure, must have sparkled at the golden vision. Six guineas! I could scarcely credit my good-fortune. After the first excitement had slightly calmed down, I drew a chair to the table, and looked at the labour before me. I found that it was a much entangled Chancery suit, and would require all the legal ability I could muster to conquer its details. I therefore set myself vigorously to work, and continued at my task until the first gray streak of dawn warned me to desist. Next day, I had an interview with the old solicitor, and rather pleased him by my industry in the matter. Well, the week slipped by, and everything was in readiness for the approaching trial. All had been satisfactorily arranged between myself and leader, a man of considerable acumen, and the eventful morning at length arrived. I had passed a restless night, and felt rather feverish, but was determined to exert myself to the utmost, as, in all probability, my future success hung on the way I should acquit myself that day of my duty. The approaching trial was an important one, and had already drawn some attention. I therefore found the court rather crowded, particularly by an unusual number of 'the unemployed bar,' who generally throng to hear a maiden-speech. Two or three ordinary cases stood on the cause-list before mine, and I was anxiously waiting their termination, when my client whispered in my ear: 'Mr S— (the Queen's counsel in the case) has this instant sent down to say, he finds it will be impossible for him to attend to-day, as he is peremptorily engaged before the House of Lords. The common dodge of these gentry,' continued he in a disrespectful tone. 'They never find that it will be impossible to attend so long as the *honorarium* is unpaid; afterwards—Bah! Mere robbery, sir—taking the money, and shirking the work. However, as we cannot help ourselves, you must do the best you can alone; for I fear the judge will not postpone the trial any longer. Come, and have a dram of brandy, and keep your nerves steady, and all will go well.' I need not say it required all his persuasion to enable me to pluck up sufficient courage to fight the battle, deserted as I now found myself by my leader; still, I resolved to make the attempt. Presently the awful moment arrived, and I rose in a state of intense trepidation. The judge seeing a stranger about to conduct the case, put his glass up to his eye, in order the better to make himself acquainted with my features, and at the same time demanded my name. I shall never forget the agitation of that moment. I literally shook as I heard the sound of my own voice answering his question. I felt that a hundred eyes were upon me, ready to ridicule any blunder I might commit, and even now half enjoying my nervousness. For a minute, I was so dizzy and confused, that I found it utterly impossible to proceed; but, warned by the deep-toned voice of the magistrate that the court was waiting for me, I made a desperate effort at self-control, and commenced. A dead quiet prevailed as I opened the case, and for a few minutes I went on scarcely knowing what I was about, when I was suddenly interrupted by the vice-chancellor asking me a question. This timely little incident in some measure tended to restore my self-possession, and I found I got on afterwards much more comfortably; and, gradually warming with the subject, which I thoroughly understood, finally lost all trepidation, and brought my speech to a successful close. It occupied at least two hours; and when I sat down, the judge smiled, and paid a compliment to the ability with which he was pleased to say I had conducted the

process, whilst at least a dozen hands were held out to congratulate on his success the poor lawyer whom they had passed by in silent contempt a hundred times before. So runs life. Had I failed through nervousness, or any other accident, derisive laughter would have greeted my misfortune. As it was, I began to have troops of friends. To be brief, I won the day, and from that lucky circumstance rose rapidly into practice.

Years rolled on, and I gradually became a marked man in the profession, gaining in due time that summit of a junior's ambition—a silk gown. I now began to live in a style of considerable comfort, and was what the world calls a very rising lawyer, when I one day happened to be retained as counsel in a political case then creating much excitement. I chanced to be on the popular side; and, from the exertions I made, found myself suddenly brought into contact with the leading men of the party in the town where the dispute arose. They were so well satisfied with my endeavours to gain the cause, as to offer to propose me as a candidate for the representation of their borough at the next vacancy. This proposition, after some consideration, I accepted; and accordingly, when the general election took place, found myself journeying down to D—, canvassing the voters, flattering some, consoling others, using the orthodox electioneering tricks of platform-speaking, treating, &c. Politics ran very high just then, and the two parties were nearly balanced, so that every nerve was strained on each side to win the victory. All business was suspended. Bands of music paraded the streets, party flags waved from the house windows, whilst gay rosettes fastened to the button-hole attested their wearer's opinions. All was noise, and excitement, and confusion. At length the important hour drew near for closing the polling-booths. Early in the morning, we were still in a slight minority, and almost began to despair of the day. All now depended on a few voters living at some distance, whose views could not be clearly ascertained. Agents from either side had been despatched during the night to beat up these stragglers, and on their decision rested the final issue. Hour after hour anxiously passed without any intelligence. My opponents rubbed their hands, and looked pleasant, when, about half an hour before the close of the poll, a dusty coach drove rapidly into the town, and eight men, more or less inebriated, rolled out to record their votes. The following morning, amidst the stillness of deep suspense, the mayor read the result of the election, which gave me a majority of three. Such a shout of joy arose from the liberals as quite to drown the hisses of the contending faction; and at length I rose, flushed with excitement, to return thanks. This proved the signal for another burst of applause; and amid the shouting and groaning, screaming and waving of hats, I lost all presence of mind, and fell overcome into the arms of my nearest supporters.

'Dear me, sir, you've been wandering strangely in your sleep. Here have I been a knocking at the door this half-hour. The shaving-water is getting cold, and Mr Thomas is waiting yonder in the other room, to give you some papers he's got this morning.'

I rose, rubbed my eyes, wondered what it all meant. Ah, yes; there was no mistaking the room and Mrs McDonnell's good-natured Scotch voice. It was all a dream, and my imagination had magnified the thumping at the door into the 'sweet music of popular applause.' I fell back in bed, hid my face in the pillow, sighed over my short-lived glory, and felt very wretched when my young clerk came smiling into the room. 'Here's some business at last, sir!' cried the boy with pleasure. To his astonishment, I looked carelessly at the papers, and found they consisted of 'a motion of course,' which some tender-hearted attorney had kindly sent me.

Heigh-ho! it was all to be done over again! I flung the document on the ground in utter despair; but gradually recovering my temper, I at length took heart, and fell earnestly to work. At all events, this was a *real* beginning; so I began to grow reconciled to the ruin of my stately castle of cards. It was a cruel blow, though; and now, reader, you have learned how I came by MY FIRST BRIEF.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY—(SO-CALLED.)

THAT the phenomena now so commonly exhibited under the above title, demand a careful examination, and, if possible, a distinct explanation, will be readily admitted. It is clear that they ought not to be allowed to rest as materials for popular amusement, but should be submitted to strict scientific inquiry. The theory which so boldly ascribes them to electric influence, should be strictly examined. If this theory is found to be untenable, some important questions will remain to be considered; such as: May not the phenomena be explained on physiological principles? and, Is it not probable that the means employed may have an injurious tendency?

The extent to which public attention has been excited by the phenomena, may be guessed by a glance at the advertising columns of the *Times*, and by placards meeting the eye in various parts of the country, announcing that, 'at the Mechanics' Institute,' or elsewhere, experiments will be performed in 'electro-biology,' when 'persons in a perfectly wakeful state' will be 'deprived of the powers of sight, hearing, and taste,' and subjected to various illusions. One advertiser professes to give 'the philosophy of the science;' another undertakes to 'reveal the secret,' so as to enable *any* person to make the experiments; and another undertakes the cure of 'palsy, deafness, and rheumatism.' Lectures on the topic, in London and in the provincial towns, are now exciting great astonishment in the minds of many, and give rise to considerable controversy respecting the theory and the *modus operandi*.

It is on this latter point—the means by which the effects are produced—that we would chiefly direct our inquiry, for we shall very briefly dismiss the attempt to explain them by a vague charge of collusion or imposture.

If this charge could be reasonably maintained, it would, of course, make all further remarks unnecessary, as our topic would then no longer be one for scientific investigation, but could only be added to the catalogue of fraud. It is possible that there may have been some cases of feigning among the experiments, but these do not affect the general reality of the effects produced. So epilepsy and catalepsy have been feigned; but these diseases are still found real in too many instances. We need not dwell on this point; for it may be safely assumed, that all persons who have had a fair acquaintance with the experiments of electro-biology (so-called), are fully convinced that, in a great number of cases, the effects seen are real and sincere, not simulated. The question then remains: Are these effects fairly attributed to 'electric' influence, or may they not be truly explained by some other cause?

Before we proceed to consider this question, it will be well to give some examples of the phenomena to which our remarks apply. We shall state only such cases as we have seen and carefully examined.

A. is a young man well known by a great number of the spectators—unsuspected of falsehood—knows nothing of the experimenter or of electro-biology, not even the meaning of the words. After submitting to the process employed by the lecturer—sitting still, and gazing fixedly upon a small disk of metal for about a quarter of an hour—he is selected as a suitable subject. When told by the experimenter that he cannot open his eyes, he seems to make an effort, but does not open

them until he is assured that he can do so. He places his hand upon a table—is told that he cannot take the hand off the table—seems to make a strong effort to remove it, but fails, until it is liberated by a word from the lecturer. A walking-stick is now placed in his right hand, and he is challenged to strike the extended hand of the lecturer. He throws back the stick over his shoulder, and seems to have a very good will to strike, but cannot bring the stick down upon the hand. He afterwards declares to all who question him, that he 'tried with all his might' to strike the hand. A. has certainly no theatrical talents; but his looks and gestures, when he is made to believe that he is exposed to a terrific storm, convey a very natural expression of terror. He regards the imaginary flashes of lightning with an aspect of dismay, which, if simulated, would be a very good specimen of acting. In many other experiments performed upon him, the effects seem to be such as are quite beyond the reach of any scepticism with regard to his sincerity. He cannot pronounce his own name—does not know, or at least cannot tell, the name of the town in which he lives—cannot recognise one face in the room where scores of people, who know him very well, are now laughing at him. On the other side, we must state, that when a glass of water is given to him, and he is told that it is vinegar, he persists in saying that he tastes water, and nothing else. This is almost the only experiment that fails upon him.

B. is an intelligent man, upwards of thirty years of age, of nervous temperament. His honesty and veracity are quite beyond all rational doubt. The numerous spectators, who have known him well for many years, are quite sure that if he has any will in the matter, it is simply to defeat the lecturer's purpose. However, after he has submitted himself to the process, the experiments made upon him prove successful. He is naturally a fluent talker, but now cannot, without difficulty and stammering, pronounce his own name, an easy monosyllable—cannot strike the lecturer's hand—cannot rise from a chair, &c. We may add, that he cannot be made to mistake water for vinegar.

One more case. C. is a tradesman, middle-aged, has no tendency to mysticism or imaginative reverie—knows nothing of 'mesmerism' or 'electro-biology'—was never suspected of falsehood or imposition. He proves, however, the most pliable of all the patients—the experiments succeed with him to the fullest extent—his imagination and his senses seem to be placed entirely under the control of the experimenter. Standing before a large audience, he is made to believe that he and the lecturer are alone in the room. He cannot recognise his own wife, who sits before him. He cannot step from the platform, which is about one foot higher than the floor. When informed that his limbs are too feeble to support him, he totters, and would fall if not held. Many of the experiments upon him, shewing an extreme state of mental and physical prostration, are rather painful to witness, others are ludicrous; for instance, he is made to believe that he is out amid the snow in the depth of winter—he shivers with cold, buttons up his coat, beats the floor with his feet, brushes away the imagined fast-falling flakes from his clothes, and almost imparts to the spectators a sympathetic feeling of cold by his wintry pantomime: then he is jocosely recommended not to stand thus shivering, but to make snow-balls, and pelt the lecturer. Heartily, and with apparent earnestness, he acts according to orders. Next, he is made to believe that the room has no roof.—'You see the sky and the stars, sir?'—'Yes.'—'And there, see, the moon is rising, very large and red, is it not?'—'Yes, sir.'—'Very well: now you see this cord in my hand; we will throw it over the moon, and pull her down.' He addresses himself to the task with perfect gravity, pulls heartily. 'Down she comes, sir! down she comes!' says the experimenter: 'mind your head, sir!'—and the deluded patient falls on the

platform, as he imagines that the moon is coming down upon him.

These instances will be sufficient for our purpose. We have given them as fair average examples of many others. If any reader still supposes that these effects have all been mere acting and falsehood, we must leave that reader to see and examine for himself as we have done.* For other readers who admit the facts and want an explanation, we proceed to discuss the *modus operandi*.

In the first place, then, we assert that *there is no proof whatever* that these effects depend upon any electric influence: there is absolutely no evidence that the metallic disk, as an 'electric' agent, has any connection with the results. On this point, we invite the lecturers and experimenters who maintain that electricity is the agent in their process, to test the truth of our assertion, as they may very easily. *Ceteris paribus*—all the other usual conditions being observed, such as silence, the fixed gaze, monotony of attention—let the galvanic disk be put aside, and in its place let a sixpence or a fourpenny-piece be employed, or indeed any similar small object on which the eyes of the patient must remain fixed for the usual space of time, and we will promise that the experiments thus made shall be equally successful with those in which the so-called galvanic disk is employed. The phenomena are physiological and not electrical.

Our conviction is, that the results proceed entirely from *imagination acting with a peculiar condition of the brain*, and that this peculiarly passive and impressible condition of the brain is induced by the *fixed gaze* upon the disk. These are the only agencies which we believe to be necessary, in order to give us an explanation of the phenomena in question. In saying so, however, we are aware that such data will seem to some inquirers insufficient to account for the effects we have described. It may be said: 'We know that imagination sometimes produces singular results, but can hardly see how it explains the facts stated.' We have only to request that such inquirers, before they throw aside our explanation, will give attention to a few remarks on the power of imagination in certain conditions. We propose, 1st, To give some suggestions on this point; 2d, To notice the relations of imagination with reason; and, 3d, To inquire how far the physical means employed—the fixed gaze on the disk—may be sufficient to affect the mental organ, the brain, so as to alter its normal condition.

1. Our usual mode of speaking of imagination, is to treat it as the opposite of all reality. When we say, 'that was merely an imagination,' we dismiss the topic as not worthy of another thought. For all ordinary purposes, this mode of speaking is correct enough; but let us ask, Why is imagination so weak?—why are its suggestions so evanescent? Simply because it is under the control of reason. But if the action of reason could be suspended, we should then see how great, and even formidable, is the imaginative power. It is the most untiring of all our mental faculties, refusing to be put to rest even during sleep: it can alter the influence of all external agents—for example, can either assist or prevent the effects of medicine—can make the world a prison-house to one man, and a paradise to another—can turn dwarfs into giants, and make various other metamorphoses more wonderful than any described by Ovid; nay, these are all insufficient examples of its power when left without control; for it can produce either health, or disease, or death!

* We can corroborate the view taken by the writer of this article as to the reality of the effects produced on the persons submitting to the process, having seen many who are intimately known to us experimented on with success. The incredulity which still prevails on this subject in London can only be attributed to the necessary rarity, in so large a town, of experiments performed on persons known to the observers.—Ed.

To give a familiar instance of the control under which it is generally compelled to act: You are walking home in the night-time, and some withered and broken old tree assumes, for a moment, the appearance of a giant about to make an attack upon you with an enormous club. You walk forward to confront the monster with perfect coolness. Why? Not because you are a Mr Greatheart, accustomed to deal with giants, but because, in fact, the illusion does not keep possession of your mind even for a moment. Imagination merely suggests the false image; but memory and reason, with a rapidity of action which cannot be described, instantly correct the mistake, and tell you it is only the old elm-tree; so that here, and in a thousand similar instances, there is really no sufficient time allowed for any display of the power of imagination.

A tale is told—we cannot say on what authority—which, whether it be a fact or a fiction, is natural, and may serve very well to shew what would be the effect of imagination if reason did not interfere. It is said that the companions of a young man, who was very 'wild,' had foolishly resolved to try to frighten him into better conduct. For this purpose, one of the party was arrayed in a white sheet, with a lighted lantern carried under it, and was to visit the young man a little after midnight, and address to him a solemn warning. The business, however, was rather dangerous, as the subject of this experiment generally slept with loaded pistols near him. Previously to the time fixed for the apparition, the bullets were abstracted from these weapons, leaving them charged only with gunpowder. When the spectre stalked into the chamber, the youth instantly suspected a trick, and, presenting one of the pistols, said: 'Take care of yourself: if you do not walk off, I shall fire!' Still stood the goblin, staring fixedly on the angry man. He fired; and when he saw the object still standing—when he believed that the bullet had innocuously passed through it—in other words, as soon as reason failed to explain it and imagination prevailed—he fell back upon his pillow in extreme terror.

2. The point upon which we would insist is that, in the normal condition of the mind and the body, the power of imagination is so governed, that a display of the effects it produces while under the control of reason, can give us but a feeble notion of what its power might be in other circumstances. To make this plain, we add a few suggestions respecting the nature and extent of the control exercised by reason over imagination; and we shall next proceed to shew, that *the activity of reason is dependent upon certain physical conditions.*

We shall say nothing of a metaphysical nature respecting reason, but shall simply point to two important facts connected with its exercise. The *first*—that it suspends or greatly modifies the action of other powers—has already been noticed in our remarks on imagination; but we must state it here in more distinct terms. We especially wish the reader to understand how wide and important is the meaning of the terms 'control' and 'overrule' as we use them when we say: 'reason controls, or overrules, imagination!' When we say that, in nature, the laws which regulate one stage of existence *overrule* the laws of another and a lower stage, we do not intend to say that the latter are annulled, but that they are so controlled and modified in their course of action, that they can no longer produce the effects which would take place if they were left free from such control. A few examples will make our meaning plain. Let us contrast the operations of chemistry with those of mechanism. In the latter, substances act upon each other simply by pressure, motion, friction, &c.; but in chemistry, affinities and combinations come into play, producing results far beyond any that are seen in mechanics. On mechanical principles, the trituration of two substances about equal in hardness should simply reduce them to powder,

but in chemistry, it may produce a gaseous explosion. Again—vegetable life overrules chemistry: the leaves, twigs, and branches of a tree, if left without life, would, when exposed to the agencies of air, light, heat, and moisture, be partly reduced to dust and partly diffused as gas in the atmosphere. It is the vegetative life of the tree which controls both the mechanical and the chemical powers of wind, rain, heat, and gravitation; and it is not until the life is extinct that these inferior powers come into full play upon the tree. So, again, the animal functions control chemical laws—take digestion, for example: a vegetable cut up by the root and exposed to the air, passes through a course of chemical decomposition, and is finally converted into gas; but when an animal consumes a vegetable, it is not decomposed according to the chemical laws, but is digested, becomes chyle, and is assimilated to the body of the animal. It is obvious that animal life controls mechanical laws. Thus, the friction of two inert substances wears one of them away—the soft yields to the hard; but, on the contrary, the hand of the labourer who wields the spade or the pickaxe becomes thicker and harder by friction.

The bearing of these remarks upon our present point will soon be obvious: we multiply examples, in order to shew in what an important sense we use the word *control*, with regard to the relation of reason with imagination. As we have seen, chemistry overrules the mechanical laws; vegetation suspends the laws of chemistry; a superior department of animal life controls influences which are laws in a lower department; again, mind controls the effects of physical influences; and, lastly, one power of the mind controls, and in a great measure suspends, the natural activity of another power—*reason controls imagination.* A second fact with regard to the action of reason must be noticed—that it *requires a wakeful condition of the brain.* Some may suppose that they have reasoned very well during sleep; but we suspect that, if they could recollect their syllogisms, they would find them not much better than Mickle's poetry composed during sleep. Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, sometimes expressed his regret that he could not remember the poetry which he improvised in his dreams, for he had a vague impression that it was very beautiful. 'Well,' said his wife, 'I can at least give you two lines, which I heard you muttering over during one of your poetic dreams. Here they are:

"By Heaven! I'll wreak my woes
Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose!"

If we required proof that the operation of reason demands a wakeful and active condition of the brain, we might find it in the fact, that all intellectual efforts which imply sound reasoning are prevented even by a partial sleepiness or dreaminess. A light novel may be read and enjoyed while the mind is in an indolent and dreamy state; music may be enjoyed, or even composed, in the same circumstances, because it is connected rather with the imaginative than with the logical faculty; but, not to mention any higher efforts, we cannot play a game of chess well unless we are 'wide awake.'

Now we come to our point:—Supposing that, by any means, the brain can be deprived of that wakefulness and activity which is required for a free exercise of the reasoning powers, then what would be the effect on the imagination? For an answer to this query, we shall not refer to the phenomena of natural sleep and dreaming, because it is evident that the subjects of the experiments we have to explain are not in a state of natural sleep; we shall rather refer to the condition of the brain during what we may call 'doziness,' and also to the effects sometimes produced by disease on the imagination and the senses.

We all know that in a state of 'doziness,' any

accidental or ridiculous image which happens to suggest itself, will remain in the mind much longer than in a wakeful condition. A few slight, shapeless marks on the ceiling will assume the form of a face or a full-length figure; and strange physiognomies will be found among the flowers on the bed-curtains. In the impressionable and passive state of the brain left by any illness which produces nervous exhaustion, such imaginations often become very troublesome. Impressions made on the brain some time ago will now reappear. Jean Paul Richter cautions us not to tell frightful stories to children, for this reason—that, though the 'horrible fancies' may all be soon forgotten by the healthful child, yet afterwards, when some disease—a fever, for instance—has affected the brain and the nerves, all the dismissed goblins may too vividly reproduce themselves. Our experience can confirm the observation. Some years ago, we went to a circus, where, during the equestrian performances, some trivial popular airs were played on brass instruments—cornets and trombones—dismally out of tune. Now, by long practice, we have acquired the art of utterly turning our attention away from bad music, so that it annoys us no more than the rumble of wheels in Fleet Street. We exercised this voluntary deafness on the occasion. But not long afterwards, we were compelled, during an attack of disease which affected the nervous system, to hear the whole discordant performance repeated again and again, with a pertinacity which was really very distressing. Such a case prepares us to give credit to a far more remarkable story, related in one of the works of Macnish. A clergyman, we are told, who was a skilful violinist, and frequently played over some favourite *solo* or *concerto*, was obliged to desist from practice on account of the dangerous illness of his servant-maid—if we remember truly, phrenitis was the disease. Of course, the violin was laid aside; but one day, the medical attendant, on going toward the chamber of his patient, was surprised to hear the violin-solo performed in rather subdued tones. On examination, it was found that the girl, under the excitement of disease, had imitated the brilliant divisions and rapid passages of the music which had impressed her imagination during health! We might multiply instances of the singular effects of peculiar conditions of the brain upon the imaginative faculty. For one case we can give our personal testimony. A young man, naturally imaginative, but by no means of weak mind, or credulous, or superstitious, saw, even in broad daylight, spectres or apparitions of persons far distant. After being accustomed to these visits, he regarded them without any fear, except on account of the derangement of health which they indicated. These visions were banished by a course of medical treatment. In men of great imaginative power, with whom reason is by no means deficient, phenomena sometimes occur almost as vivid as those of disease in other persons. Wordsworth, speaking of the impressions derived from certain external objects, says:

————— on the mind
They lay like images, and seemed almost
To haunt the bodily sense!

Again, in his verses recording his impression of the beauty of a bed of daffodils, he says:

And oft, when on my couch I lie, [dozing?]
They flash before that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

These words are nothing more, we believe, than a simple and unexaggerated statement of a mental phenomenon.

Enough has now been said to shew, that in a certain condition of the brain, when it is deprived of the wakefulness and activity necessary for the free use of reason, the effects of imagination may far exceed any

that are displayed during a normal, waking state of the intellectual faculties. The question now remains: Are the means employed by the professors of electro-biology sufficient to produce that peculiar condition to which we refer? We believe that they are; and shall proceed to give reasons for such belief.

3. What are these means? or rather let us ask, 'Amid the various means employed, which is the real agent?' We observe that, in the different processes by which—under the names of electro-biology or mesmerism—a peculiar cerebral condition is induced, such means as the following are employed:—Fixed attention on one object—it may be a metallic disk said to have galvanic power, or a sixpence, or a cork; silence, and a motionless state of the body are favourable to the intended result; monotonous movements by the experimenter, called 'passes,' may be used or not. The process may be interrupted by frequent winking, to relieve the eyes; by studying over some question or problem; or, if the patient is musical, by going through various pieces of music in his imagination; by anything, indeed, which tends to keep the mind wakeful. Now, when we find among the various means *one* invariably present, in some form or another—*monotony of attention producing a partial exhaustion of the nervous energy*, we have reason to believe that *this* is the real agent.

But how can the 'fixed gaze upon the disk' affect reason? Certainly, it does not immediately affect reason; but through the nerves of the eye it very powerfully operates on the organ of reason, the brain, and induces an impressive, passive, and somnolent condition.

Such a process as the 'fixed gaze on a small disk for about the space of a quarter of an hour,' must not be dismissed as a trifle. It is opposed to the natural wakeful action of the brain and the eye. Let it be observed that, in waking hours, the eye is continually in play, relieving itself, and guarding against weariness and exhaustion by unnumbered changes of direction. This is the case even during such an apparently monotonous use of the eye as we find in reading. As sleep approaches, the eye is turned upwards, as we find it also in some cases of disease—hysteria, for example; and it should be noticed, that this position of the eye is naturally connected with a somnolent and dreaming condition of the brain. In several of the subjects of the so-called electro-biological experiments, we observed that the eyes were partially turned upward. It is curious to notice that this mode of acting on the brain is of very ancient date, at least among the Hindoos. In their old poem, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, it is recommended as a religious exercise, superior to prayer, almsgiving, attendance at temples, &c.; for the god Krishna, admitting that these actions are good, so far as they go, says: '*but he who, sitting apart, gazes fixedly upon one object until he forgets home and kindred, himself, and all created things—he attains perfection.*' Not having at hand any version of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, we cannot now give an exact translation of the passage; but we are quite sure that it recommends a state of stupefaction of the brain, induced by a long-continued fixed gaze upon one object.

We have now stated, 1st, That such an act of long-fixed attention upon one object, has a very remarkable effect on the brain; 2d, That in the cerebral condition thus induced, the mental powers are not free to maintain their normal relations to each other; especially, will, comparison, and judgment, appear to lose their requisite power and promptitude of action, and are thus made liable to be overruled by the suggestions of imagination or the commands of the experimenter.

To this explanation we can only add, that all who doubt it may easily put it to an experimental test. If it is thought that the mere 'fixed gaze,' without electric or galvanic agency, is not sufficient to produce the phenomena in question, then the only way of

determining our dispute must be by fair experiment. But here we would add a word of serious caution, as we regard the process as decidedly dangerous, especially if frequently repeated on one subject.

To conclude: we regard the exhibitions now so common under the name of electro-biology as delusions, so far as they are understood to have any connection with the facts of electricity; so far as they are *real*, we regard them as very remarkable instances of a mode of acting on the brain which is, we believe, likely to prove injurious. As we have no motive in writing but simply to elicit the truth, we will briefly notice two difficulties which seem to attend our theory. These are—1. The *rapid transition* from the state of illusion to an apparently wakeful and normal condition of mind. The patient who has been making snow-balls in a warm room, and has pulled the moon down, comes from the platform, recognises his friends, and can laugh at the visions which to him seemed realities but a few minutes since. 2. The *apparently slight effects* left, in some cases, after the experiments. Among the subjects whom we have questioned on this point, one felt 'rather dizzy' all the next day after submitting to the process; another felt 'a pressure on the head'; but a third, who was one of the most successful cases, felt 'no effects whatever' afterwards; while a fourth thinks he derived 'some benefit' to his health from the operation. We leave these points for further inquiry.

NEW MOTIVE-POWER.

We copy the following from an American newspaper, without vouching for the accuracy of the statement:—*'The Cincinnati Atlas* announces a wonderful invention in that city. Mr Solomon, a native of Prussia, is the inventor. He is a gentleman of education, and was professor of a college in his native land at the age of twenty-five. In Cincinnati, he prosecuted his scientific researches and experiments, which now promise to result in fame, wealth, and honour to himself, and incalculable benefit to the whole human family. The invention of a new locomotive and propelling power by Mr Solomon was mentioned some six months ago; and a few days ago, his new engine, in course of construction for many months, was tested, and the most sanguine expectations of the inventor more than realised. The *Atlas* says: "On Monday last, the engine was kept in operation during the day, and hundreds of spectators witnessed and were astonished at its success. The motive-power is obtained by the generation and expansion, by heat, of carbonic acid gas. Common whiting, sulphuric acid, and water, are used in generating this gas, and the 'boiler' in which these component parts are held, is similar in shape and size to a common bomb-shell. A small furnace, with a handful of ignited charcoal, furnishes the requisite heat for propelling this engine of 25 horse-power. The relative power of steam and carbonic acid is thus stated:—Water at the boiling-point gives a pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch. With the addition of 30 degrees of heat, the power is double, giving 30 pounds; and so on, doubling with every additional 30 degrees of heat, until we have 4840 pounds under a heat of 452 degrees—a heat which no engine can endure. But with the carbon, 20 degrees of heat above the boiling-point give 1080 pounds; 40 degrees give 2160 pounds; 80 degrees, 4320 pounds; that is, 480 pounds greater power with this gas, than 451 degrees of heat give by converting water into steam! Not only does this invention multiply power indefinitely, but it reduces the expense to a mere nominal amount. The item of fuel for a first-class steamer, between Cincinnati and New Orleans, going and returning, is between 1000 and 1200 dollars, whereas 5 dollars will furnish the material for propelling the boat the same distance by carbon. Attached to the new engine is also an apparatus for condensing the gas after it has passed through the cylinders, and returning it again to the starting-place, thus using it over and over, and allowing none to escape. While the engine was in operation on Monday, it lifted a weight of 12,000 pounds up the distance of five feet

perpendicular, five times every minute. This weight was put on by way of experiment, and does by no means indicate the full power of the engine."

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That lost 'good-night' along the soul.

'Good-night'—in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear;
And tender gales of memory
For ever wait it near,
When stilled the voice—O crush of pain!
That ne'er shall breathe 'good-night' again.

Good-night! it mocks us from the grave—
It overleaps that strange world's bound
From whence there flows no backward wave—
It calls from out the ground,
On every side, around, above,
'Good-night,' 'good-night,' to life and love!

Good-night! Oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good-night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more,
'Good-night!'—thy time of toil is o'er!

Good-night!—Now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain.
Good-night!—Oh, holy, blest, and deep,
The rest that follows pain.
How should we reach God's upper light
If life's long day had no 'good-night?' O.

ENGLISH INDEPENDENCE.

Somebody—and we know not whom, for it is an old faded yellow manuscript scrap in our drawer—thus rebukes an Englishman's aspiration to be independent of foreigners: A French cook dresses his dinner for him, and a Swiss valet dresses him for his dinner. He hands down his lady, decked with pearls that never grew in the shell of a British oyster, and her waving plume of ostrich-feathers certainly never formed the tail of a barn-door fowl. The viands of his table are from all countries of the world; his wines are from the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone. In his conservatory, he regales his sight with the blossoms of South American flowers; in his smoking-room, he gratifies his scent with the weed of North America. His favourite horse is of Arabian blood, his pet dog of the St Bernard breed. His gallery is rich with pictures from the Flemish school and statues from Greece. For his amusement, he goes to hear Italian singers warble German music followed by a French ballet. The ermine that decorates his judges was never before on a British animal. His very mind is not English in its attainments—it is a mere picnic of foreign contributions. His poetry and philosophy are from ancient Greece and Rome, his geometry from Alexandria, his arithmetic from Arabia, and his religion from Palestine. In his cradle, in his infancy, he rubbed his gums with coral from Oriental oceans; and when he dies, he is buried in a coffin made from wood that grew on a foreign soil, and his monument will be sculptured in marble from the quarries of Carrara. A pretty sort of man this to talk of being independent of foreigners! *Harper's Magazine.*

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THE MARTYR SEX.

EVER since that unfortunate affair in which the mother of mankind was so prominently concerned, the female sex might say, with Shylock, 'Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.' They are, in fact, an incarnation of the Passive Voice—no mistake about it. 'Ah, gentle dames, it gars me greet,' as Burns pathetically says, to think on all the hardships and oppressions which you have undergone throughout the course of history, political and domestic. It is most wonderful that you can bear up your heads at all in the world. Most assuredly it could not be done except under favour of some inherent principle of fortitude, quite beyond all that your associate, Man, has ever displayed. For this reason, I propose to fix upon you the honourable style and title of the Martyr Sex.

As insanity is the more affecting when we observe its victim to be unconscious of the visitation, so does my heart bleed most particularly for the Martyr Sex, when I observe them undergoing severe oppressions without knowing it. So natural is suffering to the sex, or so accustomed are they to it, that they subject themselves spontaneously to enormous loads of trouble and torture, which no one would think of imposing upon them, and which they might easily avoid. It might almost be said, that suffering has a sort of fascination for them, drawing them placidly into it, whether they will or not. It seems in some mysterious way wrought up with their entire destiny.

Hence, at no period of the history of the Sex, do we find them free from some form of amateur affliction. At one time, it is one part of their persons, at another time, another, which is subjected to voluntary distress—but always some part. Not that the shifting is, so far as can be seen, designed as a measure of relief; it would rather appear the object simply is—to make every part bear its share in turn, and allow none to escape. Thus, about a hundred years ago, a lady went about with shoes that raised her heels three inches above the floor, and threw her whole person out of its proper balance, occasioning, of course, a severe strain upon certain muscles, attended by constant pain. A little later, her feet might have been found restored to their right level; but, as if to make up for this, and allow no interval of misery, a tower of hair, pomatum, flour, pins, and pinners, had been reared on the head, such as an inquisitor might have considered himself very ingenious in devising, as a means of undoing the convictions of heretics, or bringing round a Jew to Christianity. *Vixit*, it was a most portentous engineering for the affliction of female humanity; but how heroically it was endured! A whole generation bore it without a sigh!

It often cost them their night's rest merely to get it properly put in order—for, dressing being in those days very elaborate, the attendants had to prepare some ladies one day for a party that was to take place the next. They would sit, however, in a chair all night, in order to preserve the structure in all its integrity, sleeping only by snatches, and often waking in terror lest something might be going wrong. Talk of the martyrs of science—Galileo in prison, Bruno at the stake. These men had something of importance in view to sustain them in their trials. Give me the Martyr Sex, who sacrifice ease and convenience, without having any adventitious principle whatever to compensate for and support them under their sufferings.

In more recent times, we have seen the entire Sex submitting to torture in a middle ground—namely, the waist—with an equal degree of magnanimity. The corsets also formed an engine which would have perfectly fitted the purposes of the Inquisition; indeed, there were some ingenious devices of the Holy Office which did not greatly differ from it. It might almost shake the common-sense of admiration for martyrly sufferings, to find that every little girl in England was for some years both able and willing to endure a regular torture, without apparently having the least idea of making any merit by her patience. Present pains, possible consequences—such as red noses, bad breath, permanent ill health, death itself—were made light of. There being no imaginable good end to be served by it, was nothing to the point. The corsets were, for a time, a proud symbol of the martyr power of the Sex. You would see an example set forth in each milliner's window, carefully disposed under a glass-shade, as indicating the pride they felt in it as a sort of badge of honour. It is to be hoped that a few special copies will be preserved in our antiquarian museums, and, if possible, they should be such as can be certified to have killed their wearers, in order to shew to future generations what the women of our age could submit to in *that particular line*—not *generally* of course, for it is to be expected that the women of the future will have equal sufferings in some other walk to boast of.

It is not always, indeed, that the Sex have a master torment, like tight stays, to endure; but certainly they are never without some source of either anguish or inconvenience to keep their martyr power in exercise. For one thing, they are sadly afflicted with over-large shoes. Strange to say, though there are artists pretending to be ladies' shoemakers, the sex never get shoes sufficiently small. Every now and then, they are receiving some monstrous affront, in the form of a pair of shoes that might hold sufficient meal for a pudding besides their feet. From this cause flow

certain pains and penalties in the form of corns and bunions, insuring that they shall never take a step in life without being reminded of the doom of suffering which has been passed upon them. To speak of the simple incommodations which they suffer from dress were endless. At one time, they are all blown out into sleeve, so that a miscellaneous dinner-party looks like a series of men and women with feather-beds stuck between each pair. At another time, the sleeve, while moderate in the region of the upper arm, is fashioned wide at the bottom, as if to allow of the fair wearers laughing in it—the joke, however, being all against themselves, seeing that the pendulous part is a source of continual trouble and worry, from its trailing through every sauce and tart that may be at table, till it becomes a kind of geological phenomenon, in the illustration which it affords of the succession of deposits and incrustations. Or the swelling falls mainly into a lower part of the dress, taking the form of a monstrous prolongation of skirts, and insuring that the fair Martyrs shall act as scavengers upon every street in which they promenade. I hardly know a more interesting sight than that of a young lady going to school on a wet day, with books to carry in one hand, and an umbrella to sustain in the other. To see the struggles she makes in such circumstances to keep her skirts from dragging in the mud, or the patience with which she submits to their unavoidably doing so, and to think of the sad condition of her lower extremities all the time—to reflect, moreover, that all this trouble and suffering could be avoided by merely having skirts of a sufficient, but not over-sufficient length—presents such an affecting picture of evils voluntarily encountered and heroically sustained, as but rarely occurs in the course of human life. It is justly held as a strong proof of patience, that you should calmly submit to be spat upon, or have mud thrown upon you by some infuriated crowd; but here is a gentle creature who literally goes out every day to endure the certain contact of these nuisances, and comes home to dinner not in much better plight than one who has sat (unpopularly) in the pillory for an hour. I really must give such martyrdom the meed of my admiration; and the more so, that I feel myself, under the hardening effects of worldly common-sense, totally unprepared to go through such hardships without some useful end to be served by it.

The last example of what may be called the Martyrdom of Inconvenience which the Sex have shewn, is to be found in a form of bonnet adapted for summer wear, in which the front comes only to about an inch behind the forehead, so as to leave the face fully exposed to the attacks of the sun (when there is one) and the unmitigated gaze of the beaux. There is something very remarkable in this fashion, for a great number of ladies find it absolutely indispensable to add to this abbreviation of a bonnet a sort of supplement of silk called an *ugly*, wherewith to screen the face from becoming an absolute photograph. A couple of inches added to the bonnet itself would serve the end; but this would give a regular and not inelegant protection. It would, therefore, entirely prevent inconvenience, and so thwart the Sex in their martyrly propensities. Such a thing is not to be thought of. On the contrary, either to suffer from sunlight without an *ugly*, or to suffer from clumsiness with one, enables the unfortunate Sex to indulge in its favourite passion to the fullest extent possible in such cases. Admirable portion of creation! what merits are yours, what praise is called for fully to requite you! But, indeed, it must be quite impossible ever to make sufficient acknowledgment of that wonderful power of endurance for its own sake which you shew in the most trivial, as in the most important phases of life!

I therefore quit the subject with a humiliating sense of my utter incompetency to do it entire justice. I weep and wonder—my very soul thrills with the pathos

of woman's martyr position on the earth and her volunteer sufferings above all. But I would vainly attempt to utter all I feel. I must leave it to each bearded fellow-creature, as he walks through the wilderness of this world, to behold with a sympathising eye and spirit an endurance so affecting, and endeavour to compensate it, to the individual sufferers within his reach, by every consolation and every reward he may have it in his power to bestow.

THE YOUNGEST BRITISH COLONY.

WHICH is the youngest British colony? Simple as the question seems, it may be doubted, considering the remarkable increase of late years in the number of John Bull's colonial progeny, whether the most experienced red-tapist of Downing Street could answer it without some hesitation. At least a dozen infant communities occur at once to the recollection. There is Port Phillip, lately rechristened by the royal name of Victoria, and now seemingly in a fair way to be smothered in its cradle by a deluge of gold-dust. There is the Hudson's Bay Company's little Cinderella of Vancouver's Island, with its neglected coal-mines, and other mineral riches. Then we have the precocious 'Canterbury' pet, the 'young Virginia' of New Zealand. Nor must we forget the storm-vexed colony of Labuan, ushered into existence amid typhoons and parliamentary debates—nor the small castaways, growing up in secluded islets and corners—in the Falkland Islands, the Auckland Islands, on the Mosquito Shore, and in the far Eastern Seas. It is in one of these directions that most persons would probably be inclined to cast an inquiring glance before attempting to answer the question with which these remarks are prefaced. It is not likely that many would at once be able to recall to mind the fact, that an important British colony, dating its official existence from the 22d of March 1851, has suddenly sprung up in the interior of Africa—a colony already possessing an efficient legislature, a handsome revenue, and several flourishing towns, with churches, schools, a respectable press, and other adjuncts, of civilisation. A brief description of this remarkable colony may serve to awaken for it an interest which its future progress, if at all corresponding with the past, will probably keep alive.

There is some difficulty in describing the 'Orange River Sovereignty'—for such is the long and rather awkward name by which this settlement is now known—so as to convey a correct idea of its situation without the aid of a map. That the Cape Colony occupies the southern coast of the African continent, and that the colony of Natal is on the south-eastern coast, are facts of which few readers will need to be reminded. Will it, then, be sufficient to say, that the 'sovereignty' in question is situated in the interior, between these two colonies, having the Cape on the south, and Natal on the east? It will be necessary to refer briefly to the manner in which it acquired its rank as a colony, and its peculiar name. Just two hundred years ago, in the year 1652, the Cape Colony was founded by the Dutch; and about fifty years ago, it came into the possession of our own government. During these two centuries, the colony has been constantly extending itself towards the east and north, just as the British settlements in North America, which were founded about the same time, have been ever since extending their borders towards the west and south, or as the settlements of Eastern Australia have been spreading to the west, south, and north. It is a natural movement of colonisation, and there seems to be no means of checking it, even if any advantage were to be gained by doing so.

As the American backwoodsmen, in their progress westward, reached at last the boundary-streams—as they were once considered—of the Mississippi and the Ohio, so the South-African colonists gradually found

their way to the great Orange River, which, flowing nearly across the continent, from east to west, formed a sort of natural limit to the old colony. But beyond this boundary, extensive plains and undulating downs, covered with nutritious herbage like the American prairies, spread out invitingly towards the distant northern horizon. The exterminating wars among the native tribes had left these grassy plains almost wholly unoccupied. You might travel over them for days without meeting a human being, or any traces of human possession, except here and there the decaying huts and bleaching skeletons of the former inhabitants. The feeble remnants of these tribes had sought refuge in the recesses of the neighbouring mountains, where some of them, in their dire extremity, sustained a horrid existence by cannibalism, which revolting custom still further diminished their numbers, and has only recently been suppressed. The Cape 'boers,' or farmers, rich as the patriarchs of old in cattle and sheep, and straitened like them for pasture, gradually found their way over the river into these fruitful and vacant plains. At first, they crossed only in small numbers, and with no intention of remaining permanently. But the abolition of slavery, the mismanaged Caffre wars, and some unpopular measures of the Cape government, suddenly gave a great impulse to the emigration.

About fifteen years ago, some thousands of Dutch colonists sold their farms, packed their household gear in their huge capacious wagons, and with their wives and children—in all, at least 10,000 souls—accompanied by myriads of cattle, sheep, and horses, crossed the Orange River, and plunged into the vast wilderness beyond. Some spread themselves over the rich pastures in the country lying immediately north of that river, and now forming the infant colony which is presently to be described. Others penetrated far to the north, forded the Vaal or Yellow River, and planted corn-fields and vineyards on the fertile slopes of the Kasha Mountains, where they still maintain themselves as a self-governed and thriving community. One small band of bold adventurers found their way to the verdant but fever-haunted plains about Delagoa Bay, whence the few survivors were presently driven by the destructive ravages of the pestilence. But the main column of the emigrants, turning to the right, crossed the lofty chain of the Drakenberg—the 'Rocky Mountains' of Africa—and descended into the well-watered valleys and woody lowlands of Natal. The romantic but melancholy story of the sufferings, the labours, the triumphs, and the reverses which filled up the subsequent years—how some of the emigrants were surprised and massacred by the jealous tribes of the interior, and others were treacherously slaughtered by their professed ally, the blood-thirsty chief of the Zulus—and how the exasperated survivors turned upon their assailants, broke their power, and scattered them; how they planted towns, formed a regular government, and set up an independent republic; all these, and many similar events, must be left for the future historians of South Africa to record. Neither is it necessary to refer here to the policy which led our government afterwards to extend its authority over the lands thus conquered and settled by the emigrants, or to the manner in which this authority, at first resisted, was finally established. Natal was thus made a British province in 1842. Many of the boers, naturally enough disliking the new government thus forced upon them, retraced their course over the Drakenberg, back into the upland plains of the interior. Here they were left pretty much to themselves, until the year 1848, when Sir Harry Smith proclaimed the extension of the Queen's supremacy over the whole of the territory situated between the Orange and Vaal Rivers; but, as has been already said, it was not until March of last year that this acquisition was finally sanctioned, and the new colony established by an act of the imperial government.

The Vaal River—sometimes called the Nu Gariep, and sometimes the Yellow River—is the principal tributary of the Orange River; indeed, it is so large an affluent, that some geographers have doubted, as in the case of the Mississippi and the Missouri, which should properly be considered the main stream. These rivers, the Orange and the Vaal, rising near together in the Drakenberg chain, take a wide circuit, the one to the south-west, the other to the north-west, and flow each a distance of about 400 miles before their junction. The territory which they thus enclose is nearly as large as England, comprising between 40,000 and 50,000 square miles. It is inhabited by about 80,000 natives, of various Bechnana, Namaqua, and half-caste tribes, and by some 15,000 or 20,000 colonists of European origin. Over all these inhabitants, colonists and natives, the British sovereignty has been proclaimed. Subject to this supremacy, the native chiefs and tribes are still left to manage their own affairs, according to their original laws and customs. But in order to indicate clearly and decisively the fact, that the royal authority is now paramount in this region whenever Her Majesty's government chooses to exert it, the name of the Orange River Sovereignty has been given to the whole territory.

The portion of this territory which is properly a British settlement—or, in other words, which is inhabited by Dutch and English colonists, is in extent about two-thirds of the whole. It is subdivided into four districts, for each of which a stipendiary magistrate has been appointed. These magistrates, with eight unofficial members of council—who are all respectable landowners—form, in conjunction with the 'British resident,' the legislature of the colony. The title of the Resident is borrowed from the official system of India, and was originally given to him when acting as a government commissioner for the protection of the native tribes; but his office is at present simply that of a colonial governor.

The extensive country which is thus governed, cannot be better described than in the words of Sir Harry Smith, who, in a dispatch written in January 1848, gives the following account of the whole region, which he had just traversed, on his way from the Cape to Natal. He describes it as 'a country well fitted for the pasturage of cattle, and covered in every direction with large game. It is, he adds, 'strongly undulating; and although badly watered, well adapted for the construction of dams; and, the soil being generally rich, it is capable, if irrigated, of producing every species of grain. It is miserably destitute of trees, frequently even of bush, and is thickly studded with abrupt and isolated hills, whose height frequently approaches that of mountains. Over the greater part of this tract of country, not a single native is to be seen; nor for many years, if ever, has it been inhabited by one. The gardens of the emigrants (boers) are in many places very good; their houses miserable, as they have been deterred from exhausting their little remaining capital by building on a doubtful and precarious tenure. That objection to the increase of their comfort, if the word be applicable, will now, I trust, be happily removed.' The absence of trees, of which Sir Harry speaks, is believed to have originated from the same cause which occasions a similar want in the prairies of America—that is, the native custom of burning down the grass every winter, to fertilise the soil. Where trees have been planted recently, they have grown well. The apple, pear, peach, and other fruit-trees of temperate climates, are found to thrive and produce abundantly. The whole country, it should be added, is a great plateau, elevated 2000 or 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is, therefore, cooler than in Natal, which is situated in the same latitude, but at a lower elevation.

It was not till Sir Harry Smith had thus proclaimed

the royal supremacy, in 1848, that English colonists began to establish themselves in any considerable numbers in the country. But they then soon found their way thither, principally as traders, and settled in the new towns which quickly sprang up in the several districts. Bloem Fontein, the capital, is now almost wholly an English town. It has its municipality; its weekly newspaper—printed in English and Dutch; its English and 'Dutch Reformed' churches, and Wesleyan Chapel; its government school; its market; and various other appurtenances of a flourishing town, all of which have come into existence since Sir Harry Smith made his flying visit to the province in 1848, and proclaimed it subject to Her Majesty's supremacy. Such magic resides in a British governor's proclamation!

But the growth of Bloem Fontein, rapid as it has been, is not so striking as that of another town. There is a well-known story of a traveller, in a newly-settled part of North America, inquiring his way at a lonely hut to a 'city' which made a conspicuous figure in some land-speculator's map, and receiving the startling information, that he was then standing in the principal square. An adventure of much the same nature befell a traveller in South Africa, who, in February 1850, attempted, while on his way from Bloem Fontein to Natal, to discover the newly-founded town of Harrismith.

'At length,' he writes, 'having reached the eastern side of the mountain, I halted, and determined to go in search of this new-born town—a future city in our vast empire. Taking my attendant, Andries, with me, we proceeded to an elevation, where I felt sure it must come into view. We were disappointed. Not a spire, nor chimney, nor hut could be seen; and so we walked on towards another elevation. On our way, we came to an emigrant settler, busily employed in brick-making; and from him I learned that we had taken the left-hand road instead of the right, after we passed the last stream. We were about a mile from the spot marked out as the town, but no houses are built, nor are any persons residing there; so I did not deem it worth while to proceed further in that direction.' In May of the same year, 'two or three houses' are reported to have been built; in 1851, they are springing up rapidly; and at the latest date, the 9th of last January, we hear of an actual flourishing little town, with school-house, flour-mill, and bustling and increasing trade.

The progressing town, however, had its difficulties, both physical and political, to contend with. The correspondent has to report, that 'the postal arrangements still continue unsatisfactory and vexatious, no post having been received from Bloem Fontein for the last two months; and,' he indignantly adds, 'to make matters worse, the late magistrate's clerk and post-master has resigned, owing to grave charges having been preferred against him by a party faction who would rule public opinion.' But he consoles himself with the judicious reflection, that 'time and imported respectable intelligence will remedy this unhappy state of things, in the changes which small communities undergo.' It is satisfactory to learn, that in spite of the machinations of faction, the citizens managed to enjoy themselves when a suitable occasion offered. 'New-Year's Day,' we are told, 'was celebrated with more than ordinary spirit. A shooting-match took place, after which a public supper and quadrille-party came off, which finished the pleasures of the day. The next day, lovers of the turf had their enjoyment in the establishment of races.' And then we have, duly recorded in the well-known *Racing-Calendar* style, the fortunes of the competitors, for the 'Untried' Cup, the 'Harrismith Plate,' the 'Ladies' Purse,' and the 'Hack-Race;' and it is stated that 'one of the horses was sold immediately after the races for L.40,' which would seem to be considered a high figure in that region. It is further announced, 'that another year will probably

see the establishment of a fair, which will give our interior farmers and friends an opportunity of rendering a journey to Harrismith both profitable and pleasurable, as such an occasion will doubtless attract buyers of cattle, horses, sheep, wool, butter, tallow, grain, &c., from Natal.' And the correspondent is 'happy to state, that several farmers are settling upon their farms in the neighbourhood of the town, which will tend to give confidence, and increase the value of land in its vicinity.'

Thus, in less than two years, a real, bustling, hopeful little town had sprung into existence, with all the genuine characteristics of an English community. Education and trade, races and quadrilles, were already flourishing. The well-known political parties, the Buffs and the Blues, the foes of corruption and the friends of established institutions, were already arraying themselves in hostile ranks. In two years more, we may expect to receive the first numbers of the *Harrismith Gazette* and the *Harrismith Independent*, the 'organs' of the respective parties; and to learn through their valuable columns, that the 'Harrismith Agricultural and Commercial Bank' has declared its first annual dividend of 10 per cent., and that the new 'Harrismith Assembly-Rooms' were thrown open, on the auspicious anniversary of the royal birthday, to a large and select assemblage of the rank, fashion, and beauty of the city and its neighbourhood.

The writer from whose letter some of the foregoing quotations are made, strongly recommends that the government should offer 'unstinted encouragement and liberal assistance' to promote emigration from Great Britain; and considers that, if this were done, 'thousands of hardy English and Scotch farmers would avail themselves of the advantages which the country offers.' This is possible; but at the same time, it should be known, that the excitement among the native tribes, caused by the war in Caffreland, had extended across the Orange River into the sovereignty, and that much confusion, and, unfortunately, some bloodshed, had ensued. These disorders, it is true, were only local; but it is evident that the neighbourhood of some 80,000 barbarians must, for some time to come, be a source of considerable embarrassment and danger to all settlers in the new colony. In time, no doubt, with the progress of civilisation, this danger will be removed; and the natives may become, as in New Zealand, a source of wealth to the colony, as useful labourers—like the 'skipping Caffres' under the brickmaker's instructions, or peaceful cultivators of the soil. At present, however, the peril from this source is so evident and so serious, that a warning reference to it could not with propriety be omitted in any description of this otherwise promising settlement.

THE SECRET.

JEAN BAPTISTE VÉRON, a native, it was understood, of the south of France, established himself as a merchant at Havre-de-Grâce in 1788, being then a widower with one child, a young boy. The new-comer's place of business was on the south quay, about a hundred yards west of the custom-house. He had brought letters of high recommendation from several eminent Paris firms; his capital was ascertained to be large; and soon, moreover, approving himself to be a man of keen mercantile discernment, and measured, peremptory, unswerving business habits, it is not surprising that his commercial transactions speedily took a wide range, or that, at the end of about fifteen years, M. Véron was pronounced by general consent to be the wealthiest merchant of the commercial capital of northern France. He was never, albeit, much of a favourite with any class of society: his manner was too brusque, decided, unbending—his speech too short, frequently too bitter, for that; but he managed to get

his course in very difficult times quite as safely as those who put themselves to great pains and charges to obtain popularity. He never expressed—publicly at least—any preference for Royalism, Republicanism, or Imperialism; for fleur-de-lis, bonnet-rouge, or tricolore: in short, Jean Baptiste Véron was a stern, taciturn, self-absorbed man of business; and as nothing else was universally concluded, till the installation of a quasi legitimacy by Napoleon Bonaparte, when a circumstance, slight in itself, gave a clearer significance to the cold, haughty, repellent expression which played habitually about the merchant's gray, deep-set eyes, and thin, firmly-compressed lips. His newly-engraved private card read thus:—'J. B. de Véron, *Mon Séjour*, Ingouville.' *Mon Séjour* was a charming suburban domicile, situate upon the Côte, as it is usually termed—a sloping eminence on the north of Le Havre, which it commands, and now dotted with similar residences, but at the period we are writing of, very sparsely built upon. Not long after this assumption of the aristocratic prefix to his name, it was discovered that he had insinuated himself into the very narrow and exclusive circle of the De Mérodes, who were an unquestionable fragment of the old noblesse, damaged, it is true, almost irretrievably in purse, as their modest establishment on the Côte too plainly testified; but in pedigree as untainted and resplendent as in the palmiest days of the Capets. As the Chevalier de Mérode and his daughter Mademoiselle Henriette-Delphine-Hortense-Marie-Chasse-Loup de Mérode—described as a tall, fair, and extremely meagre damsel, of about thirty years of age—were known to be rigidly uncompromising in all matters having reference to ancestry, it was concluded that Jean Baptiste de Véron had been able to satisfy his noble friends, that although *de facto* a merchant from the sad necessities of the evil time, he was *de jure* entitled to take rank and precedence with the illustrious though decayed nobility of France. It might be, too, as envious gossips whispered, that any slight flaw or break in the chain of De Véron's patrician descent, had been concealed or overlooked in the glitter of his wealth, more especially if it was true, as rumour presently began to circulate, that the immense sum—in French eyes and ears—of 300,000 francs (L.12,000) was to be settled upon Mademoiselle de Mérode and her heirs on the day which should see her united in holy wedlock with Eugène de Véron, by this time a fine-looking young man, of one or two-and-twenty, and, like thirty-nine in every hundred of the youth of France, strongly prejudiced against the pretensions of mere birth and hereditary distinction.

Rumour in this instance was correctly informed. 'Eugène,' said M. de Véron, addressing his son in his usual cold positive manner, and at the same time locking his private *écritoire*, the hand of the clock being just on the stroke of five, the hour for closing—'I have a matter of importance to inform you of. All differences between me and the Chevalier de Mérode relative to your marriage with his daughter, Mademoiselle de Mérode, are—'

'Hein!' ejaculated Eugène, suddenly whirling round upon his stool, and confronting his father. 'Hein!'

'All differences, I say,' resumed M. de Véron with untroubled calm and decision, 'between myself and the chevalier are arranged à l'amiable; and the contract of marriage will be ready, for you and Mademoiselle de Mérode's signature, on Monday next at two precisely.'

'Mine and Mademoiselle de Mérode's!' repeated the astounded son, who seemed half doubtful whether he saw or heard aright.

'Yes. No wonder you are surprised. So distinguished a connection could hardly, under the circumstances, have been hoped for; and it would have been cruel to have given you any intimation on the subject whilst there was a chance of the negotiation issuing unfavourably. Your wife and you will, for the present, at

all events, take up your abode at *Mon Séjour*; and I must consequently look out at once for a smaller, a more bachelor-suited residence.'

'My wife and me!' echoed Véron junior with the same air of stupid amazement as before—'My wife and me!' Recovering a little, he added: 'Confound it, there must be some mistake here. Do you know, *mon père*, that this Mademoiselle de Mérode is not at all to my taste? I would as soon marry'—

'No folly, Eugène, if you please,' interrupted M. de Véron. 'The affair, as I have told you, is decided. You will marry Mademoiselle de Mérode; or if not, he added with iron inflexibility of tone and manner—'Eugène de Véron is likely to benefit very little by his father's wealth, which the said Eugène will do well to remember is of a kind not very difficult of transference beyond the range of the law of inheritance which prevails in France. The leprosy of the Revolution,' continued M. de Véron as he rose and put on his hat, 'may indeed be said to have polluted our very hearths, when we find children setting up their opinions, and likings and dislikings, forsooth! against their fathers' decision, in a matter so entirely within the parental jurisdiction as that of a son or daughter's marriage.'

Eugène did not reply; and after assisting his father—who limped a little in consequence of having severely sprained his ankle some eight or ten days previously—to a light one-horse carriage in waiting outside, he returned to the office, and resumed his seat, still in a maze of confusion, doubt, and dismay. 'How could,' he incoherently muttered—'how could my father—how could anybody suppose that—How could he especially be so blind as not to have long ago perceived—What a contrast!' added Eugène de Véron jumping up, breaking into passionate speech, and his eyes sparkling as if he was actually in presence of the dark-eyed divinity whose image filled his brain and loosed his tongue—'what a contrast! Adeline, young, roseate, beautiful as Spring, lustrous as Juno, graceful as Hebe! Oh, *par exemple*, Mademoiselle de Mérode, you, with your high blood and skinny bones, must excuse me. And poor, too, poor as Adeline! Decidedly, the old gentleman must be crazed, and—and let me see—Ay, to be sure, I must confer with Edouard at once.'

Eugène de Véron had only one flight of stairs to ascend in order to obtain this conference, Edouard le Blanc, the brother of Adeline, being a principal clerk in the establishment. Edouard le Blanc readily and sincerely condoled with his friend upon the sudden obscuration of his and Adeline's hopes, adding that he had always felt a strong misgiving upon the subject; and after a lugubrious dialogue, during which the clerk hinted nervously at a circumstance which, looking at the unpleasant turn matters were taking, might prove of terrible import—a nervousness but very partially relieved by Eugène's assurance, that, come what may, he would take the responsibility in that particular entirely upon himself, as, indeed, he was bound to do—the friends left the office, and wended their way to Madame le Blanc's, Ingouville. There the lover forgot, in Adeline's gay exhilarating presence and conversation, the recent ominous and exasperating communication from his father; while Edouard proceeded to take immediate counsel with his mother upon the altered aspect of affairs, not only as regarded Adeline and Eugène de Véron, but more particularly himself, Edouard le Blanc.

Ten minutes had hardly passed by ordinary reckoning—barely one by Eugène de Véron's—when his interview with the charming Adeline was rudely broken in upon by Madame le Blanc, a shrewd, prudent woman of the world, albeit that in this affair she had somewhat lost her balance, tempted by the glittering prize offered for her daughter's acceptance, and for a time apparently within her reach. The mother's tone and manner

were stern and peremptory. 'Have the kindness, Monsieur Eugène de Véron, to bid Adeline adieu at once. I have a serious matter to talk over with you alone. Come!'

Adeline was extremely startled at hearing her rich lover thus addressed, and the carnation of her glowing cheeks faded at once to lily paleness, whilst Eugène's features flushed as quickly to deepest crimson. He stammered out his willingness to attend madame immediately, and hastily kissing Adeline's hand, followed the unwelcome intruder to another room.

'So, Monsieur Eugène,' began Madame le Blanc, 'this ridiculous wooing—of which, as you know, I never heartily approved—is at an end. You are, I hear, to marry Mademoiselle de Mérode in the early part of next week.'

'Madame le Blanc,' exclaimed the young man, 'what is it you are saying? I marry Mademoiselle de Mérode next or any other week! I swear to you, by all that is true and sacred, that I will be torn in pieces by wild horses before I break faith with!'

'Chut! chut!' interrupted Madame le Blanc; 'you may spare your oaths. The sentimental bavardage of boys in love will be lost upon me. You will, as you ought, espouse Mademoiselle de Mérode, who is, I am told, a very superior and amiable person; and as to Adeline, she will console herself. A girl with her advantages will always be able to marry sufficiently well, though not into the family of a millionaire. But my present business with you, Monsieur Eugène de Véron, relates to a different and much more important matter. Edouard has just confided to me a very painful circumstance. You have induced him to commit not only a weak but a highly criminal act: he has let you have, without Monsieur de Véron's consent or knowledge, two thousand francs, upon the assurance that you would either reimburse that sum before his accounts were balanced, or arrange the matter satisfactorily with your father.'

'But, Madame le Blanc—'

'Neither of which alternatives,' persisted that lady, 'I very plainly perceive, you will be able to fulfil, unless you comply with Monsieur de Véron's wishes; and if you have any real regard for Adeline, you will signify that acquiescence without delay, for her brother's ruin would in a moral sense be hers also. Part of the money has, I understand, been squandered on the presents you have made her: they shall be returned.'

'Madame le Blanc,' exclaimed the excited young man, 'you will drive me mad! I cannot, will not give up Adeline; and as for the paltry sum of money you speak of—my money as it may fairly be considered—that shall be returned to-morrow morning.'

Madame le Blanc did not speak for a few seconds, and then said: 'Very well, mind you keep your promise. To-morrow is, you are aware, the Fête Dieu: we have promised Madame Carson of the Grande Rue to pass the afternoon and evening at her house, where we shall have a good view of the procession. Do you and Edouard call on us there, as soon as the affair is arranged. I will not detain you longer at present. Adieu! Stay, stay—by this door, if you please. I cannot permit you to see Adeline again, at all events till this money transaction is definitively settled.'

'As you have now slept upon the proposal I communicated to you yesterday afternoon,' said M. de Véron, addressing his son on the following morning at the conclusion of a silent breakfast—'you may perhaps be prepared with a more fitting answer than you were then?'

Eugène warmly protested his anxiety to obey all his father's reasonable commands; but in this case compliance was simply impossible, forasmuch as he, Eugène, had already irrevocably pledged his word, his heart, his honour, in another quarter, and could not, therefore, nay, would not, consent to poison his future existence

by uniting himself with Mademoiselle de Mérode, for whom, indeed, he felt the profoundest esteem, but not the slightest emotion of affection or regard.

'Your word, your honour, your heart—you should have added your fortune,' replied M. de Véron with frigid, slowly-distilled, sarcastic bitterness—'are irrevocably engaged, are they, to Adeline le Blanc, sister of my collecting clerk—daughter of a deceased sous-lieutenant of the line?'

'Of the Imperial Guard,' interposed Eugène.

'Who aids her mother to eke out a scanty pension by embroidery?'

'Very superior, artistic embroidery,' again interjected the son.

'Be it so. I have not been quite so unobservant, Eugène, of certain incidents, as you and your friends appear to have supposed. But time proves all things, and the De Mérodes and I can wait.'

Nothing further passed till M. de Véron rose to leave the room, when his son, with heightened colour and trembling speech, although especially aiming at a careless indifference of tone and manner, said: 'Sir—sir—one word, if you please. I have a slight favour to ask. There are a few debts, to the amount of about two thousand francs, which I wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact.'

'Debts to the amount of about two thousand francs, which you wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact,' slowly repeated De Véron, fixing on his son a triumphant, mocking glance, admirably seconded by the curve of his thin white lips. 'Well, let the bills be sent to me. If correct and fair, they shall be paid.'

'But—but, father, one, the chief item, is a debt of honour!'

'Indeed! Then your honour is pledged to others besides Mademoiselle la brodeuse? I have only to say, that in that case I will not assist you.' Having said this, M. de Véron, quite regardless of his son's angry expostulations, limped out of the apartment, and shortly after, the sound of carriage-wheels announced his departure to Le Havre. Eugène, about an hour afterwards followed, vainly striving to calm his apprehensions by the hope, that before the day for balancing Edouard's accounts arrived, he should find his father in a more Christian-like and generous mood, or, at anyrate, hit upon some means of raising the money.

The day, like the gorgeous procession that swept through the crowded streets, passed slowly and uninterruptedly away in M. de Véron's place of business, till about half-past four, when that gentleman directed a porter, who was leaving the private office, to inform M. le Blanc, that he, M. de Véron, wished to speak with him immediately. On hearing this order, Eugène looked quickly up from the desk at which he was engaged, to his father's face; but he discerned nothing on that impassive tablet either to dissipate or confirm his fear.

'Edouard le Blanc,' said M. de Véron with mild suavity of voice the instant the summoned clerk presented himself, 'it so chances that I have no further occasion for your services.'

'Sir!—sir!' gasped the terrified young man.

'You are,' continued M. de Véron, 'entitled to a month's salary, in lieu of that period of notice—one hundred francs, with which you may credit yourself in the cash account you will please to balance and bring me as quickly as possible.'

'Sir!—sir!' again bewilderedly iterated the panic-stricken clerk, as he turned distractedly from father to son—'Sir!'

'My words are plain enough, I think,' observed M. de Véron, coolly tapping and opening his snuff-box from which he helped himself to a hearty pinch. 'You are discharged with one hundred francs, a month's salary in lieu of warning, in your pocket. You have now only to bring your accounts; they are correct, of

course; I, finding them so, sign your *livret*, and there is an end of the matter.'

Edouard le Blanc made a step or two towards the door, and then, as if overwhelmed with a sense of the hopelessness of further concealment, turned round, threw himself with a cry of terror and despair at M. de Véron's feet, and poured forth a wild, sobbing, scarcely intelligible confession of the fault or crime of which he had been guilty, through the solicitations of M. Eugène, who had, he averred, received every farthing of the amount in which he, Edouard le Blanc, acknowledged himself to be a defaulter.

'Yes!—yes!' exclaimed the son; 'Edouard gave the money into my hands, and if there is any blame, it is mine alone.'

M. de Véron listened with a stolid, stony apathy to all this, save for a slight glimmer of triumph that, spite of himself, shone out at the corners of his half-closed eyes. When the young man had ceased sobbing and exclaiming, he said: 'You admit, Edouard le Blanc, that you have robbed me of nearly two thousand francs, at, you say, the solicitation of my son—an excuse, you must be aware, of not the slightest legal weight; no more than if your pretty sister, Mademoiselle Adeline, who, I must be permitted to observe, is not altogether, I suspect, a stranger to this affair—Hear me out, Messieurs, if you please: I say your excuse has no more legal validity, than if your sister had counselled you to commit this felony. Now, mark me, young man: it is just upon five o'clock. At half-past seven precisely, I shall go before a magistrate, and cause a warrant to be issued for your apprehension. To-morrow morning, consequently, the brother of Mademoiselle le Blanc will either be an incarcerated felon, or, which will suit me just as well, a proclaimed fugitive from justice.'

'One moment—one word, for the love of Heaven, before you go!' exclaimed Eugène. 'Is there any mode, any means whereby Edouard may be rescued from this frightful, this unmerited calamity—this irretrievable ruin?'

'Yes,' rejoined M. de Véron, pausing for an instant on the outer threshold, 'there is one mode, Eugène, and only one. What it is, you do not require to be told. I shall dine in town to-day; at seven, I shall look in at the church of Notre Dame, and remain there precisely twenty minutes. After that, repentance will be too late.'

Eugène was in despair, for it was quite clear that Adeline must be given up—Adeline, whose myriad charms and graces rose upon his imagination in ten-fold greater lustre than before, now that he was about to lose her for ever! But there was plainly no help for it; and after a brief, agitated consultation, the young men left the office to join Madame and Mademoiselle le Blanc at the Widow Carson's, in the Grande Rue, or Rue de Paris, as the only decent street in Havre-de-Grâce was at that time indifferently named, both for the purpose of communicating the untoward state of affairs, and that Eugène might take a lingering, last farewell of Adeline.

Before accompanying them thither, it is necessary to say a few words of this Madame Carson, who is about to play a very singular part in this little drama. She was a gay, well-looking, symmetrically-shaped young widow, who kept a confectioner's shop in the said Grande Rue, and officiated as her own *dame du comptoir*. Her good-looks, coquettishly-gracious smiles, and unvarying good temper, rendered her establishment much more attractive—it was by no means a brilliant affair in itself—than it would otherwise have been. Madame Carson was, in a tacit, quiet kind of way, engaged to Edouard le Blanc—that is to say, she intended marrying him as soon as their mutual savings should justify such a step; and provided, also, that no more eligible offer wooed her acceptance in the meantime. M. de

Véron himself was frequently in the habit of calling, on his way to or from Mon Séjour, for a pâté and a little lively badinage with the comely widow; and so frequently, at one time, that Edouard le Blanc was half-inclined—to Madame Carson's infinite amusement—to be jealous of the rich, though elderly merchant's formal and elaborate courtesies. It was on leaving her shop that he had slipped and sprained his ankle. M. de Véron fainted with the extreme pain, was carried in that state into the little parlour behind the shop, and had not yet recovered consciousness when the apothecary, whom Madame Carson had despatched her little waiting-maid-of-all-work in quest of, entered to tender his assistance. This is all, I think, that needs be said, in a preliminary way, of Madame Carson.

Of course, the tidings brought by Eugène and Edouard very painfully affected Mademoiselle le Blanc; but being a very sensible, as well as remarkably handsome young person, she soon rallied, and insisted, quite as warmly as her mother did, that the sacrifice necessary to relieve Edouard from the peril which environed him—painful, heartbreaking as that sacrifice might be—must be submitted to without reserve or delay. In other words, that M. de Véron, junior, must consent to espouse Mademoiselle de Mérode, and forthwith inform his father that he was ready to sign the nuptial-contract that moment if necessary. Poor Eugène, who was really over head and ears in love, and more so just then than ever, piteously lamented his own cruel fate, and passionately denounced the tiger-heartedness of his barbarian father; but as tears and reproaches could avail nothing in such a strait, he finally submitted to the general award, and agreed to announce his submission to M. de Véron at the church of Notre Dame, not a moment later, both ladies insisted, than five minutes past seven.

Madame Carson was not at home all this while. She had gone to church, and after devotions, called on her way back on one or two friends for a little gossip, so that it wanted only about a quarter to seven when she reappeared. Of course the lamentable story had to be told over again, with all its dismal accompaniments of tears, sighs, and plaintive ejaculations; and it was curious to observe, as the narrative proceeded, how the widow's charming eyes flashed and sparkled, and her cheeks glowed with indignation, till she looked, to use Edouard le Blanc's expression, 'ferociously' handsome. 'Le monstre!' she exclaimed, as Eugène terminated the sad history, gathering up as she spoke the shawl and gloves she had just before put off; 'but I shall see him at once: I have influence with this Monsieur de Véron.'

'Nonsense, Emilie,' said Madame le Blanc. 'You possess influence over Monsieur de Véron!'

'Certainly I do. And is that such a miracle?' replied Madame Carson with a demure glance at Edouard le Blanc. Edouard looked somewhat scared, but managed to say: 'Not at all, certainly not; but this man's heart is iron—steel.'

'We shall see,' said the fair widow, as she finished drawing on her gloves. 'La grande passion is sometimes stronger than iron or steel: is it not Monsieur Eugène? At all events, I shall try. He is in the church, you say. Very well, if I fail—but I am sure I shall not fail—I return in ten minutes, and that will leave Mademoiselle Adeline's despairing lover plenty of time to make his submission, if better may not be; and so au revoir, Mesdames et Messieurs.'

'What can she mean?' said Madame le Blanc as the door closed. 'I have noticed, once or twice during the last fortnight, that she has made use of strange half-hints relative to Monsieur de Véron.'

'I don't know what she can mean,' said Edouard le Blanc, seizing his hat and hurrying off; 'but I shall follow, and strive to ascertain.'

He was just in time to catch a glimpse of Madame Carson's skirts as they whisked round the corner of

the Rue St Jacques, and by quickening his speed, he saw her enter the church from that street. Notre Dame was crowded; but Edouard le Blanc had no difficulty in singling out M. de Véron, who was sitting in his accustomed chair, somewhat removed from the mass of worshippers, on the left of the high altar; and presently he discerned Madame Carson gently and adroitly making her way through the crowd towards him. The instant she was near enough, she tapped him slightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly, and stared with a haughty, questioning glance at the smiling confectioner. There was no *grande passion* in that look, Edouard felt quite satisfied, and Madame Carson's conduct seemed more than ever unintelligible. She appeared to say something, which was replied to by an impatient gesture of refusal, and M. de Véron turned again towards the altar. Madame Carson next approached close to his chair, and bending down, whispered in his ear, for perhaps a minute. As she did so, M. de Véron's body rose slowly up, involuntarily as it were, and stiffened into rigidity, as if under the influence of some frightful spell. Forcing himself at last, it seemed, to confront the whisperer, he no sooner caught her eye than he reeled, like one struck by a heavy blow, against the pedestal of a saint, whose stony features looked less white and bloodless than his own. Madame Carson contemplated the effect she had produced with a kind of pride for a few moments, and then, with a slight but peremptory wave of her hand, motioned him to follow her out of the sacred edifice. M. de Véron hastily, though with staggering steps, obeyed; Edouard le Blanc crossing the church and reaching the street just soon enough to see them both driven off in M. de Véron's carriage.

Edouard hurried back to the Grande Rue to report what he had witnessed; and what could be the interpretation of the inexplicable scene, engrossed the inventive faculties of all there, till they were thoroughly tired of their wild and aimless guesses. Eight o'clock chimed—nine—ten—and they were all, Edouard especially, working themselves into a complete panic of undefinable apprehension, when, to their great relief, M. de Véron's carriage drew up before the door. The first person to alight was M. Bourdon, a notary of eminence; next M. de Véron, who handed out Madame Carson; and all three walked through the shop into the back-apartment. The notary wore his usual business aspect, and had in his hands two rolls of thickly-written parchment, which he placed upon the table, and at once began to spread out. M. de Véron had the air of a man walking in a dream, and subdued, mastered by some overpowering, nameless terror; while Madame Carson, though pale with excitement, was evidently highly elated, and, to use a French phrase, completely 'mistress of the situation.' She was the first to break silence.

'Monsieur de Véron has been kind enough, Edouard, to explain, in the presence of Monsieur Bourdon, the mistake in the accounts he was disposed to charge you with to-day. He quite remembers, now, having received two thousand francs from you, for which, in his hurry at the time, he gave you no voucher. Is not that so, Monsieur de Véron?' she added, again fixing on the merchant the same menacing look that Le Blanc had noticed in the church.

'Yes, yes,' was the quick reply of M. de Véron, who vainly attempted to look the astounded clerk in the face. 'The mistake was mine. Your accounts are quite correct, Monsieur le Blanc; and—and I shall be glad, of course, to see you at the office as usual.'

'That is well,' said Madame Carson; 'and now, Monsieur Bourdon, to business, if you please. Those documents will not take so long to read as they did to write.'

The notary smiled, and immediately began reading a marriage-contract between Eugène de Véron and

Adéline le Blanc, by which it appeared that the union of those young persons was joyfully acceded to by Jean Baptiste de Véron and Marie le Blanc, their parents—the said Jean Baptiste de Véron binding himself formally to endow the bride and bridegroom jointly, on the day of marriage, with the sum of 300,000 francs, and, moreover, to admit his son as a partner in the business, thenceforth to be carried on under the name of De Véron & Son.

This contract was written in duplicate, and as soon as the notary had finished reading, Madame Carson handed a pen to M. de Véron, saying in the same light, coquettish, but peremptory tone as before: 'Now, Monsieur, quick, if you please: yours is the most important signature.' The merchant signed and sealed both parchments, and the other interested parties did the same, in silent, dumb bewilderment, broken only by the scratching of the pens and the legal words repeated after the notary. 'We need not detain you longer, Messieurs, I believe,' said Madame Carson. 'Bon soir, Monsieur de Véron,' she added, extending an ungloved hand to that gentleman, who faintly touched it with his lips; 'you will hear from me to-morrow.'

'What is the meaning of all this?' exclaimed Eugène de Véron, the instant his father and the notary disappeared. 'I positively feel as if standing upon my head!' A chorus of like interrogatories from the Le Blancs assailed Madame Carson, whose ringing bursts of mirth mocked for a time their impatience.

'Meaning, *parbleu!*' she at last replied, after pausing to catch breath. 'That is plain enough, surely. Did you not all see with what *empressement* the poor man kissed my hand? There, don't look so wretched, Edouard,' she added with a renewed outburst; 'perhaps I may have the caprice to prefer you after all to an elderly millionaire—who knows? But come, let us try to be a little calm and sensible. What I have done, good folks, I can as easily undo; and that being the case, Monsieur Eugène must sign me a bond to-morrow morning for fifty thousand francs, payable three days after his marriage. Is it agreed? Very well: then I keep these two parchments till the said bond is executed; and now, my friends, good-night, for I, as you may believe, am completely tired after all this benevolent fairy-work.'

The wedding took place on the next day but one, to the great astonishment of every one acquainted with the two families. It was also positively rumoured that M. de Véron had proposed marriage to Madame Carson, and been refused! Be this true or not, it was soon apparent that, from some cause or other, M. de Véron's health and spirits were irretrievably broken down, and after lingering out a mopish, secluded life of scarcely a twelvemonth's duration, that gentleman died suddenly at Mon Séjour. A clause in his will bequeathed 20,000 francs to Madame Carson, with an intimated hope, that it would be accepted as a pledge by that lady to respect, as she hitherto had done, the honour of an ancient family.

This pledge to secrecy would no doubt have been kept, but that rumours of poisoning and suicide, in connection with De Véron's death, having got abroad, the Procureur-Général ordered an investigation to take place. The suspicion proved groundless; but the *procès-verbal* set forth, that on examining the body of the deceased, there were discovered the letters 'I. de B.,' 'T. F.,' branded on the front of the left shoulder; the two last, initials of '*Travaux Forcés*' (forced labour), being large and very distinct. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the proud M. de Véron was an escaped *forçat*; and subsequent investigation, which was not, however, very strongly pressed, sufficiently proved that Jean Baptiste de Véron, the younger son of a high family, had in very early youth been addicted to wild courses; that he had gone to the colonies under a feigned name, to escape difficulties, at

home; and whilst at the Isle de Bourbon, had been convicted of premeditated homicide at a gaming-house, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment with hard labour. Contriving to escape, he had returned to France, and by the aid of a considerable legacy, commenced a prosperous mercantile career; how terminated, we have just seen. It was by pure accident, or what passes for such in the world, that Madame Carson had arrived at a knowledge of the terrible secret. When M. de Véron, after spraining his ankle, was carried in a state of insensibility into the room behind her shop, she had immediately busied herself in removing his neckcloth, unfastening his shirt, then a flannel one which fitted tightly round the neck, and thus obtained a glimpse of the branded letters 'T. F.' With her customary quickness of wit, she instantly replaced the shirts, neckcloth, &c., and carefully concealed the fatal knowledge she had acquired, till an opportunity of using it advantageously should present itself.

The foregoing are, I believe, all the reliable particulars known of a story of which there used to be half-a-hundred different versions flying about Le Havre. Edouard le Blanc married Madame Carson, and subsequently became a partner of Eugène de Véron. It was not long, however, before the business was removed to another and distant French seaport, where, for aught I know to the contrary, the firm of 'De Véron and Le Blanc' flourishes to this day.

BETTING-OFFICES.

'Betting-shop' is vulgar, and we dislike vulgarity. 'Commission Office,' 'Racing Bank,' 'Mr Hoppoite Green's Office,' 'Betting-Office,' are the styles of announcement adopted by speculators who open what low people call Betting-shops. The chosen designation is usually painted in gold letter on a chocolate-coloured wire-gauze blind, impervious to the view. A betting-office may display on its small show-board two bronzed plaster horses, rampant, held by two Ethiopian figures, nude; or it may prefer making a show of cigars. Many offices have risen out of simple cigar-shops. When this is the case, the tobacco business gives way, the slow trade and fast profession not running well together. An official appearance is always considered necessary. A partition, therefore, sufficiently high not to be peered over, runs midway across the shop, surmounted with a rail. By such means, visions are suggested to the intelligent mind of desks, clerks, and, if the beholder has sufficient imagination, of bankers' clerks. In the partition is an enlarged *pigeon-hole*—not far off, may be supposed to lurk the hawk—through which are received shillings, half-crowns; in fact, any kind of coin or notes, no sum appearing inadmissible. The office is papered with a warm crimson paper, to make it snug and comfortable, pleasant as a lounge, and casting a genial glow upon the proceedings.

But the betting-lists are the attraction—these are the dice of the betting-man: a section of one of the side-walls within the office is devoted to them. They consist of long strips of paper—each race having its own slip—on which are stated the odds against the horses. Hasty and anxious are the glances which the speculator casts at the betting-lists: he there sees which are the favourites; whether those he has backed are advancing or retrograding; and he endeavours to discover, by signs and testimonies, by all kinds of movements and dodges, the knowing one's opinion. He will drop fishing words to other gazers, will try to overhear whispered remarks, will sidle towards any jockey-legged or ecurial-costumed individual, and aim more especially at getting into the good graces of the betting-office keeper, who, when his business is slack, comes forth from behind the partition and from

the duties of the pigeon-hole, to stretch his legs and hold turf-converse. The betting-office keeper is the speculator's divinity.

The office itself is but the point where the ringing of the metal takes place, where the actual business is more bindingly entered into; but on great, or, as they are technically termed, grand days, there will occur—what will also apply, perhaps, occasionally to grand operas—very heavy operations. Large numbers of the speculators will collect, forming themselves into knots and groups on the pavement, and even in the roadway contiguous to the office. Here they appear a motley congregation, a curious agglomeration of seediness. Seediness is the prominent feature of the betting mass, as they are on such occasions collected—seediness of dress and of character. Yet amongst the groups are some better-looking kine, some who seem to fatten, and who costume themselves in fully-napped cloth, and boast of ostentatious pockets, and hats which advertise the owner as knowing a thing or two. These may be touters to the office: some may be victims, who have once won a stake. The latter now neglect their ordinary calling, and pass the whole of their time in the purlieus of betting-shops. As for the touters—betting-offices are not progressive without the aid of touters—they are gentlemen who have in their time worn many kinds of character, who have always existed one way or another on the very outskirts of honesty, till some fine morning a careless step brings them from that neutral ground into the domain of the law, where they are laid hold of. They do not disdain their adopted calling; they are not above assisting errand-boys to go in for large stakes; they tempt apothecaries' apprentices by prospects of being able to come out. They know likewise the best horses, and which are sure to win.

But there are numbers of willing, untutored betting-men, who go in of their own accord—'quite promiscuous.' They belong to the class of petty tradesmen, and perhaps there are steady workmen and comfortably income'd clerks among them; although it is the tradesmen who are most numerous, and who give colour to the whole body. There is Macwait, the cheap baker, he contributes his quota weekly to the betting-shop: he has a strong desire to touch a twenty-pound stake. Whetcoles, the potato salesman, has given up a lucrative addition to his regular business—the purveying of oysters—for the sake of having more time to attend the office. Nimblecut, the hairdresser, has been endeavouring to raise his charge for shaving one half-penny per chin, to be enabled to speculate more largely. Shavings, journeyman carpenter, calculates upon clearing considerably more by 'Sister to Swindler' than a year's interest from the savings-bank. There are thousands of similarly circumstanced speculators: they make a daily, if not more frequent promenade to the betting-office; and on the days when the races come off, they may be observed in shoals, nodding and winking knowingly as they pass one another. Some are seen with jocular countenances, and pass for pleasant fellows: they are impressed with the idea that their horses are looking up. In others, the jocular expression has passed away, and the philosophical observer sets them down as melancholy individuals, given to castigating their wives, and verging downwards.

Betting-men—those who take a pride in their profession—assume generally a looseness of style: there may be an appropriateness in this, considering the mercurial contents of their pockets. In walking, a freedom of gait, approaching the swagger, is generally adopted; cigar-smoking at the office door is considered respectable; hands may be inserted *ad libitum* in pockets, and a primary coloured 'kerchief worn mildly. The individual is usually seen by the observant public making up his book. But the

evidence of shrewdness consists in familiarity with the technicalities of turf-lore; without this, coxwains of no use. The better must be well up to the jockeys' names, and those of the horses—of the races they have run—of Day's stable—of Scott's ditto—must know when the cup or 2000-guinea stakes are run for. His vocabulary comprises such words as outsiders, winners, two-year old, lame ducks, and bad books. He sometimes talks loudly, although, for the most part, he delights in a close, earnest, confidential, suppressed tone. There is nothing a better prides himself on more than being in the possession of some, to the common herd, unattainable secret—something only to be obtained once in a lifetime, and then only after severe losses—a secret brought out by some train of fortuitous and most intricately-woven events. It comes through a line of ingenious, quickwitted, up-to-everything communicators, and is made known proximately to the fortunate possessor by a diplomatic potman, who waits in a room frequented by a groom, who pumped it out of a stable-boy, who—It is not improbable that the information has somewhat deteriorated in its journeyings through mews and along dung-heaps: it is possible, when it comes to be made use of, it may be found very expensive in its application.

The turf speculator must possess a frank and willing imagination: he must calculate upon his account at the betting-shop, as he would upon so much being to his credit at a banker's; he must consider the office cheques with which his pocket-book is overflowing, as at par with bank-notes; he need keep but little gold and silver, as it is far better to know that it is producing a highly-profitable percentage. Should he be visited by any momentary fits of depression, he may draw forth his portfolio, and gratify his eyes with the contemplation of certificates for fives, and twenties, and fifties.

We must not pass over a class of speculators who bet, and yet who are not true betting-men: they do not wish to be seen in betting-shops, yet cannot keep away. They are not loungers, for they may be observed passing along the thoroughfare seemingly with all desirable intentness upon their daily business; but they suddenly disappear as they arrive at the door of the betting-shop. These are your respectable men; worthy, solid, family men. But it is not easy to enter a betting-shop, and avoid rubbing against some clinging matter. Betting-men generally are not nice in their sensibilities; and perhaps on a fine Sunday morning, proceeding with his family to the parish church, our Pharisee may receive a tip from some unshaven, strong-countenanced *sans culotte*, which may cause his nerves to tingle for the rest of the day.

But there is also a light, flimsy, fly-away-kind of speculator, a May-day betting-man—a youth fresh, perhaps, from school and the country, with whom his friends have hardly yet made up their minds what to do—who is at present seeing as much as he can see of town, upon what he finds decidedly small means. He has an ambition to appear fast; has of course a great admiration for fast people; but is at present young and fresh-coloured, and cannot, with all his endeavours, make himself appear less innocent and good-natured than he is. He has strained his purse in a bet, has betted on a winning horse, and has won five pounds. This would perhaps have fixed him for life as a speculator; but the money burns in his pocket. Before he can make up his mind to lay out his winnings on fresh bets, he must have a Hansom for the day. He decorates himself in his light-coloured paletot, blue neck-tie, and last dickey—drives to Regent Street to purchase cigars—to an oyster-shop redolent of saw-dust and lobsters—rigs a very light pair of kids—drives to, and alarms by his fast appearance, a few of his friends, who forthwith write off long woolly letters to relations in the country. He is accordingly

cited to appear at home, where he becomes a respected local junior clerk in a Welsh mining company.

There are various kinds of betting-offices. Some are speculative, May-fly offices, open to-day and shut to-morrow—offices that will bet any way, and against anything—that will accommodate themselves to any odds—receive any sum they can get, small or large; and should a misfortune occur, such as the wrong horse winning, forget to open next day. These are but second-rate offices. The money-making, prosperous betting-office is quite a different thing. It is not advisable for concerns which intend making thousands in a few years, to pay the superintendents liberally, and to keep well-clothed touters—to conduct themselves, in short, like speculative offices. They must not depend entirely upon chance. Chance is very well for betting-men, but will not do for the respectable betting-office keepers, who are the stakeholders.

The plan adopted is a very simple one, but ingenious in its simplicity. The betting-office takes a great dislike in its own mind to a particular horse, the favourite of the betting-men. It makes bets against that horse, which amount in the aggregate to a fortune; and then it buys the object of its frantic dislike. This being effected, the horse of course loses, and the office wins. How could it be otherwise? Would you have a horse win against its owner's interest? The thing being settled, the office, in order to ascertain the amount of its winnings, has only to deduct the price of the horse from its aggregate bets, and arrange the remainder in a line of perhaps five figures. Whereupon the betting-men grow seadier and more seedy; some of the more mercurial go off in a fit of apoplectic amazement; some betake themselves to Waterloo Stairs on a moonless night; some proceed to the Diggings, some to St Luke's, and some to the dogs; some become so unsteady, that they sign the wrong name to a draft, or enter the wrong house at night, or are detected in a crowd with their hand in the wrong man's pocket. But by degrees everything comes right again. The insane are shut up—the desperate transported—the dead buried—the deserted families carted to the work-house; and the betting-office goes on as before.

A MAY FLOWER-SHOW AT CHISWICK.

It is one o'clock P.M.; I am at Hyde-Park Corner; I hail the nearest 'Hansom,' and am quickly dashing away for Chiswick. The road leading thither is always a scene of great bustle: on a Chiswick fête-day, this is very much augmented. But I am early, and the increase of vehicles is not yet great. A few carriages and cabs, mostly filled with ladies, who, like myself, are early on the road, and eager to be at the scene of action, are occasionally passed; for my horse is a good one, and the driver seems to desire to do the journey in good style. The majority of passengers and conveyances are chiefly of the everyday character, and such as are always met with on this great thoroughfare. Omnibuses, with loads of dusty passengers; carts and wagons, filled with manure, and each with a man or boy dozing upon the top; teams baling at the roadside inns; troops of dirty children at the ends of narrow streets; with carriers' carts, and travel-stained pedestrians, make up the aggregate of the objects on the road. But in another hour the scene will change; the aristocratic 'turn-out,' with its brilliant appointments and opiate footmen—the cab, the brougham, and the open chariot, all filled with gaily-dressed company, will crowd the way; for a Chiswick fête is one of the events of a London season. People go there as they do to the Opera—to see and to be seen. As I journey onward, I catch glimpses of blooming fruit-trees, and green hedges, speaking of the approach of summer. The little patches of garden by the wayside are gay with flowers, but sadly disfigured with dust. Even they, however,

look quite refreshing in contrast with the close and crowded streets I have left behind. The spire of the church on Chiswick green is peeping above the houses in the distance; and by the time I have noticed the increase of bustle on the road, and about the inn-doors, the cab has stopped at one of the garden entrances. Early as I am, many others are before me, and are waiting for the hour of admission—two o'clock. The carriages of those already arrived are drawn up in rank upon the green; policemen are everywhere to preserve order; ostlers are numerous, with buckets of water and bundles of hay; groups of loungers are looking on, carriages are every minute arriving, and the bustle is becoming great. As it yet wants ten minutes to two o'clock, I shall occupy the time by giving the reader a little introduction to what we are presently to see.

There are three of these fêtes every year—one in May, another in June, and a third in July. When the weather is fine, there is always a brilliant gathering of rank, and beauty, and fashion; but the June show is usually the best attended. English gardening is always well represented here. The plants and fruit brought for exhibition astonish even those who are best acquainted with what English gardeners can do. For several seasons past, it was thought that cultivation had reached its highest point; yet each succeeding year outdid the past, and report tells me, that the plants exhibited to-day are in advance of anything previously seen. They are sent here from widely distant parts of the country—many of them are brought one or two hundred miles; but most of the large collections are from gardens at a comparatively short distance from Chiswick. The principal prize is contended for by collections of thirty stove and greenhouse plants; and their large size will be apparent, when it is stated that one such collection makes eight or ten van-loads. There are never more than three or four competitors for this prize. Their productions are generally brought into the garden on the evening previous to the day of exhibition. At about daylight on the morning of the fête, the great bustle of preparation begins. Everything has to be arranged, and ready for the judges by ten o'clock A.M., at which hour all exhibitors, and others interested in the awards, are obliged to leave the gardens; and they are not readmitted until the gates are thrown open to those who may have tickets of admission, at two o'clock.

At last they are open. (How expectation clogs the wheels of time!) I join the throng; and in a few minutes I am among the flowers, which are arranged in long tents, on stages covered with green baize, as a background to set off in bold relief their beautiful forms and tints. There are three military bands stationed in different parts of the grounds, to keep up a succession of enlivening strains until six o'clock, the hour when the proceedings, so far as the public are concerned, are supposed to terminate. One of them is already 'discoursing most eloquent music.' Company rapidly arrives; well-dressed persons are strolling through the tents, sitting beneath the trees, or on the benches, listening to the music. The scene is a gay one. The richness and beauty of the masses of flower, rivalled only by the gay dresses and bright eyes of hundreds of fair admirers; the delicate green of the trees clothed with their young foliage, and the carpet-like lawns, all lit up by a bright May sun, and enlivened by the best music, combine to form a whole, the impression of which is not easily forgotten.

But I am forgetting the flowers. Suppose we enter the nearest tent, and note the more prominent objects on our way. Here is a somewhat miscellaneous assortment; geraniums are conspicuous. The plants are remarkably fine, averaging nearly a yard across, and presenting masses of flower in the highest perfection. One is conspicuous for the richness of its colouring; its name is magnet (*Hoyle*.) There is a collection of ferns,

too; their graceful foliage, agitated by every breeze, adds much to the interest of this tent. Among the most remarkable are the maidenhair-ferns (*adiantum*), and a huge plant of the elk's horn fern, from New South Wales. It derives its name from the shape of its large fronds. Before us is a quantity of Chinese hydrangeas, remarkable in this case for the small size of the plants, and disproportionately large heads of pink blossoms. Cape pelargoniums, too, are well represented: they are curious plants, indigenous to the Cape of Good Hope; specimens of them are very often sent to this country, with boxes of bulbs, for which the Cape is famous. When they arrive, they look like pieces of deadwood; but when properly cared for, they rapidly make roots and branches, and produce their interesting flowers in abundance.

Passing to the next tent, we enter that part devoted to the fruit. A delicate aroma pervades the place. Directly before us is a large plant of the Chinese loquah, loaded with fruit. This is yellow, and about the size of a small plum. The plant is a great novelty; for although hardy enough to be grown out of doors in this country, it produces its fruit only in a hothouse. Associated with it are some large vines in pots, with a profusion of fine bunches of grapes. Then there are dishes of strawberries (*British Queens*), numerous pine-apples, cherries, peaches, bananas (grown in this country), melons, &c.; besides some very fine winter apples and pears, which have been admirably preserved. Of the former, the winter-queen, old green nonpareil, and golden harvey are conspicuous; of the latter, the warden and Uvedale's St Germain are fine.

The most attractive feature of these shows appears to be the orchideous or air-plants, as they are popularly known. A greater number of persons are always collected round them than in any other part of the tents; nor is this to be wondered at. Nothing can be more singular in appearance or gorgeous in colouring. Their fragrance, too, is so delightful. Description can convey but a faint idea of their great beauty and diversity of character. They seem to mimic the insect world in the shapes of their blossoms; nor are the resemblances distant. Every one has heard of the butterfly-plant: there is one on the stage now before us, and as the breeze gently waves its slender stalks, each tipped with a vegetable butterfly, it becomes almost difficult to imagine that we are not watching the movements of a real insect flitting among the plants. Here is a spike of *Gongora maculata*, bearing no faint resemblance to a quantity of brown insects with expanded wings collected round the stem. Close to it are some *Brassias*, mimicking with equal fidelity insects of a paler colour, besides hundreds of others equally curious and beautiful. Some bear their flowers in erect spikes, or loose heads; others have drooping racemes a yard in length, as some of the *dendrobiums*. More have a slender flower-stalk making a graceful curve, with the flowers placed on the uppermost side, as *Phalanopsis amabilis*, which bears a profusion of white blossoms closely resembling large moths with expanded wings. Here are some remarkable plants we must not pass without noticing: they are equally attractive both by their beauty and associations. They are two plants of *Stanhopea tigrina*, exhibited by Her Majesty, and a fine specimen of *Acineta Humboldtii*, named in honour of the philosophic traveller. They are all worthy of the associations they call up; they grow in open baskets, and the flowers are produced from below, directly opposite the leaves. The ordinary law of flowering-plants is reversed in them.

We pass on: everywhere gorgeous masses of flower are before us. Huge plants of Indian azaleas, filling a space of several feet, literally covered with blossoms of every hue. Heaths from the Cape, far outrivalling their brethren in their native wilds; rhododendrons

from the Himalaya; and cactuses from the plains of South America. In fact, here are collected examples of the flora of almost every known country of the globe. But we must not be carried away by these more showy plants to the exclusion of some very curious and interesting little things which I see we are in danger of forgetting. Here, carefully covered by a bell-glass, is a fine specimen of *Dionaea muscipula*, or Venus's fly-trap. Every reader of natural history is familiar with its economy; but one does not often get a sight of it. By the side of it are many other curious plants, covered with equal care. *Anacochillus argenteus*, a little dwarf plant, with leaves which, both in their beautiful lustre and peculiar markings, resemble a green lizard, must serve for an example. Among other curiosities, is a small plant of one of the species of rhododendrons, recently introduced by Dr Hooker from the mountains of Sikkim Himalaya; close to it are some azaleas imported from the northern parts of the Celestial Empire. There are also some very rare and valuable specimens of hardy trees, from the mountains of Patagonia. They belong to the very extensive family of coniferous plants, and have been named respectively *Fitz-Roya Patagonica* and *Saxe-Gotha conopsea*. There is also a remarkably handsome creeper, *Hexacentras mysorensis*, having pendent racemes of large flowers in shape resembling the snap-dragon, and of a rich orange and chocolate colour.

To revert to the little Sikkim rhododendron, I shall give here the description of a still more diminutive specimen, met with by Dr Hooker during his journey, and which he has figured and described in his beautiful work, *The Rhododendron of Sikkim-Himalaya*. It is called *R. nivale*, or snow-rhododendron. 'The hard, woody branches of this curious little species, as thick as a goose-quill, struggle along the ground for a foot or two, presenting brown tufts of vegetation where not half-a-dozen other plants can exist. The branches are densely interwoven, very harsh and woody, wholly depressed; whence the shrub, spreading horizontally, and barely raised two inches above the soil, becomes eminently typical of the arid, stern climate it inhabits. The latest to bloom, and earliest to mature its seeds, by far the smallest in foliage, and proportionally largest in flower, most lepidote in vesture, humble in stature, rigid in texture, deformed in habit, yet the most odoriferous, it may be recognised, even in the herbarium, as the production of the loftiest elevation on the surface of the globe—of the most excessive climate—of the joint influences of a scorching sun by day, and the keenest frost by night—of the greatest drought, followed in a few hours by a saturated atmosphere—of the balmy calm, alternating with the whirlwind of the Alps. For eight months of the year, it is buried under many feet of snow; for the remaining four, it is frequently snowed on and sunned in the same hour. During genial weather, when the sun heats the soil to 150 degrees, its perfumed foliage scents the air; whilst to snow-storm and frost it is insensible: blooming through all; expanding its little purple flowers to the day, and only closing them to wither after fertilisation has taken place. As the life of a moth may be indefinitely prolonged whilst its duties are unfulfilled, so the flower of this little mountaineer will remain open through days of fog and sleet, till a mild day facilitates the detachment of the pollen and the fecundation of the ovarium. This process is almost wholly the effect of winds; for though humblebees, and the "Blues" and "Fritillaries" (*Polyommatus* and *Argynnis*) amongst butterflies, do exist at this prodigious elevation, they are too few in number to influence the operations of vegetable life.' To this Dr Hooker adds: 'This singular little plant attains a loftier elevation, I believe, than any other shrub in the world.'

But here is a plant, or rather flower, more curious than any we have seen. The corolla is on a long

stalk, a foot or more high; but how to describe it is the difficulty. Imagine a bat with expanded wings, with the addition of a tail, spread out before you, having on its breast a rosette of narrow ribbon, of the same dusky colour, and you will gain some idea of its form and colour. Its botanical name is *Attacia cristata*.

Here is the rose-tent. In no previous season have the plants appeared in finer condition. A few years ago, nobody could grow roses fit to be seen in pots; many said it was impossible to do so: now, one can scarcely imagine anything finer than they are seen at the metropolitan flower-shows. Both in healthy appearance, and in fineness of flower, they exceed those which we admire so much in the open garden in summer. One or two are conspicuous, though all are beautiful. *Souvenirs d'un ami* has pale flesh-coloured flowers, exceedingly delicate; nor is the perfume they emit less attractive. *Niphetus*, pure white; *Adam*, very pale; and *Géant des Batailles*, of the richest crimson, are among the most attractive; but there are numerous others, rivalling them in beauty and fragrance.

As the afternoon wears away, the more fashionable visitors depart. At six o'clock, the several bands of music form one, the National Anthem is played, and the fête is over.

GOLD-SEEKING AT HOME.

THE Lomond Hills, in the shires of Fife and Kinross, were known in ancient times as the hunting-grounds of the kings of Scotland, when these monarchs resided in their summer-palace at Falkland, a village on their north-eastern declivity. At a period intermediate between these and the present times, they were the haunt of the persecuted Covenanters, and often resounded with the voice of psalms raised at conventicles. Since then, their solitude and silence have seldom been disturbed, save by the bark of the shepherd's dog, or the echoes caused by the blasting of rocks in the limestone quarries which run along their southern and western ridges. But during the month of May last, this solitude and silence were completely destroyed, by thousands of persons plying every kind of instrument upon them, from the ponderous crowbar and pickaxe, to the easily-wielded trowel and hammer, in search of gold, which they believed to be hidden in their recesses. The information on which they acted seemed to them to come from an authentic source, and to be confirmed by competent authority.

On the southern base of the hills, overlooking the far-famed Lochleven, lies the village of Kinnesswood, noted as the birthplace of the poet Michael Bruce. A native of this village entered the army, and there learned manners at war with good morals, which, after his discharge, brought upon him the vengeance of the law, and he was banished 'beyond seas.' His subsequent good-conduct, however, procured him 'a ticket-of-leave,' and he became servant to the commissariat for the convicts in Van Diemen's Land. In this capacity he had frequent opportunities of seeing the substance brought from the Bathurst 'diggings,' containing the gold which is now arriving in this country in such large quantities. It at once struck him that he had seen abundance of the same material in his native hills, when visiting the quarries in which several of his friends and acquaintances earned their livelihood. This impression he conveyed in a letter to his mother, who, as a matter of course, afforded the information to all to whom she had an opportunity of communicating it. The intelligence spread with the rapidity of an electric telegraph, and an excitement was produced such as is seen among

bees when their hive has received a sudden shock. The mountain pathways became immediately alive with human beings, and noises arose like the hum of a city heard at a distance during the busiest hours of the day. In the villages immediately adjoining the place of resort, the excitement was wholly confined to youngsters and idlers, who are ever ready to seize upon novelty and enter upon bustle; but further off, it extended to old and young, hale and infirm, asthmatic and long-winded, grave and gay, taught and untaught, respectable and disreputable, industrious and idle, till it reached a compass of twenty miles at least, extending not only to the Forth and Tay, but stretching inland from their opposite shores. In short, men who had never climbed a mountain all their lives before, though living in close proximity to one, were seen on its loftiest peaks, and toiling there with all the ardour of Cyclops.

Meanwhile, some of the less impulsive minds in the district, not altogether untouched by the prevailing mania, began to cast about for warrants to justify their appropriation of some of this much-coveted material, and assure their confidence that it was really gold. Memory, research, tradition, testimony, all came to their help. They recollected how their fathers had told them that the Laird of Lathrisk had wrought a lead-mine on the northern declivity of the East Law, which yielded also a considerable proportion of silver, and which was abandoned only because of the high tax government had put upon the latter metal. Then came the ready query: That since there is silver in these hills, why not also gold, seeing they frequently go together? Then it was found that the mineral formations in which this metal occurs are the crystalline primitive rocks; and with these the Lomond Hills were held to correspond. Then it had been told them, that in days of yore shepherds had found pieces of gold while tending their flocks on the hills, and that gold had been frequently met with in the whole district of country between the Forth and the Tay. Last of all came the testimony of a man who had returned to the neighbourhood from California, and who assured them, that the substance they submitted to his inspection was in all respects similar to that which was dug out of the hills in the gold regions of America. Singularly enough, though they did not reflect upon the facts, this man had returned home as poor as he had departed, and manifested no desire to accompany them to the new El Dorado at their doors. Other persons were meanwhile pushing inquiries in a more certain direction, and subjecting the supposed precious treasure to infallible tests.

The chief centre of attraction is a partially-wrought limestone quarry, known by the name of the Sheet-biehead, right above the village of Kinnesswood, and about a gunshot back from the brow of the Bishop Hill. It is surrounded on all sides by immense heaps of debris, which has been repeatedly dug into during the last thirty years by geologising students, in search of fossils connected with the carboniferous system, and who must have frequently met with the substance which has caused all this excitement, but never imagined it to be gold. The face of the quarry, to the depth of twenty feet from the top, is an accumulation of shale or slate, lying in regular layers, and easily broken. It has been turned to good account of late in the manufacture of slate-pencils of superior quality. Among this shaly accumulation, there are frequent layers of a soft, wet clay or ochre; and it is in this that the brilliants which have dazzled the imagination of so many are chiefly found, and which, accordingly, are frequently thrown out among the debris, of which it comes to form a part. In this quarry, then, and in the heaps around it, hundreds are earnestly busy in laying bare what is beneath; while scores of men, women, and children are silently and earnestly looking on.

One has just brought out a ball of stone, or something like stone, about the size of a man's hand, known among the quarrymen as 'a fairy ball'; it is composed of a hard crust, like rusted iron, which, on being broken, is found to contain a yellow shining metal of various shapes and sizes—grains, octohedrons, cubes, and their allied forms, as is the case with gold; and what else can it be but the precious metal, thinks the finder, as he places it in his receptacle, and applies himself anew to his vocation. In a little while he stumbles on another of these balls, as big as a man's hat, which he breaks, and opens with increasing eagerness; when, lo! it is as empty as a 'deaf nut'—the water which percolated through the shale having rusted the iron that goes to form the crust along with the ochre, but failed, as in the previous case, to form crystals in the interior. A third, fourth, and fifth are found to be as hollow as the last, and the 'digger' begins to look a little crestfallen, and abate his eagerness.

But here is an Irishman, who has been vastly more lucky, dancing a jig, with a footless stocking near him, tied at each end, packed as full as it can hold of 'the fine stuff,' as he calls it, while with wonderful agility he flourishes a heavy pickaxe and spade over his head, and screams at the highest pitch of his voice: 'Sure, now, and isn't my fortune made!' By and by, getting at once hoarse and tired, he desists from his exertions, and entreats a boy near him 'to go into the bog beyond there, and get him some poteen, which he is sure is making in the stills among the turf,' offering him at the same time a lump of his 'treasure' as payment for his trouble.

Here is a tall, grave, shrewd-looking man, very like an elder of the kirk, throwing away part of his accumulation, but somewhat stealthily retaining a portion in the large cotton handkerchief in which he had placed it, while a respectable-looking woman is saying to him: 'John, the minister says, it's no gold, but only brimstone.' To which he answers, with an audible sigh: 'Well hath the wise man said, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Here is a strong-built but lumpish-looking fellow, seemingly a ploughman or day-labourer, leaving the scene of action in evident disgust, who, on being asked if he had been successful, answers roughly: 'No!' and adds: 'I'll sell you this pick for a glass of ale or a dram of whisky.' Here are angry words passing between a middle-aged man and a youth, respecting the right of possession, the former having driven the latter away from a promising-looking place on which he was employed, and commenced operations upon it himself.

It is Saturday; and the mills on the river Leven are stopped at noon, to allow the water in the lake from which it flows to accumulate its supplies for the following week's operations. Freed thus from labour, the spinners hasten to the scene of attraction, and largely swell the crowd already assembled there. The men begin the search with eagerness, while the women content themselves with looking on; but it is evident that they are unaccustomed to the use of the instruments they have assumed, and that long practice will be necessary before they can turn them to much account. Here are bands of colliers able to wield them to purpose, yet how unwilling they appear to be to put forth their strength. They came in the expectation of getting gold for the lifting, which is nowhere the case; and are evidently disappointed in finding that both effort and perseverance are necessary. Indeed, it surprised us to see so little disposition to make and maintain exertion on the part of those who fancied that certain riches would be the result. Notwithstanding the numerous traces of picking, hammering, and shovelling they have left behind them, there is not an excavation a foot deep; while over a crevice in the rock, three inches square, 'a digger' has left the words, scratched with a piece of slate: 'There

is no gold here,' as if he had done all that was necessary to prove it. Even in the loose débris around the quarry—with which the substance referred to abounds—there is no trace of a digging wider or deeper than a man's hat. We have seen a student make greater and longer-continued exertion to get a fossil shell, and a terrier dog to get a rat or a rabbit, than any of the gold-seekers have. Burns the poet, in his lament, entitled *Man was made to Mourn*, complains, with more pathos and sentiment than truth and justice, that the landlords will not 'give him leave to toil.' That is not the leave most men desire, but the leave to be idle. If gold were to be got for the lifting, and bread were as easily procured as water, man would not be disposed to take healthful exercise, much less labour or toil.

We shall not describe the scene as it developed itself on Sunday. It was at total variance with the reputation Scotchmen have acquired for the observance of that day, but in perfect keeping with the notoriety they have gained for their love of strong drink. Monday was the fifteenth day of the gold-fever; and, like most other fevers, it was then at its height. Parties had been on the hill soon after the previous midnight awaiting the dawn, resolved to be the first at the diggings that morning, and 'have their fortunes made before others arrived.' But the lark had not got many yards high in his heavenward ascent, and only struck the first note of his morning-carol, when the mountain concaves sent back echoes of music from a whole band of men, marching at the head of a still greater number, who might have been taken for a regiment of sappers and miners. They have come from a distance; and, like the others who have preceded them, can have known little or nothing of 'balmy sleep, kind nature's sweet restorer,' unless they have taken it at church the preceding day, or in their beds, when they should have been there. The morning has grown apace, and shews the mountain-sides and table-land teeming with life. 'The cry is still, they come,' and long before mid-day, it is calculated that there are at least 1200 persons on the hill—many of them spectators of the scene, but most of them actors in it.

To a curious observer, it was at once an amusing, interesting, instructive, and painful spectacle. It developed character; shewed to some extent the state of society among certain classes and professions; and exhibited human nature in some of its peculiar and less agreeable phases. The most striking and unlikeable manifestations were—ignorance, credulity, superstition, recklessness, and disregard for all that is 'lovely and of good report.' We were particularly struck with the want of foresight, observation, and reflection shewn by a great number of the persons concerned, and of whom other things might have been expected. They had come to 'the diggings' without instruments of any kind with which to bring forth the supposed gold from its recesses; and, more wonderful still, without food to sustain them while employed in finding it. What an easy prey these persons would have been to any one willing to take advantage of them! They willingly parted with much of their supposed treasure for a few crumbs of cake from a boy's pocket, and with still more for a slice of poor cheese from a quarryman's wallet. The man who brought intoxicating drink to them, would have received in return whatever he would have been pleased to demand. One party, and one only, so far as we could learn, was more provident than the rest, having provisions with it equal to its necessities for one day at least, among which whisky held a prominent place.

The substance found and supposed to be gold is very similar to that found in the coal-mines and iron-bands of Fife, which are known to 'crop out' in the Lomond Hills—none being found further north—yet the colliers and miners did not identify the substance when found

in other circumstances than those in which they are accustomed to meet with it. The inhabitants of the district in which it is found shewed little sympathy with the excitement produced, a fact which should have led the gold-hunters to pause and ponder; for they were as likely to know the nature of the substance sought as persons at a distance, and just as likely to appropriate it, if it really were gold. But under the influence of their credulity, our adventurers drew a conclusion quite different—namely, that the people at the foot of the hill affected indifference, in order to deceive those at a distance, and keep all the treasure to themselves. It was of no use to tell them, that this said gold had been tested half a century ago, and been 'found wanting.' They wished it to be gold, and they were determined to believe it such. Much advantage was taken of this credulity, even by those who had themselves been its dupes. The most daring falsehoods were invented by them, in order to induce others to befooled themselves as they had done. One, according to his own account, had received 80s. for his 'findings,' and another had been offered L.2 for as much as he had collected in half an hour. Such are specimens of the fables they devised, with a view to deceive their acquaintances, and they had manifest pleasure in seeing them produce the desired effect.

Meanwhile, every test known to or conceivable by the amateur chemists—of which there are not few in the counties in which the hills are situated—was put in requisition, and a voice evoked by them, but it would not speak as desired. Others, who knew nothing of chemistry, were torturing it in every possible way—beating it with hammers, to see if it would expand, like gold, into leaf; but instead of this, it only flew off in splinters: then putting it into the smith's forge, to see if it would liquefy and separate from the dross, but it only evaporated in fumes, which drove them from the smithy by their offensive odour. Not one of these experimenters, whether more or less skilled, thought of subjecting it to the simple and certain test of cutting it with a knife, of which the substance in question is not susceptible, whereas gold cuts like tough cheese. Enough, however, had been done to confirm suspicions which had been floating in the minds of many of the diggers, that this rapid wealth-finding was a delusion and a lie. All doubts upon the subject were finally set at rest by the professors of mineralogy in the colleges, and the practical chemists in Edinburgh and Glasgow, informing certain inquirers as to the real nature of this deceptive substance. It is of two kinds: the one with a gray, the other with a brown base—the latter much more common than the former; the one shining with a whitish, the other, with a yellowish lustre. The one is *galena*, a sulphuret of lead; the other, *pyrites*, a sulphuret of iron. These pyrites are very extensively diffused, and are said to be worth about L.2 a ton. Pity it is that even this trifle should be lost to the poor quarryman, who has only to lay them aside when wheeling away his rubbish till they accumulate to such a quantity as to be worth a purchaser's notice, but who does not know where to find a customer.

The Lomonds were now again left to their solitude and silence, a few stray persons visiting them only from curiosity, to see the place and its productions which had caused such excitement. But the mania did not abate all at once. A village patriarch, skilled in fairy lore, entertained some of the gold-seekers with the following legend, which had the effect of sending them in search of the precious metal elsewhere. According to this ancient, a fairy, in times long gone by, appeared on a summer gloaming to a boy herding cattle in the place indicated by the following doggerel, and told him that—

If Auchindownie cock does not crow,
If Balmaln horn does not blaw,
I'll shew you the gold in *Largo Lare*.

'But,' added this benevolent son of Puck, 'if I leave you when these happen—for I must then return home immediately—take you notice where the brindled ox lies down, and there you will find the gold.' The cock crew and the horn blew. The fairy vanished, but the boy observed where the brindled ox lay down; but then he did not reflect upon the need of marking the place, but ran home, in his impatience to communicate the delightful information he had received, and on his return found that the brindled ox had risen and left the place; and as he could not determine the spot, the gold still awaits the search of some more reflective and painstaking person. Of course, one and another of the narrator's auditors thought himself such a person, and hid him away to the conical hill that rises so conspicuously at the entrance to the estuary of the Forth. What success attended them there we have not the means of knowing, but we have seen it stated in a local newspaper, that a specimen of the shining substance found in that place had been sent to the editor, and he pronounces it more like gold than the crystals brought him from the Lomond Hills. But 'like,' says the proverb, 'is an ill mark;' and we hope the gold-diggers of Fife will consider themselves as having been already sufficiently deceived by appearances.

The mania lasted fully three weeks, not that any one person was under its influence all that time—for, singularly enough, the man who had been once there rarely if ever returned—but, like an epidemic, it spread wide, and only ceased by a change in the intellectual atmosphere. There could not be less than 300 persons upon an average each day upon the hill, either searching for the supposed treasure, or waiting to ascertain the result from those that did. This would make an aggregate of 6300 in the whole time; but let us keep much within the mark, and take the number convened during that period at 5000. Many of these were men earning 15s. a week; but let us put them all down at 1s. 6d per day each, and allow 1s. for the expense incurred in their going to and from the place. This will make half-a-crown lost and expended by every one of them. This calculation makes L.30 a day, and L.680 for the whole period. Now, we are fully persuaded, that though all the pyrites carried off had been gold in the proportion in which it seemed in the substance, it would not have realised this sum, which is about the price of 200 ounces of gold; so that, in the aggregate, the diggers would have been losers, though some of them individually might have been gainers. But the gainers would have been few in proportion to the whole, for we observed that not more than one man in twenty found even the pyrites, which are probably still more extensively diffused than gold itself ever is, even in the regions where it is now known to prevail: so that the wages of the nineteen unsuccessful men are to be calculated along with those of the successful one; and then it follows, that unless the 'findings' of the latter at the close of the day are equal to the wages of twenty men, there is no increase of capital to the country, no gain upon the whole. Then the man who was lucky at one time, was unlucky at another—like a poacher who snares three hares in a night, but does not snare another for a week, while he has been unable to work during the day, and, in the end, his losses have counterbalanced his gains. Then if this phantom had proved a reality, all the mines and mills within a wide range of the place would have been instantly abandoned, and it must have taken a long time, indeed, to reproduce the capital thus lost to the country. In fine, it must have become necessary to fix a rent upon the diggings, in order to constitute a right to labour in them; and still further, to levy a tax to provide a police, if not a military force, to preserve order; and after these deductions are made, together with the incomes derived from previous occupations, and the great uncertainty connected with the vocation

—to say nothing of the labour and discomforts to be endured—we cannot think gold-digging a profitable or desirable pursuit.

COMPETITION AND MONOPOLY.

A MEMORANDUM just issued by that active body, the Sanitary Association, contains the following amusing and instructive account of the memorable competition between the great London water-companies forty years ago, and of the close monopoly in which that reckless and ruinous struggle ended:—

'In 1810, a water mania, like our recent railway mania, suddenly broke out; and the principle of competition, to which the legislature had all along looked for the protection of the public, was put upon its trial. Two powerful companies, which had been several years occupied in obtaining their acts and setting up their machinery, now took the field—one, the West Middlesex, attacking the old monopolists on their western flank; the other, the East London, invading their territory from the opposite quarter. At the same time, a band of dashing Manchester speculators started the Grand Junction Company with a flaming prospectus, and boldly flung their pipes into the very thick of the tangled net-work which now spread in every direction beneath the pavement of the hotly-contested streets.

'These Grand-Junction men quite astonished the town by the magnificence of their promises. "Copious streams" of water, derived by the medium of the Grand Junction Canal; from the rivers Colne and Brent: "always pure and fresh, because always coming in"—"high service, free of extra charge;" above all, "unintermittent supply, so that customers may do without cisterns;" such were a few of the seductive allurements held out by these interlopers to tempt deserters from the enemy's camp.

'The West Middlesex Company, in its opening circulars, also promised "unlimited supplies" to the very "house-tops," of water "clear and bright from the gravelly bottom of the Thames, thirteen miles above London Bridge." The East London was not behindhand with the trumpet; and its "skilful" directors, by paying dividends in rapid succession out of capital, raised their L.100 shares to the enormous premium of L.180 before they had well got their machinery into play. Meanwhile the South London (or Vauxhall) Company was started—in 1805—on the other side of the river, with a view to wrest from its old rulers the watery dominion of the south. The war was not, however, carried on in a very royal sort; for, as the travelling mountebank drives six-in-hand through a country town to entice the gaping provincials to his booth, so these water-jugglers went round the streets of London, throwing up rival *jets-d'eau* from their mains, to prove the alleged superiority of their engines, and to captivate the fancy of hesitating customers.

'The New River Company, thus put upon its mettle, boldly took up the gauntlet. It erected new forcing-engines, changed its remaining wooden pipes for iron, more than doubled its consumption of coal, reduced its charges, augmented its supplies, issued a contemptuous rejoinder to its adversaries, and, appealing as an "old servant" to the public for support, engaged in a war of extermination.

'For seven years, the battle raged incessantly. The combatants sought—and openly avowed it—not their own profit, but their rivals' ruin. Tenants were taken on almost any terms. Plumbers were bribed to *tout*, like omnibus cads, for custom. Such was the rage for mere numerical conquest, that a line of pipes would be often driven down a long street, to serve one new customer at the end. Arrears remained uncollected, lest offence should be given and influence impaired. Capricious tenants amused themselves by changing from one main to another, as they might taste this or that tap of beer. The more credulous citizens, relying on the good faith of the "public servants"—as these once powerful water-lords now humbly called themselves—were simpletons enough, on the strength of their promises, to abandon their wells, to sell off their force-pumps, and to erect water-closets or baths in the upper storeys of their houses. In many streets, there were three lines of pipes laid down, involving triple leakage, triple interest on capital,

triple administrative charges, triple pumping and storage costs, and a triple army of turncocks—the whole affording a less effective supply than would have resulted from a single well-ordered service. In this desperate struggle vast sums of money were sunk. The recently-established companies worked at a ruinous loss; and such as kept up a show of prosperity were, in fact, like the East London Company, paying dividends out of capital. The New River Company's dividends went down from L.500 to L.23 per share per annum. In the border-line districts, where the fiercest conflicts took place, the inhabitants sided with one or other of the contending parties. Some noted with delight the humbled tone of the old arbitrary monopolists, and heartily backed the invaders. Some old-stagers stuck to the ancient companies, and to the faces of familiar turncocks. These paid; but many shrewd fellows put off the obsequious collectors, and contrived to live water-rate free. Thus the honest, as usual, paid for the knaves; and the ultimate burden of all these squandered resources fell—also as usual—on society at large.

'Such a state of things could not last; and it came to a conclusion which experience, had it been invoked, might have led parliament to anticipate. For, scarcely a century before, the two chartered East India Companies, after five years' internecine war, had coalesced to form that gigantic confederacy which for years monopolised the Indian trade, and rose to an unexampled pitch of corporate power and aggrandisement, at the cost of the mercantile community.

'Just so, in 1817, the great water-companies coalesced against the public, and coolly portioned out London between them. Their treatment, on this occasion, of the tenants so lately flattered and cajoled, will never be effaced from the public memory. Batches of customers were handed over by one water-company to another, not merely without their consent, but without even the civility of a notice. Old tenants of the New River Company, who had taken their water for years, and had been their thick-and-thin supporters through the battle, found themselves ungratefully turned over, without previous explanation, to drink the "puddle" supplied by the Grand Junction Company. The abated rates were immediately raised, not merely to the former amount, but to charges from 25 to 400 per cent. more than they had been before the competition. The solemnly-promised high service was suppressed, or made the pretext for a heavy extra charge. Many people had to regret "selling their force-pumps as old lead," or fixing water-closets on their upper floors, on the faith of these treacherous contractors. Those who had fitted up their houses with pipes, in reliance on the guarantee of *uninterrupting pressure*, found themselves obliged either to sacrifice the first outlay, or to expend on cisterns and their appendages further sums, varying from L.10 or L.20 up to L.50—and even, in many cases, L.100. When tenants thus unhandsonly dealt by expressed their indignation, and demanded redress, they were "jocosely" reminded by smiling secretaries that the competition was over, and that those who were dissatisfied with the companies' supplies were quite at liberty to set up pumps of their own.

'Thus as, in political affairs, anarchy invariably leads to despotism, so, in commerce, subversive competition always ends its disorderly and ruinous course in monopoly, which, whether avowed or tacit, individual or collective, is but despotism in a lower sphere.

'The cure for these evils lies in the competitive contract-system, which brings competition to bear *for*, instead of *in*, the field of supply, so as to obviate the reckless multiplication of establishments, and capitals, and staffs, for the performance of a service for which one would suffice. Evidence shews that the water-companies might be bought out, so as to clear the way for the consolidation of the water-supply with the drainage and other connected sanitary services, under a public authority, responsible to the rate-payers through parliament, and charged to supervise the due execution of the works by contractors competing freely, on open tender, in the public market—a system obviously calculated to secure for the public the best possible service at the lowest possible rates. By empowering such an authority to buy the companies out in full, with money borrowed at 3 or 3½

per cent., we should come into possession of their works at an annual charge for interest, less, by nearly two-fifths, than our present annual payment to the companies; by consolidating the nine establishments thus acquired, we should save more than half the present working costs; and by the further consolidations referred to above, for which this first one would prepare the ground, we should still more reduce our annual charges, and still more improve our sanitary condition.'

MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL:

A STATUETTE.

My white archangel, with thy steady eyes
Outlooking on this silent, ghost-filled room,
Thy clasped hands wrapped on thy sheathed sword or
doom,

Thy firm-closed lips, not made for human sighs,
Kisses, or smiles, or writhing agonies,
But for divine exhorting, heavenly song,
Bold, righteous counsel, sweet from seraph tongue—
Beautiful angel, strong as thou art wise,
Would that thy sight could make me wise and strong!
Would that this sword of thine, which idle lies
Stone-planted, could wake up and gleam among
The crowd of demons that with eager cries
Howl in my heart temptations of world's wrong!
Lama Sabacithani! How long—how long!

Michael, great leader of the hosts of God,
Warrer with Satan for the body of him
Whom living, God had loved—If cherubim
With cherubim contend for one poor clod
Of human dust, with sin-stained feet that trod
Through the wide deserts of Heaven's chastisement—
Are there not ministering angels sent
To strive with evil ones that roam abroad
Clutching our living souls? 'The living, still
The living, they shall praise Thee.' Let some great
Invisible spirit enter in and fill
The howling chambers of hearts desolate,
There stand like thee, O Michael, strong and wise,
My white archangel with the steadfast eyes!

WAGES HEIGHTENED IN CONSEQUENCE OF IMPROVEMENT OF MACHINERY.

It is stated in a report of the Commissioners appointed in 1832 to inquire concerning the employment of women and children in factories, that 'in the cotton-mill of Messrs Houldsworth, in Glasgow, a spinner employed on a mule of 336 spindles, and spinning cotton 120 hanks to the pound, produced in 1823, working 74½ hours a week, 46 pounds of yarn, his net weekly wages for which amounted to 27s. 7d. Ten years later, the rate of wages having in the meantime been reduced 13 per cent., and the time of working having been lessened to 69 hours, the spinner was enabled by the greater perfection of the machinery to produce on a mule of the same number of spindles, 54½ pounds of yarn of the same fineness, and his net weekly earnings were advanced from 27s. 7d. to 29s. 10d.' Similar results from similar circumstances were experienced in the Manchester factories. The cheapening of the article produced by help of machinery increases the demand for the article; and there being consequently a need for an increased number of workmen, the elevation of wages follows as a matter of course. Nor is this the only benefit which the working-man derives in the case, for he shares with the community in acquiring a greater command over the necessities which machinery is concerned in producing.—Condensed from a Lecture by G. R. Porter to the *Woolworth Literary and Scientific Association*.

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BOOK-WORSHIP.

A book belongs in a peculiar manner to the age and nation that produce it. It is an emanation of the thought of the time; and if it survive to an after-time, it remains as a landmark of the progress of the imagination or the intellect. Some books do even more than this: they press forward to the future age, and make appeals to its maturer genius; but in so doing they still belong to their own—they still wear the garb which stamps them as appertaining to a particular epoch. Of that epoch, it is true, they are, intellectually, the flower and chief; they are the expression of its finer spirit, and serve as a link between the two generations of the past and the future; but of that future—so much changed in habits, and feelings, and knowledge—they can never, even when acting as guides and teachers, form an essential part: there is always some bond of sympathy wanting.

A single glance at our own great books will illustrate this—books which are constantly reprinted, without which no library can be tolerated—which are still, generation after generation, the objects of the national worship, and are popularly supposed to afford a universal and unfailing standard of excellence in the various departments of literature. These books, although pored over as a task and a study by the few, are rarely opened and never read by the many: they are known the least by those who reverence them most. They are, in short, idols, and their worship is not a faith, but a superstition. This kind of belief is not shaken even by experience. When a devourer of the novels of Scott, for instance, takes up *Tom Jones*, he, after a vain attempt to read, may lay it down with a feeling of surprise and dissatisfaction; but *Tom Jones* remains still to his convictions 'an epic in prose,' the fiction *par excellence* of the language. As for *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, we have not heard of any common reader in our generation who has had the hardihood even to open the volumes; but Richardson as well as Fielding retains his original place among the gods of romance; and we find Scott himself one of the high-priests of the worship. When wandering once upon the continent, we were thrown for several days into the company of an English clergyman, who had provided himself, as the best possible model in description, with a copy of Spenser; and it was curious to observe the pertinacity with which, from time to time, he drew forth his treasure, and the weariness with which in a few minutes he returned it to his pocket. Yet our reverend friend, we have no doubt, went home with his faith in Spenser unshaken, and recommends it to this day as the most delightful of all companions for a journey.

In the present century, the French and German critics have begun to place this reverential feeling for the 'classics' of a language upon a more rational basis. In estimating an author, they throw themselves back into the times in which he wrote; they determine his place among the spirits of his own age; and ascertain the practical influence his works have exercised over those of succeeding generations. In short, they judge him relatively, not absolutely; and thus convert an unreasoning superstition into a sober faith. We do not require to be told that in every book destined to survive its author, there are here and there gleams of nature that belong to all time; but the body of the work is after the fashion of the age that produced it; and he who is unacquainted with the thought of that age, will always judge amiss. In England, we are still in the bonds of the last century, and it is surprising what an amount of affectation mingles with criticism even of the highest pretensions. It is no wonder, then, that common readers should be mistaken in their book-worship. To such persons, for all their blind reverence, Dante must in reality be a wild beast—a fine animal, it is true, but still a wild beast—and our own Milton a polemical pedant arguing by the light of poetry. To such readers, the spectacle of Ugolino devouring the head of Ruggieri, and wiping his jaws with the hair that he might tell his story, cannot fail to give a feeling of horror and disgust, which even the glorious wings of Dante's angels—the most sublime of all such creations—would fail to chase away. The poetry of the Divine Comedy belongs to nature; its superstition, intolerance, and fanaticism, to the thirteenth century. These last have either passed away from the modern world or they exist in new forms, and with the first alone can we have any real healthy sympathy.

One of our literary idols is Shakspeare—perhaps the greatest of them all; but although the most universal of poets, his works, taken in the mass, belong to the age of Queen Elizabeth, not to ours. A critic has well said, that if Shakspeare were now living, he would manifest the same dramatic power, but under different forms; and his taste, his knowledge, and his beliefs would all be different. This, however, is not the opinion of the book-worshippers: it is not the poetry alone of Shakspeare, but the work bodily, which is pre-eminent with them; not that which is universal in his genius, but that likewise which is restricted by the fetters of time and country. The commentators, in the same way, find it their business to bring up his shortcomings to his ideal character, not to account for their existence by the manners and prejudices of his age, or the literary models on which his taste was formed. It would be easy to run over, in this way, the list of all

our great authors, and to shew that book-worship, as contradistinguished from a wise and discriminating respect, is nothing more than a vulgar superstition.

We are the more inclined to put forth these ideas, at a time when reprints are the order of the day—when speculators, with a singular blindness, are ready to take hold of almost anything that comes in their way without the expense of copyright. It would be far more judicious to employ persons of a correct and elegant taste to separate the local and temporary from the universal and immortal part of our classics, and give us, in an independent form, what belongs to ourselves and to all time. A movement was made some years ago in this direction by Mr Craik, who printed in one of Charles Knight's publications a summary of the *Fairy Queen*, converting the prosaic portions into prose, and giving only the true poetry in the rich and musical verses of Spenser. A travelling companion like this, we venture to assure our clerical friend, would not be pocketed so wearily as the original work. The harmony of the divine poet would saturate his heart and beam from his eyes; and when wandering where we met him, among the storied ruins of the Rhine, he would have by his side not the man Spenser, surrounded by the prejudices and rudenesses of his age, but the spirit Spenser, discoursing to and with the universal heart of nature. Leigh Hunt, with more originality—more of the quality men call genius, but a less correct perception of what is really wanted—has done the same thing for the great Italian poets; and in his sparkling pages Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and the rest of the tuneful train, appear unfettered by the more displeasing peculiarities of their mortal time. But the criticism by which their steps are attended, though full of grace and acuteness, is absolute, not relative. They are judged by a standard of taste and feeling existing in the author's mind: the *Inferno* is a magnificent caldron of everything base and detestable in human nature; and the *Orlando*, a paradise of love, beauty, and delight. Dante, the sublime poet, but inexorable bigot, meets with little tolerance from Leigh Hunt; while Ariosto, exhaustless in his wealth, ardent and exulting—full of the same excess of life which in youth sends the blood dancing and boiling through the veins—has his warmest sympathy. This kind of criticism is but a new form of the error we have pointed out; for both poets receive his homage—the one praised in the spontaneous outpourings of his heart, the other served with the rites of devil-worship.

When we talk of the great authors of one generation pressing forward to claim the sympathy of the maturer genius of the next, we mean precisely what we say. We are well aware that some of the great writers we have casually mentioned have no equals in the present world; yet the present world is more mature in point of taste than their own. That is the reason why they are great authors now. Some books last for a season, some for a generation, some for an age, or two, or more; always dropping off when the time they reach outstrips them. One of these lost treasures is sometimes reprinted; but if this is done in the hope of a renewed popularity, the speculation is sure to fail. Curious and studious men, it is true, are gratified by the reproduction; but the general reader would prefer a book of his own generation, using the former as materials, and separating its immortal part from its perishing body.

And the general reader, be it remembered, is virtually the age. It is for him the studious think, the imaginative invent, the tuneful sing: beyond him there is no appeal but to the future. He is superstitious, as we have seen, but his gods are few and traditional. He determines to make a stand somewhere; and it is necessary for him to do so, if he would not encumber his literary Olympus with a Hindoo-like pantheon of millions. But how voracious is this general reader in regard to the effusions of his own day! What will become of the myriads of books that

have passed through our own unworthy hands? How many of them will survive to the next generation? How many will continue to float still further down the stream of time? How many will attain the honour of the apotheosis? And will they coexist in this exalted state with the old objects of worship? This last is a pregnant question; for each generation will in all probability furnish its quota of the great books of the language, and, if so, a reform in the superstition we have exposed is no longer a matter of mere expedience, but of necessity. We are aware that all this will be pronounced rank heresy by those who assume the style of critics, who usually make a prodigious outcry when a great author is mutilated, even by expunging a word which modern decency excludes from the vocabulary of social and family intercourse. This word, however—supposing it to represent the mortal and perishing part of an author's productions—belongs not to him, but to his age; not to the intellectual man, but to the external and fleeting manners of his day and generation. Such critics usually take credit to themselves for a peculiarly large and liberal spirit; but there seems to us, on the contrary, to be something mean and restricted in views that regard the man as an individual, not as a portion of the genius which belongs to the world. Yet, even as an individual, the man is safe in his entirety, for there is no project of cancelling the printed works extant in our libraries, public and private. The true question simply is: Are great authors to be allowed to become practically obsolete—and many of them have become so already—while we stand upon the delicacies and ceremonies of Book-worship?

OUR TERRACE.

LONDON has been often compared to a wilderness—a wilderness of brick, and so in one sense it is; because you may live in London all the days of your life if you choose—and, indeed, if you don't choose, if you happen to be very poor—without exciting observation, or provoking any further questioning than is comprised in a demand for accurate guidance from one place to another, a demand which might be made upon you in an Arabian desert, if there you chanced to meet a stranger. But London is something else besides a wilderness—indeed it is everything else. It is a great world, containing a thousand little worlds in its bosom; and pop yourself down in it in any quarter you will, you are sure to find yourself in the centre of some peculiar microcosm distinguished from all others by features more or less characteristic.

One such little world we have lived in for a round number of years; and as we imagine it presents a picture by no means disagreeable to look upon, we will introduce the reader, with his permission, into its very limited circle, and chronicle its history for one day as faithfully as it is possible for anything to do, short of the Daguerreotype and the tax-gatherer. Our Terrace, then—for that is our little world—is situated in one of the northern, southern, eastern, or western suburbs—we have reasons for not being particular—at the distance of two miles and three-quarters from the black dome of St Paul's. It consists of thirty genteel-looking second-rate houses, standing upon a veritable terrace, at least three feet above the level of the carriage-way, and having small gardens enclosed in iron palisades in front of them. The gardens open upon a pavement of nine feet in width; the carriage-road is thirty feet across; and on the opposite side is another but lower terrace, surmounted with handsome semi-detached villas, with ample flower-gardens both in front and rear, those in the front being planted, but rather sparingly, with lime, birches, and a few specimens of the white-ash, which in summer-time overshadow the pavement, and shelter a passing pedestrian when caught in a shower. At one end

of Our Terrace, there is a respectable butcher's shop, a public-house, and a shop which is perpetually changing owners, and making desperate attempts to establish itself as something or other, without any particular partiality for any particular line of business. It has been by turns a print-shop, a stationer's, a circulating library, a toy-shop, a Berlin-wool shop, a music and musical-instrument shop, a haberdasher's shop, a snuff and cigar shop, and one other thing which has escaped our memory—and all within the last seven years. Each retiring speculator has left his stock-in-trade, along with the good-will, to his successor; and at the present moment it is a combination of shops, where everything you don't want is to be found in a state of dilapidation, together with a very hungry-looking proprietor, who, for want of customers upon whom to exercise his ingenuity, pulls away all day long upon the accordion to the tune of *We're a' soddin'*. The other end of Our Terrace has its butcher, its public-house, its grocer, and a small furniture-shop, doing a small trade, under the charge of a very small boy. Let thus much suffice for the physiology of our subject. We proceed to record its history, as it may be read by any one of the inhabitants who chooses to spend the waking hours of a single day in perusing it from his parlour window.

It is a fine morning in the middle of June, and the clock of the church at the end of the road is about striking seven, when the parlour shutters and the street doors of the terrace begin to open one by one. By a quarter past, the servant-girls, having lighted their fires, and put the kettle on to boil for breakfast, are ostensibly busy in sweeping the pathways of the small front-gardens, but are actually enjoying a simultaneous gossip together over the garden railings—a fleeting pleasure, which must be nipped in the bud, because master goes to town at half-past eight, and his boots are not yet cleaned, or his breakfast prepared. Now the bedroom-bell rings, which means hot water; and this is no sooner up, than mistress is down, and breakfast is laid in the parlour. At a quarter before eight, the eggs are boiled, and the bacon toasted, and the first serious business of the day is in course of transaction. Mr Jones of No. 9, Mr Robinson of No. 10, and Mr Brown of No. 11, are bound to be at their several posts in the city at nine o'clock; and having swallowed a hasty breakfast, they may be seen, before half-past eight has chimed, walking up and down the terrace chatting together, and wondering whether 'that Smith,' as usual, means to keep the omnibus waiting this morning, or whether he will come forth in time. Precisely as the half hour strikes, the tin horn of the omnibus sounds its shrill blast, and the vehicle is seen rattling round the corner, stopping one moment at No. 28, to take up Mr Johnson. On it comes, with a fresh blast, to where the commercial trio are waiting for it; out rushes Smith, wiping his mouth, and the 'bus,' swallowing up the whole four, rumbles and trumpets on to take up Thompson, Jackson, and Richardson, who, cigars in mouth, are waiting at a distance of forty paces off to ascend the roof. An hour later, a second omnibus comes by on the same benevolent errand, for the accommodation of those gentlemen, more favoured by fortune, who are not expected to be at the post of business until the hour of ten. As Our Terrace does not stand in a direct omnibus route, these are all the 'buses' that will pass in the course of the day. The gentlemen whom they convey every morning to town are regular customers, and the vehicles diverge from their regular course in order to pick them up at their own doors.

About half-past nine, or from that to a quarter to ten, comes the postman with his first delivery of letters for the day. Our Terrace is the most toilsome part of his beat, for having to serve both sides of the way, his

progress is very like that of a ship at sea sailing against the wind. R'tat he goes on our side, then down he jumps into the road—B'bang on the other side—tacks about again, and serves the terrace—off again, and serves the villas, and so on till he has fairly epistolised both sides of the way, and vanished round the corner. The vision of his gold band and red collar is anxiously looked for in the morning by many a fair face, which a watchful observer may see furtively peering through the drawing-room window-curtains. After he has departed, and the well-to-do merchants and employers who reside in the villas opposite have had time to look over their correspondence, come sundry neat turn-outs from the stables and coach-houses in the rear of the villas: a light, high gig, drawn by a frisky grey, into which leaps young Oversea the slipbroker—a comfortable, cushioned four-wheel drawn by a pair of bay ponies, into which old Discount climbs heavily, followed perhaps by his two daughters, bound on a shopping-visit to the city—and a spicy-looking, rattling trap, with a pawing horse, which has a decided objection to standing still, for Mr Goadall, the wealthy cattle-drover. These, with other vehicles of less note, all roll off the ground by a quarter after ten o'clock or so; and the ladies and their servants, with some few exceptions, are left in undisputed possession of home, while not a footfall of man or beast is heard in the sunshiny quiet of the street.

The quiet, however, is broken before long by a peculiar and suggestive cry. We do not hear it yet ourselves, but Stalker, our black cat and familiar, has caught the well-known accents, and with a characteristic crooning noise, and a stiff, perpendicular erection of tail, he sidles towards the door, demanding, as plainly as possible, to be let out. Yes, it is the cats-meat man. 'Ca' me-e-et—me-yet—me-e-yet!' fills the morning air, and arouses exactly thirty responsive feline voices—for there is a cat to every house—and points thirty aspiring tails to the zenith. As many hungry tabbies, sables, and tortoise-shells as can get out of doors, are trooping together with arched backs upon the pavement, following the little pony-cart, the cats' commissariat equipage, and each one, anxious for his daily allowance, contributing most musically his quota to the general concert. We do not know how it is, but the cats-meat man is the most unerring and punctual of all those peripatetic functionaries who undertake to cater for the consumption of the public. The baker, the butcher, the grocer, the buttermilk, the fishmonger, and the coster, occasionally forget your necessities, or omit to call for your orders—the cats-meat man never. Other traders, too, dispense their stock by a sliding-scale, and are sometimes out of stock altogether: Pussy's provider, on the contrary, sticks to one price from year's end to year's end, and never, in the memory of the oldest Grimalkin, was known to disappoint a customer. A half-penny for a cat's breakfast has been the regulation-price ever since the horses of the metropolis began to submit to the boiling process for the benefit of the feline race.

By the time the cats have retired to growl over their allowance in private, the daily succession of nomadic industrials begin to lift up their voices, and to defile slowly along Our Terrace, stopping now and then to execute a job or effect a sale when an opportunity presents itself. Our limits will not allow us to notice them all, but we must devote a few paragraphs to those without whom our picture would be incomplete.

First comes an ingenious lass of two or three-and-twenty, with a flaming red shawl, pink ribbons in her bonnet, and the hue of health on a rather saucy face. She carries a large basket on her left arm, and in her right hand she displays to general admiration a gorgeous group of flowers, fashioned twice the size of life, from tissue-paper of various colours. She lifts up her voice occasionally as she marches slowly along, singing, in a clear accent: 'Flowers—ornamental papers for the stove

—flowers! paper-flowers!’ She is the accredited herald of summer—a phenomenon, this year, of very late appearance. We should have seen her six weeks ago, if the summer had not declined to appear at the usual season. She is the gaudy, party-coloured ephemera of street commerce, and will disappear from view in a fortnight’s time, to be seen no more until the opening summer of ’53. Her wares, which are manufactured with much taste, and with an eye to the harmony of colours, are in much request among the genteel housewives of the suburbs. They are exceedingly cheap, considering the skill which must be applied in their construction. They are all the work of her own hands, and have occupied her time and swallowed up her capital for some months past. She enjoys almost a monopoly in her art, and is not to be beaten down in the price of her goods. She knows their value, and is more independent than an artist dares to be in the presence of a patron. Her productions are a pleasant summer substitute for the cheerful fire of winter; and it is perhaps well for her that, before the close of autumn, the faded hues of the flowers, and the harbour they afford to dust, will convert them into waste paper, in spite of all the care that may be taken to preserve them.

Paper Poll, as the servants call her, is hardly out of sight, and not out of hearing, when a young fellow and his wife come clattering along the pavement, appealing to all who may require their good offices in the matter of chair-mending. The man is built up in a sort of cage-work of chairs stuck about his head and shoulders, and his dirty phiz is only half visible through a kind of grill of legs and cross-bars. These are partly commissions which, having executed at home, he is carrying to their several owners. But as everybody does not choose to trust him away with property, he is ready to execute orders on the spot; and to this end his wife accompanies him on his rounds. She is loaded with a small bag of tools suspended at her waist, and a plentiful stock of split-cane under one arm. He will weave a new cane-seat to an old chair for 9d., and he will set down his load and do it before your eyes in your own garden, if you prefer that to intrusting him with it; that is, he will make the bargain, and his wife will weave the seat under his supervision, unless there happen to be two to be repaired, when husband and wife will work together. We have noticed that it is a very silent operation, that of weaving chair-bottoms; and that though the couple may be seated for an hour and more together rapidly plying the flexible canes, they never exchange a word with each other till the task is accomplished. Sometimes the wife is left at a customer’s door working alone, while the husband wanders further on in search of other employment, returning by the time she has finished her task. But there are no chairs to mend this morning on Our Terrace, and our bamboo friends may jog on their way.

Now resounds from a distance the cry of ‘All a-blowin’ an’ a-blowin’—all a-blowin’, a-blowin’ here!’ and in a few minutes the travelling florist makes his appearance, driving before him a broad-surfaced hand-cart, loaded in profusion with exquisite flowers of all hues, in full bloom, and, to all appearance, thriving famously. It may happen, however, as it has happened to us, that the blossoms now so vigorous and blooming, may all drop off on the second or third day; and the naked plant, after making a sprawling and almost successful attempt to reach the ceiling for a week or so, shall become suddenly sapless and withered, the emblem of a broken-down and emaciated sot—and, what is more, ruined from the self-same cause, an overdose of stimulating fluid. It may happen, on the other hand, that the plant shall have suffered no trick of the gardener’s trade, and shall bloom fairly to the end of its natural term. The commerce in blossoming flowers is one of

the most uncertain and dangerous speculations in which the small street-traders of London can engage. When carried on under favourable circumstances, it is one of the most profitable, the demand for flowers being constant and increasing; but the whole stock-in-trade of a small perambulating capitalist may be ruined by a shower of rain, which will spoil their appearance for the market, and prevent his selling them before they are overblown. Further, as few of these dealers have any means of housing this kind of stock safely during the night, they are often compelled to part with them, after an unfavourable day, at less than prime cost, to prevent a total loss. Still, there are never wanting men of a speculative turn of mind, and the cry of ‘All a-blowin’ an’ a-blowin’ resounds through the streets as long as the season supplies flowers to grow and to blow.

The flower-merchant wheels off, having left a good sprinkling of geraniums in our neighbours’ windows; and his cousin-german, ‘the graveler,’ comes crawling after him, with his cart and stout horse in the middle of the road, while he walks on one side of the pavement, and his assistant on the other. This fellow is rather a singular character, and one that is to be met with probably nowhere upon the face of the earth but in the suburbs of London. He is, *par excellence*, the exponent of a feeling which pervades the popular mind in the metropolis on the subject of the duty which respectable people owe to respectability. It is impossible for a housekeeper in a neighbourhood having any claims to gentility, to escape the recognition of this feeling in the lower class of industrials. If you have a broken window in the front of your house, the travelling glazier thinks, to use his own expression, that you have a right to have it repaired, and therefore that he, having discovered the fracture, has a right to the job of mending it. If your bell-handle is out of order or broken off, the travelling bellman thinks he has a right to repair it, and bores you, in fact, until you commission him to do so—and so on. In the same manner, and on the same principle, so soon as the fine weather sets in, and the front-gardens begin to look gay, the graveler loads his cart with gravel, and shouldering his spade, crawls leisurely through the suburbs with his companion, peering into every garden; and wherever he sees that the walks are grown dingy or moss-grown, he knocks boldly at the door, and demands to be set to work in mending your ways. The best thing you can do is to make the bargain and employ him at once; if not, he will be round again to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and bore you into consenting at last. You live in a respectable house, and you have a right to keep your garden in a respectable condition—and the graveler is determined that you shall do so: has he not brought gravel to the door on purpose? it will cost you but a shilling or two. Thus he lays down the law in his own mind; and sooner or later, as sure as fate, he lays down the gravel in your garden.

While the graveler is patting down the pathway round Robinson’s flower-bed, we hear the well-known cry of a countryman whom we have known any time these ten years, and who, with his wife by his side, has perambulated the suburbs for the best part of his life. He has taken upon himself the patronage of the laundry department, and he shoulds a fagot of clothes-poles, ten feet long, with forked extremities, all freshly cut from the forest. Coils of new rope for drying are hanging upon his arm, and his wife carries a basket well stocked with clothes-pins of a superior description, manufactured by themselves. The cry of ‘Clothes-line-pins’ is one long familiar to the neighbourhood; and as this honest couple have earned a good reputation by a long course of civility and probity, they enjoy the advantage of a pretty extensive connection. Their perambulations are confined to the suburbs,

and it is a question if they ever enter London proper from one year's end to another. It is of no use to carry clothes-poles and drying-lines where there are no conveniences for washing and drying.

Next comes a travelling umbrella-mender, fagoted on the back like the man in the moon of the nursery rhyme-book. He is followed at a short distance by a travelling tinker, swinging his live-coals in a sort of tin censer, and giving utterance to a hoarse and horrible cry, intelligible only to the cook who has a leaky sauce-pan. Then comes the chamois-leather woman, bundled about with damaged skins, in request for the polishing of plate and plated wares. She is one of that persevering class who will hardly take 'No' for an answer. It takes her a full hour to get through the terrace, for she enters every garden, and knocks at every door from No. 1 to No. 30. In the winter-time, she pursues an analogous trade, dealing in what may strictly be termed the raw material, inasmuch as she then buys and cries hare-skins and rabbit-skins. She has, unfortunately, a notoriously bad character, and is accused of being addicted to the practice of taking tuppence and a hare-skin in exchange for a counterfeit shilling.

By this time it is twelve o'clock and past, and Charley Coster, who serves the terrace with vegetables, drives up his stout cob to the door, and is at the very moment we write bargaining with Betty for new potatoes at threepence-half-penny a pound. Betty declares it is a scandalous price for potatoes. 'Yes, dear,' says Charley; 'an' another scanlonous thing is, that I can't sell 'em for no less.' Charley is the most affectionate of costers, and is a general favourite with the abigails of the terrace. His turn-out is the very model of a travelling green-grocer's shop, well stocked with all the fruits and vegetables of the season; and he himself is a model of a coster, clean shaved, clean shod, and trimly dressed, with a flower in his button-hole, an everlasting smile upon his face, and the nattiest of neck-ties. The cunning rogue pretends to be smitten with Betty, and most likely does the same with all the other Bettys of the neighbourhood, to all of whom he chatters incessantly of everything and everybody—save and except of the wife and three children waiting for him at home. He will leave a good portion of his stock behind him when he quits the terrace.

After Charley has disappeared, there is a pause for an hour or two in the flow of professionals past Our Terrace. The few pedestrians that pass along are chiefly gentefolk, who have come abroad this fine morning for an airing—to take a constitutional, and to pick up an appetite for dinner. You may chance to hear the cry of 'Oranges and nuts,' or of 'Cod—live cod,' and you may be entertained by a band of musicians in a gaily-coloured van patrolling for the purpose of advertising the merits of something or other which is to be had for nothing at all, or the next thing to it, if you can prevail upon yourself to go and fetch it. Perhaps Punch and Judy will pitch their little citadel in front of your dwelling; or, more likely still, a band of mock Ethiopians, with fiddle, castanets, and banjo, may tempt your liberality with a performance of *Uncle Ned* or *Old Dan Tucker*; or a corps of German musicians may trumpet you into a fit of martial ardour; or a wandering professor of the German flute soothe you into a state of romance.

As the afternoon wears on, the tranquillity grows more profound. The villas opposite stand asleep in the sunshine; the sound of a single footstep is heard on the pavement; and anon you hear the feeble, cracked voice of old Willie, the water-cress man, distinctly articulating the cry of 'Water-cresses; fine brown water-cresses; royal Albert water-cresses; the best in London—everybody say so.' The water-cresses are welcomed on the terrace as an ornament and something more to the tea-table; and while tea is getting ready for the inhabitants

of the terrace, the dwellers in the opposite villas are seen returning to dinner. The lame match-man now hobbles along upon his crutches, with his little basket of lucifers suspended at his side. He is thoroughly deaf and three parts dumb, uttering nothing beyond an incomprehensible kind of croak by way of a demand for custom. He is a privileged being, whom nobody thinks of interfering with. He has the *entrée* of all the gardens on both sides of the way, and is the acknowledged depositary of scraps and remnants of all kinds which have made their last appearance upon the dinner or supper table.

About five o'clock, the tinkling note of the muffin-bell strikes agreeably upon the ear, suggestive of fragrant souchong and bottom-crusts hot, crackling, and unctuous. Now ensues a delicate savour in the atmosphere of the terrace kitchens, and it is just at its height when Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson are seen walking briskly up the terrace. They all go in at Smith's, where the muffin-man went in about half an hour before, and left half his stock behind him. By six o'clock, the lords and ladies of Our Terrace are congregated round their tea-urns; and by seven, you may see from one of the back-windows a tolerable number of the lords, arrayed in dressing-gowns and slippers, and some of them with corpulent meerschauts dangling from their mouths, strolling leisurely in the gardens in the rear of their dwellings, and amusing themselves with their children, whose prattling voices and innocent laughter mingle with the twittering of those suburban songsters, the sparrows, and with the rustling of the foliage, stirred by the evening breeze. These pleasant sounds die away by degrees. Little boys and girls go to bed; the gloom of twilight settles down upon the gardens; candles are lighted in the drawing-rooms, and from a dozen houses at once pianofortes commence their harmony. At No. 12, the drawing-room windows are open, though the blinds are down; and the slow-pacing policeman pauses in his round, and leans against the iron railings, being suddenly brought up by the richly-harmonious strains of a glee for three voices: Brown, Jones, and Robinson are doing the *Chough and Crow*; and Smith, who prides himself on his semi-grand, which he tunes with his own hands once a week, is doing the accompaniment in his best style. The merry chorus swells delightfully upon the ear, and is heard half way down the terrace: the few foot-passengers who are passing stop under the window to listen, till one of them is imprudent enough to cry 'Encore,' when down go the windows, and the harmonious sounds are shut in from vulgar ears.

It is by this time nearly half-past nine o'clock, and now comes the regular nightly 'tramp, tramp' of the police, marching in Indian file, and heavily clad in their night-gear. They come to replace the guardians of the day by those of the night. One of the number falls out of the line on the terrace, where he commences his nocturnal wanderings, and guarantees the peace and safety of the inhabitants for the succeeding eight hours: the rest tramp onwards to their distant stations. The echoes of their iron heels have hardly died away, when there is a sudden and almost simultaneous eruption from every garden-gate on the terrace of clean-faced, neat-aproned, red-elbowed servant-girls, each and all armed with a jug or a brace of jugs, with a sprinkling of black bottles among them, and all bound to one or other of the public-houses which guard the terrace at either end. It is the hour of supper; and the supper-beer, and the after-supper nightcaps, for those who indulge in them, have to be procured from the publican. This is an occasion upon which Betty scorns to hurry; but she takes time by the forelock, starting for the beer as soon as the cloth is laid, and before master has finished his pipe, or his game of chess, or Miss Clementina her song, in order that she may have leisure for a little gossip with No. 7 on the one hand, or No. 9 on the

other. She goes out without beat of drum, and lets herself in with the street-door key without noise, bringing home, besides the desiderated beverage, the news of the day, and the projects of next-door for the morrow, with, it may be, a plan for the enjoyment of her next monthly holiday.

Supper is the last great business of the day upon Our Terrace, which, by eleven at night, is lapped in profound repose. The moon rides high in mid-sky, and the black shadows of the trees lie motionless on the white pavement. Not a footfall is heard abroad; the only sound that is audible as you put your head out of the window, to look up at the glimmering stars and radiant moon, is the distant and monotonous murmur of the great metropolis, varied now and then by the shrill scream of a far-off railway-whistle, or the 'cough, cough, cough' of the engine of some late train. We are sober folks on the terrace, and are generally all snug abed before twelve o'clock. The last sound that reaches our ears ere we doze off into forgetfulness, is the slow, lumbering, earthy advance of a huge outward-bound wagon. We hear it at the distance of half a mile, and note distinctly the crushing and pulverising of every small stone which the broad wheels roll over as they sluggishly proceed on their way. It rocks us in our beds as it passes the house; and for twenty minutes afterwards, if we are awake so long, we are aware that it is groaning heavily onwards, and shaking the solid earth in its progress—till it sinks away in silence, or we into the land of dreams.

SLAVES IN BRITAIN.

It has sometimes been predicted, not without plausibility, that if this great empire should sink before the rising genius of some new state, when all it has accomplished in arts and arms, and its wealth, its literature, its machinery, are forgotten, its struggles for humanity in the abolition of negro slavery will stand forth in undiminished lustre. All the steps of this mighty operation are interesting. It is a peculiarity of England and its institutions, that many of the most momentous constitutional conflicts have taken place in the courts of law. In despotic countries, this seldom occurs, because the rulers can bend the courts of law to their pleasure; but here, even under the worst governments, whatever degree of freedom was really warranted by law, could be secured by the courts of justice. When it was said that the air of Britain was too pure for a slave to breathe in—that his shackles fell off whenever he reached her happy shore—the sentiment was noble; but the question depended entirely on the law and its technical details. The trials resulting in a decision against slavery, have thus much interest from the influence they exercised on human progress.

There seemed to be every probability that the interesting question, whether ownership in slaves continued after they had reached Britain, would have been tried in Scotland. In the middle of last century, a Mr Sheddan had brought home from Virginia a negro slave to be taught a trade. He was baptised, and, learning his trade, began to acquire notions of freedom and citizenship. When the master thought he had been long enough in Scotland to suit his purpose, the negro was put on board a vessel for Virginia. He got a friend, however, to present for him a petition to the Court of Session. The professional report of the case in *Marison's Dictionary of Decisions* says: 'The Lords appointed counsel for the negro, and ordered memorials, and afterwards a hearing in presence, upon the respective claims of liberty and servitude by the master and the negro; but during the hearing in presence, the negro died, so the point was not determined.' In the English case, to which we shall presently advert, it was maintained, that from the known temper and opinions of the court, the decision would undoubtedly have

been in the negro's favour. At the time when Mr Grenville Sharp, to his immortal honour, took up in the courts of law the question of personal liberty as a legal right, there was a more serious risk of Britain becoming a slave state than it is now easy to imagine. There was no chance of negroes being employed in gangs in the field or in manufactories, but there was imminent danger of their being brought over and kept in multitudes as domestic servants, just as they are still in some of the southern states of America. Mr Sharp drew attention to the following advertisement in the *Public Advertiser* of 28th March 1763, as one of a kind becoming too common:

'To be sold, a Black Girl, the property of J. B—, eleven years of age, who is extremely handy, works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English perfectly well; is of an excellent temper and willing disposition.'

'Inquire of Mr Owen, at the Angel Inn, behind St Clement's Church in the Strand.'

Mr Sharp's early conflicts in the law-courts are more romantic than the last and decisive one. He and his brother had found a poor mendicant negro, called Jonathan Strong, in rags on the streets of London. They took him into their service, and after he had become plump, strong, and acquainted with his business, the man who had brought him from the colonies, an attorney, seeing him behind a carriage, set covetous eyes on him. The lad was waylaid on a false message to a public-house, seized, and committed to the Compter, where, however, he managed to make Mr Sharp acquainted with his position. The indefatigable philanthropist had him brought before the lord mayor as sitting magistrate. After hearing the case stated, his lordship said: 'The lad had not stolen anything, and was not guilty of any offence, and was therefore at liberty to go away.' A captain of a vessel, saying he had been employed by a person who had just bought the youth, to convey him to Jamaica, seized him by the arm as his employer's property. A lawyer standing behind Mr Sharp, who seems to have been puzzled how to proceed, whispered, 'Charge him.' Sharp charged the captain with an assault, and as he would have been immediately committed by the lord mayor if he persisted, he let go his hold. The philanthropist was threatened with a prosecution for abstraction of property, but it was abandoned.

This occurred in 1767. The next important case was that of a negro named Lewis. He 'had formerly,' says Mr Sharp's biographer, 'been a slave in possession of a Mr Stapylton, who now resided at Chelsea. Stapylton, with the aid of two watermen, whom he had hired for that purpose, in a dark night seized the person of Lewis, and, after a struggle, dragged him on his back into the water, and thence into a boat lying in the Thames, where, having first tied his legs, they endeavoured to gag him by running a stick into his mouth; and then rowing down to a ship bound for Jamaica, whose commander was previously engaged in the wicked conspiracy, they put him on board, to be sold as a slave on his arrival in the island.' The negro's cries, however, were heard; the struggle was witnessed; and information given in the quarter whence aid was most likely to come. Mr Sharp lost no time in obtaining a writ of habeas corpus. The ship in the meantime had sailed from Gravesend, but the officer with the writ was able to board her in the Downs. There he saw the negro chained to the mast. The captain was at first furious, and determined to resist; but he knew the danger of defying an officer with such a writ as a habeas corpus, and found it necessary to yield. The writ came up before Lord Mansfield. He did not go into the general question of slavery, for there was an incidental point on which the case could be decided on the side of humanity—the captain and the persons employing him could not prove their property in the slave, supposing such property lawful. He was not

only liberated, but his captors were convicted of assault.

These cases, however, did not decide the wide question, whether it was lawful to hold property in negroes in this country. It came at last to be solemnly decided in 1771, on a habeas corpus in the King's Bench. Affidavits having been made before Lord Mansfield, that a coloured man, named Somerset, was confined in irons on board a vessel called the *Ann and Mary*, bound for Jamaica, he granted a habeas corpus against the captain, to compel him to give an account of his authority for keeping the man in custody. Somerset had been a slave in Virginia, the property of a Mr Stewart; and the captain of the vessel stated that the owner had put him on board, to be conveyed to Jamaica, and there sold. In what was called the return to the writ, the justification for keeping Somerset in restraint was thus quaintly stated:—'That at the time of bringing the said James Somerset from Africa, and long before, there were, and from thence hitherto there have been, and still are, great numbers of negro slaves in Africa; and that during all the time aforesaid, there hath been, and still is a trade, carried on by his majesty's subjects from Africa, to his majesty's colonies or plantations of Virginia and Jamaica, in America, and other colonies and plantations belonging to his majesty in America, for the necessary supplying of the foresaid colonies and plantations with negro slaves.' It proceeded to relate with the same verbosity, that the slaves so brought from Africa 'have been and are saleable and sold as goods and chattels; and upon the sale thereof, have become, and been, and are, the slaves and property of the purchasers thereof.' It was stated that Mr Stewart, who resided in Virginia, had Somerset as a domestic slave or valet—that having business to transact in London, he took his usual attendant there, intending to take him back to Virginia. Somerset, however, made his escape; and when he was apprehended, his master, probably believing that he would thenceforth be rather a troublesome valet, changed his intention, and put the negro into the hands of the captain of a vessel bound for Jamaica, that he might be sold there.

The pleadings upon the legality of this proceeding were solemn and full. The question was, Whether it was to be held a just inference, from the fact of the slave, being undoubtedly by the law of the day property in the colonies, that, while his colonial master made a temporary stay in Britain, he should be property there also, without any direct law to that effect. Had it been a question of inanimate goods, there would be no reason why the property should not continue in the colonial owner. It would be all one to the inanimate object what hands it was in, and regularity and justice would decree that the person who was owner of it in one country should be so in another. But in these cases there was a separate adverse interest of a very strong character. Was the uniformity of this right of possession sufficient to overrule another right—that which every man, black or white, had to the freedom of his own person, unless there was special law to restrain it? The counsel for the negro not only pleaded strongly on this his personal right, but on the consequence to the moral condition of the British Empire, if the inhabitants of slave countries could bring their slaves hither. From the strictness of the laws, and the uniformity of the course of justice, if slaves were permitted in England, it was the very place where property in them would be most secure. Thus the country might become a resort of slaveholders, and its boasted purity and freedom would be sadly contaminated. 'If that right,' said Mr Hargrave, 'is here recognised, domestic slavery, with its horrid train of evils, may be lawfully imported into this country, at the discretion of every individual, foreign and native. It will come not only from our own colonies, and those of other European nations, but from Poland, Russia, Spain, and Turkey—from the coast of Barbary, from

the western and eastern coasts of Africa—from every part of the world where it still continues to torment and dishonour the human species.'

The counsel on the other side was the celebrated Mr Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, a friend of freedom, who seems to have undertaken the cause on notions of professional duty, and without any great inclination for it. His first words were: 'It is incumbent on me to justify Captain Knowles's detainer of the negro.' He was careful to shew, that he did not in the meantime maintain that there was an absolute property in Somerset—it was sufficient to shew, that there was a sufficient presumption of property to authorise the shipmaster in detaining him until the absolute question of right was solemnly settled. He proceeded to say: 'It is my misfortune to address an audience, the greater part of which I fear are prejudiced the other way. But wishes, I am well convinced, will never be allowed by your lordships to enter into the determination of the point. This cause must be what in fact and law it is. Its fate, I trust, therefore, depends on fixed and variable rules, resulting by law from the nature of the case. For myself, I would not be understood to intimate a wish in favour of slavery by any means; nor, on the other side, to be supposed the maintainer of an opinion contrary to my own judgment. I am bound in duty to maintain those arguments which are most useful to Captain Knowles, as far as is consistent with truth; and if his conduct has been agreeable to the laws throughout, I am under a further indispensable duty to support it.'

Much reference was made to the ancient laws of villenage, or semi-slavery, in Britain. Mr Dunning maintained, that these were testimony that a slave was not an utter anomaly in the country. The class of villeins had disappeared, and the law regarding them was abolished in the reign of Charles II. But he maintained, that there was nothing in that circumstance to prohibit others from establishing a claim upon separate grounds. He said: 'If the statute of Charles II. ever be repealed, the law of villenage revives in its full force.' It was stated that there were in Britain 15,000 negroes in the same position with Somerset. They had come over as domestics during the temporary sojourn of their owner-masters, intending to go back again. Then it was observed, that many of the slaves were in ships or in colonies which had not special laws for the support of slavery; and by the disfranchisement of these, British subjects would lose many millions' worth of property, which they believed themselves justly to possess.

British justice, however, has held at all times the question of human liberty to be superior to considerations of mere expediency. If the question be, who gains or loses most, there never can be a doubt that the man whose freedom has been reft from him has the greatest of all claims for indulgence. Accordingly, Lord Mansfield, the presiding judge, looking in the face all the threatened evils to property, held that nothing but absolute law could trench on personal freedom. He used on the occasion a Latin expression, to the effect that justice must be done at whatever cost; it has found its way into use as a classical expression, and as no one has been able to find it in any Latin author, it is supposed to have been of Lord Mansfield's own coining. 'Mr Stewart,' he said, 'advances no claims on contract; he rests his whole demand on a right to the negro as slave, and mentions the purpose of detainure of him to be the sending him over to be sold in Jamaica. If the parties will have judgment, *fiat justitia ruat cælum*—Let justice be done whatever be the consequence.' In finally delivering judgment, he concluded in these simple but expressive terms: 'The state of slavery is of such a nature, that it is incapable of being introduced, on any reasons, moral or political, but only by positive law, which preserves its force long after the reasons, occasion, and time itself, for which

it was created, are erased from memory. It is so odious, that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law. Whatever inconveniences, therefore, may follow from the decision, I cannot say this case is allowed or approved by the law of England; and therefore the black must be discharged.'

A few years afterwards—in 1778—a case occurred in Scotland, where the question of a master's rights over a negro slave in Britain was at issue. The right claimed in this case, however, was not of so offensive a nature. The master did not claim the power of seizing the negro as his property. He maintained, however, that their mutual position gave him a right to claim the negro's services, as if he had engaged himself as a servant for life. Mr Wedderburn had bought in Jamaica a negro named Knight, about twelve years old. He came to Scotland as Mr Wedderburn's personal servant, married in the country, and for some years seemed contented with his position. Probably at the suggestion of some one who wished to try the question, as it had been tried in England, Knight went off, avowing his intention of being free. Mr Wedderburn applied to a justice of peace, who at once issued a warrant for the negro's apprehension. The matter, however, came before the sheriff, a professional judge, who decided that the colonial laws of slavery do not extend to Scotland, and that personal service for life is just another term for slavery. After a tedious litigation, this view was affirmed by the Court of Session, and the negro was declared free. The case acquired notice from the interest taken in it by Dr Johnson, and the frequent mention of it in Boswell's well-known work.

THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE.

AFTER my good and excellent mistress, Mrs Dacre, departed this life for a better, it seemed as if nothing ever prospered in the family, whom I had the honour of serving in the capacity of confidential housekeeper. Mr Dacre became morose and careless of his affairs; his sons were a source of great misery to him, pursuing a course of reckless extravagance and heartless dissipation; while the five young ladies—the youngest of whom, however, had attained the age of twenty-four—cared for little else than dress, and visiting, and empty show. These five young ladies had not amiable dispositions or gentle manners; but they were first-rate horsewomen, laughed and talked very loud, and were pronounced fine dashing women. There was another member of the family, an orphan niece of my master's, who had greatly profited by my lamented lady's teaching and companionship. Miss Marion had devoted herself to the sick-room with even more than a daughter's love; and for two years she had watched beside the patient sufferer, when her more volatile and thoughtless cousins refused to credit the approach of death. Miss Marion had just entered her twentieth year; life had not been all summer with her; for she remembered scenes of privation and distress, ere the decease of her parents left her, their only child, to the care of affluent relatives. She was a serious and meek, but affectionate creature; of a most goodly countenance and graceful carriage; and I used sometimes to think that the Misses Dacre were jealous of the admiration she excited, and kept her in the background as much as possible. It was not difficult to do this, for Miss Marion sought and loved retirement. After Mrs Dacre's decease, she had expressed an urgent wish to earn her bread by filling the situation of a governess. But the pride of the Dacres revolted at this; besides, Miss Marion was a comfort to her uncle, when his daughters were absent or occupied. So the dear young lady gave up her own wishes, and strove to do all she could for her generous benefactor, as she was wont to call my master.

Circumstances, which it were needless to detail,

except to say that, although I had served *one* mistress satisfactorily, I found it impossible to serve *five*, determined me to resign the situation I had creditably filled for so many years. I deeply grieved to leave my beloved Miss Marion; and she, sweet, humble soul, on her part, yearned towards me, and wept a farewell on my bosom. I betook myself, in the first instance, to my brother Thomas Wesley and his wife—a worthy couple without children, renting a small farm nearly a hundred miles off. A very pleasant, small farm it was, situated in a picturesque valley, through which tumbled and foamed a limpid hill-stream, washing the roots of fine old trees, and playing all sorts of antics. This valley was a resort of quiet anglers, and also of artists during the summer season; and Thomas and Martha Wesley often let a neat parlour and adjoining bedroom to such respectable, steady people as did not object to observe the primitive hours and customs enforced at Fairdown Farm. Here I enjoyed the privilege of writing to, and hearing from, my dear Miss Marion; and though she never complained, or suffered a murmur to escape her, yet from the tenor of her letters I had great cause to fear things were all going very wrong at Mr Dacre's, and that her own health, always delicate, was giving way beneath the pressure of anxiety and unkindness.

In less than six months after I had quitted the family, a climax, which I had long anticipated with dread, actually arrived. Mr Dacre, suddenly called to his account, was found to have left his temporal affairs involved in inextricable and hopeless ruin; and amid the general crash and desolation, who was to shield or befriend the poor dependent, the orphan niece, Miss Marion? She was rudely cast adrift on the cold world; her proffered sympathy and services tauntingly rejected by those who had now a hard battle to fight on their own account. Broken down in health and spirits, the poor young lady flew to me, her humble, early friend, gratefully and eagerly availing herself of Thomas Wesley's cordial invitation, to make his house her home for the present.

My brother was a kind-hearted, just man; he had once been to see me when I lived at Mr Dacre's; and that gentleman, in his palmy days, was truly hospitable and generous to all comers. Thomas never forgot his reception, and now he was a proud and happy man to be enabled thus to offer 'a slight return,' as he modestly said, to one of the family. With much concern we all viewed Miss Marion's wan and careworn looks, so touching in the young; 'But her dim blue eyes will get bright again, and she'll fill out—never fear,' said Martha Wesley to me, by way of comfort and encouragement, 'now we've got her amongst us, poor dear. I doubt those proud Misses Dacre were not over-tender with such a one as sweet Miss Marion.'

'Dame, dame, don't let that tongue of thine wag so fast,' interrupted Thomas, for he never liked to hear people ill spoken of behind their backs, though he would speak out plainly enough to everybody's face.

A few days after Miss Marion's arrival at Fairdown (it was just at the hay-making season, and the earth was very beautiful—birds singing and flowers blooming—soft breezes blowing, and musical streamlets murmuring rejoicingly in the sunshine), a pedestrian was seen advancing leisurely up the valley, coming in a direction from the neighbouring town—a distance, however, of some miles, and the nearest point where the coach stopped. The stranger, aided in his walk by a stout stick, was a short, thickset, elderly man, clad in brown habiliments from head to foot: a brown, broad-brimmed hat, an antiquated brown spencer (a brown wig must not be omitted), brown gaiters, and brown cloth boots, completed his attire. His linen was spotless and fine, his countenance rubicund and benevolent; and when he took off his green spectacles, a pair of the clearest and honestest brown eyes ever set in mortal's head

looked you full in the face. He was a nice, comfortable-looking old gentleman; and so Thomas and I both thought at the same moment—for Martha was out of the way, and I shewed the apartments for her; the stranger, who gave his name as Mr Budge, having been directed to our house by the people of the inn where the coach stopped, who were kin to Martha, and well-disposed, obliging persons.

Mr Budge said he wanted quietness for some weeks, and the recreation of fishing; he had come from the turmoil of the great city to relax and enjoy himself, and if Thomas Wesley would kindly consent to receive him as a lodger, he would feel very much obliged. Never did we listen to so pleasant and obliging a mode of speaking; and when Mr Budge praised the apartments, and admired the country, the conquest of Thomas's heart was complete. 'Besides,' as Martha sagaciously remarked, 'it was so much better to have a steady old gentleman like this for a lodger, when pretty Miss Marion honoured them as a guest.' I thought so too; my dear young lady being so lone and unprotected by relatives, we all took double care of her.

So Mr Budge engaged the rooms, and speedily arrived to take possession, bringing with him a spick-and-span new fishing-rod and basket. He did not know much about fishing, but he enjoyed himself just as thoroughly as if he did; and he laughed so good-humouredly at his own Cockney blunders, as he called them, that Thomas would have been quite angry had any one else presumed to indulge a smile at Mr Budge's expense. A pattern lodger in all respects was Mr Budge—deferential towards Martha and myself, and from the first moment he beheld Miss Marion, regarding her as a superior being, yet one to be loved by a mortal for all that. Mr Budge was not a particularly communicative individual himself, though we opined from various observations, that, although not rich, he was comfortably off; but somehow or other, without appearing in the least inquisitive, he managed to obtain the minutest information he required. In this way, he learned all the particulars respecting Miss Marion; and gathered also from me, my own desire of obtaining a situation, such as I had held at Mr Dacre's, but in a small and well-regulated household. As to Miss Marion, the kind old gentleman could never shew kindness enough to her; and he watched the returning roses on her fair cheeks with a solicitude scarcely exceeded by mine. I never wondered at anybody admiring and loving the sweet, patient girl; but Mr Budge's admiration and apparent affection so far exceeded the bounds of mere conventional kindness in a stranger, that sometimes I even smilingly conjectured he had the idea of asking her to become Mrs Budge, for he was a widower, as he told us, and childless.

Such an idea, however, had never entered Miss Marion's innocent heart; and she, always so grateful for any little attention, was not likely to receive with coldness those so cordially lavished on her by her new friend, whom she valued as a truly good man, and not for a polished exterior, in which Mr Budge was deficient. Nay, so cordial was their intimacy, and so much had Miss Marion regained health and cheerfulness, that with unwonted sportiveness, on more than one occasion she actually hid the ponderous brown snuff-box, usually reposing in Mr Budge's capacious pocket, and only produced it when his distress became real; whereupon he chuckled and laughed, as if she had performed a mighty clever feat, indulging at the same time, however, in a double pinch.

Some pleasant weeks to us all had thus glided away, and Miss Marion was earnestly consulting me about her project of governingess, her health being now so restored; and I, for my part, wanted to execute my plans for obtaining a decent livelihood, as I could not

think of burdening Thomas and Martha any longer, loath as they were for me to leave them. Some pleasant weeks, I say, had thus glided away, when Mr Budge, with much ceremony and circumlocution, as if he had deeply pondered the matter, and considered it very weighty and important, made a communication which materially changed and brightened my prospects. It was to the effect, that an intimate friend of his, whom he had known, he said, all his life, required the immediate services of a trustworthy housekeeper, to take the entire responsible charge of his house. 'My friend,' continued Mr Budge, tapping his snuff-box complacently, his brown eyes twinkling with the pleasure of doing a kind act, for his green specs were in their well-worn case at his elbow—'My friend is about my age—a sober chap, you see, Mrs Deborah;' here a chuckle—and he has no wife and no child to take care of him'—here a slight sigh: 'he has lately bought a beautiful estate, called Sorel Park, and it is there you will live, with nobody to interfere with you, as the lady-relative who will reside with my friend is a most amiable and admirable young lady; and I am sure, Mrs Deborah, you will become much attached to her. By the by, Mrs Deborah,' he continued, after pondering for a moment, 'will you do me a favour to use your influence to prevent Miss Marion from accepting any appointment for the present, as after you are established at Sorel Park, I think I know of a home that may suit her?'

I do not know which I felt most grateful or delighted for—my own prospects, or my dear Miss Marion's; though certainly hers were more vague and undefined than mine, for the remuneration offered for my services was far beyond my expectation, and from Mr Budge's description of Sorel Park, it seemed to be altogether a place beyond my most sanguine hopes. I said something about Miss Marion, and my hope that she might be as fortunate as myself; and Mr Budge, I was happy to see, was quite fervent in his response. 'My friend,' said he, at the close of the interview, 'will not arrive to take possession of Sorel Park until you, Mrs Deborah, have got all things in order; and as I know that he is anxious for the time to arrive, the sooner you can set out on your journey thither the better. I also must depart shortly, but I hope to return hither again.' Important business required Mr Budge's personal attention, and with hurried adieu to us all, he departed from Fairdown; and in compliance with his request, I set off for Sorel Park, leaving my beloved Miss Marion to the care of Thomas and Martha for the present.

The owner of this fine place was not as yet known there; for Mr Budge, being a managing man, had taken everything upon himself, and issued orders with as lordly an air as if there was nobody in the kingdom above the little brown man. The head-gardener, and some of the other domestics, informed me they had been engaged by Mr Budge himself, who, I apprehended, made very free and busy with the concerns of his friend. Sorel Park was a princely domain, and there was an air of substantial comfort about the dwelling and its appointments, which spoke volumes of promise as to domestic arrangements in general. I soon found time to write a description of the place to Miss Marion, for I knew how interested she was in all that concerned her faithful Deborah; and I anxiously awaited the tidings she had promised to convey—of Mr Budge having provided as comfortably for her as he had for me. I at length received formal notification of the day and hour the owner of Sorel Park expected to arrive, accompanied by his female relative. This was rather earlier than I had been led to expect; but all things being in order for their reception, I felt glad at their near approach, for I was strangely troubled and nervous to get this introduction over. I was very anxious, too, about my

dear Miss Marion; for I knew that some weighty reason alone prevented her from answering my letter, though what that reason could be, it was impossible for me to conjecture.

The momentous day dawned; the hours glided on; and the twilight hour deepened. The superior servants and myself stood ready to receive the travellers, listening to every sound; and startled, nevertheless, when the rapid approach of carriage-wheels betokened their close proximity. With something very like disappointment, for which I accused myself of ingratitude, I beheld Mr Budge, browner than ever, alight from the chariot, carefully assisting a lady, who seemed in delicate health, as she was muffled up like a mummy. Mr Budge returned my respectful salutation most cordially, and said, with a smile, as he bustled forwards to the saloon, where a cheerful fire blazed brightly on the hearth—for it was a chill evening: 'I've brought your new mistress home, you see, Mrs Deborah; but you want to know where your new master is—eigh? Well, come along, and this young lady will tell you all about the old fellow.'

I followed them into the apartment; Mr Budge shut the door; the lady flung aside her veil, and my own dear, sweet Miss Marion clasped me round the neck, and sobbed hysterically in my arms.

'Tell her, my darling,' said Mr Budge, himself quite husky, and turning away to wipe off a tear from his ruddy cheek—'tell her, my darling, you're the *mistress* of Sorel Park; and when you've made the good soul understand that, tell her we'd like a cup of tea before we talk about the *master*.'

'O my dear Miss Marion!' was all I could utter; 'what does this mean? Am I in a dream?' But it was not a happy dream; for when I had a moment to reflect, my very soul was troubled as I thought of the sacrifice of all her youthful aspirations, made by that poor, gentle creature, for the sake of a secure and comfortable home in this stormy world. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of Mr Budge and Marion as man and wife; and as I learned, ere we retired to rest that night, I had no occasion to do so. Mr Budge was Miss Marion's paternal uncle, her mother, Miss Dacre, having married his elder brother. These brothers were of respectable birth, but inferior to the Dacres; and while the elder never prospered in any undertaking, and finally died of a broken heart, the younger, toiling in foreign climes, gradually amassed a competency. On returning to his native land, he found his brother no more, and the orphan girl he had left behind placed with her mother's relatives.

Mr Budge had a great dread of appearing before these proud patrician people, who had always openly scorned his deceased brother; and once accidentally encountering them at a public *fête*, the contumelious bearing of the young ladies towards the little brown gentleman deterred him from any nearer approach. No doubt, he argued, his brother's daughter was deeply imbued with similar principles, and would blush to own a 'Mr Budge' for her uncle! This name he had adopted as the condition of inheriting a noble fortune unexpectedly bequeathed by a plebeian, but worthy and industrious relative, only a few years previous to the period when Providence guided his footsteps to Fairdown Farm and Miss Marion.

The moderate competency Mr Budge had hitherto enjoyed, and which he had toiled hard for, now augmented to ten times the amount, sorely perplexed and troubled him; and after purchasing Sorel Park, he had flown from the turmoil of affluence, to seek peace and obscurity for awhile, under pretext of pursuing the philosophical recreation of angling. How unlike the Misses Dacre was the fair and gracious creature he encountered at Fairdown! And not a little the dear old gentleman prided himself on his talents for what he called diplomacy—arranging his plans, he said, 'just like a

book-romance.' After my departure, he returned to Fairdown, and confided the wonderful tidings to Thomas and Martha Wesley, more cautiously imparting them to Miss Marion, whose gentle spirits were more easily fluttered by sudden surprise.

For several years, Mr Budge paid an annual visit to Fairdown, when the trout-fishing season commenced; and many useful and valuable gifts found their way into Thomas's comfortable homestead, presented by dear Miss Marion. In the course of time, she became the wife of one worthy of her in every respect—their lovely children often sportively carrying off the ponderous box of brown rappee, and yet Uncle Budge never frowning.

These darlings cluster round my knees, and one, more demure than the rest, thoughtfully asks: 'Why is Uncle Budge's hair not snowy white, like yours, dear Deb? For Uncle Budge says he is very old, and that God will soon call him away from us.'

ADVENTURES IN JAPAN.

FOR above two hundred years, the unknown millions of Japan have been shut up in their own islands, forbidden, under the severest penalties, either to admit foreigners on their shores, or themselves to visit any other realm in the world. The Dutch are permitted to send two ships in a year to the port of Nangasacki, where they are received with the greatest precaution, and subjected to a surveillance even more degrading than was that formerly endured by the Europeans at Canton. Any other foreigner whom misfortune or inadvertence may land on their shores, is doomed to perpetual imprisonment; and even if one of their own people should pass twelve months out of the country, he is, on his return, kept for life at the capital, and suffered no more to join his family, or mingle at large in the business or social intercourse of life. In pursuance of this policy, it is believed that the Japanese government now holds in captivity several subjects of the United States, and it is expected that an armament will be sent to rescue them by force.

Since this announcement has been made, and the general expectation has been raised that Japan will soon have to submit, like China, to surrender its isolation, and enter into relations with the rest of the civilised world, there has seasonably appeared an English reprint of a work hitherto little known among us—a personal narrative of a Japanese captivity of two years and a half, by an officer in the Russian navy.* If we may judge from its details, our transatlantic friends had need to keep all their eyes wide open in dealing with this people.

The leading circumstances connected with Captain Golownin's captivity were the following:—In the year 1808, the Chamberlain Resanoff was sent by the Emperor Alexander, to endeavour to open friendly relations with Japan, and sailed from the eastern coasts in a merchant vessel belonging to the American Company. But receiving a peremptory message of dismissal, and refusal of all intercourse, he returned to Okhotsk, and died on his way to St Petersburg. Lieutenant Chwostoff, however, who had commanded the vessel, put to sea again on his own responsibility, attacked and destroyed several Japanese villages on the Kurile Islands, and carried off some of the inhabitants. In the year 1811, Captain Golownin, commander of the imperial war-ship *Diana*, lying at Kamtschatka, received orders from headquarters to make a particular survey of the southern Kurile Islands, and the coast of Tartary. In pursuance of his instructions, he was sailing without any flag near the coast of Eetooroop (Staaten), when he was met by some Russian Kuriles, who informed him that they had been

* *Japan and the Japanese.* By Captain Golownin. London: Colburn & Co. 1852.

seized, and were still detained prisoners, on account of the Chrostoff outrage. They persuaded the captain to take one of them on board as an interpreter, and proceeded to Kunashir, to make such explanations as might exonerate the Russian government in this matter. The Japanese chief of the island further assured the Russians, that they could obtain a supply of wood, water, and fresh provisions at Kunashir; and he furnished them with a letter to its governor. The reception of the *Diana* at Kunashir was, in the first instance, a vigorous but ineffective discharge of guns from the fortress, the walls of which were so completely hung with striped cloth, that it was impossible to form any opinion of the size or strength of the place. After some interchange, however, of allegorical messages, conveyed by means of drawings floated in empty casks, Golownin was invited on shore by the beckoning of white fans. Concealing three brace of pistols in his bosom, and leaving a well-armed boat close to the shore, with orders that the men should watch his movements, and act on his slightest signal, he ventured on a landing, accompanied by the Kurile Alexei and a common sailor. The lieutenant-governor soon appeared. He was in complete armour, and attended by two soldiers, one of whom carried his long spear, and the other his cap or helmet, which was adorned with a figure of the moon. 'It is scarcely possible,' says the narrator, 'to conceive anything more ludicrous than the manner in which the governor walked. His eyes were cast down and fixed on the earth, and his hands pressed closely against his sides, whilst he proceeded at so slow a pace, that he scarcely moved one foot beyond the other, and kept his feet wide apart. I saluted him after the European fashion, upon which he raised his left hand to his forehead, and bowed his whole body towards the ground.'

In the conversation that ensued, the governor expressed his regret that the ignorance of the Japanese respecting the object of this visit should have occasioned them to fire upon the *Diana*. He then closely interrogated the captain as to the course and objects of his voyage, his name, the name of his emperor, and whether he knew anything of Resanoff. On the first of these heads, Golownin deemed it prudent to use some deception, and he stated that he was proceeding to St Petersburg, from the eastern extremity of the Russian Empire; that contrary winds had considerably lengthened his voyage; and that, being greatly in want of wood and fresh water, he had been looking on the coasts for a safe harbour where these might be procured, and had been directed by an officer at Eetooroop to Kunashir. To all the other questions, he returned suitable answers, which were carefully written down. The conference ended most amicably, and the captain was invited to smoke tobacco, and partake of some tea, *sagi*,* and caviar. Everything was served on a separate dish, and presented by a different individual, armed with a poniard and sabre; and these attendants, instead of going away after handing anything to the guests, remained standing near, till at length they were surrounded by a formidable circle of armed men. Golownin would not stoop to betray alarm or distrust, but having brought some French brandy as a present to the governor, he desired his sailors to draw a bottle, and took this opportunity of repeating his order, that they should hold themselves in readiness. There appeared, however, no intention of resorting to violence. When he prepared to depart, the governor presented a flask of *sagi*, and some fresh fish, pointing out to him at the same time a net which had been cast to procure a larger supply. He also gave him a white fan, with which he was to beckon, as a sign of amity, when he came on shore again. The whole draught of fish was sent on board in the evening.

On the following day, the captain, according to

appointment, paid another visit on shore, accompanied by two officers, Alexei, and four seamen carrying the presents intended for the Japanese. On this occasion, the former precautions were dispensed with; the boat was hauled up to the shore, and left with one seaman, while the rest of the party proceeded to the castle. The result was, that after a renewal of the friendly explanations and entertainments of the preceding day, the treacherous Japanese threw off the mask, and made prisoners of the whole party.

The first thing done, was to tie our hands behind our backs, and conduct us into an extensive but low building, which resembled a barrack, and which was situated opposite to the tent in the direction of the shore. Here we were placed on our knees, and bound in the cruellest manner with cords about the thickness of a finger; and as though this were not enough, another binding of smaller cords followed, which was still more painful. The Japanese are exceedingly expert at this work; and it would appear that they conform to some precise regulation in binding their prisoners, for we were all tied exactly in the same manner. There was the same number of knots and nooses, and all at equal distances, on the cords with which each of us was bound. There were loops round our breasts and necks; our elbows almost touched each other, and our hands were firmly bound together. From these fastenings proceeded a long cord, the end of which was held by a Japanese, and which, on the slightest attempt to escape, required only to be drawn to make the elbows come in contact with the greatest pain, and to tighten the noose about the neck to such a degree as almost to produce strangulation. Besides all this, they tied our legs in two places—above the knees and above the ankles; they then passed ropes from our necks over the cross-beams of the building, and drew them so tight, that we found it impossible to move. Their next operation was searching our pockets, out of which they took everything, and then proceeded very quietly to smoke tobacco. While they were binding us, the lieutenant-governor shewed himself twice, and pointed to his mouth, to intimate, perhaps, that it was intended to feed, not to kill us.'

After some hours, the legs and ankles of the prisoners were partially loosed, and preparations were made for removing them to Matsmai, which seems to be the head-quarters of government for the Kurile dependencies of Japan. The journey, which occupied above a month, was performed partly in boats, which were dragged along the shore, and even for miles over the land; and partly on foot, the captives being marched in file, each led with a cord by a particular conductor, and having an armed soldier abreast of him. It was evident, however, that whatever was rigorous in their treatment, was not prompted by personal feelings of barbarity, but by the stringency of the law, which would have made the guards answerable for their prisoners with their own lives. They were always addressed with the greatest respect; and, as soon as it was deemed safe, their hands, which were in a dreadfully lacerated state, were unbound, and surgically treated; but not till their persons had been again most carefully searched, that no piece of metal might remain about them, lest they might contrive to destroy themselves. Suicide is, in Japan, the fashionable mode of terminating a life which cannot be prolonged but in circumstances of dishonour: to rip up one's own bowels in such a case, wipes away every stain on the character. The guards of the Russian captives not only used every precaution against this, but carefully watched over their health and comfort, carrying them over the shallowest pools and streamlets, lest their feet should be wet, and assiduously beating off the gnats and flies, which would have been annoying. At every village, crowds of both sexes, young and old, turned out to see these unfortunate men; but there was nothing like insult or mockery

* *Sagi* is the strong drink of Japan, distilled from rice.

in the demeanour of any—pity appeared to be the universal feeling: many begged permission from the guards to offer sagi, comfits, fruits, and other delicacies; and these were presented often with tears of compassion, as well as gestures of respect.

The prison to which Golownin and his companions were finally committed had been constructed expressly for their habitation in the town of Matsmai. It was a quadrangular wooden building, 25 paces long, 15 broad, and 12 feet high. Three sides of it were dead-wall, the fourth was formed of strong spars. Within this structure were two apartments, formed likewise of wooden spars, so as to resemble cages: one was appropriated to the officers, the other to the sailors and Alexei. The building was surrounded by a high wall or paling, outside of which were the kitchen, guard-house, &c., enclosed by another paling. This outer enclosure was patrolled by common soldiers; but no one was allowed within, except the physician, who visited daily, and the orderly officers, who looked through the spars every half-hour. Of course, it was rather a cold lodging; but, as winter advanced, a hole was dug a few feet from each cage, built round with freestone, and filled with sand, upon which charcoal was afterwards kept burning. Benches were provided for them to sleep on, and two of the orderlies presented them with bear-skins; but the native fashion is to lie on a thick, wadded quilt, folded together, and laid on the floor, which, even in the poorest dwellings, is covered with soft straw-mats. A large wadded dress, made of silk or cotton, according to the circumstances of the wearer, serves for bed-clothes—which seem to be quite unknown; and while the poorer classes have only a piece of wood for a pillow, the richer fasten a cushion on the neat boxes which contain their razors, scissors, pomatum, tooth-brushes, and other toilet requisites.

But while the comfort of the captives was attended to in many minor matters, there was no relaxation of the vigilance used to preclude the possibility of self-destruction. They were not allowed scissors or knife to cut their nails, but were obliged to thrust their hands through the palisades, to get this office performed for them. When they were indulged with smoking, it was with a very long pipe held between the spars, and furnished with a wooden ball fixed about the middle, to prevent its being drawn wholly within the cage.

For weeks together they were brought daily before the bunyo (governor of the town, and probably lord-lieutenant of all the Japanese Kurile Islands), bound and harnessed like horses as before. The ostensible object of these examinations, which frequently lasted the whole day, was to ascertain for what purpose they had come near Japan, and what they knew of Resanoff and Chwostoff—for a singularly unfortunate combination of circumstances had arisen to give colour to the suspicion, that some of their party had been connected with that expedition. But for one inquiry connected with the case, there were fifty that were wholly irrelevant, and prompted by mere curiosity. The most trivial questions were put several times and in different forms, and every answer was carefully written down. Golownin was often puzzled, irritated, and quite at the end of his stock of patience; but that of the interrogators appeared interminable. They said, that by writing down everything they were told, whether true or false, and comparing the various statements they received, they were enabled through time to separate truth from fiction, and the practice was very improving. At the close of almost every examination, the bunyo exhorted them not to despair, but to offer up prayers to Heaven, and patiently await the emperor's decision.

Presently new work was found for them. An intelligent young man was brought to their prison, to be taught the Russian language. To this the captain consented, having no confidence in the Kurile Alexei as an interpreter, and being desirous himself to gain

some knowledge of Japanese. Teske made rapid progress, and soon became a most useful and kindly companion to the captives. Books, pens, and paper were now allowed them in abundance; and their mode of treatment was every way improved. But by and by, they were threatened with more pupils; a geometrician and astronomer from the capital was introduced to them, and would gladly have been instructed in their mode of taking observations. Other learned men were preparing to follow, and it was now evident that the intention of the Japanese government was to reconcile them to their lot, and retain them for the instruction of the nation. Indeed, this appears to be the great secret of the policy of detaining for life instead of destroying the hapless foreigners that light on these shores; as the avowed motive for tolerating the commercial visits of the Dutch is, that they furnish the only news of public events that ever reach Japan. Fearful of becoming known to other nations for fear of invasion, they are yet greedy of information respecting them, and many were the foolish questions they asked Golownin about the emperor of Russia, his dress, habitation, forces, and territories.

Golownin, on his part, endeavoured to elicit all the information he could gain with respect to the numbers, resources, government, and religion of this singular people. He found it impossible to ascertain the amount of the population; indeed, it seems it would be very difficult for the government itself to obtain a census, for millions of the poor live abroad in the streets, fields, or woods, having no spot which they can call a home. Teske shewed a map of the empire, having every town and village marked on it; and though on a very large scale, it was thickly covered. He pointed out on it a desert, which is considered immense, because litters take a whole day to traverse it, and meet with only one village during the journey. It is perhaps fifteen miles across. The city of Yedo was usually set down by Europeans as containing 1,000,000 inhabitants; but Golownin was informed, that it had in its principal streets 280,000 houses, each containing from 30 to 40 persons; besides all the small houses and huts. This would give in the whole a population of above 10,000,000 souls—about a fourth part of the estimated population of this country! The incorporated society of the blind alone is affirmed to include 36,000.

The country, though lying under the same latitudes as Spain and Italy, is yet very different from them in climate. At Matsmai, for instance, which is on the same parallel as Leghorn, snow falls as abundantly as at St Petersburg, and lies in the valleys from November till April. Severe frost is uncommon, but cold fogs are exceedingly prevalent. The climate, however, is uncommonly diversified, and consequently so are the productions, exhibiting in some places the vegetation of the frigid zone, and in others that of the tropics.

Rice is the staple production of the soil. It is nearly the only article used instead of bread, and the only one from which strong liquor is distilled, while its straw serves for many domestic purposes. Besides the radishes already mentioned, there is an extensive cultivation of various other esculent roots and vegetables. There is no coast without fisheries, and there is no marine animal that is not used for food, save those which are absolutely poisonous. But an uncommonly small quantity suffices for each individual. If a Japanese has a handful of rice and a single mouthful of fish, he makes a savoury dish with roots, herbs, or mollusca, and it suffices for a day's support.

Japan produces both black and green tea; the former is very inferior, and used only for quenching thirst; whereas the latter is esteemed a luxury, and is presented to company. The best grows in the principality of Kioto, where it is carefully cultivated for the use both of the temporal and spiritual courts. Tobacco, which was first introduced by the European missionaries, has

spread astonishingly, and is so well manufactured, that our author smoked it with a relish he had never felt for a Havana cigar. The Japanese smokes continually, and sips tea with his pipe, even rising for it during the night.

All articles of clothing are made of silk or cotton. The former appears to be very abundant, as rich dresses of it are worn even by the common soldiers on festive days; and it may be seen on people of all ranks even in poor towns. The fabrics are at least equal to those of China. The cotton of Japan seems to be of the same kind as that of our West Indian colonies. It furnishes the ordinary dress of the great mass of the people, and also serves all the other purposes for which we employ wool, flax, furs, and feathers. The culture of it is, of course, very extensive; but the fabrics are all coarse: Golownin could hardly make himself believe that his muslin cravat was of this material. There is some hemp, which is manufactured into cloth for sails, &c.; but cables and ropes, very inferior to ours, are made from the bark of a tree called kadyz. This bark likewise supplies materials for thread, lamp-wicks, writing-paper, and the coarse paper used for pocket-handkerchiefs.

There is no lack of fruit-trees, as the orange, lemon, peach, plum, fig, chestnut, and apple; but the vine yields only a small, sour grape, perhaps for want of culture. Timber-trees grow only in the mountainous districts, which are unfit for cultivation. Camphor is produced abundantly in the south, and large quantities of it are exported by the Dutch and Chinese. The celebrated varnish of Japan, drawn from a tree called silz, is so plentiful, that it is used for lacquering the most ordinary utensils. Its natural colour is white, but it assumes any that is given to it by mixture. The best varnished vessels reflect the face as in a mirror, and hot water may be poured into them without occasioning the least smell.

The chief domestic animals are horses and oxen for draught; cats and dogs are kept for the same uses as with us; and swine furnish food to the few sects who eat flesh. Sheep and goats seem to be quite unknown: the Russian captives had to make drawings of the former, to convey some idea of the origin of wool.

There are considerable mines of gold and silver in several parts of the empire, but the government does not permit them to be all worked, for fear of depreciating the value of these metals. They supply, with copper, the material of the currency, and are also liberally used in the decoration of public buildings, and in the domestic utensils of the wealthy. There is a sufficiency of quicksilver, lead, and tin, for the wants of the country; and one island is entirely covered with sulphur. Copper is very abundant, and of remarkably fine quality. All kitchen utensils, tobacco-pipes, and fire-shovels, are made of it; and so well made, that our author mentions his tea-kettle as having stood on the fire, like all other Japanese kettles, day and night for months, without burning into holes. This metal is likewise employed for sheathing ships, and covering the joists and flat roofs of houses. Iron is less abundant, and much that is used is obtained from the Dutch. Nails alone, of which immense numbers are used in all carpentry-work, consume a large quantity. Diamonds, corallians, jaspers, some very fine agates, and other precious stones, are found; but the natives seem not well to understand polishing them. Pearls are abundant; but not being considered ornamental, they are reserved for the Chinese market.

Steel and porcelain are the manufactures in which the Japanese chiefly excel, besides those in silk-stuffs and lacquered ware already mentioned. Their porcelain is far superior to the Chinese, but it is scarce and dear. With respect to steel manufactures, the sabres and daggers of Japan yield only perhaps to those of Damascus; and Golownin says their cabinet-makers' tools

might almost be compared with the English. In painting, engraving, and printing, they are far behind; and they seem to have no knowledge of ship-building or navigation beyond what suffices for coasting voyages, though they have intelligent and enterprising sailors. There is an immense internal traffic, for facilitating which there are good roads and bridges where water-carriage is impracticable. These distant Orientals have likewise bills of exchange and commercial gazettes. The emperor enjoys a monopoly of the foreign commerce.

It is popularly said, that Japan has two emperors—one spiritual, and the other temporal. The former, however, having no share in the administration of the empire, and seldom even hearing of state affairs, is no sovereign according to the ideas we attach to that term. He seems to stand much in the same relation to the emperor that the popes once did to the sovereigns of Europe. He governs Kioto as a small independent state; receives the emperor to an interview once in seven years; is consulted by him on extraordinary emergencies; receives occasional embassies and presents from him, and bestows his blessing in return. His dignity, unlike that of the Roman pontiffs, is hereditary, and he is allowed twelve wives, that his race may not become extinct. According to Japanese records, the present dynasty, including about 130 Kin-reys, has been maintained in a direct line for above twenty-four centuries. The person of the Kin-rey is so sacred, that no ordinary mortal may see any part of him but his feet, and that only once a year; every vessel which he uses must be broken immediately; for if another should even by accident eat or drink out of it, he must be put to death. Every garment which he wears must be manufactured by virgin hands, from the earliest process in the preparation of the silk.

The adherents of the aboriginal Japanese religion, of which the Kin-rey is the head, adore numerous divinities called Kami, or immortal spirits, to whom they offer prayers, flowers, and sometimes more substantial gifts. They also worship Kadotski, or saints—mortals canonised by the Kin-rey—and build temples in their honour. The laws concerning personal and ceremonial purity, which form the principal feature of this religion, are exceedingly strict, not unlike those imposed on the ancient Jews. There are several orders of priests, monks, and nuns, whose austerity, like that of Europe, is maintained in theory more than in practice.

Three other creeds, the Brahminical, the Confucian, and that which deifies the heavenly bodies, have many adherents; but their priests all acknowledge a certain religious supremacy to exist in the Kin-rey. There is universal toleration in these matters; every citizen may profess what faith he chooses, and change it as often as he chooses, without any one inquiring into his reasons; only it must be a spontaneous choice, for proselyting is forbidden by law. Christianity alone is proscribed, and that on account of the political mischief said to have been effected through its adherents in the seventeenth century. There is a law, by which no one may hire a servant without receiving a certificate of his not being a Christian; and on New-Year's Day, which is a great national festival, all the inhabitants of Nangasaki are obliged to ascend a staircase, and trample on the crucifix, and other insignia of the Romish faith, which are laid on the steps as a test. It is said that many perform the act in violation of their feelings. So much of the religious state of the empire Golownin elicited in conversation with Teske and others; but everything on this subject was communicated with evident reluctance; and though in the course of the walks which they were permitted to take in harness, the Russian captives sometimes saw the interior of the temples, they were never permitted to enter while any religious rites were celebrated.

With respect to the civil administration of Japan, our author seems to have gathered little that was

absolutely new to us. The empire comprises above 200 states, which are governed as independent sovereignties by princes called Damos, who frame and enforce their own laws. Though most of these principalities are very small, some of them are powerful: the damyo of Sindai, for instance, visits the imperial court with a retinue of 60,000. Their dependence on the emperor appears chiefly in their being obliged to maintain a certain number of troops, which are at his disposal. Those provinces which belong directly to the emperor, are placed under governors called Bunyos, whose families reside at the capital as hostages. Every province has two bunyos, each of whom spends six months in the government and six at Yedo.

The supreme council of the emperor consists of five sovereign princes, who decide on all ordinary measures without referring to him. An inferior council of fifteen princes or nobles presides over important civil and criminal cases. The general laws are few and well known. They are very severe; but the judges generally find means of evading them where their enforcement would involve a violation of those of humanity. In some cases, as in conjugal infidelity or filial impiety, individuals are permitted to avenge their own wrong, even to the taking of life. Civil cases are generally decided by arbitrators, and only when they fail to settle a matter is there recourse to the public courts of justice. Taxes are generally paid to the reigning prince or emperor, in tithes of the agricultural, manufactured, or other productions of the country.

Such were some of the leading particulars ascertained by Golownin concerning the social and civil condition of this singular people. He says, they always appeared very happy, and their demeanour was characterised by lively and polite manners, with the most imperturbable good temper. It seems at length to have been through fear of a Russian invasion, rather than from any sense of justice, that his Japanese majesty, in reply to the importunities of the officers of the *Diana*, consented to release the captives, on condition of receiving from the Russian government a solemn disavowal of having sanctioned the proceedings of Chwostoff. Having obtained this, the officers repaired for the fourth time to these unfriendly shores, and enjoyed the happiness of embracing their companions, and taking them on board.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

July 1862.

WHEN we shall have a constant supply of pure water—a complete system of efficient and innoxious sewers—a service of street hydrants—when the Thames shall cease to be the *cloaca maxima*, are questions to which, however seriously asked, it is not easy to get an answer. Add to these grievances, the delay of proper regulations for abolishing intramural interments, and the fact that Smithfield is not to be removed further than Copenhagen Fields—a locality already surrounded with houses—and it will occasion no surprise that the authorities are treated with anything but compliments.

The laying down of an under-sea telegraph wire across the Irish Channel, may be taken as a new instance of the indifference consequent on familiarity. When the line was laid from Dover to Calais, the whole land rang with the fact; but now the sinking of a wire three times the length, in a channel three times the width, excites scarcely a remark, and seems to be looked on as a matter of course. The wire, which is eighty miles in length, is said to weigh eighty tons. It was payed out and sunk from the deck of the *Britannia*, at the rate of from three to five miles an hour, and was successfully laid, from Holyhead to Howth, in from twelve to fifteen hours; and now a message may be flashed from Trieste to Galway in a period brief enough to satisfy the most impatient. The

means of travel to the East, too, are becoming tangible in the Egyptian railway, of which some thirty miles are in a state of forwardness, besides which a hotel is to be built at Thebes; so that travellers, no longer compelled to bivouac in the desert, will find a teeming larder and well-aired beds in the land of the Sphinxes. And, better still, among a host of beneficial reforms to take place in our Customs' administration, there is one which provides that the baggage of travellers arriving in the port of London shall be examined as they come up the river, instead of being sent to the Custom-house.

By a report of the Astronomer-royal to the Board of Visitors, who have lately made their annual inspection of the Greenwich Observatory, we are informed of a singular fact, that observations of the pole-star shew that its position varies some three or four seconds on repeating the observations at intervals of a few months, and this notwithstanding the extreme accuracy of the transit circle. The only explanation which can as yet be given for this phenomenon is, that the earth, solid as it appears, is liable to slight occasional movements or oscillations.

We shall know, in a few weeks, the result of the telegraphic correspondence with the Observatory at Paris—one interesting point being, as to whether the respective longitudes, as at present determined, will be verified by the galvanic test. Besides which, Greenwich time is to be sent every day to London, where a pole, with a huge sliding-ball, has been fixed on the top of the Telegraph Office, near Charing Cross. This ball is to be made to descend at one o'clock simultaneously with the well-known ball which surmounts the Observatory; and thus scientific inquirers—to say nothing of the crowds who will daily throng the footways of the Strand to witness the downcome—will be informed of the true time, while, by means of the wires, it may be flashed to all parts of the kingdom.

The lecture with which Professor Faraday wound up the course at the Royal Institution may be mentioned here, seeing that it adds somewhat to our knowledge of the theory and phenomena of magnetism. As usual, the lecture-room was crowded; and those who could not understand, had at least the satisfaction of being able to say they were present. Mr Faraday, who, enlarging upon his view, announced, a short time since, that there are such things as magnetic lines of force, now contends that these lines have a 'physical character'—a point most satisfactorily proved by sundry experiments during the lecture. The inquiry is one, as Mr Faraday observes, on the 'very edge of science,' trenching on the bounds of speculation; but such as eminently to provoke research. The phenomena, he says, 'lead on, by deduction and correction, to the discovery of new phenomena; and so cause an increase and advancement of real physical truth, which, unlike the hypothesis that led to it, becomes fundamental knowledge, not subject to change.' A chief point of discussion to which the investigations have led is: Whether the phenomena of what we call gravity may not be resolvable into those of magnetism—a force acting at a distance, or by lines of power. 'There is one question,' continues Mr Faraday, 'in relation to gravity, which, if we could ascertain or touch it, would greatly enlighten us. It is, whether gravitation requires time. If it did, it would shew undeniably that a physical agency existed in the course of the line of force. It seems equally impossible to prove or disprove this point; since there is no capability of suspending, changing, or annihilating the power (gravity), or annihilating the matter in which the power resides. The lines of magnetic force may have 'a spiritual existence,' but as yet we are unable to tell whether these lines 'are analogous to those of gravitation; acting at a distance; or whether, having a physical existence, they are more like in their nature to those of electric induction or the electric current.' Mr

Faraday inclines at present to the latter view. He 'affirms' the lines of magnetic force from actual experiment, and 'advocates' their physical nature 'chiefly with a view of stating the question of their existence; and though,' he adds, 'I should not have raised the argument unless I had thought it both important and likely to be answered ultimately in the affirmative, I still hold the opinion with some hesitation, with as much, indeed, as accompanies any conclusion I endeavour to draw respecting points in the very depths of science—as, for instance, one, two, or no electric fluids; or the real nature of a ray of light; or the nature of attraction, even that of gravity itself; or the general nature of matter.' These are profound views; but we may reasonably conclude, that, however obscure they may at present appear, they will in time be cleared up and further developed by the gifted philosopher from whom they emanate.

Of minor matters which have been more or less talked about, there is the Library for the Working-Classes, just opened in the parish of St Martin-in-the-Fields—a praiseworthy example for other parishes, but not to be followed unless the readers actually exist, and manifest the sort of want which books alone can satisfy. A suggestion has been made, to use for books in hot climates, where paper is liable to rapid decay, the sheet-iron exhibited at Breslau, which is as thin and pliant as paper, and can be produced at the rate of more than 7000 feet to the hundredweight. This would be something new in the application of metal. Metallurgy generally is being further investigated by Leonhard of Heidelberg, who has just called on manufacturers to aid him in his researches, by sending him specimens of scoriae, particularly of those which are crystallised. Then there is Mr Hesketh's communication to the Institute of British Architects, 'On the Admission of Daylight into Buildings, particularly in the Narrow and Confined Localities of Towns;' in which, after shewing that the proportion of light admitted to buildings is generally inadequate to their cubical contents, and means for estimating the numerical value of that which really does enter, he states that the defect may be remedied by the use of reflectors, contrived so as to be 'neither obstructive nor unsightly.' He explains, that 'a single reflector may generally be placed on either the outside or inside of a window or skylight, so as to throw the light from the (perhaps small) portion of sky which remains unobscured overhead, to any part in which more light is required.' Such difficulties of position or construction as present themselves, 'may be overcome in almost every case, by, as it were, cutting up the single reflector into strips, and arranging them one above the other, either in the reveal of the window, or in some other part where it will not interfere with ventilation, or the action of the sashes.' This is adopting the principle on which improved lighthouse reflectors are constructed; and we are told, that 'the combinations may be arranged horizontally, vertically, or obliquely, according to the positions of the centre of the unobscured portion of sky, and of the part into which the light is to be thrown, and according to the shape of the opening in which the combination is to be placed.' As a case in point, it was mentioned that a reflector 'had been fitted to a vault (at the Depot Wharf, in the Borough) ninety-six feet in depth from front to back. The area into which the window opens is a semicircle, with a heavy iron-grating over it; and the result is, that small print can be easily read at the far end of the vault.' It is a fact worth knowing, that reflectors may be so constructed as to throw all the available daylight into any required direction; and in one instance the reflector may be made to serve at the same time as a dwarf venetian window-blind. Instead of wooden splats or laths, flat glass tubes or prisms are used, fitted into the usual framework, and these being silvered on the inside, throw all the light

that falls on them into the room, when placed at the proper angle.

Again, the possibility of locomotion without the aid of steam is talked about, and the New Yorkers are said to be about to send over a large ship driven by Ericsson's caloric engine, which is to prove as powerful as vapour at one-half of the cost—a fact of which we shall be better able to judge when the vessel really arrives. Then, looking across the Channel, we find the Abbé Moigno proposing to construct and establish a relief model of Europe in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, of a size to cover several acres, and with the railways of iron, and the rivers of water, by which means one of the most interesting and instructive of sights would be produced, and the attractions of the French capital greatly increased. A desirable project—but the cost! The Montyon prize of 2000 francs has been awarded to M. Mosson, for his method of drying and preserving vegetables for long sea voyages, as published a few months ago. M. Naudin states, that a certain kind of furze or thistle, of which cattle are very fond, may be made to grow without thorns—an important consideration, seeing that at present, before it can be used as food, it has to undergo a laborious beating, to crush and break the prickles with which it is covered. As the plant thrives best on poor soils, which might otherwise lie useless, the saving of this labour will be a great benefit to the French peasantry; and the more so, as it appears the plant will grow in its new state from seed. M. Naudin believes, that the condition of other vegetable productions may be varied at pleasure, and promises to lay his views shortly before the Académie. M. Lecoq, director of the Botanical Garden at Claremont, informs the same body of something still more extraordinary, in a communication, entitled 'Two Hundred, Five Hundred, or even a Thousand new Vegetables, created *ad libitum*.' Having been struck by the fact, that the ass so often feeds upon the thistle, he took some specimens of that plant, and, by careful experiment, has succeeded in producing for the table 'a savoury vegetable, with thorns of the most inoffensive and flexible sort.' Whatever be the kind of thistle, however hard and sharp its thorns, he has tamed and softened them all, his method of transformation being, as he says, none other than exposing the plants to different influences of light. Those which grew unsheltered, he places in the dark, and *vice versa*. Familiar examples are given in the celery, of which the acrid qualities are removed by keeping off the light; while the pungency of cress, parsley, &c., is increased by exposure to the sun. M. Lecoq has not yet detailed all his experiments; but he asserts that, before long, some of our commonest weeds, owing to his modifications, will become as highly esteemed as peas or asparagus. Let him shew that his process is one that admits of being applied cheaply and on a large scale, and he will not fail of his reward.

A QUALIFIED INSTRUCTOR.

It will be found that the ripest knowledge is best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. It is a common mistake to suppose that those who know little suffice to inform those who know less; that the master who is but a stage before the pupil can, as well as another, shew him the way; nay, that there may even be an advantage in this near approach between the minds of teacher and of taught; since the recollection of recent difficulties, and the vividness of fresh acquisition, give to the one a more living interest in the progress of the other. Of all educational errors, this is one of the gravest. The approximation required between the mind of teacher and of taught is not that of a common ignorance, but of mutual sympathy; not a partnership in narrowness of understanding, but that thorough insight of the one into the other, that orderly analysis of the tangled skein of thought; that patient and masterly skill in developing conception after conception.

with a constant view to a remote result, which can only belong to comprehensive knowledge and prompt affections. With whatever accuracy the recently initiated may give out his new stores, he will rigidly follow the precise method by which he made them his own; and will want that variety and fertility of resource, that command of the several paths of access to a truth, which are given by thorough survey of the whole field on which he stands. The instructor needs to have a full perception, not merely of the internal contents, but also of the external relations, of that which he unfolds; as the astronomer knows but little, if, ignorant of the place and laws of moon and sun, he has examined only their mountains and their spots. The sense of proportion between the different parts and stages of a subject; the appreciation of the size and value of every step; the foresight of the direction and magnitude of the section that remains, are qualities so essential to the teacher, that without them all instruction is but an insult to the learner's understanding. And in virtue of these it is that the most cultivated minds are usually the most patient, most clear, most rationally progressive; most studious of accuracy in details, because not impatiently shut up within them as absolutely limiting the view, but quietly contemplating them from without in their relation to the whole. Neglect and depreciation of intellectual minutiae are characteristics of the ill-informed; and where the granular parts of study are thrown away or loosely held, will be found no compact mass of knowledge, solid and clear as crystal, but a sandy accumulation, bound together by no cohesion, and transmitting no light. And above and beyond all the advantages which a higher culture gives in the mere system of communicating knowledge, must be placed that indefinable and mysterious power which a superior mind always puts forth upon an inferior; that living and life-giving action, by which the mental forces are strengthened and developed, and a spirit of intelligence is produced, far transcending in excellence the acquisition of any special ideas. In the task of instruction, so lightly assumed, so unworthily esteemed, no amount of wisdom would be superfluous and lost; and even the child's elementary teaching would be best conducted, were it possible, by Omniscience itself. The more comprehensive the range of intellectual view, and the more minute the perception of its parts, the greater will be the simplicity of conception, the aptitude for exposition, and the directness of access to the open and expectant mind. This adaptation to the humblest wants is the peculiar triumph of the highest spirit of knowledge.—*Martineau's Discourses.*

AN AMERICAN RIVER.

The picturesque banks of the river Connecticut are dotted with charming little villages, that break here and there upon the sight like feathers of light, dancing among the willow leaves; there is such a dazzling irregularity of house and hill—so much fairy-like confusion of vista, landscape, and settlement. Now we pass a tiny white and vine-clad cottage, that looks as if it had been set down yesterday; now we sweep majestically by an ambitious young town, with its two, three, or half-a-dozen church-spires, sending back the lines of narrow light into the water; anon we glide past a forest of majestic old trees, that seem to press their topmost buds against the fleecy clouds floating in the blue sky; and through these forests we catch glimpses of the oriole, dashing through the boughs like a flake of fire.—*Yankee Stories, by Howard Paul.*

CHOOSE THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.

The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, for its superior healthfulness. In some barracks in Russia, it was found that in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness for every single case which occurred on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays. All other circumstances were equal—such as ventilation, size of apartments, &c., so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. In the Italian cities, this practical hint is well known. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun; while, on the opposite side of the street, the summer and autumn are very unhealthy, and even dangerous.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

'WHERE shall we sail to-day?'

Thus said, methought,
A Voice—that could be only heard in dreams:
And on we glided without mast or oars,
A fair strange boat upon a wondrous sea.

Sudden the land curved inward, to a bay
Broad, calm; with gorgeous sea-flowers waving slow
Beneath the surface—like rich thoughts that move
In the mysterious deep of human hearts.

But towards the rounded shore's embracing arm,
The little waves leaped, singing, to their death;
And shadowy trees drooped pensive over them,
Like long-fringed lashes over sparkling eyes.

So still, so fair, so rosy in the dawn
Lay that bright bay: yet something seemed to breathe,
Or in the air, or trees, or lipping waves,
Or from the Voice, ay near as one's own soul—

'There was a wreck last night!'

A wreck?—and where
The ship, the crew?—All gone. The monument
On which is writ no name, no chronicle,
Laid itself o'er them with smooth crystal smile.

'Yet was the wreck last night!'

And, gazing down,
Deep down beneath the surface, we were 'ware
Of cold dead faces, with their stony eyes
Uplooking to the dawn they could not see.

One stirred with stirring sea-weeds: one lay prone,
The tinted fishes glancing o'er his breast:
One, caught by floating hair, rocked daintily
On the reed-cradle woven by kind Death.

'The wreck has been,' then said the deep low Voice,
(Than which not Gabriel's did diviner sound,
Or sweeter—when the stern, meek angel spake:
'See that thou worship not! Not me, but God!')

'The wreck has been, yet all things are at peace,
Earth, sea, and sky. The dead, that while we slept
Struggled for life, now sleep and fear no storm:
O'er them let us not weep when God's heaven smiles.'

So we sailed on above the diamond sands,
Bright sea-flowers, and dead faces white and calm,
Till the waves rocked us in the open sea,
And the great sun arose upon the world.

THE EXECUTIONER IN ALGERIA.

Every day, morning and evening, says our widow, 'I see a Moor pass along the street; all his features beam with kindness and serenity. A sword, or rather a long yataghan, is slung in his girdle; all the Arabs salute him with respect, and press forward to kiss his hand. This man is a *chameel* or executioner—an office considered so honourable in this country, that the person invested with it is regarded as a special favourite of Heaven, intrusted with the care of facilitating the path of the true believer from this lower world to the seventh heaven of Mohammed.—*A Resident in Algeria, by Madame Prus.*

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THE SULTAN'S BEAR.*

THE sultan being one day rather out of sorts, sent for his Jewish physician, a man very eminent for skill in his profession, and not less distinguished by his love of his own nation and his desperate enmity to the Christians. Finding that his patient had not really much the matter with him, and thinking a little gossip would not only be more agreeable, but more likely to do him good, than any medicine which could be prescribed, the doctor began to discourse on the very familiar topic of his highness's favourite bear, which was lying at his feet, and whose virtues and abilities he was never tired of extolling.

'You would wonder,' said the sultan, 'not only at the natural sagacity of the creature, and the tact which he shews in a thousand different ways, but at the amount of knowledge he has collected, and the logical correctness with which he uses it. He is really a very knowing beast.' The Jew politely acquiesced in all this and much more; but at length added: 'It is well that such a clever animal is in such good hands. If his extraordinary talents are not developed to the utmost, they are at least not perverted and made a bad use of.'

'I hope not, indeed,' said the sultan. 'But what do you mean by his talents not being developed? or in what way would they be likely to be perverted in bad hands?'

'Pardon me,' said the Jew; 'I have spoken rashly before your sublime highness—such things should not be talked of; but it is natural that, although I know very little about them, I should consider the practice and the purpose bad, when they belong to what I consider a bad people: at the same time, if your sublime highness thinks fit to tolerate them, it is not for your faithful slave to say a word about it. I should be sorry that your sublime highness should not extend to your Christian subjects the same toleration and paternal kindness my own people enjoy.'

'What in the world do you mean?' said the sultan. 'What have the Christians to do with my bear?'

'Nothing at all,' replied the Jew with great earnestness; and he added, with a sigh, 'that is the very thing I am thankful for. It is such a remarkable creature, that there is no saying what might come of it.'

'Come of what?' said the sultan.

'Why,' said the Jew, in a humble and very confidential tone, 'your sublime highness is of course aware, that among the many curious secrets the Christians possess, they have one which enables them to teach bears to read.'

'You don't say so?' exclaimed the sultan. 'How do they contrive it?'

'Ah,' replied the Jew with an internal shudder, 'that is more than I can tell your sublime highness. I don't suppose that half-a-dozen of your subjects, except themselves, are aware of the fact; and few even among the Christians know the secret. I only obtained the little knowledge I have by accidental circumstances, which put me upon the inquiry; and I was a long while before I could feel perfectly certain that they actually did the thing. *How* they did it, and *why*, I have never been able to learn. It is one of their greatest secrets, one of their deepest, and therefore, I suspect, one of their most pernicious mysteries. I do not suppose that any man among them would confess it to save his life—not even the old patriarch, if he were put to the rack.'

'It is very strange,' said the sultan, after a pause.

'It is wonderful,' said the physician with much emphasis.

'What is the harm of it?' exclaimed the sultan abruptly after a pause. 'Why should not bears read as well as men, if they are capable of learning?'

'Most true and most wisely said,' replied the Jew. 'If they were taught to read good books, it would probably mend their manners. But if that were all, why should there be so much mystery about it? why should these people do it so secretly, and deny it so stoutly?' and again he shook his head, and shuddered. But being fully persuaded that he had gained his point, he thought it safest to change the subject; and accordingly he did so as soon as he had emphatically and earnestly entreated the sultan not to say a word of the secret he had been led to impart, or, at all events, not to let it be known that he had given any information on the subject.

When the doctor was gone, the sultan fell into a reverie on the advantages and disadvantages of his bear learning to read. When he went to bed, the same train of thought kept him awake; and after a sleepless night, he sent early in the morning for the patriarch. The venerable Mar Yusef lost no time in obeying the summons. Taking his patriarchal staff in his hand, and followed by his two deacons with their heads bare, and their hands crossed on their bosoms, he silently bent his way towards the palace, pondering in his mind on all the various things he could think of as possible causes for his being wanted by the sultan. The sultan dismissed all his attendants; and as soon as he and the patriarch were alone, he beckoned him to approach, and when the aged ecclesiastic had come quite close, and again bowed, not only out of respect, but instinctively, as one does who expects a whisper,

* This is in substance a tradition still current among those Eastern Christians who are 'dwellers in Mesopotamia.'

the sultan said in a low, earnest tone: 'You know my bear?'

'I do, please your sublime highness,' replied Mar Yusef; 'and a very fine bear he is.'

'I know that,' answered the sultan; 'but the matter is this,' and he lowered his voice, and increased the earnestness of his tone: 'You must teach him to read.'

'To read!' exclaimed the patriarch, thunderstruck. 'To read! the thing is impossible.'

'Of course, I knew you would say that,' said the sultan; 'you must do it, however, or it will be the worse for you and for all your people.'

'Most willingly would I do that, or anything lawful, to shew my respect for your sublime highness,' said the astonished patriarch; 'but, as I have already had the honour to observe, the thing is impossible.'

'Don't tell me,' said the sultan. 'I know more about the matter than you imagine. There is no use in trying to conceal it. I know upon undoubted authority, that you have taught bears, and many of them, I daresay, of less capacity than mine. I shall send him to you this evening, and if you do not bring him back in six weeks able to read, it will be as I have already told you—at your peril, and to the ruin of all that belong to you. So, now, do not waste time, for I am quite in earnest about it; but go and make preparations to receive him, for he has been used to courteous treatment.'

This speech was accompanied by a wave of the hand, which precluded all reply, and the troubled patriarch silently and slowly withdrew.

'My children,' said the patriarch on his way home, addressing the two young men who were supporting him, 'the sultan has resolved to destroy us, and all the Christians in his dominions. He is seeking occasion against us. He does not make open war upon us; but he secretly commands us to do what is impossible, in order that he may have a pretext for our destruction. He requires that in six weeks we should teach his bear to read!'

'The old brute!' exclaimed the deacon Timothy.

'My father,' said the other deacon, Titus, 'suffer me to speak.'

'Speak, my son,' replied the aged man, in a voice scarcely articulate, while he gently withdrew his hand, and laid it on the deacon's head; 'what wouldst thou say?'

'Under favour, most dear and reverend father,' replied Titus, 'I would say that, whatever the sultan's design may be, you should not be discouraged; and that if you will only do one thing, which I earnestly entreat you to do, I will cheerfully undertake all the rest, and I doubt not that we may get clear through this difficulty.'

'What would you have me do, my son?' said the patriarch.

'Just this,' replied the deacon, 'if I may be permitted to advise: go back to the sultan as quickly as possible, and say that, on consideration, you are sorry that you hesitated—that you will be happy to receive his bear—that you will do your best, and hope to give him satisfaction in the matter.'

'What! my son,' said the patriarch, 'would you have me go to the sultan, and undertake to teach his bear to read? You do not know how difficult it is even to teach young children.' But the deacon pleaded so earnestly, that his superior at length consented; and returning to the palace, the patriarch signified to the sultan, that he had thought better of the subject, and was willing to do anything in his power to give his sublime highness satisfaction.

'No doubt you can, if you will,' said the sultan hastily, but not in ill-humour; 'and I expect you to do it—you might as well have agreed to it at once.'

When the patriarch was at home, seated in his arm-chair, with his deacons standing on each side, and a

little recovered from the fatigue of the walk, he turned to Titus, and said: 'Well, my son, and what am I to do now?'

'Nothing, my father,' replied the deacon cheerfully. 'You have done all I asked you to do, and what remains I will readily undertake.'

So he made his bow, and set off to make his arrangements. He chose a little square room up one pair of stairs in the north turret, and parted off about a third of it with strong horizontal bars, six inches apart. The two lowest bars were movable, and the spaces between them left open, to admit air and light, as well as to allow the inmate to go in and be brought out at the pleasure of his keepers; but all above them were boarded over, except that one which was of such a height as would be about even with the bear's head when he should stand on his hind legs. This space was left open along the whole length of the den, so that, in any part of it, he could very conveniently put forth his nose far enough to look about him.

'And now,' said Titus to his comrade Timothy, when he had completed these preparations, 'I must go to seek for a book and a desk; and if they bring the bear before I come back, will you be so good as to see him put in, and also to mind that the other end of the chain, which I have padlocked to the staple in the wall, is fastened to his collar, and is long enough to allow of his lying down comfortably in the straw, and taking a little turn backwards and forwards, if he likes? and don't let them give him anything to eat, and take care not to be out of the way—that is a good fellow.'

'You may depend upon me,' said Timothy; and Titus went off to the church, to see about a lectionary, for the bear to study, though, to say the truth, not entirely, or even principally, with that intention; for he did not mean that his pupil should commence that day, or the next; and he was in no doubt which to choose among many old lectionaries that had been laid aside. There was an immense one, with great brass knobs and corners, out of which he had himself learned to chant long before he could lift it, and indeed, now that he was come to man's estate, it was as much as he could carry. This book he meant to use; but for the present he contented himself with observing from the window the bear coming to school in procession; and when he was satisfied that his pupil was in safe custody, he descended from the church-tower, and went to see after him. When he came to the door of the apartment, he waited a moment to listen to what seemed an interchange of anything but civilities between Timothy and his charge. Titus called out his colleague; and, without going in himself, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

'Won't you go in and look at him?' said Timothy, as they went down the staircase together.

'Time enough,' said Titus; 'he will be better by himself just at present. Had you much trouble in getting him in? How did he behave?'

'Rather restive,' replied Timothy; 'but we managed it among us. Should not he have something to eat?'

'No,' said Titus; 'he has got plenty of water; he will do very well. But now come and help me down with the old lectionary from the upper vestry, for I don't think I can get it down that staircase myself.' Between them the lectionary was safely brought down, and deposited, not in the apartment, which we may now call the school-room, but in the chamber of Titus, on a massy oak desk or lectern, which turned upon its pedestal, and which they brought out from the patriarch's library for the purpose.

It was well that the school-room was rather remote, and had thick walls; for, missing his supper, the bear naturally became not only hungry, but savage, growled in the most ferocious manner, and rampaged about his cage like a fury. But he got nothing by it; and when he had drunk up the water, and exhausted his powers of growling and raging, he went to sleep. In the

morning, Titus brought him merely some fresh water and a cake of barley-bread; but in the afternoon, thinking it was now time for his pupil—who was tolerably tame after his unwonted exercise and fasting—to begin his studies, he brought with him the great book he had prepared for his use, and placed it open on the desk, which now stood before the horizontal opening between the bars already described. All the morning had been employed in preparing the desk and the book; and the former was now so contrived that, by means of a screw, the latter could be raised or lowered at pleasure. The book was no sooner placed before the opening, at the distance of a few inches, than the bear, which was on the look-out to see what was going forward, began to sniff and poke, and shewed a most eager desire to reach it. In fact, all along the lines of large letters, which were widely divided by the musical staves, the tutor, well knowing the taste of his pupil, had stuck little figs, dates, raisins, almonds, morsels of cake, comfits, and dried fruits; in short, all such little sweet things as bears so particularly delight in. The book was placed at such a height and distance, that the pupil could only reach the top line; and the eager manner in which he cleared it, gave promise that he would prove an apt scholar in that branch of learning. One page only was thus prepared for him; for at that period of his education it would have been impossible, without harsher measures than his tutor wished to adopt, to prevent him from cross-readings, which would greatly have blemished his scholarship. Some minor offences, such, for instance, as inordinate efforts to begin upon a second line before he had regularly perused the first, were punished by switching him on the nose, turning the double desk round—in which case it presented him with a mirror, that frightened him dreadfully—or even, in case of perverseness, leaving him to himself, without giving him the substantial honey-cake, which always rewarded a well-said lesson. In a short time the parties began to understand one another, and as Titus had prudently taken care to be known to his pupil only as a benefactor, he soon gained his confidence. The bear who, like all his race, had an ardent love for such dainties, found that he was welcome to eat all he could get, if he did but do it in a decent methodical manner. He soon learned, therefore, to take each line as it came; and, indeed, after a short time, his instructor not only ventured to cover the lines of the two open pages at the same time, but by enlarging the opening in front of his cell, he put it in his pupil's power to go on from one line to another without the book being raised; and after the tutor had for a week or two turned the leaf when necessary, the pupil began to shew that, if it was not done for him, he could do it for himself.

As the time drew on, the patriarch was most anxious to know, but did not venture to ask, how matters were going on. At length he summoned courage, and put the question, somewhat indirectly, to Titus; and although he received no particulars, yet he could not help feeling comforted by the cheerful manner in which his affectionate deacon assured him that everything was going on rightly, and that he need have no fear for the result.

In the meantime, the sultan, though less anxious, was intensely curious to see what would come of the matter, and frequently entered into conversation on the subject with his physician, who was, on somewhat different grounds, still more curious than himself. His sublime highness, however, who could not expect from a Jew much information respecting the secrets and mysteries of the Christians, rather confined the discourse between them to the physiological part of the subject, expressing his wonder—first, that bears should be able to learn to read; and, secondly, that such a capacity was not more frequently cultivated, asking him, withal, whether he had ever himself heard a bear read? The doctor, in parliamentary fashion, blinked

the question; observing that as it was done by secret practices, and no doubt for wicked purposes, it was best to say as little as possible about it. His sublime highness was not altogether satisfied, but comforted himself with thinking that time would soon throw light on the matter.

At length the day arrived when the bear's proficiency was to be put to the test. The sultan was seated on a divan in his hall of audience; his ministers and officers of state stood on either side; and behind him knelt his Jewish physician, who assumed that position, because, although he would not have failed, even at the hazard of his life, to be present, yet he had no strict right to be there; and, moreover, he did not particularly wish to be seen in the business. All were in breathless expectation when the Christian procession entered. The patriarch walked first, with his crosier in his hand; next came Titus, the tutor, bowed down under the huge lectionary, which he bore upon his back, secured by leathern straps over his shoulders; then followed Timothy, leading by a chain the carefully-muzzled pupil. This precaution was quite necessary; for, having been kept fasting four-and-twenty hours, the animal was in no good-humour, and would not have been so quietly brought in, if it had not been closely following the favourite book. But, in fact, the only trouble which Timothy had, was to prevent his eager charge from leaping at the volume while it was yet on his tutor's back. The procession was closed by a porter, bearing the desk, who, under the direction of Titus, placed it before the sultan, at such a distance as would conveniently enable the reader to stand between it and his sublime highness, who might thus see the book over his favourite's shoulder. Titus himself, thus relieved of his burden by its transfer to the desk, went round into the reader's place, and opened the ample leaves of the lectionary; while, to the great amusement of the sultan, Timothy was exerting his energies to the utmost to keep back the eager pupil.

'He seems fond of his book, however,' said the sultan; 'that looks well.' And all the circle bowed assent.

At length, having arranged the volume to his satisfaction, Titus received his pupil from the hands of his colleague. The bear stood up manfully to his task; but it need scarcely be said, he was sadly disappointed when he found that, unlike itself, the beloved book contained no sweets; not a morsel, though the often-travelled, much-licked, and still-beamsured lines retained the well-known scent and savour. He ran his nose over one line after another, all down the first page, then down the second, and then somewhat impatiently turned the leaf.

'Well,' cried the sultan, 'he certainly seems to take a great interest in it himself; and he may understand it perfectly, for aught I know; but I wish he would read aloud. I should like to hear him. Will you be so good as to tell him so?' he added, addressing the patriarch.

The venerable Mar Yusef was puzzled, and, as people often do when they are puzzled, he made a bow, but could think of nothing to say. Titus, however, promptly dropped on his knees between the bear and the sultan; and addressing the latter, he said: 'Your sublime highness will hear him presently; be pleased to give him a little time. Let him not be harshly judged, if he is a little timid and shy. This is his first attempt in public.'

As he said this, the deacon saw the twinkle of the Jew's eye over the sultan's shoulder. It was only for a moment, and nobody but Titus himself knew that he had seen it at all, so intently did he seem to be occupied in comforting and encouraging—perhaps we should say exciting, his pupil. The bear, however, being disappointed line after line, and page after page, and only stimulated and irritated by the scent and the slight taste which he could get by thrusting the tip of his tongue through his muzzle began to growl most

awfully, as he still went on mechanically, line after line, and turned the leaves with increased rapidity and vehemence. This continued for some time, until the pupil was evidently getting into a passion, and the tutor was growing rather nervous, when the sultan shewed a disposition to speak, which Titus most thankfully interpreted as an intimation that the experiment had been carried far enough. He instantly quieted his pupil, not so much by the order which he gave, as by shewing him a honey-cake, which nobody else saw, handed the chain to Timothy, and prepared to listen.

'As I observed before,' said the sultan, 'he certainly does seem to take a vast interest in it himself; and I daresay he understands it: but as to his elocution, I must say that it seems to me somewhat inarticulate.' The patriarch was puzzled again, and again he bowed, lower than before. The Jew chuckled, and whispered something in the sultan's ear. But Titus was not disconcerted. Falling again on his knees, he exclaimed: 'Pardon me, your sublime highness, we consider him a remarkably good reader, an animal of excellent parts, and a pupil who does us great credit. It is true, as your sublime highness's discrimination has observed, that his enunciation, even to those who know the language, may have some appearance of indistinctness, because he is defective in the vowel-points; but we cannot help it, for all our books are unpointed. In this, which, indeed, we consider a matter of little importance, we do not pretend to compete with the Jews, who teach theirs from pointed books. If your sublime highness ever heard a bear read more articulately than this one, it must have been one of theirs; and if you would have your own perfected in that particular, you must put it into their hands.' The sultan stared at the deacon; and the Jew eyed him over the sultan's shoulder with fierce alarm. But the hands of Titus were folded on his breast, and his head was bowed down on his hands.

'Well,' said the sultan to the patriarch, after a pause, during which it was obvious that some things were passing through his mind, of which he said nothing, 'I thank you for the pains you have taken; and although I cannot say that I quite understand the matter now, yet if I had known six weeks ago as much as I do at present, I would not have troubled you. If you are ever in want of any help or protection, remember, as I shall, that you have obliged me.'

The patriarch bowed. The sultan rose and retired, resolved that his first business should be to come to a full explanation with his doctor; and accordingly, a summons for the Israelite was instantly issued. Very long it seemed to the sultan—although, in fact, it was only half an hour—before the vizier came to report, that the doctor was nowhere to be found.

'Well,' said the sultan, 'I do not much wonder at that. I always thought him a wise man, and he is certainly no fool to get out of the way now. But, at the same time, let strict search be made; and also bring me the chief rabbi.'

In the confusion occasioned by the breaking up of the company, the tutor and his pupil—the latter of whom had naturally dropped into the less ostentatious posture of a quadruped—were forgotten, or at least overlooked, by the crowd of courtiers, who rushed to congratulate Mar Yusef, or laid their heads together, to whisper their surprise or their suspicions. Titus, therefore, having briefly given directions to Timothy to take care that the book was removed, and to see the patriarch home, and make an excuse for his staying behind, slipped with his amiable charge through a side-door into the garden, where he seated himself on a bench, while his companion stood opposite to him on his hind legs, looking wistfully, he almost thought reproachfully, in his face. In truth, Titus was conscious that he had tried the temper of his pupil, and was afraid to let him loose before company, or, indeed, to let him go into company at all, until he should have

brought him into good-humour. He had provided himself with ample means of doing this; and having produced more than one honey-cake, and several other good things, and laid them on the bench beside him, he did not hesitate to unmuzzle his friend, and a merry meal they made together.

If the master was rendered happy by the issue of an experiment which had been matter of such great and long anxiety, the pupil was also raised to a state of the highest possible good-humour, by being at once relieved from restraint and hunger. He looked cheerily about him; seemed as if for the first time he recognised his old haunts; gamboled through the now deserted hall and passages; and, before he had been missed by anybody, found his way, by a short cut, to his own rug in the sultan's apartment.

For a moment, indeed, while occupied in anticipating the explanation which he had resolved to extort from his doctor, the sultan, like his courtiers, had forgotten his favourite; but now the meeting was most cordial on both sides. The sultan seemed determined to make up for his neglect; and the favourite to shew, that neither scholarship, nor the discipline requisite for obtaining it, had diminished his social affections or companionable qualities.

At length the rabbi arrived. He had, indeed, been a little longer than was necessary on the way, because he had found some means of persuading the messenger to let him call on two or three friends as he came along. He did not lose much time by this, however; his only object being to ask them, to what extent they could help him in case the loan should be very large. Satisfied on this point, and preoccupied by the thoughts which had suggested the inquiry, he stood before the sultan. Great, therefore, was his surprise, when his sublime highness, instead of saying a word about money-matters, briefly, but clearly, explained to him the nature of the business in which his service was required.

'Your sublime highness is pleased to jest with your servant,' said the rabbi, as soon as he could command breath enough to utter the words.

'Not at all,' replied the sultan; 'you will find me quite in earnest, I assure you. He reads, and, I am told, reads as well as can be expected *without* the points; now you must teach him to read *with* them.'

The rabbi was utterly confounded. He could only bow down his head, wondering what the sultan could mean, and what he would say next, and whether it would throw any light on what he had said already. So his sublime highness continued, with some asperity: 'Do not think to deceive me. I know all about the matter. You can do it, and you had better not hesitate; for I am in no humour to be trifled with. I gave the Christians six weeks, and I'll give you the same. Don't answer, but go, and he shall be sent to you.'

The unhappy rabbi returned home in a state of bewilderment. He sent for some of his friends to consult with, most of whom were as much surprised as he had been, when they learned the nature of the business which had produced the summons. Only one of them, who happened to be a friend of the missing doctor, seemed to know anything about the matter; and he could not throw much light upon it. He could only tell them, for their comfort, that it was a very serious affair, and they must mind what they were about.

It would be only tiresome, if it were possible, to particularise all the suggestions and discussions which ensued. They were still going on when the bear arrived, and was duly installed in an apartment which had been prepared for him, as well as it could be on such short notice; for all agreed, that he must be treated with great care and attention, not only in order to propitiate him, but because it might be dangerous

to let him return in worse condition than he came. So neither trouble nor cost was spared to make him comfortable; and very comfortable he was: supplied with every luxury, crammed with dainties, and petted in every conceivable way. But whatever progress he might make in the study of mankind, and in other branches of useful knowledge, it was plain that he was making none in that particular branch of learning for which he had been sent to school. His instructors did not know how to deal with him. He was on easy terms with all about him, would play with anybody, and quarrelled with nobody; but learn he would not. When they held a book before him, he thrust his nose into the cream-bowl; when they spoke of Pathach and Segol, he shut one eye, and munched figs; and when, 'as a bird each fond endearment tries,' they set up a stave which might have made the very learned the Masorites to dance for joy, in the hope that instinctively, or by mere love of imitation, he might be led to join in the chorus, he only threw himself on his back, and fairly roared them down.

Sensible of all this, and of its probable consequences, the instructors had not been idle in another direction. They had used their utmost endeavours to learn how the pupil had been dealt with by his former tutor. But all their inquiries were fruitless. Titus had kept his secret so effectually, that even Timothy knew little, if anything, more than other people; or, in other words, more than had been transacted before the sultan and his court. But in collecting all such information as could be gleaned, they were indefatigable, and were scrupulously careful to imitate everything which had been done, not knowing what hidden virtue there might be in things apparently trivial. They provided a great book and a desk; and did, and were prepared to do, all that, so far as they could learn, had been done before. And so matters went on, until the time came for them to produce their pupil.

The sultan was led, by various considerations, to think that it would be better to have the examination rather more private than the former one had been; and, accordingly, at the time appointed, the rabbi and his companions were brought into his private apartment. They had no hope that the book and desk—which, however, they had taken care to provide—would be wanted by their pupil; and indeed for some time past their thoughts had been turned from any attempts at instruction, and employed in framing an apology, in doing which they flattered themselves that they had succeeded tolerably well.

The pupil, who had grown corpulent under his late course of treatment, did not at first raise his lazy, half-shut eyes high enough from the ground to see the desk and open book, which were clever imitations, if not quite facsimiles of forms deeply impressed on his memory, and calculated to produce very stimulating recollections. As soon as they caught his eye, he seemed to be seized with sudden passion, dashed at the book, and overthrew the whole concern. Fiercely did he thrust his nose and paws between the leaves, and turn them, and tear them, and trample them. At length, exhausted by his exertions—to say nothing of his having previously had more exercise than usual—he waddled away to his well-known rug, absolutely declined all invitations either to work or play, and lay there watching the company through his half-shut eyes, in a state of stupid repose, which those who had just watched his effervescence did not care to interrupt.

'Well,' said the sultan to the rabbi and his friends, 'you are a strange set of people. When I put my bear into your hands, he read fluently, and *con amore*; and all you had to do, was to perfect his articulation. Instead of that, you bring him back fat, stupid, and savage, and so far from reading better, unable to read at all. It would serve you right, if I were to hang the whole set of you, and confiscate all your goods;

but I am a merciful man, and will be content with banishment.'

So an order was immediately issued for banishing the Jews from the dominions of the sultan; and they all made off as fast as they could, not knowing that their own countryman had been at the bottom of all, or having any idea of the explanation which is here laid before the reader.

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

THERE is a certain degree of satisfaction to the inquiring mind in knowing that, even in these days of aptness for discovering and explaining everything, there yet remains something to be found out; something to excite speculation and recompense research. Such a subject is the zodiacal light, which, for nearly two centuries past, has at different times occupied the attention of astronomers and other observers of celestial phenomena, though it is only of late years that the theories concerning it have acquired anything like a precise character. Many ingenious hypotheses have been thrown out, which may perhaps be accepted as steps towards a true explanation; and while waiting the result of further inquiry, we shall endeavour to make our readers acquainted with the interesting phenomenon.

The zodiacal light is a peculiar brightness, pyramidal or wedge-like in form, seen at certain periods of the year in the eastern or western sky, before sunrise and after sunset. Its direction is in the line of the zodiac, whence its name—not perpendicular to the horizon, but at a varying angle, being in the spring from 60 to 70 degrees. The base of the wedge, which has a breadth generally of from 10 to 12 degrees, is below, and the sides rise in a line, curving outwards, to the apex, but so vague and diffuse as to be frequently indefinable. In our latitudes, it is best seen at or just after the equinoxes; before sunrise in autumn, and after sunset in spring; and becomes invisible as twilight increases, or if the moon shines; the light even of Venus and Jupiter is sufficient to render its discovery difficult. It is brightest at the base, and grows fainter the further it stretches from the horizon, vanishing entirely at the point. Unpractised observers would be apt to overlook it altogether, and those accustomed to watch the heavens are at times obliged to fix one eye on a dark space of sky, while they search for the light with the other, and discover it only by the contrast. A stratum of black cloud resting on the horizon often affords a means of detection, as the light can then be seen shooting from it with comparative distinctness. The soft, clear atmosphere which usually precedes or follows rain, is very favourable to a view of the light.

The luminous wedge varies in length with the progress of the seasons: sometimes but little more than its point is visible; at others, it is seen extending over a space of 120 degrees. Astronomically speaking, the axis of the zodiacal light is said to lie in the plane of the solar equator, with an angle of more than 7 degrees to the ecliptic, which it consequently intersects, the points of intersection becoming its nodes, and these nodes are the parts through which the earth passes in March and September. The light travels forward along the zodiacal signs from Gemini to Cancer and Leo from August to November, keeping pace with the sun. It grows dim towards the end of November, and fades more and more until January; but while this decrease has been going on in the east, and in the morning, the light has presented itself with increasing brightness in the west, and in the evening, and pursues its course until the end of February at about the same rate of motion. In March, it is slow, and travels through not more than one sign, and fades in April, and is lost in May, to reappear again at the end of summer, and perform the same route.

Lengthened twilight is not favourable to the appearance of the zodiacal light; it can, therefore, be observed

successfully in the temperate latitudes only by patient and long-continued watching. But in tropical regions, the deep azure of the sky, and the brief twilight, give it a distinctness and luminosity never witnessed elsewhere. In Egypt, we are told it is clearly 'visible every night, except when the light of the moon is too great, from January to June;' and in India its appearance is described as that of 'a pyramid of faint aurora-borealis like light' usually preceding the dawn. Humboldt tells us, that he has seen it shine with greater brightness than the Milky Way, from different parts of the coast of South America, and from places on the Andes more than 13,000 feet above the sea-level.

'Those who have dwelt long,' he writes, 'in the zone of palms, must retain a pleasing remembrance of the mild radiance of this phenomenon, which, rising pyramidally, illumines a portion of the unvarying length of the tropical nights.' And once, during a voyage from Lima to Mexico, he saw it in greater magnificence than ever before. 'Long narrow clouds, scattered over the lovely azure of the sky, appeared low down in the horizon, as if in front of a golden curtain, while bright varied tints played from time to time on the higher clouds: it seemed a second sunset. Towards that side of the heavens, the light diffused appeared almost to equal that of the moon in her first quarter.'

The zodiacal light can hardly fail of having been observed by astronomers in the past ages of the world; but the earliest known mention of it occurs in the *Britannia Baconica*, published by Childrey in 1661. The writer says: 'There is another thing which I recommend to the observation of mathematical men—which is, that in February, and for a little before and a little after that month—as I have observed for several years together—about six in the evening, when the twilight hath almost deserted the horizon, you shall see a plainly discernible way of the twilight, striking up towards the Pleiads, and seeming almost to touch them. It is so observed any clear night, but it is best *illæ nocte*. There is no such way to be observed at any other time of the year. But what the cause of it in nature should be, I cannot yet imagine, but leave it to further inquiry.' The further inquiry followed soon afterwards, for Cassini, the eminent French astronomer, having carefully observed the phenomenon from 1683 to 1688, communicated the results to the Académie des Sciences. Some of his views and determinations were well founded; and from them we gather that the zodiacal light was nearly or quite the same in his day as at present. Others also devoted considerable attention to it, and noticed the variations in brightness in different years, which subsequent observations have verified. Since then, it has been made more or less a subject of investigation by modern astronomers, and has been observed in many parts of the world; the first observations in the southern hemisphere being those made by Professor Smyth at the Cape of Good Hope, from 1843 to 1845. In that latitude, the zodiacal light is best seen in spring evenings, at an angle of 30 degrees, visible long after sunset; its opposite peak is discernible at daybreak, but has scarcely come into view before the rising sun overpowers it. In autumn, the reverse takes place; the best appearance is in the morning.

To understand what is meant by the 'opposite peak,' we are to regard the zodiacal light, of which we see only one end in our latitudes, as a body extending all round the sun in the same form, presenting at a distance the appearance of one of those flat elongated oval nebulae seen in the heavens. Its direction is at right angles to that of the sun's rotation, a straight line drawn from either pole of the great luminary divides it in the centre. From its outline resembling that of a lens in section, it is frequently described as a 'cosmical body of lenticular form.'

From this account of what the zodiacal light appears to be, we proceed to consider what it is. Some inquirers

—arguing from the 'nebular theory,' which assumes the formation of the several planets, one after another, from nebulous matter—have supposed the zodiacal light to be a remnant of that matter yet unconcentrated. In this view, it may be a nebula, brightest in the centre, as is the case with most, and fainter towards the margin. According to Humboldt, 'we may with great probability attribute the zodiacal light to the existence of an extremely oblate ring of nebulous matter, revolving freely in space between the orbits of Venus and Mars.' On several occasions he witnessed its fluctuations, night after night, from the plains of South America, shewing itself at times greatly collapsed or condensed, with intermittences of vividness and faintness, in the course of a few minutes, as is observed of the aurora. The light of the stars, of even the fifth or sixth magnitudes, can be seen through it: the same has been remarked of comets; and it is known also that the tails of comets undergo frequent flashings or pulsations, so that the two phenomena may be analogous in character. It is necessary, however, to distinguish the fluctuations from such effects as may be produced by movements in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

Mairan, who wrote in 1781, was of opinion that the zodiacal light consisted of particles thrown off from the sun by its rapid rotation, or a species of atmosphere peculiar to the central orb. Others have supposed the luminosity to be composed of 'revolving planetary particles,' shining by a direct or reflected light. But, according to Professor Olmsted, of Yale College, Massachusetts, it is something which has a motion of its own around the sun, notwithstanding that the general steadiness of its movements had warranted the notion that it was in some way attached to the body of the sun itself. Olmsted's conclusions are drawn from a diligent observation of the light during a period of six years, and are on this account, as well as from his scientific reputation, entitled to respect. He states the light to be, in constitution, colour, and density, similar to that of the tail of a comet, the portion nearest the sun being brightest, and both admitting of stars being seen through them. We may, therefore, infer it to be a nebulous ring surrounding the sun, in the same way that the magnificent rings of Saturn surround that planet. Of such nebulae as this there are from 2000 to 3000 visible in the regions of space, compared with which the dimension of ours is insignificant: at the same distance, and sought for with the same instruments, it would be invisible.

In one point, Professor Olmsted's views are particularly interesting, as, out of one mysterious phenomenon, he endeavours to explain another, and inquires: 'Whether or not the zodiacal light is the origin of the meteoric showers of November and August, and especially those of November?' Many readers know that for some years past great numbers of falling-stars, or showers of meteors, have been observed periodically in November: the fall seen in the United States in 1834—when, as is estimated, more than 240,000 stars fell as thick as snow-flakes, in the space of nine hours—being the most remarkable hitherto known. The explanation is, that the zodiacal light is a nebulous body revolving round the sun, and arrives at its aphelion on the 15th November in that part of the earth's orbit which the earth then reaches, and, coming into contact with our atmosphere, portions of the nebulous matter are detached, and, taking fire as they pass through, appear to us as shooting-stars. This explanation of the phenomenon in question is one not hastily conceived; the reasoning on which it is founded is altogether satisfactory, as well with regard to the movement of the nebulous matter, as to that of the earth.

Professor Olmsted, in a communication addressed to the 'American Association for the Advancement of Science,' sums up his views as follows:

'1. The zodiacal light, as we have found, in our

inquiry into its nature and constitution, is a *nebulous body*.

'2. It has a revolution round the sun.

'3. It reaches beyond and *lies over the earth's orbit* at the time of the November meteors, and makes but a small angle with the ecliptic.

'4. Like the nebulous body, its periodic time is commensurable with that of the earth, so as to perform a certain whole number of revolutions while the earth performs one, and thus to complete the cycle in one year, at the end of which the zodiacal light and the earth return to the same relative position in space. This necessarily follows from the fact, that at the same season of the year it occupies the same position one year with another, and the same now as when Cassini made his observations nearly 170 years ago.

'5. In the meteoric showers of November, the *meteors are actually seen to come from the extreme portions of the zodiacal light*, or rather a little beyond the visible portions.'

There is much that is suggestive in this summary, and, as we said at the commencement, the subject is one of a nature to stimulate inquiry and research, and to lead to further explanations of cosmical phenomena. M. Mathieson's observations, published in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Sciences for 1843, shew, that when tested with the thermo-multiplier, the zodiacal light was found to radiate heat as well as light—a fact which, if further verified, will support the evidence in favour of an independent luminous ring.

WHO WROTE SHAKSPEARE?

Thus asks Mrs Kitty in *High Life Below Stairs*, to which his Grace my Lord Duke gravely replies: 'Ben Jonson.' 'O no,' quoth my Lady Bab: 'Shakspeare was written by one Mr Finis, for I saw his name at the end of the book!' and this passes off as an excellent joke, and never fails to elicit the applause of the audience; but still the question remains unanswered: Who wrote Shakspeare? a question, we humbly think, which might be made the theme for as much critical sagacity, pertinacity, and pugnacity, as the almost equally interesting question, who wrote Homer? In the former case, the question is certainly in one respect more simple, for the recognised plays and poems that go by Shakspeare's name are—at least by far the larger portion—unquestionably from one and the same pen; while Homer, poor, dear, awful, august, much-abused shade! has been torn by a pack of German wolves into fragments, which it puzzles the lore and research of Grote and Muir to patch together again. Even Mr Grote seems disposed to admit, that while the *Odyssey* may pass muster as one continuous poem, whatever was the name of the author, the greater *Iliad* must be broken up at least into an *Iliad* and an *Achilleid*, by different rhapsodists; and though Colonel Muir stands stoutly on the other side, the restoration of the unity of Homer may, even with us sober-minded thinkers, take ten times the years it took to capture Troy; while with the German Mystics and Mythists, the controversy may last till they have to open their bewildered and bewildering eyes upon the realities of another world.

So far, therefore, the question is limited, for we are entitled to assume, what no one at this time of day dreams of disputing, that *Hamlet* and his fellows are not only the productions of one mind, but are beyond comparison the greatest productions which man's intellect, not divinely inspired, has yet achieved. The question therefore is—who wrote them? With the exception of Homer, who lived before the time of written history, and Junius, who purposely and successfully shrouded himself in obscurity, there has, perhaps, been no great writer who has not in his life, his letters, or his

sayings, more or less identified himself with the productions of his pen. Take Walter Scott, for instance; or Byron, or Addison, or Dryden; or, to go still earlier, take Ben Jonson, or Kit Marlowe, or Geoffrey Chaucer, and each and all of them have external marks by which we could assign the authorship, even if the production had been published anonymously. Try Shakspeare's plays by the same test, and suppose *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, &c., had been successively published after the fashion of Junius, and what critic of any age would ever have ascribed them to William Shakspeare?

This may appear uncandid and unfair. It may be said, that Shakspeare lived in a time when letter-writing and letter-preserving were comparatively infrequent, and that we have no right to deprive him of his authorship, any more than we should have had to deprive Dr Johnson of *Rasselas*, if he had not had the good-fortune of a Boswell to record his sayings. So we humbly think it would, had Shakspeare, like Homer, been wholly unknown, and every record of him lost; we should then, as in the case of Homer, have judged exclusively from the internal evidence of the works themselves, and formed a brilliant ideal picture of what the astonishing author must have been in his daily walk, correspondence, and conversation. But, unfortunately, enthusiasm worked up to its pitch, sweeping the clouds for a bird's-eye view of the high pinnacle of human greatness commensurate with the 'local habitation and the name' of such a genius, is at once 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' by the authentic recorded whatabouts, whenabouts, and whereabouts of William Shakspeare, actor, owner, purchaser, and chattels and message desivor whilom of the Globe Theatre, Surrey-side; item of the Blackfriars, Fleet Street; and ultimately of Stratford-on-Avon, 'gent,' husband of Anne Hathaway, to whom he devotes his second-best bed. On the one hand, research has traced his life from the cradle to the grave, and by means of tradition, legal documents, records, and inscriptions, formed a very accurate skeleton biography; while, on the other hand, with the single exception of Ben Jonson, to be noticed hereafter, records and even tradition are silent upon his walk and conversation; and though his signature has been several times disinterred, his whole correspondence, if he ever wrote a letter, has sunk like lead beneath the dark waters of oblivion; indeed, even the single signature as yet discovered unconnected with business documents—namely, the 'Willm^e Shakspeare' on the volume of Montaigne—is not preceded by any remark whatever, by any sentence that might give a faint echo of *Hamlet*. Now this, to say the least, is singular to the very last degree. The unsurpassed brilliancy of the writer throws not one single spark to make noticeable the quiet uniform mediocrity of the man. Is it more difficult to suppose that Shakspeare was not the author of the poetry ascribed to him, than to account for the fact, that there is nothing in the recorded or traditional life of Shakspeare which in any way connects the poet with the man? It will not do to use the common hackneyed expression, that Shakspeare had a 'genius so essentially dramatic, that all other writers the world has seen have never approached him in his power of going out of himself.' Even the inspired writers of Scripture have their style and their expressions modified, and adapted to the peculiar idiosyncrasy and accidental position of the respective men; and taking human nature as we find it, we think it much easier to suppose that Shakspeare never once appears personally in his dramas, because his interest in them was not personal, but pecuniary. William Shakspeare, the man, was comparatively well known. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, of respectable parentage; he married Anne Hathaway; had children; apparently became unsettled; went to London to push his fortune; made a deal of money by theatrical speculations,

and by the profits of certain plays, of which he was reputed to be the author; then retired quietly to the country, and was heard of no more, excepting that a few years afterwards old Aubrey states that 'Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry-meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted.' Brandish not thy dagger, Melpomene, at this profanation! The scandal is not ours, but Aubrey's, Shakespeare's earliest biographer, but who did not write till forty-six years after his death. His name and signature are connected with the buying and selling of land and theatrical shares, and such-like commonplace transactions; and his last will and testament, with which everybody is familiar, is as plain and prosaic as if it had been the production of a pig-headed prerogative lawyer. Now, in all this we see a sensible, sagacious, cautious, persevering man, who certainly was free from the rashness and (excepting the closing scene, if old Aubrey is to be believed) rakish extravagance too often characteristic of genius at any time, and perhaps particularly so of Shakespeare's time. It is apparent that Shakespeare, at least from the time the plays commenced, never had to shift for his living: he had always money to lend and money to spend; and we know also, that many of his contemporaries, men with genius akin to that which produced these plays, were in continued and utter extremity, willing to barter exertion, name, and fame, for the daily dole that gets the daily dinner.

May not William Shakespeare—the cautious, calculating man, careless of fame, and intent only on money-making—have found, in some furthest garret overlooking the 'silent highway' of the Thames, some pale, wasted student, with a brow as ample and lofty as his own, who had written the *Wars of the Roses*, and who, with eyes of genius gleaming through despair, was about, like Chatterton, to spend his last copper coin upon some cheap and speedy means of death? What was to hinder William Shakespeare from reading, appreciating, and purchasing these dramas, and thereafter keeping his poet, as Mrs Packwood did? The mere circumstance of his assuming them as his own, may have seemed to be justified by his position as manager, and his regard to the interests of the theatre; as a play by a well-known and respected favourite would be more likely to escape hissing than one by an unknown adventurer; and the practice once commenced must go on; for we cannot suppose that Shakespeare could afford to deny the authorship of *Macbeth*, if he had previously consented to father *Henry VI.*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the *Midsommer Night's Dream*. This assumption, we are sorry to say, smooths away many of the difficulties that have hitherto baffled the critics. How could Shakespeare, say they, have been able to write at all, while obviously and laboriously employed in the active business of his profession? Where did he acquire that all-comprehensive knowledge of nature, men, and books? How could he paint with such exact fidelity the peculiar scenery pertaining exclusively to the subject in question, when he can be proved never to have left London? What time had he to tread the 'blasted heath,' or describe the aspect of Glamis Castle? How could he accomplish all this? Why, simply, and naturally, and easily—by affording his poet all the requisite leisure, and defraying the expenses of all the requisite tours. And with this view, though it cannot be proved, and is very unlikely, that Shakespeare ever was in Scotland, yet it is most likely that the author of *Macbeth* was; and thus the intelligence, but not the genius, of these wonderful works ceases to be supernatural. Again, not one single manuscript of Shakespeare's plays or poems has ever been discovered; and certainly the search has been as rigorous and continuous as that for the Philosopher's Stone; while even Scott, when owing to the Novels, found it necessary to say that almost all the manuscripts were

holograph; nor, if we do not very much mistake, is there among all the records and traditions which have been handed to us, any statement of Shakespeare having been seen writing, or having delivered his manuscript.

Of course, the obvious answer to all this is, that such a transaction, carried on through so many years, and having reference to works which even in that age excited considerable admiration and attention, could not be concealed. We may reply to this, that Shakespeare, who apparently was liked by every one, did not conceal it from his friends, and that they supported him in this pardonable assumption—the members of the theatre for their own sakes, and his other friends for his.

Take, besides, the custom of the age, the helter-skelter way in which dramas were got up, sometimes by half-a-dozen authors at once, of whom one occasionally monopolised the fame; and the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day, and affixed it to their publications; and who so popular with all playgoers of the period as the gentle, well-living Shakespeare? And his name would better suit his friends and the then public, than any mere recluse, unknown poet, until his name, like other myths, acquired sanctity by age. Indeed, we fear it is not necessary to go back to Shakespeare's time to find the practice of assumed authorship of purchased plays, without either the reasons or the excuses which apply to Shakespeare. Unfortunately, however, for those who claim Shakespeare for Shakespeare, the secret was not wholly kept. Robert Greene, a well-known contemporary, a writer of reputation, but one who led the skeldering life peculiar to most of his class, addressed, on his death-bed, in 1592, a warning to his co-mates not to trust to the puppets 'that speak from our mouths.' He then goes on in these remarkable words, which we believe every critic thinks were intended for Shakespeare: 'Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country.' Again: with this view, the disputed passages—those in which critics have agreed that the genius is found wanting—the meretricious ornaments sometimes crowded in—the occasional bad taste displayed—in short, all the imperfections discernible and disputable in these mighty dramas, are reconcilable with their being the interpolations of Shakespeare himself on his poet's works.

The dedication of the *Venus* and the *Lucrece* to Lord Southampton is, we confess, somewhat against us, for we cannot but think these poems came from the pen that wrote *Romeo*; but, after all, Southampton was so generous a patron, that Shakespeare might be excused in assuming the authorship, in order to make the books (as his poems) a better return for the thousand pounds bestowed. But if Southampton really knew him to be the author of the dramas, how comes it that Raleigh, Spenser, and even Bacon—all with genius so thoroughly kindred to the author of *Hamlet*—have all ignored his acquaintance? Raleigh and Bacon seem not to have known of his existence; while Spenser, if he alludes to the works, takes care to avoid the name. In short, Heywood, Suckling, Hales, and all the others who are recorded to have spoken of Shakespeare 'with great admiration,' confine themselves to the works, and seem personally to avoid the man—always excepting '*Rare Ben Jonson*;' and we confess, if Ben is to be entirely believed, Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare. But Ben, if unsupported, is somewhat disqualified from being what the Scotch would call a 'famous witness'—he was under the deepest pecuniary obligations to Shakespeare, and was through life, despite the nonsensical tradition of their quarrel, his hearty friend.

and boon-companion, with 'blind affection,' as he phrases it, as seen above, literally 'unto death,' and therefore bound by the strongest ties to keep his secret, if secret there were. Besides, Ben can be convicted of at least one unqualified fib on the subject. Hear how he describes Droeshout's print of Shakspeare, prefixed to the first folio edition of 1623:

This figure that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life.
Oh! could he have but drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath lit
His face, &c.

Hear now Nathan Drake: 'The wretched engraving thus undeservedly eulogised;' and Mr Steevens calls it 'Shakspeare's countenance deformed by Droeshout'—like the sign of Sir Roger turned into the Saracen's Head.

We might, did space allow, also allude to the celebrated 'wit-combat at the Mermaid,' where Shakspeare's wit, when recorded, becomes truly un-Shakspearian. Let one example suffice, stated by Capell. 'Ben' and 'Bill' propose a joint epitaph. Ben begins:

'Here lies Ben Jonson,
Who was once one—'

Shakspeare concludes:

'That, while he lived, was a *slow* thing;
And now, being dead, is *no*-thing.'

We doubt if Benedict would have gained Beatrice had he wooed her in this style, and yet its tiny sparkle seems a beam of light contrasted with the dull darkness of the rest. In fine, we maintain we have no more direct evidence to shew that Shakspeare wrote Hamlet's soliloquy, than we have that he wrote the epitaph on John a Coombe, the ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy, or the epitaph to spare his 'bones' on his own tombstone—all of which the commentators are now determined to repudiate.

Assuming, then, that we have proved, to our own extreme dissatisfaction, the probability that Shakspeare kept a poet, we are bound to say that the intercourse between them must have been one of almost unexampled cordiality and kindness; for seldom can we discover anything like hostility in the poet to his employer; but there must have been two little misfits—one of which occurred during the writing of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the other before the publication of the *Twelfth Night*. Shakspeare, it is well known, in very early youth, married a girl a good deal older than himself, and there is at least no evidence to shew that, as usual, he did not repent his choice. Now, we will admit that it was unhandsome in the poet at the beginning of the *Dream* to make Hermia and Lysander discourse upon this delicate subject—

Hermia. O cross! too high to be enthralled to low!

Lysander. Or else misgraffed in respect of years.

Her. (the lady.) O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

But matters were still worse, when the Duke, in the *Twelfth Night*, exclaims:

'Too old, by Heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself.'

And again:

'Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.'

It is, we confess, very difficult to suppose that Shakspeare, with his unquestionable good feeling, could have written this unhandsome insult to his own wife, though it is very easy to imagine his passing it over in a hurried perusal previous to its presentation in the green-room.

One thing at least appears certain, and not disputed—the plays apparently rise, if we may use the expression, as the series goes on; all at once, Shakspeare, with a fortune, leaves London, and the supply ceases. Is this compatible with such a genius thus culminating, on any other supposition than the death of the poet and the survival of the employer?

Well, reader, how like you our hypothesis? We confess we do not like it ourselves; but we humbly think it is at least as plausible as most of what is contained in the many bulky volumes written to connect the man, William Shakspeare, with the poet of *Hamlet*. We repeat, there is nothing recorded in his everyday life that connects the two, except the simple fact of his selling the poems and realising the proceeds, and their being afterwards published with his name attached; and the statements of Ben Jonson, which, however, are quite compatible with his being in the secret. In fact, the only other hypothesis which we think will serve at all, is to suppose that Shakspeare, like Mohammed, instead of going to a garret, went to a cave, and received his *Koran* from Gabriel; but then the mischief is, that Shakspeare is the most readable of authors, and the *Koran*, perhaps the most unreadable trash ever inflicted on a student—at least its translation is; and besides, no angel of them all could ever have shewn such an acquaintance with our (to a celestial) unkindred humanity as these poems display. Perhaps the best and crowning hypothesis is that of Byron about Junius:

That what we Shakspeare call,
Was really, truly, nobody at all.

Thus, whether Shakspeare were written by nobody or not, it seems pretty well proved that *nobody* gave the plays to Shakspeare; so that, whether by inheritance, purchase, or divine afflatus, the man who wrote Shakspeare was—William Shakspeare.

A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS OF JAMAICA.

For persons who have never visited the tropics to form an idea of the exceeding beauty of night in these regions, is utterly impossible. The azure depth of the sky, illuminated by numberless stars of wondrous brilliancy, seems, as it were, reflected in the giant foliage of the trees, and on the dewy herbage of the mountain-sides, gemmed with the scintillations of innumerable fire-flies; while the gentle night-wind, rustling through the lofty plantain and feathery cocoa-nut, bears upon its breath a world of rich and balmy odours. Perhaps the scene is still more lovely when the pale moon flings down her rays on the chalice of the *Datura arborea*, brimming with nectareous dew—her own most favoured flower, delicate of scent and chaste in beauty. Yet the night of the tropics has many drawbacks: noxious, unsightly creatures then forsake their lair, lithe snakes uncoil their glossy rings, bats flutter in the moonbeams, and croaking frogs disturb the silence of the hour.

In a valley of the St Andrew Mountains, in the island of Jamaica, where we resided for a short time, we beheld in perfection this lovely night, and experienced in an equally great degree its inconveniences. It was indeed a favoured spot, for which nature had done her utmost. Sublime and beautiful were there so exquisitely blended, that to determine the leading characteristic of the scenery was impossible. Mountains, clad to the loftiest summit in perpetual verdure; gigantic trees, rich in blushing fruits; pensile plants, aglow with the choicest flowers; proud-rifted rocks, pale and ghastly, as if cleft by an earthquake; foaming cascades springing madly down the cliffs, leaping through chasms spanned with aquatic creepers, and then dwindling into ever-gurgling streams, that glided through ravines curtained with verdant drapery—such

were some of the details of the picture; but how vain the endeavour to describe this redundant beauty! A friend, who enjoyed it with a zest as keen as our own, once remarked: 'It is like nothing in this world but one of Salvador Rosa's pictures framed in a garland of flowers!'

This gorgeous scenery screened from our dwelling the unsightly squalor of a negro village, which lay at a distance of a mile and a half on the other side of an abrupt hill to our rear. It consisted merely of some score of huts, of miserable aspect, formed of matting, stretched on stakes stuck in the ground; and in other cases, of interwoven bamboos, dabbled with mud, and roofed over with gigantic palm-leaves. Each had its garden in front, of yams, cocos, and sweet potatoes. The negroes of the village were our nearest neighbours, and we visited them occasionally, in the hope of ameliorating their condition by communicating to them such instruction as they were capable of receiving; but their grotesque ideas of liberty, overweening egotism, and marvellous superstition, together with the shortness of our stay in their vicinity, combined to frustrate our object.

The place we occupied had been once a missionary station, and consisted merely of a couple of chambers, a sitting-room, and a veranda that ran round the house, which was built of an inferior species of mahogany, and ceiled and floored with the same. The colour of the wood, together with the fact, that all the former occupants had fallen victims to the climate, gave the house an air of extraordinary gloom; still, this was in some measure dissipated by the multitude of flowers in the garden, of the kinds familiar to us in England, and which, from the equable temperature of the mountain climate, flourished in the open air.

Before the windows flashed a bright parterre, begirt with a thick hedge of salvias, above which the exquisite humming-bird for ever hovered. The hedge was intermingled with the tea-rose, white jasmine, fuchsia, pink cactus, and bignonia; all of which, from the hardihood of their growth, appeared indigenous. Balsams sprang like weeds, and every conceivable variety of convolvulus flaunted in gay bands from the shafts of ever-blossoming limes. Along the veranda, extending from column to column, ran a drapery of nurandias, lobes, and plumbago; while at the end of the parterre, in close proximity, stretched the grave-yard of the station, studded thick with white stones, recording the names of many a once weary missionary and Christianised negro.

About a month after our arrival at Rosevale—for so was the place called—my husband was compelled by professional duty to be absent for a couple of days. It was the first time I had ever been left alone, having been only recently married, and separated from my family in England. An utter stranger in the island, my nerves were somewhat subdued at the prospect before me; and although determined to endure the loneliness very bravely, still it was not felt the less acutely. There were no Europeans nearer than a distance of five miles; and owing to the peculiar nature of the scenery, its extraordinary stillness, and the unusual aspect of its gigantic vegetation, it was, despite its beauty, invested to a remarkable degree with an air of desolateness and solitude. At five in the morning, my husband set out upon his journey, and at eight a negro came to inquire whether massa was at home. This was an unusual circumstance; but upon hearing that massa left home that morning, he departed, and I thought no more of him. The weary day dragged heavily to a close, and at eight in the evening the same negro returned, and repeated his inquiry by the light of a lamp held by a young lad of his own race in our service. I saw the man's face, and suffering, perhaps, from nervous irritability, fancied I had never seen a countenance more sinister. My pulse throbbed quickly, as the reply was given, that

'Massa wouldn't return till the night of the ensuing day.' Here was an admission! I alone in this wild, outlandish place, attended only by my maid, a semi-German, semi-Irish girl, exceedingly timid, and a couple of negro servants, if possible more cowardly: I felt my heart sink, as after uttering some half-intelligible words, the sable visitor departed. While drinking tea in solitude, musing on the old familiar faces of my former home, never was the croaking of the frog so loud, the curlo's note so shrill, the evening air so gentle. I heard the negro servants without expressing their astonishment that, now as massa was gone, missus wouldn't call in Miss Jane (the maid), and make her 'peak' to her; adding—'Rosevale not good house to lib by himself in—plenty "padres" die dere, plenty doppies (ghosts) come up dere from de grave-yard! Now my dread was not of the 'doppies,' but I did fear the return of the recent ill-favoured visitor.

Our books had not yet been forwarded from Kingston, so I had not the solace of a favourite author; but on a shelf in the sitting-room lay an odd volume of Missionary Reports, and the third or fourth of Mandeville's English History, which had belonged to the former occupant of the place. These I took from their resting-place, and essayed to read, when, in an instant, a bat dropped from the rafters, and fluttering round and round the lamp, cut short my studies. Formerly, church-service was wont to be celebrated in this same room; and for the purpose of kindling, by means of music, any latent sparks of devotion in the minds of his sable flock, the deceased clergyman, who had resided before us at Rosevale, had imported a seraphine, which he played with skill, and which had never been opened since his death. It stood as he had last touched it, at one end of the sitting-room; and hoping to overcome my nervousness, I strove against the feelings which had hitherto withheld me from approaching the instrument. I seated myself before it, and began a sacred melody, when, by the imperfect light, it seemed as if the keys were in motion. This I at first attributed to the manner in which the light was thrown, owing to the wheeling flight of some four or five bats that had joined the earliest intruder in his frolics. This idea, however, was speedily dissipated by a great cockroach crawling upon my fingers, and I started up with a shudder, for the instrument was literally covered with these unsightly creatures. I then paced up and down the veranda, flooded with moonlight, till a short time past ten o'clock, when the moon set, and I retired for the night to my chamber, where my uneasiness was speedily overcome by sleep.

At midnight, or probably earlier, I awoke with a start: unusual sounds were on the air; and the sinister visage of the past evening's visitor presented itself to my disturbed imagination. I stilled my heart, and listened. The sounds seemed to come from the negro village. I sprang from my bed, and, approaching the window, unclosed the jalousie, and saw a number of negroes pouring down the mountain-side—some bearing large torches, and all yelling fearfully. On streamed the living mass; closer and closer they approached, till their faces were distinctly visible. They carried with them a hideous burden—a swathed and ghastly corpse, the rigid features of which looked ghastlier still in the lurid glare of the torch-light! This they flung, with frantic gestures, from one to another, receiving it in their arms with a yell and a scream, gibbering in fiendish glee, and dancing and whirling about. Sickening at the horrid sight, I turned away, and closed the jalousie; when, as the procession surrounded the house, my maid rushed into the room, exclaiming: 'O ma'am, what will become of us? they are trying to force the doors—they are coming in!'

For some time they continued seeking an entrance; but the thought of admitting them never once crossed my imagination. At last, one among the number

suggested the inutility of any further attempt; and, abandoning their original design, they all marched off to the grave-yard, where they remained till dawn as it seemed in some grand carousal. They then, as I was afterwards told, returned to the dwelling of the deceased, laid him in his coffin, and at six in the morning bore him to his last resting-place. This ceremonial was called 'The Feast of the Dead,' and was celebrated in order to insure a favourable reception for their departed brother from the mouldering occupants of the grave-yard, and to prevent the appearance of his doppelgänger.

The deceased, it seems, had been a carpenter, and in that capacity had worked occasionally at Rosevale, which, a few days previously to our arrival, had been the scene of his last labours. It was thought necessary, therefore, for the repose of his soul, that, prior to interment, his body should be brought into the house to pay a farewell visit.

A fellow-passenger in our voyage to Kingston related to us a similar occurrence. He had been but a short time resident at Montego Bay, and was, with his wife, active in disseminating Christian knowledge among the negroes of the district. One family, more intelligent than the rest, particularly attracted this good lady, who was much interested in their behalf, in return for which, they attached themselves to her most zealously. Their eldest child, a young girl of fourteen years old, was attacked by a malady, which suddenly terminated in death; and Mrs R— was ignorant of the fact, till one evening, as she was entertaining company, the corpse of the poor girl, dressed in the latest gifts she had bestowed, was borne into the midst of the party, to take leave of the kind benefactress, so beloved by her in life.

The dread in which the appearance of disembodied spirits is held by the negroes is excessive, and the expedients to which they resort to defend themselves from their intrusion are truly absurd. One of these is to drive ten nails into the door in a pentagonal form—a very effectual barrier; for the doppelgänger, on beholding it, can neither advance nor recede, but remains there literally spell-bound till the witching-time of night is past, vainly endeavouring to reckon the number of nails, but unable to get beyond the fifth. Another very excellent preventive, in negro estimation, is old leather—that which has been worn in boots or shoes is considered best. This should be burned with horse-litter, and afterwards rubbed upon the door-posts. 'This,' to quote one of the dusky fraternity, 'make such a bad mell, that it catch him nose; and de berry Jurabie himself would run away from it!' I know not the extent of Satanic endurance, but for a mere mortal to bear with it is impossible, as I once found by experience, when it compelled me to take refuge in the bush.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY AND INDIVIDUAL PANIC.

THE *London Gazette* of the 3d July 1852, announced, in its weekly report of the Bank of England, that the gold coin and bullion in the issue department had reached the sum of £21,742,110. It had never reached such a sum before. But this is not all. While this vast amount of gold already lies in the vaults of the Bank, nearly every ship from Australia, and steamer from America, brings more of the precious metal.

There are not wanting persons to whom this accession of treasure to the country is a subject of panic. The annuitant dreads a depreciation of the value of gold, equivalent, of course, to a general rise in the price of those commodities which conduce to his comfort; or, in other words, to a diminution of his income. The millionaire sees rivals springing up on all sides from the mountain of gold. Many in every class, who are at

ease in their circumstances, and would fain have things remain as they are, look with dislike on a state of things so new, and wish that the 'diggings' in California, and the gold region of Australia, had never been disturbed by spade or pickaxe.

If gold were not our standard of value, no such panic could exist in any mind; but, on the contrary, the abundance of a metal so pre-eminent in beauty and utility must be universally hailed as a boon. Silver is now the legal tender in most countries of Europe, and used to be so in England, till it became too abundant; but where transactions are large, silver is too cumbersome: a man can carry £500 in gold in his pocket, but £500 in silver would require a horse.

The reason why these two metals form the money of the most civilised nations, need not be gone into here at any length. 'Their qualities of utility, beauty, and scarcity,' says Adam Smith, 'are the original foundation of the high price of those metals, or of the great quantity of other goods for which they can everywhere be exchanged. This value was antecedent to, and independent of, their being employed as coin, and was the quality which fitted them for that employment.'

We have printed the word *scarcity* in italics, because that is the point of alarm. 'If,' say the alarmists, 'gold, which has been in all the world's annals scarce, is to become plentiful, one of the conditions of its fitness for coin is annihilated.' To this we reply: Scarcity is a relative term. Actual scarcity of a commodity may exist, to all practical purposes, in the midst of an abundance of that commodity; because scarcity is occasioned by two very different causes—namely, limited supply and excessive demand.

An amount of gold coin which would be very large for a small community, might be very insignificant for the use of a great and populous nation. In August 1789, the bullion in the Bank of England amounted only to £8,645,860; but we think that was a larger sum for the Bank to possess, in relation to the population and trade of England at that period, than £22,000,000 now.

In 1801, the population of Great Britain numbered about from ten to eleven millions; in 1851, nearly twenty millions. Whatever quantity of money, therefore, was necessary for the former period, a very much larger, perhaps a double quantity—supposing an equal degree of prosperity to exist—would be requisite in the latter.

This necessity for a larger amount of coin is obvious when regarded only in relation to the increase of population. If population continues at its present rate of increase, a much larger amount of coin than we possess now, even with our £22,000,000 of bullion in the Bank, will be required to keep pace with its wants. But this is not the only view of the question. The population of 1851, it must be granted, required a larger amount of coin than that of 1801, or of any former period in our history, supposing each period to possess an equal amount of prosperity. But how stand the facts on this question of prosperity? If it should appear that, while more gold is discovered, more iron, more tin, more copper, more of every other mineral is also found; that more wool and cotton are produced, more corn is grown, more ships built, more houses built, more towns raised, more countries inhabited, and last, not least, that railways begin to intersect every country, old and new, and in combination with steamships on the ocean, to facilitate the communication among them all—then it would appear that they required a larger amount in proportion to the population; and that if prosperity continues on the increase, so constantly progressive will be the necessity for more coin, that scarcity will be a term applicable to gold, in all probability, for a long period of time.

The fact is, that the increase of commodities has been, in many instances, far greater than the increase

of population. In 1740, the total quantity of iron made in Great Britain was 17,350 tons; in the following hundred years, this quantity increased considerably more than a hundredfold, being estimated at the later period at above 2,000,000 tons. In 1801, the Cornish tin-mines produced 2328 tons of metal; it took only thirty years to double their annual amount. The same is more than true of the copper-mines of Cornwall, which produced in 1801, 5267 tons; and after thirty years, 11,224 tons. In 1828, the quantity of sheep's wool imported from Australia was 1,574,186 lbs.; in 1850, it was 39,018,228 lbs. In 1801, the coals shipped from Newcastle were 1,331,870 tons; in fifty years more than double—namely, 2,977,385 tons. These are only a few examples gleaned from many of a similar description, and to them we will only add the fact, of a kind totally new in the world's annals, that a sum approaching to a moiety of the national debt is now invested in railways in England alone—namely, upwards of L.350,000,000.

By a late police report, it appears that 60,000 houses have been added to the metropolis of England in the last ten years. These would alone form a large city, requiring much gold and silver for money and luxury; and in this question of gold, the requisitions of luxury must not be forgotten; they form an important item, and are commensurate with the necessity for coin.

'When,' said Adam Smith, 'the wealth of any country increases, when the annual produce of its labour becomes gradually greater and greater, a quantity of coin becomes necessary, in order to circulate a greater quantity of commodities; and the people as they can afford it, as they have more commodities to give for it, will naturally purchase a greater and greater quantity of plate. The quantity of their coin will increase from necessity, the quantity of their plate from vanity and ostentation, or from the same reason that the quantity of fine statues, pictures, and of every other luxury and curiosity, is likely to increase among them. But as statuary and painters are not likely to be worse rewarded in times of wealth and prosperity than in times of poverty and depression, so gold and silver are not likely to be worse paid for.'

It may, indeed, be predicted with tolerable certainty, that the qualities of 'beauty and utility' possessed by gold will be for a long time guarantees for its 'scarcity' whatever be its abundance. Its fine colour and brilliancy are not its only beauties. No metal is so ductile, so malleable, so indestructible by fire or chemical tests. It does not rust, it scarcely tarnishes, and it admits of the most exquisite workmanship. India alone would absorb the results of many years' digging; and when direct steam communication commences between it and Australia, gold will begin to flow into that great country, with its hundred million of people, in one continued stream, to supply their insatiable desire for it. They habitually invest their savings in gold ornaments, which they wear on their persons; and at this day, it is not uncommon to see the wife of a native under-secretary, whose salary and property altogether do not amount to much more than L.300 a year, wearing gold in this manner to the value of L.500. The treasure of this kind possessed by the rich natives is probably extraordinary; and so great is their desire to accumulate it, that it is impossible to keep up a gold-currency in the country: the coin is immediately melted down, and made into ornaments.

But whatever amount of gold is absolutely required at present as a circulating medium, and whatever amount is likely to be absorbed by the requirements of luxury, an amount far greater is likely to be needed to keep pace with the increasing prospects of prosperity in this country. Now that the restrictions on trade are nearly all removed, Britain may become the centre of the world's commerce: situated as she is in a temperate climate, between the Old and the New World, her

harbours never closed by ice, there is nothing to limit the extent of her markets, nothing to check the development of her resources, nor the division of her labour. The extraordinary impetus given to emigration by the discovery of the gold-fields, has already begun to create new and great countries; and every emigrant that leaves our shores becomes a source of wealth and strength to the mother-country, which has cast off the fetters that so long restrained its enterprise, and is open to trade with all the world; while the discovery of rich coal-mines in most parts of the globe, favours the communication by steam-power between both hemispheres, and almost from pole to pole; and while we hear of new discoveries that may make the air a motive power instead of steam, and thus render railway transit possible in arid deserts; and while the electric telegraph not only connects us with the continent of Europe, but is about to cross the Atlantic. With all these powers at command, men will not long be confined to the narrow boundaries in which they are at present congregated; and in comparison with future improvements in every branch of industry, the present time may come to be regarded as one when they were bunglers in industrial art, and mere scratchers of the soil instead of cultivators.

And not the least important among the elements of national prosperity, will be found an abundance of the circulating medium. 'Tis certain,' says Hume, 'that since the discovery of the mines in America, industry has increased in all the nations of Europe, except in the possessors of those mines; and this may justly be ascribed, amongst other reasons, to the increase of gold and silver. Accordingly, we find that in every kingdom into which money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly, everything takes a new face—labour and industry gain life; the merchant becomes more enterprising; the manufacturer more diligent and skilful; and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention.'

The exception of Spain alone is a curious example and warning to nations, as shewing how the best gifts may be abused and converted into a curse instead of a blessing; for, believing the possession of gold and silver to be the only true wealth, they attempted to accumulate these metals by preventing the exportation of them by absurd restrictions; and this policy, added to her bigotry and persecution, has left Spain to this day an example of the results of restriction, powerless and poor, a haunt of the robber and the smuggler.

An abundance of the circulating medium will always be found to be an important element in national prosperity; and so great has been the conviction of this fact, that a whole school of political economists have advocated a paper-currency, in order to escape from the danger of restriction. 'Give us,' say they, 'paper-money, the basis of which shall be, not this scarce, restrictive gold, but the real wealth of the country in commodities of every kind.' It was Sir Robert Peel who explained the danger of these views, by shewing that paper-notes issued against commodities would tend to increase the fluctuations of the prices of those commodities. By the act of 1819, therefore, he established that a pound sterling, or the standard, by reference to which the value of every other commodity is ascertained, and every contract fulfilled, should be itself fixed to be a piece of gold of a certain weight and fineness, and that whatever paper-notes were issued, the holder should be entitled to demand standard coined gold in exchange for them at the Bank, at the rate of L.3, 17s. 10½d. of notes per ounce. Undertaking always to pay in coin when demanded, the Bank was allowed to use its own discretion in the amount of notes it might issue. Such discretion, however, was found to work badly, for the trading community in particular; and therefore, by the act of 1844, the issue of bank-notes was limited to the certain amount of

L.14,000,000 against securities; and it was enacted that any further issue must vary with and be equal to the amount of bullion deposited in the coffers of the Bank. The reason why L.14,000,000 in notes against securities was the sum fixed on, was partly that this was the smallest sum that had been known to be in the hands of the public for a very long period; and it is probable that numbers of these notes will never appear again, so many being perpetually lost by fires, shipwrecks, or carelessness. However, it is said, that only the other day a bank-note was presented for payment, bearing the date of 1750.

'To what end,' it is sometimes argued—'since even the advocates of gold-currency resort to paper-money as more convenient for practical purposes—is the accumulation of treasure in the vaults of the Bank of England? Why, after all the labour of digging it out of the earth in the antipodes, is it buried again here? Why not coin it, and lend it out at interest?' The remark is, of course, not unnatural, but has a ready reply. The gold in the vaults of the Bank of England belongs, not to the Bank, but to the holders of the bank-notes. They prefer notes to gold to carry in their pockets, but these rags of notes have no value in themselves; their sole value is as representatives of a certain portion of gold. People cannot have notes and the gold represented by the notes at the same time: they may have either that they like. If they prefer to have gold spoons, or gold candlesticks, or gold watches, or gold anything else; or if, as traders, they require to make purchases in any parts of the world where their notes would not pass current, or where those from whom they buy do not require any commodity manufactured in this country, then they can have their gold at the Bank any day by presenting their notes. As, moreover, the holder of every bank-note has an equal claim, *pro tanto*, on the bullion in the Bank coffers, the more gold there is in them, the more will his note represent. In short, the act of 1844, above alluded to, established the security of the Bank-of-England-note in a way that seems perfect.

On the whole, therefore, it appears that a condition requisite to national prosperity is in prospect for our country. Individual exceptions there may be in the persons of annuitants, but even here counteracting circumstances are continually at work. By improvements in machinery, and facility of communication, the cost of production is so much reduced as, in a greater or lesser degree, to balance the rise of price consequent on an abundance of gold, should any such condition of things actually occur; and an abundance of gold would undoubtedly, as we have shewn, be favourable to all these improvements. Already, the cost of production, or small amount of labour with which commodities can be produced, compared with former periods, is an important fact in all questions of income. The quantity of cotton wool, for example, taken for consumption in the United Kingdom in 1814, was 53,777,802 lbs., and in 1849 was 775,469,008 lbs.; but its value, which in 1814 was L.20,033,182, had only increased in 1849 to L.26,771,432: so that fifteen times the quantity at the latter period cost only about a third more money than the much smaller quantity in the former. The price of cotton-yarn was 8s. 9d. per lb. in 1801, and only 2s. 11d. in 1832, owing to improved machinery. Such examples might be multiplied, and would increase in accelerated ratio in times of increased prosperity. Other compensations would not be wanting. If the actual income of an annuitant should be lowered, his taxes would be lightened, his poor-rates perhaps abolished, his sons and daughters able to find openings in every direction. He would not be called on for charity; he might become enterprising and successful like his neighbours. It is scarcely possible that individual adversity should long co-exist with national prosperity.

A period may indeed arrive, discoveries may be in store, which may render a change in the standard of value an absolute necessity. Such a period, however, must be remote, and must be met by wise legislation as it gradually approaches. Meanwhile, we see nothing to stop the development of our resources, nor the increase of our wealth, so long as we use our good gifts and do not abuse them.

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.*

It may be gathered from the two former papers, that I am not in affluent circumstances; the intimation, therefore, that four distant relations, occupying a sufficiently high position in society, intended to dine with me, was received with a feeling the reverse of pleasurable, both by myself and my single servant. The dining-room and its table were so very small, that I never gave even family dinners. Rose had no idea of waiting; and, moreover, to cook and wait at one and the same time, is by no means an easy task for any one. I could not bear the idea of hired waiters and cooks, and the attendant noise, fuss, and expense. What was to be done? I thought over my dinner, but there was no room to place it on my small table, and the apartment would not hold a larger one conveniently. Rose could cook two dishes very well for my solitary self, but how were her unpractised powers equal to sending up a dinner for five persons, two of them men! It never struck me that Madame Miao could help me in this particular dilemma; nevertheless, as I wished to consult her about a sauce, I unconsciously unfolded my cause of annoyance.

'I see no difficulty at all,' said the worthy widow; 'and if you will only let me manage for you, I will answer for its all succeeding *à merveille*; but it must be *à la Française*.'

'But the fish?'

'Oh, your fish shall come first; *soyez tranquille*.'

'Anything you please, then,' answered I, gaining comfort from her easy, confident manner. I resolved to follow her instructions faithfully; for I was persuaded somehow that, whether she managed well or ill, her plan would probably be better than mine, and the result shewed I was right.

In the middle of the table, fresh flowers in a valuable china bowl did duty as an *aperçue*; port and sherry—the only wines I would, or, indeed, could present—stood at each corner; and round the bowl the little dessert, tastefully decorated with leaves, looked well, although consisting only of common dried fruits, preserved ginger, oranges, and cakes. But the plate was bright, the crystal clear, the table-cloth and napkins of the finest damask, and there was abundance of room for sauces, glasses, plates, and all the little things we might happen to require. As the company consisted of my private friends, not inhabitants of our town, Madame Miao herself—attired in a Bolognese cap, long gold earrings, cross, fluted lace tucker up to her collar bones, and black silk gown—condescended to wait upon and carve for us. She had each dish and its proper accompaniments brought by Rose to the side-table, where all was neatly divided into portions, and handed round, one dish at a time, hot from the fire. We had, first, ox-tail soup; second, fried soles; third, oyster *pâtés*; fourth, Maintenon cutlets and cauliflower; fifth, roast lamb and potato-ribbons; sixth, pheasant, with both bread-sauce and toast. Tartlets and creams followed, and a cream-cheese finished the repast; then we were left to our dessert and conversation, the latter of which we soon resolved to terminate with our coffee in the drawing-room, where a purer atmosphere awaited us. All went

off quietly and comfortably; no noise, no bustle, no asking will you have this or that; everything was brought round without questioning, and conversation was never for an instant interrupted. My fastidious cousin, Jack Falconbridge; his foolish fine-lady sister; her common-place lord; and her 'talented and travelled friend,' Miss Scribbleton, expressed themselves equally pleased, although there was nothing *recherché*, nothing expensive, nothing extraordinary. At the rich Mr Goldscamp's, where they had dined the day before, things were, they all agreed, very far inferior. Five or six inexperienced young footmen jostled against each other, whilst rushing about with sauces and condiments; the table groaned under a gorgeous display of plate, and loads of unnecessary glass and china.

'I was,' said Miss Scribbleton, 'really quite afraid to move, lest I should overturn or break something, and felt like a bull in a china-shop.'

'The cookery,' continued the Honourable John, 'was atrocious; everything half cold, and we rose hungry, to partake of watery coffee and lukewarm tea.'

'Ah!' sighed his sister, 'I was bored to extinction by everything and every person.' And then followed compliments to me upon my little unpretending entertainment, which I felt were sincere, for everything was good of its kind, and I presented nothing that Rose could not cook perfectly under Madame Miao's directions, except the soup and *pâtés*, which the pastry-cook supplied—all was hot, and all was quiet.

I have forgotten in the above enumeration the crowning dish of all, the Braousa, which drew down applause from the company; the Mayonnaise, in short, which Madame Miao concocted with her own hands. Every one thinks they can make the Mayonnaise sauce, because they find the ingredients given in various treatises upon cookery; but there is a secret, gastronomic reader, a very simple one; and this small secret I shall now unfold, by which, if you try, you will see that oil, vinegar, and egg, end in a very different result than when the usual mode of mixing them is employed. But ere I enlighten you, let me suggest to the Mesdames Jones and Thompsons, who will persist in giving dinners with few servants and small means, that if they adopt the above plan, they will better content their company, to say nothing of saving their money, than by pursuing the accustomed mode of killing off their acquaintance—namely, a huge 'feed' dressed by a common cook, and served by hired waiters, who, scuffling amongst strange plates and glasses, invariably crack many and break some.

A Mayonnaise.—Beat the yolk of a large quite freshly-laid egg, adding a little salt, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice: use a flat dish and a silver fork, and beat them thoroughly well together. Then take nearly a pint of the finest Lucca oil, which has been kept well corked from the air, and drop one drop. Keep beating the egg all the time, and add another drop—drop by drop at a time: it will take half an hour to do, and must be so thick as to require to be lifted by a spoon. Prepare your cold meat, lobster, chicken without skin, veal, or rabbit. Cut all in neat pieces, and set them round the centre of your dish; then take the very inside hearts of two or three cabbage lettuces, which have been well crisped in cold water, and place them round the meat. Cut two hard-boiled eggs in quarters, and some beet-root in strips, and place them tastefully, contrasting the colours. Now, with a spoon cover all with the sauce, laid on thickly, and upon it an anchovy cut in strips. Finish off with a nasturtium at the top, and also a row all round the outward edge.

Several days having elapsed since I had seen the friend in need, who had proved to me a friend indeed so lately, I went to ascertain whether her unusual exertions of body and mind had not made her ill, but was happy to find her in perfect health, seated at dinner with a very fine gentleman, all curls, compliments,

gilt chains, and earrings, whom she introduced as 'Mon neveu Antonio'—the son of her husband's sister, who had married an Italian, and who, like his father, was at once cook and courier. Their dinner consisted of the following *friture*, from M. Antonio's own private recipe-book: Have ready, half-cooked, 1st, thin slices of calves' liver; 2d, artichokes cut in half quarters or quarters, according to their size; 3d, cauliflower—only the *flower*, divided in small pieces; 4th, calves' brains, previously soaked in salt, vinegar, and water, for twenty-four hours, cut in little bits: make a light batter, and fry each separately of a golden brown in the right order, having the dish in which they are to be served on a hot hearth. Cover the dish with the liver, then the artichoke, then the brains, and, lastly, the cauliflower, each distributed so as to decrease towards the top, which is covered with a larger sprig of cauliflower.

Madame Miao fried beautifully, and, under her nephew's directions, tried a pretty dish I had never before heard of—namely, the flower of the cucumber-plant, or vegetable mallow—which is usually, and, I believe, incorrectly, called marrow—nipped off with the little fruit attached to it. It was dipped in butter, fried lightly, and served quite hot.

Creams are very good, made according to the following simple, inexpensive recipe, which is just enough to fill twelve small cups or glasses. Take good milk sufficient to fill them, and boil it with two ounces of grated chocolate, and six of white sugar; then beat the yolks of six eggs, to which add slowly the chocolate-milk, turning steadily one way. When quite mixed, pass the whole through a sieve, fill your cups, and, if you have not a regular *bain-marie*, a flat sauce-pan will do, filled to a proper height, so as not to overtop the creams, and which must continue boiling a quarter of an hour. For a change, instead of the chocolate, boil the milk with a pod of *vanille* broken in pieces, or any other flavour you may fancy.

Spinach Cream.—Boil your spinach, and let it thoroughly drain in a cullender; then press it through a hair-sieve with a spoon, as for food. Take the pulp that has been pressed through the sieve, and mix it with cream, or very good milk, and two additional yolks of eggs. Pass the yolks of six eggs through a sieve, add six ounces of white sugar in powder, and two table-spoonfuls of treble-distilled orange flower-water, and, as before mentioned, place the cups in a *bain-marie* for a quarter of an hour.

I requested the good-natured nephew to dress me a dish of macaroni, which he did as follows, one of his many modes of preparing it: He boiled it till just tender, and no more. The English cook it too much, he said. When drained, he grated a sufficient quantity of both Gruyère and Parmesan cheese, and alternately put upon the dish, first macaroni, and then cheese, finishing with the cheese. Over this he poured strong beef-gravy, in which some tomatoes had been dissolved, and put it a few minutes in the oven, and then a few more before the fire in a Dutch oven; but he preferred a hot hole, and to cover it with a *four de compagne*, or cover upon which you place hot embers. He also assured me the following sauce was better even than the beef-gravy:—

Tomato Sauce.—Warm your tomatoes until you can skin them; beat the pulp with finely-grated ham, onion, parsley, thyme, salt, and Lucca oil, all as small as possible; pass through a sieve, and pour over your macaroni. Serve hot.

Tomatoes are good skinned, the seeds taken out, and with a little butter and finely-chopped herbs, beaten into a paste with eggs, and fried in a light batter.

Fried Asparagus.—Do not boil it too much, but enough to cut in pieces and pass through a sieve; mix this with grated ham and Parmesan cheese, and with butter make it into a paste of good consistency, which fry in

a light batter. Celery is also very nice treated in the same way. As I like butter, as the French do, without any salt at all, I found much difficulty in keeping quite sweet what a farmer obligingly so prepared for me. Without water, it got bad. Made into pats, and kept in water, it lost flavour; but Madame Miao soon put me upon a plan by which it remained for ten days as if new churned. As soon as I received my quantum, I had it well washed in spring-water, for sometimes the milk had not been taken clean out of it; and then it was put down with a spoon in a salad bowl, to which it adhered. Every morning, fresh water, in which was dissolved a little salt, was poured upon it, and the top curled off for use with a tea-spoon or a small shell. To the very last, it was sweet and tasteless; and I consider this a very valuable hint, in hot weather especially.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

We have become so accustomed to the idea of a soul-and-body-ruining intemperance amongst the lower portion of the working-classes, that only some startling details connected with it make any great impression upon us. Yet it is verily a most awful thing to exist in the midst of enlightened, advancing England. There are 1300 beer-shops in the borough of Manchester, besides 200 dram-shops. Thirty-nine per cent. of the beer-shops are annually reported by the police as disorderly. One dram-shop receives 10,000 visits weekly. In those of Deansgate, which are 28 in number, 550 persons, including 235 women and 36 children, were found at one time on a Saturday night. Many of the beer-shops are a haunt of the young of both sexes among the factory people, 'the majority with faces unwashed and hair uncombed, dancing in their wooden clogs to the music of an organ, violin, or seraphine.'

A considerable number of the public-houses of Manchester have music continually going on as an attraction. Twenty-four such houses are open on Sunday evenings. Two of them received 5500 visitors per week last winter. The most innocent of the favourite haunts of the people are casinos, or music-saloons, where multitudes assemble to witness scenic representations, feats of jugglery, tumbling, &c. 'Twopence is paid for admission, and for this the value is given in refreshments, most frequently consisting of ginger-beer. These places are comparatively innocent, but still are far from being what is required in that respect.'

It is a tremendous problem—how are we to give innocent amusement to the people? Perhaps there is none of our day more momentous. We try the lecture, and win an audience of units out of the thousands whom we seek to benefit. The reading-room, with penny cups of coffee, holds out its modest charms, and does much good, but still leaves the masses as it finds them. Something else is wanted, but it is difficult to say what it should be. Perhaps some clever person will hit upon it by intuition, or some ordinary one by accident, and so solve the problem. Perhaps it will be left to the philosopher to consider the human nature of the case, and divine what should be done. We can imagine him saying something like this: 'Man is a creature that requires novelty, variety, and excitement. He cannot be kept at duty continually; he must have pleasure too. He cannot be always at work on the real; he demands the ideal also. Even in the course of exertions which he relishes as conducing to his material interests, he every now and then requires a change of scene and of occupation. Something to divert the mind from its ordinary series of ideas—

something to enable us to lose ourselves in a temporary illusion, were it only a jocular supposition of our being something a good deal worse than we are—something, above all, to stir the hearty laugh, which proves its being good for us by the very help it gives to digestion—is required at frequent intervals—all free from what tends to debase and corrupt. Such is the theory of Amusement; and nothing which does not fulfil that theory will be effective for its ends. Here is a perquisition somewhat more startling than that of Xerxes, putting a prize upon a new pleasure. Happy will be the man who can devise truly available means of supplying this grand want in our Work-World! It is plainly for want of some such device that the public-house thrives, and that human nature is seen in such unlovely forms amongst the lower circles of society.'

It occurs to us, that there can be no social want which society itself is not competent to satisfy. In the variety of the human faculties, there are some which immediately tend to give pleasure and amusement, and certain men possess these in a greater degree than others. The *troubadour*, the *jongleur*, and the *joculator*, are natural productions of all time, in a certain proportion to the bulk of their kind. Accordingly, all through the various grades of society, we find clever people, exhibiting a gift for music, for mirth-making, for narration, and for dramatic effect. In the upper circles, these voluntary and unprofessional powers form the main dependence for the amusement of the evening. In the inferior walks of life, they are comparatively lost for want of a fair field to work in: they only find a vulgar and unworthy outlet in the coarse scenes of the tavern. Suppose we address ourselves to making arrangements by which humble society could be enabled to take advantage of the powers of amusement which lie within itself?

We can pretend to nothing like a scheme, and perhaps so much the better. We can imagine, however, that in certain circumstances, the desideratum could be tolerably well supplied without much outlay or formality. We have coffee and reading rooms already. Say that to such an institution, we add a music and conversation room; this, as a beginning. There, when the newspaper or book had ceased to charm, let a group assemble, and, according as there might be power present, enjoy itself with a tune, a song, a chorus, a recital, an elocutionary reading, a debate on some question, or a scene from a play. Presuming that the house is under the care of an honest, well-meaning person, there could be little fear of impropriety of any kind as resulting from such amusements. The amateur spirit guarantees plenty of such volunteer effort. Let it simply be understood, as in ordinary society, that each should do his best to promote the hilarity of the evening. If a single room succeeded, let two be tried—one for conversation alone, or for such games as cards and draughts (under strict regulation, to prevent any beyond nominal stakes); while the other served for music, and other entertainments not inferring silence. In the long-run, there might be further additions, allowing rooms for mutual instruction in various arts and accomplishments, sheds and courts for out-of-doors amusements, and so on.

If such establishments were ever to reach a public character, under what regulation should they be placed? We have no suggestion to make; but we embrace and maintain the principle, that the more they were understood to be under the protection of the public opinion of the class for whose benefit they are designed, the better. The patronising puritanism of another class would ruin everything. Let the other classes, if called on to assist, agree to view all that went on with a certain liberality of judgment, remembering that, although there may be some little possibilities of abuse, the whole project is, after all, an alternative from something infinitely worse; and in a fair course,

* The facts here adduced are from a recent contribution of Dr J. W. Hudson to the *Manchester Examiner*.

improvement is to be expected. It is one unfortunate necessity of the case, that a very small abuse in a system under a responsible administration, makes a great scandal against the administration itself; the public not reflecting, that that administration may be all the time tending to the repression, not the promotion of such abuses: hence the difficulty of getting responsible administrations in such cases at all. These, however, are difficulties to be struggled with, not given way to.

CORINNA AT THE CAPITOL.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

THERE were footsteps on the Corso in the morning twilight
gray,
And gatherings in the Forum ere the rosy blush of day;
Loud voices round the Capitol, and on the marble stair,
A breathless crowd assembled, as for a triumph there.

The chimes of San Giovanni, how merrily they ring!
As if to all the city a soul of joy to bring:
There's noise of many chariots, and sounds of trampling
feet,
Of horses with their trappings gay, and minstrels in the
street.

And the balconies, what mean they with their tapestry so
fine?
And why are garlands wreathed around the arch of Con-
stantine?
What mean those banners streaming bright o'er tower and
glittering dome,
Ye ladies fair and gentlemen, that throng the streets of
Rome?

It is a day of triumph, and the brightest of its kind;
The victory of genius and the mastership of mind;
Corinna, the pride of Italy, descends the flower-wreathed
way,
For at the proud old Capitol she will be crowned to-day.

Right nobly prance her snow-white steeds; behold the
chariot come!
Room, room for her, the star of all! ye citizens of Rome.
Off with your hats, brave gentlemen! for genius is divine,
And never hath she made her home in such a lovely shrine.

She comes! the fair Corinna comes! 'mid thunders of
acclaim,
That rush unto the lips of all at the murmur of her name.
Scatter sweet roses all around; fling perfumes to the air;
And strew her path with all that breathes of beautiful and
fair.

Her car hath gained the Capitol—her foot is on the stair;
She stands a firm of matchless grace, the queen of
thousands there.
Bring forth the wreath that threw afresh a lustre round
his name,
Whose genius burned, a vestal fire, with never-dying flame.

Whose vision pierced the mantling mists that circle round
the tomb,
Where bitter groans resound for aye amid the starless
gloom;
Who saw the cities of the blest, and with as fearless tread
Paced through the ebon halls of hell, the mansions of the
dead.

The crown that might have cast a ray to light lone Tasso's
gloom,
But only drooped, a funeral wreath, to wither on his tomb;
Ay, reach it down, that laurel crown, it never hath been
given
To one more rich in beauty's grace, and all the gifts of
Heaven.

Oh, it is grand, a nation's love! a people's benison,
The homage of ten thousand hearts flung at the feet of one;

The rapturous glow that fires the soul, and thrills through
every frame,
At the mention of the worshipped one, the echo of her name.

Corinna at the Capitol! Oh, what a spell comes o'er me,
As I view the gorgeous pageantry that passeth now before
me;
But I would I knew the meaning of the tears which like a
stream
In pearly drops are shining through the rapture of her
dream.

Though laurel wreaths surround her brow, and glory lights
her name,
There is a chamber in her heart can ne'er be filled by fame;
Lonely, amid adoring crowds, she deems, as well she may,
The faithful love of one true heart were better worth than
they.

And when the crowd is parted, and the festival is o'er,
The many voices silent, and the music heard no more;
She will think upon the triumph, the splendour that is gone,
As the shadow of a dream, or the echo of a tone!

GOING AHEAD.

The reading of your paper on 'Railway Communica-
tion,' has given me great pleasure: your remarks about
American railways are very well in the main, but the
speed of travel is misstated, as it ranges from forty to
fifty miles an hour; unless it be an omnibus railway,
like the Haarlem, where they stop for passengers every
few hundred yards. The Hudson River Railway, which
passes by our mill at Yonkers, almost frightens my
brother out of his wits by its speed, and he takes the
steam-boat now to avoid it. The trains go very fast, but
it is a superb road, and very safe, as the servants of the
company, with their flags and lanterns, line the road the
whole distance. They have twenty trains a day. The
Erie Railway is also finished from New York to Lake
Erie; the traffic on this line is immense, freight often
lying two weeks before it can be put through. Its income
is over three and a half million dollars. We have only
one class of passengers, except emigrant trains: the fare
generally ranges from a cent and a quarter to two cents
a mile—on some of the shorter roads, as high as three or
four cents. All the carriages are lined with mahogany
and silk plush. The locomotives on our long roads weigh
from twenty to forty tons. The fact is, that anything
said about our physical development on data collected at
any one period, is quite likely to be false or absurd within
a twelvemonth. Though in the midst of it, and not one
of the excitable kind, I am often astonished at it myself.
I have several times mentioned that you would hardly
know New York, or find any of your old landmarks;
and yet New York would be comparatively a mean city,
if you took away what had been built within a year.
Steam-ships shew another phase of it: three years ago, we
hardly had the shadow of one; now—and I have looked
into the matter very carefully—I would not, as a com-
mercial speculation merely, exchange forty of the best
of our steam-ships for any other forty in the world: of
course I must not refer to war-steamers. Some of the Califor-
nia steam-ships are perfect pictures in model, and put the
Collins' Line into the shade. By the way, did you ever
notice their passenger-list?—from 300 to 600 at a trip;
and one vessel last year took 1125 passengers, paying very
nearly half her cost in a single trip. In the summer, they
slept about the decks like ants in a hill. A good educa-
tion, including a college one to those who have the proper
capacity, is open to every poor child in this city, free of
cost. The immense sums necessary to pay for all this
are voted by the people themselves out of their own
pocket.—*Private Letter from New York.*

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HINTS ON THE USEFUL-KNOWLEDGE MOVEMENT.

THE advocates of the diffusion of useful knowledge among the great body of the people, found one of their greatest difficulties to lie in an inability on the part of the people themselves to see what benefit they were to derive from the knowledge proposed to be imparted. This knowledge consisted of such a huge mass of facts of all kinds, that few could overcome a sense of hopelessness as attending every endeavour to acquire it. Take botany alone, it was said. You have a hundred thousand species of plants to become acquainted with—to learn their names, and to what genera and orders they belong, besides everything like a knowledge of their habitats, their properties, and their physiology. Seeing that this is but one of the sciences, there might well be a pause before admitting that the moral and intellectual regeneration of our people was to be brought about by the useful-knowledge movement.

There was here, however, a mistake on both hands, and one which we are only now beginning to appreciate. It was not observed at first, that there is a great distinction to be drawn between the relations of science to its cultivators or investigators, and those which it bears to the community at large. It is most important that a scientific zoologist like Mr Waterhouse, or a profound physiologist like Professor Owen, should determine and describe every species with the minutest care, even to the slightest peculiarities in the markings of a shell or the arrangements of a joint, because that exactness of description is necessary in the foundations of the science. But it is not necessary that every member of the public should follow the man of science into all these minutiae. It is not required of him, that he should have the names of even the seventy families of plants at his finger-ends, though that is not beyond the reach of most people. Some summation of the facts, some adroit generalisation, if such be attainable, is enough for him. The man of science is, as it were, a workman employed in rearing up a structure for the man of the world to look at or live in. The latter has no more necessary concern with the processes of investigation and compilation, than a gentleman has with the making of the mortar and hewing of the stones used in a house which he has ordered to be built for his residence.

Were the facts of science thus generalised, it is surprising how comprehensive a knowledge of the whole system of the universe every person might have. Only generalise enough, and no one need to be ignorant. Just in proportion as a man has little time to bestow on learning, condense the more what you wish to

impart, and the result, where there is any fair degree of preparedness, will be all the better. In the very last degree of exigency, explain that nature is a system of fixed method and order, standing in a beneficial relation to us, but requiring a harmonious conformity on our part, in order that good may be realised and evil avoided, and you have taken your pupil by one flight to the very summit of practical wisdom. The most illustrious *savant*, while knowing some of the intermediate steps by which that wisdom was attained, and having many delightful subjects of reflection in the various phenomena involved in the generalisation, cannot go an inch further.

This is putting the matter in its extreme form. We are entitled to suppose that the bulk of mankind have some time to spend on the acquirement of a knowledge of the natural system of things into which their Maker has thrown them. Grant a little time to such a science, for example, as botany; we would never attempt impressing a vast nomenclature upon them. We would give them at once more pleasure and more instruction in shewing some of the phenomena of vegetable physiology: fundamental and profoundly interesting matters, of which specific distinctions and external characters of all kinds are only accidental results—that is, results determined by the outer phenomena affecting the existence of plants. A single lesson on the profound wonders of morphology would go further, we verily believe, in making our pupil a man of science, than the committing of the whole Linnæan system to memory. In zoology, again, we would leave the endless details of minute description to the tomes of the scientific naturalist, and be content to sketch animals in broad masses—first, in regard to grades of organisation; and, second, in regard to family types. The Feline Animal, we say, is one idea of the Creator—a destructive creature of wonderful strength in comparison with its bulk—of immense agility, furtive in its movements, furnished with great powers for the destruction of others. Lion, tiger, panther, ounce, lynx, jaguar, cat, are all essentially one creature—not the slightest difference can be traced in their osteological structure, hardly any in their habits. Why dwell, then, on minutiae of external appearances, if time presses, and there be much of more importance to be learned? So, also, is the Cirrhopode one idea of the author of nature. You may find a very respectable quarto account of the family, tracing them in all their varieties; but a page might inform you of all that is essential about the barnacle, curious as its history has been, and you need not ponder on the quarto unless you have some particular curiosity to gratify. The Types of nature, both in her vegetable and animal

departments are, after all, few. Describe each comprehensively, group them all in correct relations to each other, and display their various destinies and connections with the rest of creation, and you enable your pupil to learn in a few weeks more than Pliny mastered in a lifetime.

It appears to us that the reason why science is so coldly received in ordinary society is, that either by reason of its unripeness for generalisation, or of the tendency of its cultivators to keep continually analysing and multiplying facts, it has not in general been presented in propositions which the ordinary mind can comprehend or make use of. We should be loath to urge it into generalisations for which it was not prepared; but while this is duly avoided, we would have it to be somewhat more vigilant than it usually is, in taking opportunities of proceeding with those synthetical clumpings of facts which we conceive to be so essential, on mere grounds of convenience, to its success with the multitude. Better be a little dogmatical, than insupportably tedious. Better have your knowledge in some order, though not perhaps beyond correction, than in no order at all. It is to be feared, however, that the thing wanting is not the sufficiency of particulars out of which to make general or comprehensive truths, but that of the requisite intellectual power and habit on the part of the men of science. The constant working towards separate facts seems to disqualify the mind for grouping or clustering them. Hundreds can detect a new sphinx or butterfly in the fauna of a country or a county, and are content with such small results, for one who can lay a few facts together, and make one truth out of all. One could almost believe, that there is a greater want of comprehensive intellect in the walks of science, than in some other fields of labour which make less pretension to an exertion of the mental faculties: for example, merchandise. And does not that very appearance of continual peddling amongst trifles, in some degree prevent the highest kind of minds from going into the fields of science? There is here, it appears to us, a great error to be corrected.

Another cause why science makes little way with the multitude is, that there is too little connection to be observed between the ordinary proceedings of the scientific and learned, and the practical good of the community. The British Association meets, and has its week of notoriety, and when we look into the resulting volume, what do we find? Doubtless, many ingenious speculations and many curious investigations, which may in the long-run prove beneficial in some indirect way. But it must be admitted, that there is hardly anything bearing directly upon the great interests of contemporary humanity. The crying social evils of our time and country obtain no notice from the recognised students of science. To all appearance, the political error which legitimated scarcity would have never been put an end to by them. The sanitary evils which press so severely upon the health and morals of the common people, would apparently go on for ever, for anything that philosophers have to say to the contrary. What concern have they taken in the question of education, either in promoting its extension to the masses, or improving its quality? Our national councils, and every deliberative public body throughout the country, spend one half their time in wrangling about the most contemptible puerilities, without drawing one word of indignant comment, or one effort at correction, from the learned. The studious are like stars, and dwell apart. Busying themselves in a world of their own, exercising no visible influence on the current of

ordinary things, is it to be wondered at that the common people of the world put them and their pursuits almost as entirely out of account as they do the proceedings at Melton Mowbray? We grant it is not desirable that the *cui bono* should be the ruling consideration in matters of science; but we at the same time feel, that it would be well for it if it gave a little more attention to the social and moral questions affecting living interests, or at least endeavoured to bring its results to account in practical improvements of general utility.*

We must recur after all to the maxim which it is mainly the object of this paper to impress—that judicious generalisation is the indispensable pre-requisite to a more general diffusion of knowledge. To bring it to an apothegm—Let the man of science in seeking to enlighten himself, pursue analysis; in seeking to enlighten the outer public, he has no chance but in synthesis.

THE FALSE HAIR:

A TALE.

'PRAY remember, Monsieur Lagnier, that I wish particularly to go out this morning. It is now past one o'clock, and if you continue endeavouring to do what is quite impossible, my hair will never be dressed. You had much better plait it as usual.'

Adelaide de Varenne pronounced these words in a tone of pettishness very unusual with her, as, giving vent to a long sigh of impatience and weariness, she glanced hastily at the mirror on her toilet-table, and saw there reflected the busy fingers of M. Lagnier, the hairdresser, deliberately unfastening her hair, and preparing once more to attempt the arrangement, which repeated failures had declared to be an impossibility. He looked up, however, as he did so, and seemed to read the expression of her features, for a comic mixture of astonishment and dismay immediately overspread his own.

'Fifteen years,' he exclaimed, 'I have had the honour of daily attending mademoiselle, and she never was angry with me before! What can I have done to offend her?'

'Oh, nothing very serious,' replied the young girl, good-naturedly; 'but really I wish you would not dally so long. It is of very little consequence, I think, how one's hair is worn.'

'Why, certainly every style is equally becoming to mademoiselle,' was the old man's polite reply. 'Nevertheless, I had set my heart upon arranging it to-day according to the last fashion: it would suit mademoiselle à ravir.' Adelaide laughed.

'But you see it is impossible,' she said. 'I have so very little hair; and I am sure it is not my fault—nor,' she added archly, 'the fault of all those infallible pomades and essences recommended to me by somebody I know.' M. Lagnier looked embarrassed.

'Mademoiselle is so gay, she finds amusement in everything,' he replied. 'I cannot laugh upon so serious a subject.' Adelaide laughed again more heartily than before, and M. Lagnier continued, indignantly: 'Mademoiselle does not care for the loss of her beauty, then?'

'Oh, I did not know there was any question of that!' and the young girl suddenly resumed an expression of

* We have much pleasure in acknowledging one instance of a movement in the right direction, in connection with the Museum of Economic Geology in London. While nothing can exceed the beauty of the arrangements in that institution, for enabling everybody that chooses to study the science from the actual objects, the professors have, during the last winter, come forward with supererogatory zeal to teach the working-classes, and to illustrate in every possible way the bearings of the subject upon the arts and economy of life.

gravity, which completely imposed upon the simple old man.

'You see, mademoiselle,' he continued earnestly, 'I have been considering a long time what is best to be done. It is evident that my pomades, usually so successful, have no effect upon your hair; owing, I suppose, to—to—I can't say exactly what it is owing to. It is very strange. I never knew them to fail before. Would mademoiselle object to wearing a slight addition of false hair?' he asked anxiously, after a moment's pause.

'Indeed, I should not like it,' was the reply. 'Besides, Monsieur Lagnier, you have often told me that, in all Paris, it was impossible to obtain any of the same shade as mine.'

'Ah, but I have succeeded at last!' exclaimed he; and as he spoke, he drew triumphantly from his pocket a small packet, in which was carefully enveloped a long lock of soft golden hair.

'How beautiful!' Adelaide involuntarily exclaimed. 'Oh, Monsieur Lagnier, that is far finer and brighter than mine.'

'The difference is very slight indeed; it would be imperceptible when both were braided together,' returned the hairdresser. 'Do, pray, allow me, mademoiselle, to shew you the effect;' and without waiting for a reply, he commenced the operation. In a few moments it was completed, and the old man's delight was extreme. 'There!' he exclaimed in ecstasy. 'I knew the style would suit you exactly. Oh, mademoiselle, pray allow it to remain so; I should be au désespoir were I obliged to unfasten it now.'

Adelaide hesitated: it was, however, no conscientious scruple which occasioned her hesitation. She was a Frenchwoman, a beauty, and a little—a very little—of a coquette. To add to her attractions by the slight *supercheries* of the toilet was, she thought, a very venial sin; it was a thing which, in the society that surrounded her, was looked upon as necessary, and sometimes even considered as a virtue. She was a strange girl, a dreamer, an enthusiast, with a warm heart, and a lively, but perhaps too easily-excited imagination. From her infancy, she had been accustomed to reflect, to question, and to reason; but left almost entirely to her own unguided judgment, the habit was not in every respect favourable to the formation of her character. It was, however, but little injured by it. She was one of those favoured beings whom no prosperity can spoil, no education entirely mislead, and whose very faults arise from the overflowings of a good and generous nature. The thought which agitated her now was one worthy of her gentle heart.

'Monsieur Lagnier,' she said earnestly, 'such beautiful hair could only have belonged to a young person. She must have been in great distress to part with it. Do you know her? Did she sell it to you? What is her name? I cannot bear to wear it: I shall be thinking of her continually.'

'Ah, Mademoiselle Adelaide, that is so like you! Why, I have provided half the young ladies in Paris with false tresses, and not one has ever asked me the slightest question as to how or where they were obtained. Indeed, I should not often have been able to reply. In this case, however, it is different. I bought it myself, and consequently can give you a little information respecting it. Yesterday evening, I was standing at my door in the Rue St Honoré, when a young girl, attracted no doubt by the general appearance of my window, stopped to admire the various articles exhibited there. She had a pretty face, but I scarcely looked at that; I only saw her hair, her beautiful, rich, golden hair. It was pushed carelessly behind her ears, and half concealed beneath a little white cap. "Mademoiselle," I said, accosting her—for I could not bear that she should pass the door—"is there anything that you would like to buy? a pair of combs, for instance. I have some

very cheap; although," I added, with a sigh, as she appeared about to move on, "such lovely hair as yours requires no ornament." At these words, she returned quickly, and looking into my face, exclaimed: "Will you buy my hair, monsieur?" "Willingly, my child," I replied; and in another instant she was seated in my shop, and the bright scissors were gleaming above her head. Then my heart failed me, and I felt half inclined to refuse the offer. "Are you not sorry, child, to part with your hair?" I asked. "No," she answered abruptly; and gathering it all together in her hand, she put it into mine. The temptation was too great; besides, I saw that she herself was unwilling that we should break the contract. Her countenance never changed once during the whole time, and when all was over, she stooped, and picking up a lock which had fallen upon the ground, asked in an unfaltering voice: "May I keep this, monsieur?" I said yes, and paid her; and then she went away, smiling, and looking quite happy, poor little thing. After all, mademoiselle, what is the use of beauty to girls in her class of life? She is better without it.'

'And her name—did you not ask her name?' inquired Adelaide reproachfully.

'Why, yes, mademoiselle, I did. She told me that it was Lucille Delmont, and that she was by trade a *fleuriste*. It was all the information she would give me.'

'What could she have wanted with the money? Perhaps she was starving: there is so much misery in Paris!' continued Mademoiselle de Varenne, after a pause.

'She was very pale and thin,' said the hairdresser; 'but then so are the generality of our young citizens. Do not make yourself unhappy about it, mademoiselle; I shall see her again, probably, and shall endeavour to find out every circumstance respecting her.' With these words, M. Lagnier respectfully took leave, having by one more expressive glance testified his delighted approval of the alteration which had taken place in the young lady's appearance.

Adelaide, having summoned her maid, continued her toilet in a listless and absent manner. Her thoughts were fixed upon the young girl whose beauty had been sacrificed for hers, and an unconquerable desire to learn her fate took possession of her mind. Her intended disposal of the morning seemed quite to be forgotten; and she was on the point of forming new plans, very different from the first, when the lady to whose care she had been confided during the absence of her father from town, entered the apartment, and aroused her from her reverie by exclaiming: 'Ah, you naughty girl! I have been waiting for you this half hour. Was not the carriage ordered to take us to the Tuilleries?'

'Yes, indeed, it was; but I hope you will excuse me: I had almost forgotten it.' And Adelaide immediately related to her friend the circumstance which had occurred, and begged her aid in the discovery of Lucille. Madame d'Héranville laughed—reasoned, but in vain; and, finding Adelaide resolved, she at length consented to accompany her upon the search, expressing as she did so her entire conviction that it would prove useless and unsatisfactory.

The day was spent in visits to the principal *modistes* of Paris; but from none could any information be gained concerning the young flower-girl. None had ever even heard her name. Adelaide was returning home, disappointed, but not discouraged. Still resolved to continue her endeavours, she had just announced to Madame d'Héranville her intention of visiting upon the following day the shops of an inferior class, when the carriage was suddenly arrested in its course by the crowd of vehicles which surrounded it, and they found themselves exactly before the door of a small warehouse of the description she alluded to. She was about to

express a wish to enter, it being still early, when her attention was attracted by two persons who stood conversing near the door, and whose voices, slightly raised, were distinctly audible. They had excited the interest and curiosity of both Adelaide and her companion by the earnestness of their manner, and by the expression of sorrow depicted upon the countenance of the elder speaker, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, who, from his costume, as well as accent, appeared to be a stranger in Paris.

'I have promised—will you not trust me?' he said in a half-reproachful tone; and Adelaide bent eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the young girl to whom these words were addressed; but her face was turned away, and the large hood of a woollen cloak was drawn over her head, almost completely concealing her features.

'I do trust you,' she said in reply to the young man's words.—'I do indeed. And now, good-by, dear André; we shall meet again soon—in our own beautiful Normandy.' And she held out her hand, which he took and held for an instant without speaking.

'May I not conduct you home?' he asked at length.

'No, André; it is better that we should part here. We must not trust too much to our courage, it has failed us so often already.' And as she spoke, she raised her head, and looked up tearfully at her companion, disclosing as she did so a face of striking beauty, although worn and pallid to a painful degree, and appearing even more so than it really was from the total absence of her hair. The tears sprang to Adelaide's eyes. In the careworn countenance before her she read a bitter tale. Almost instinctively, she drew forth her purse, and leaning over the side of the carriage, called 'Lucille! Lucille!' But the young girl did not hear her; she had already turned, and was hastening rapidly away, while André stood gazing after her, as if uncertain of the reality of what had just occurred. He was so deeply engrossed in his reflections, that he did not hear his name repeatedly pronounced by both Adelaide and her friend. The latter at length directed the servant to accost him, and the footman was alighting for that purpose, when two men turned quickly the corner of the street, and perceiving André, stopped suddenly, and one of them exclaimed: 'Ah, good-evening, Bernard; you are just the very fellow we want;' and taking André by the arm, he drew him under the shade of a *porte cochère*, and continued, as he placed a small morocco case in his hand: 'Take care of this for me, André, till I return: I shall be at your lodgings in an hour. Giraud and I are going to the Cité, and as this pocket-book contains valuables, we are afraid of losing it. *Au revoir!*'

André made no reply. He placed the pocket-book carelessly in his bosom, and his two friends continued hastily their way. He was himself preparing to depart, when the footman touched him gently on the shoulder, and told him of Mademoiselle de Varenne's wish to speak to him. André approached the carriage, surprised and half abashed at the unlooked-for honour; then taking off his cap, waited respectfully for one of the ladies to address him. At the same instant, a police-officer seized him roughly by the arm, and exclaimed: 'Here is one of them! I saw them all three together not two hours ago!' And calling to a comrade who stood near, he was about to lead André away. At first, the young man made no resistance; but his face grew deadly pale, and his lip trembled violently.

'What do you want? What have I done?' he demanded at length, turning suddenly round to face his accuser; but the latter only replied by a laugh, and an assurance that he would know all about it presently. A slight struggle ensued, in the midst of which the pocket-book fell to the ground, and a

considerable number of bank-notes bestrewed the pavement. At this sight, André seemed suddenly to understand the cause of his arrest; he stood for an instant gazing at the notes with a countenance of horror; then, with an almost gigantic effort, he broke from the grasp which held him, and darted away in the direction which had before been taken by the young girl. He was immediately followed by the police; but although Adelaide and her friend remained for some time watching eagerly the pursuit, they were unable to ascertain whether he had succeeded in effecting his escape.

'I am sure I hope so, poor fellow!' murmured Adelaide as they drove homewards—'for Lucille's sake, as well as for his.'

'You have quite made up your mind, then, as to its being Lucille that we saw?' said Madame d'Héranville with a smile. 'If it was,' she added, more gravely, 'I think she can scarcely merit all the trouble you are giving yourself on her account. Her friendship for André does not speak much in her favour.'

'Why not? Surely you do not think he stole the pocket-book?' asked Adelaide, in undisguised dismay.

'Perhaps not; but his intimacy with those who did, leads one to suppose that he is not unaccustomed to such scenes. You remember the old proverb: "*Dis moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es.*"

'Do you not think we should give information respecting what we saw? He was certainly unconscious of its contents?' asked Adelaide again, after a short silence.

'He appeared so,' returned Madame d'Héranville; 'and I shall write to-morrow to the police-office. Perhaps our evidence may be useful to him.'

'To-morrow!' thought Adelaide; but she did not speak her thoughts aloud. 'And to-night he must endure all the agonies of suspense!' And then she looked earnestly at her companion's face, and wondered if, when hers, like it, was pale and faded, her heart should also be as cold. A strange, sad feeling crept over her, and she continued quite silent during the remainder of the drive. Her thoughts were still busy in the formation of another plan for the discovery of Lucille, when, upon her arrival at home, she was informed that M. Lagmër desired anxiously to see her, having something to communicate.

'Mademoiselle, I have not been idle,' he exclaimed, immediately upon entering the apartment. 'Here is Lucille's address, and I have seen her mother. Poor things!' he added, 'they are indeed in want. Their room is on the sixth floor, and one miserable bed and a broken chair are all the furniture. For ornament, there was a rose-tree, in a flower-pot, upon the window-seat: it was withered, like its young mistress!'

'They are not Parisians?' inquired Adelaide.

'No, no, mademoiselle. From what the mother said, I picked up quite a little romance concerning them. The husband died two years ago, leaving them a pretty farm, and a comfortable home in Normandy. Lucille was very beautiful. All the neighbours said so, and Mrs Delmont was proud of her child. She could not bear her to become a peasant's wife, and brought her here, hoping that her beauty might secure to her a better fate. The young girl had learned a trade, and with the assistance of that, and the money they had obtained upon selling the farm, they contrived to manage very well during the first year. Lucille made no complaint, and her mother thought she was happy. A Parisian paid her attention, and asked her to become his wife. She refused; but as he appeared rich, the mother would not hear of declining the offer. She encouraged him to visit them as much as possible, and hoped at length to overcome Lucille's dislike to the marriage. One evening, however, as they were all seated together, a young man entered the room. He had been an old lover of Lucille's—a neighbour's son, and an early playmate. She sprang forward eagerly

to meet him, and the rich pretender left the place in a fit of jealous anger, and they have not seen him since. Then troubles came, one following another, until at last they fell into the state of destitution in which I found them. André Bernard, who had quarrelled with his parents in order to follow them, could find no work, and every sou that Lucille gained was given to him, to save him, as she said, from ruin or from sin. Last week she sold her hair, to enable him to return home. She had made him promise that he would do so, and to-night he is to leave Paris.'

'It is he, then, whom we saw arrested!' exclaimed Adelaide; 'and he will not be able to return home. Oh, let us go to Lucille at once! Do, pray, come with me, Madame d'Héranville!' and turning to her friend, she pleaded so earnestly, and the large tears stood so imploringly in her eyes, that it was impossible to resist. Madame d'Héranville refastened her cloak, and soon afterwards, with Adelaide and M. Lagnier, found herself ascending the steep and dilapidated staircase of the house inhabited by the Delmonts. Adelaide seated herself upon the highest step, to await the arrival of her friend, whose agility in mounting was not quite equal to her own. As she did so, a loud and angry voice was heard proceeding from the apartment to which this staircase led. It was followed by a sound as of a young girl weeping, and then a few low, half-broken sentences were uttered in a voice of heart-broken distress.

'Mother, dear mother,' were the words, 'do not torture me. I am so ill—so wretched, I wish I were dead.' 'Ill! wretched! ungrateful girl!' was the reply. 'And whose fault is it that you are so? Not mine! Blame yourself, if you will, and him, your darling André. What will he do now that you have no more to give? nothing even that you can sell, to supply him with the means of gratifying his extravagance. You will soon see how sincere he is in his affection, and how grateful he feels for all the sacrifices that you have made—sacrifices, Lucille, that you would not have made for me.'

'Mother,' murmured the poor girl in a tone of heart-broken reproach, 'I have given my beauty for him; but I have given my life for you.' Adelaide listened no more. Shocked beyond measure at the misery expressed in the low, earnest voice of Lucille, she knocked at the door of the apartment, and scarcely waiting for permission, lifted the latch and entered hurriedly.

Lucille was seated at a window working, or seeming at least to do so; for her head was bent over a wreath of artificial flowers, through which her emaciated fingers passed with a quick convulsive motion. It needed not, however, a very nice observation to discover that the work progressed but slowly. The very anxiety with which she exerted herself, seemed to impede her movements, and the tears which fell from time to time upon the leaves obscured her sight, and often completely arrested her hand. She did not raise her head as Adelaide entered; too deeply engrossed in her own sadness, she had not heard the opening of the door, or her mother's exclamation of surprise, and Mademoiselle de Varenne was at her side before she was in the least conscious of her presence. Adelaide touched her gently on the arm.

'What is the matter, Lucille?' she asked. 'Tell me: I will do all I can to help you.' At these words the mother interposed, and said softly: 'I am sure, madame, you are very kind to speak so to her. I am afraid you will find her an ungrateful girl; if you had heard her words to me just now—to me, her own mother!'

'I did hear them,' returned Adelaide. 'She said she had given her life for you. What did she mean? What did you mean, Lucille?' she asked, gently addressing the young girl, whose face was buried in her hands.

'Forgive me, mother; I was wrong,' murmured Lucille; 'but I scarcely know what I say sometimes. Mademoiselle,' she continued earnestly, 'I am not ungrateful; but if you knew how all my heart was bound to home, and how miserable I am here, you would pity and forgive me, if I am often angry and impatient.'

'You were never miserable till he came,' retorted the mother; 'and now that he is going, you will be so no more. It will be a happy day for both of us when he leaves Paris.' At this moment heavy steps were heard ascending the stairs; then voices raised as if in anger. Lucille started up; in an instant her pale cheek was suffused with the deepest crimson, her eye flashed, and her whole frame trembled violently. Her mother grasped her by the hand, but she freed herself with a sudden effort, and darting past Madame d'Héranville and the hairdresser, who had entered some time before, she ran out upon the landing. Adelaide followed, and at once perceived the cause of her emotion. André was rapidly ascending the stairs, his countenance pale, and his whole demeanour indicating the agitation of his feelings. He was closely followed by the police-officer, whose voice, as he once more grasped his prisoner, appalled the terrified Lucille. 'You have given us a sharp run,' he exclaimed, 'and once I thought you had got off. You should not have left your hiding-place till dark, young gentleman.' And, heedless of the frantic and agonised gestures of the unhappy youth, he drew him angrily away.

Lucille sprang forward, and taking André's hand in hers, she looked long and earnestly in his face. He read in her eyes the question she did not dare to ask, and replied, as a crimson blush mounted to his forehead: 'I am accused of robbery, Lucille, and many circumstances are against me. I may perhaps be condemned. I came here to tell you of my innocence, and to return you this;' and he placed a gold piece in her hand. It was the money she had given him for his journey—the fruit of the last sacrifice she had made. She scarcely seemed to understand his words, and still looked up inquiringly. 'Lucille,' he continued, 'they are taking me to prison; I cannot go home as I promised; but you will not think me guilty. How could I do what I knew would break your heart?'

She smiled tenderly and trustfully upon him; then letting fall his hand, she pushed him gently away, and whispered: 'Go with him, André. Justice will be done. I am no longer afraid.' Madame d'Héranville and Adelaide at this moment approached, and eagerly related what they had seen, both expressing their conviction of the young man's innocence.

'It is not to me you must speak, ladies,' returned the gendarme, wonderfully softened by their words. 'If you will be so good as to give me your names, and come to-morrow to our office, I have no doubt that your evidence will greatly influence the magistrate in favour of the prisoner.' The ladies gave their names, and promised to attend the court the following morning; and shortly afterwards, they left the house, having by their kind promises reassured the weeping girl, and succeeded in softening her mother's anger towards her. The next day they proceeded early to the court. As Adelaide entered, she looked round for Lucille, and perceived her standing near the dock, her earnest eyes fixed upon the prisoner, and encouraging him from time to time with a look of recognition and a smile. But notwithstanding all her efforts, the smile was a sad one; for her heart was heavy, and the appearance of the magistrate was not calculated to strengthen her hope. André had declared his innocence—his complete ignorance of the contents of the pocket-book his friend had placed in his hand; but his very intimacy with such men operated strongly against him. Both Giraud and his companion were well known to the police as men of bad character, and

very disreputable associates. The prisoner's declaration, therefore, had but little effect upon those to whom it was addressed; and the magistrate shook his head doubtfully as he listened. Madame d'Héranville and Adelaide then related what they had seen—describing the young man's listless look as he received the book, and endeavouring to prove, that had André been aware of its contents, his companion need scarcely have made the excuse he did for leaving it with him. At this moment, a slight movement was observed among the crowd, and two men were brought forward, and placed beside André. At their appearance, a scream escaped from Lucille; and, turning to her mother, she pointed them out, while the name of Jules Giraud burst from her lips. Hearing his own name, one of the men looked up, and glanced towards the spot where the young girl stood. His eyes met hers, and a flush overspread his face; then, after a momentary struggle, which depicted itself in the workings of his countenance, he exclaimed: 'Let the boy go: we have injured him enough already. He is innocent.'

'What do you mean?' inquired the magistrate; while a look of heartfelt gratitude from Lucille urged Giraud to proceed.

'André knows nothing of this robbery,' he continued; 'his sole connection with us arises from a promise we gave him, to find him employment in Paris; and all the money he received we took from him under the pretence of doing so. Yesterday morning, we met him for the purpose of again deceiving him, but failed. He had a louis-d'or; but it had been given him by his fiancée, that he might return home, and he was determined to fulfil his promise. I would have taken his last sou; for he—'and the destined *forger* ground his teeth—'for he owed me a debt! However,' he continued recklessly, 'it is all over now. I am off for the galleys, that's clear enough; and before starting, I would do something for Lucille.'

'How had the accused harmed you?' asked the magistrate.

Giraud hesitated; but Madame Delmont came forward, and exclaimed: 'I will tell you, monsieur. He wished to marry my daughter himself; and I,' she added, in a tone of deep self-reproach, 'would almost have forced her to consent.'

The same evening, Madame Delmont, André, and Lucille were seated together, conversing upon what had passed, and deliberating as to the best means of accomplishing an immediate return to Normandy, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and the old hairdresser entered the room. He appeared embarrassed; but at length, with a great effort restraining his emotion, he placed a little packet in Lucille's hand, and exclaimed: 'Here, child, I did not give you half enough for that beautiful hair of yours. Take this, and be sure you say nothing about it to any one, especially to Mademoiselle Adelaide;' and without waiting for one word of thanks, he was about to hurry away, when he was stopped by Mademoiselle de Varenne in person.

'Ah, Monsieur Lagnier,' she merrily exclaimed, 'this is not fair. I hoped to have been the first; and yet I am glad that you forestalled me,' she added, as she looked into the bright glistening eyes of the old hairdresser. 'My father has just arrived in town, Lucille,' she continued, after a short pause, 'and he is interested in you all. He offers André the porter's lodge at the château, and I came here immediately to tell you the good news. It is not very far from your old home, and I am sure you will like it. Do not forget to take with you this poor rose-tree; it looks like you, quite pale for want of air. There! you must not thank me,' she exclaimed, as Madame Delmont, André, and Lucille pressed eagerly forward to express their gratitude: 'it is I, rather, that should thank you. I never knew till now how very happy I might be.'

And as Adelaide de Varenne pronounced these words,

a bright smile passed across her face. The old hairdresser gazed admiringly upon her, and doubted for a moment whether the extraordinary loveliness he saw owed any part of its charm to the lock of false hair.

CLOUDS OF LIGHT.

In March of the year 1843, a remarkable beam of light shot suddenly out from the evening twilight, trailing itself along the surface of the heavens, beneath the belt stars of Orion. That glimmering beam was the tail of a comet just whisked into our northern skies, as the rapid wanderer skirted their precincts in its journey towards the sun. To the watchful eyes of our latitudes, the unexpected visitant presented an aspect that was coy and modest in the extreme; its head, indeed, was scarcely ever satisfactorily in sight. But it dealt far otherwise with the more favoured climes of the south. At the Cape of Good Hope, it was seen distinctly in full daylight, and almost touching the solar disk; and at night appeared with the brilliancy of a first-class star, with a luminous band flowing out from it to a distance some hundred times longer than the moon's face is wide. Few persons who caught a glimpse of that shining tail, either as it fitfully revealed itself in our heavens, or as it steadily blazed upon the opposite hemisphere of the earth, were led to form adequate notions of the magnificence of the object they were contemplating. No one, unaided by the teaching of science, could have conceived that the streak of light, so readily compressed within the narrow limits of an eye-glance, stretched out 170 millions of miles in length.

The comet comes from regions of unknown remoteness, and rushes, with continually increasing speed, towards our own source of warmth and light—the genial sun. When it has reached within a certain distance of this object, it appears, however, to overshoot the mark of its desire, as if too ardent in the chase, and then sways round with fearful impetus, beginning reluctantly to settle out into space again, and moving with less and less velocity as it goes, until its misty form is once more withdrawn by distance from human sight. When the comet of 1843 swept round the sun in this way, it was so near to the shining surface of the solar orb, that it must have been rushing for the time through a temperature forty-seven thousand times higher than any which the torrid region of the earth ever feels. Such heat would have been twenty-four times more than enough to melt rock-crystal. The overburdened sense experiences a feeling of relief in the mere knowledge, that the comet passed this fiery ordeal as the lightning's flash might have done. In two short hours, it had shifted its place from one side to the other of the solar sphere. In sixty little minutes, it had moved from a region in which the heat was forty thousand times greater than the fiercest burning of the earth's torrid zone, into another, in which the temperature was four times less. The comet might well have a glowing tail as it came from such a realm of fire. Flames that were colder by many hundred times, would make the dull black iron shine with incandescent brightness.

As, however, it is the comet's nature to guard its ornamental appendages with jealous care, it may be conceived that this tail of 170 million miles might prove a somewhat troublesome travelling companion in so rapid a journey. Comets always turn their tails prudentially out of harm's way as they whisk through the neighbourhood of the solar blaze. In whatever

direction these bodies may be moving, they are always seen to project their caudal beams directly from the sun. Imagine the case of a rigid straight stick, held by one end in the hand, and brandished round through a half-circle. The outer end of the stick would move through a considerable sweep. If the stick were 170 million miles long, the extent of the sweep would be not less than 500 million miles! Through such a stupendous curve did the comet of 1848 whirl its tail in two little hours as it rounded the solar orb. It is hardly possible to believe, that one and the same material substance could have been subjected to the force of such motion without being shattered into a myriad fragments. Sir John Herschel very beautifully suggests, that the comet's tail, during this wonderful perihelion passage, resembled a negative shadow cast beyond the comet, rather than a substantial body; a momentary impression made upon the luminiferous ether where the solar influence was in temporary obscuration. But this suggestion can only be received as an ingenious and expressive hint; it cannot be taken as an explanation. There is as much difficulty, as will be presently seen, in the way of admitting that comets have shadows of any kind, as there would be in compassing the idea that bodies of enormous length can be whirled round through millions of miles in the minute. The truth is, the comet's tail is yet an unguessed puzzle, and vexes even the wits of the wise. It keeps grave men seated on the horns of a dilemma, so long as their attention is fixed upon its capricious charms.

The comet's tail is always thrown out away from the sun, just as the shadow of an opaque body in the same position would be. But this is not all that can be said of it. It is not only cast away from the sun; it is really cast by the sun—shadow-like, although not of the nature of shadow. It only appears when the comet gets near to the sun's effulgence, and is lost altogether when that body gets far from the great source of mundane light and heat. It is raised from the comet's body, by the power of sunshine, as mist is from damp ground. When Halley's Comet of 1682 approached the fierce ordeal of its perihelion position, the exhalation of its tail was distinctly perceived. First, little jets of light streamed out towards the sun, as if bursting forth elastically under the influence of the scorching blaze; very soon these streams were stopped, and turned backwards by the impulse of some new force, and as they flowed in this fresh direction, became the diverging streaks of the tail. Not only a vapour-forming power, but also a vapour-drifting power, is brought into play in the process of tail formation; and this latter must be some occult agent of considerable interest in a scientific point of view, as well as of considerable importance in a dynamic one, for it is a principle evidently antagonistic to the great prevailing attribute of gravitation, so universally present in matter. The comet's tail is the only substance known that is repelled instead of being attracted by the sun.

The repulsive power to which the development of the comet's tail is due, is one of extraordinary energy. The comet of 1680 shot out its tail through something like 100 million miles in a couple of days. Most probably, much of the matter that is thus thrown off from the cometic nucleus is never collected again, but is dissipated into space, and lost for ever to the comet. The tail of the comet of 1680 was seen in its greatest brilliancy soon before the solar approach; this was, however, an exception to the general rule. Comets nearly always have the finest tails, and present altogether the most beautiful appearance, immediately after they have been in the closest proximity to the sun.

The comet's tail seems, in reality, to be a thin oblong case of vapour, formed out of the cometic substance by the increasing intensity of the sunshine, and enclosing the denser portion of that substance at one end. The diverging streams which it displays upon the sky are

merely the retiring edges of the rounded case, where the greatest depth of luminous matter comes into sight. As the comet nears the sun, much of its substance is vaporised for the construction of this envelope; but as it goes off again into remoteness, the vaporous envelope is once more condensed. The tail may then be seen to flow back towards the head, out of which it was originally derived.

But here, again, a difficulty presents itself. The comet's tail is believed by most of the illustrious astronomers of the day, to be the body converted into vapour by solar influence. If it be so, the vaporising process must be a much more subtle one than any that could be performed in our alembics, for the comet's substance is already all vapour before the distillation commences. The faintest stars have been seen shining through the densest parts of comets without the slightest loss of light, although they would have been effectually concealed by a trifling mist extending a few feet from the earth's surface. Most comets appear to have bright centres—nuclei, as they are called; but these nuclei are not solid bodies, for as soon as they are viewed by powerful telescopes, they become as diffused and transparent as the fainter cometic substance. Comets are properly atmospheres without contained spheres; enormous clouds rushing along in space, and bathed with its sunshine, for they have no light excepting sunlight. They become brighter and brighter as they get deeper within the solar glare, and dimmer and paler as they float outwards from the same. The light of the comet only differs from the light of a cloud that is drifted across the cerulean sky of noon, in the fact, that it is reflected from the inside as well as the outside of the vaporous substance. The material illuminated reflects light, and is permeated by light, at once. In this respect it resembles air as much as cloud—the blueness of the sky is the sunlit air seen through the lower and inner strata of itself. In the same way, the whiteness of the comet is sunlit vapour seen through portions of itself. The sunbeams pass as readily through the entire thickness of the cometic substance as they do through our own highly permeable atmosphere.

The belief in the comet's surpassing thinness and lightness is not a mere speculative opinion. It rests upon incontrovertible proof. In 1770, Lexell's Comet passed within six times the moon's distance of the earth, and was considerably retarded in its motion by the terrestrial attraction. If its mass had been of equal amount with the earth's mass, its attraction would have influenced the earth's movement in a like degree in return, and the earth would have been so held back in its orbital progress in consequence, that the year would have been lengthened to the extent of three hours. The year was not, however, lengthened on that occasion by so much as the least perceptible fraction of a second; hence it can be shewn, that the comet must have been composed of some substance many thousand times lighter than the terrestrial substance. Newton was of opinion, that a few ounces of matter would be sufficient for the construction of the largest comet's tail.

Light as the comet's substance is, it is not, however, light enough to escape the grasp of the sun's gravitating attraction. When the mass of thin vapour is rushing through the obscurity of starlit space, so far from the sun that the solar sphere looks but the brightest of the stellar host, it feels the influence of the solar mass, remote as it is, and is constrained to bend its course towards it. Onwards the thin vapour goes, the sun waxing bigger and bigger with each stage of approach, until at last the little star has become a fiery globe, filling up half the heavens with its vast proportions, and stretching from the horizon to the zenith of the visible concave. The great comet of 1680 came in this way from a region of space where the sun looked but

half as wide as the planet Mars in the sky, and where the solar heat was imperceptible, the surrounding temperature being 612 degrees colder than freezing water, into another in which the sun filled up 140 times greater width of the sky than it does with us, and where the heat was some hundred times higher than the temperature of boiling water. It was then only 880,000 miles away from the solar surface, and would have fallen to it in three minutes, in obedience to its attraction, if the impetus of its motion in a different direction had been on the instant destroyed or arrested. But this impetus proved too great for the attraction, light as the material of the moving body was. When the comet has approached comparatively near to the grand source of attraction, the speed of its accelerating motion has become so excessive, that it is able to withstand the augmented solicitation it is subjected to, and move outwards in a more direct course. It goes, however, slower and slower, and curving its journey less and less, until at last its motion in remote obscurity is again so sluggish, that the sun's attraction is once more predominant, and able to recall the truant towards its realms of light. Such is the history of the comet's course.

Thin comet vapours drift through space, sustained by exactly the same influences that uphold dense planetary spheres. They are supported in the void by the combined effects of motion and attraction. Their own impetus strives to carry them one way, while the sun's attraction draws them another, and they are thus constrained to move along paths that are intermediate to the lines of the two impulses. Now, when bodies are driven in this way by two differently acting powers, they must travel along curved lines, if both the driving forces are in continued operation, for a new direction of motion is then impressed on them at each succeeding instant. There are three kinds of curved lines along which bodies thus doubly driven may move: the *circular* curve, which goes round a central point at an unvarying equal distance, and returns into itself; the *elliptical* curve, which returns into itself by a route that is drawn out considerably in one direction; and the *hyperbolic* curve, that never returns into itself at all, but has, on the other hand, a course which sets outwards each way for ever. The *parabolic* curve, as it is called, is a line partaking of the closeness of the ellipse on the one hand, and the openness of the hyperbola on the other. A parabola is an ellipse passing into a hyperbola; or, in other words, it is a part of an ellipse whose length, compared with its breadth, is too great to be estimated, and is consequently deemed to be endless for all practical purposes.

In most instances, comets move in space, about the sun, in ellipses so very lengthened, that their paths seem to be parabolas as long as the cloudy bodies are visible in the sky. Two of them, Ollier's Comet and Halley's, are known to return into sight after intervals of seventy-four and seventy-six years, during which they have visited portions of space a few hundred millions of miles further than the orbit of Neptune. Six comets travel in elliptical orbits that are never so far from the sun as the planet Neptune, and return into visibility in short periods that never exceed seven or eight years. These interior comets of short period seem to be regular members of our world-system in the strictest sense. Their paths, although more eccentric, are all contained in planes that nearly correspond with the planes of the planetary orbits, and they travel in these paths in the same general direction with their planetary brethren in every case. The planetoid comets of short period are—Encke's, De Vico's, Brorsen's, D'Arrest's, Biela's, and Fage's. The comet of 1843 is half-suspected to belong to the group, and to be also a periodic body, revisiting our regions punctually at intervals of twenty-one years.

The comet's motions strikingly illustrate the almost

absolute voidness of space. If the thin vapour experienced any resistance while moving, its free passage would be checked, although that resistance was many thousand times less than the one the hand feels when waved in the air. It is found, however, that Encke's Comet does indicate the presence of some such resistance. It goes slower and slower with each return, and contracts the dimensions of its elliptical journey progressively. But it must be remembered, that this is one of the close comets that never gets well out of the solar domain in which our neighbouring planets float. The resisting medium which opposes its journey may be merely an ethereal solar atmosphere surrounding the sun, as our air surrounds the earth, but spreading to distances of millions instead of tens of miles. On the other hand, it must be remembered also that starlight passes through universal space, and is everywhere spread out therein, and that it is hardly possible to think of starlight as an existence without some sort of material reality. Some physicists believe that Encke's Comet, with its retarded motions, will some day fall into the sun; while others fancy that such a consummation can never take place, because successive portions of its substance will be thrown off by the tail-forming process with each perihelion return; so that long before the cometic mass could reach the sun, it will have been altogether dissipated into space, and nothing will be left to accomplish the final state of the fall.

The great peculiarity of cometic paths, as compared with the planetary ones, is, that they consist of ellipses of very much more eccentric proportions; and that, therefore, the bodies moving in them, go alternately to much greater and less distances from the sun than the planets do. It must not be imagined, however, that all comets revolve about the sun even in the most lengthened ellipses. Three at least—the comets of 1723, 1771, and 1818—are known to have moved along hyperbolic paths instead of parabolic or elliptical ones. These comets, therefore, can make but one appearance in our skies. Having once shown themselves there, and vanished, they are lost to us for ever. They are but stray and chance visitors to the domains of our sun, and refuse to submit themselves, with the more regular members of their fraternity, to the regulation-arrangements of our system, or to appear punctually at the systematic roll-call therein instituted. They are the true free-wanderers of the Infinite, passing from shore to shore of immensity, and presenting themselves, for short and uncertain intervals, to star after star. When they flit through our skies, they show themselves in all possible positions, and move along all possible directions. They sometimes, however, yield too much to temptation, and have to suffer the penalty of a short imprisonment in consequence. Lexell's Comet, for instance, rushed in its hyperbolic path too near to Jupiter, and was caught in the attraction of its mass, and made to dance attendance on the sun through two successive elliptical revolutions. At the end of the second, the influence that had impounded the comet came, however, into play oppositely, and restored it again to its wandering life and hyperbolic courses. Its cloudy form has not presented itself amongst our stars since 1770, when its visit was thus strangely received by Jupiter.

Twenty-three comets were seen by the naked eye during the sixteenth century, 12 were seen in the seventeenth, 8 in the eighteenth, and 9 in the first half of the nineteenth. This does not, however, give anything like an adequate idea of the number of comets really in existence. When Kepler was asked how many comets he thought there were, he answered: 'As many as there are fishes in the sea.' And modern science seems determined, that the sagacious German shall not be at fault even in this predication. Two or three fresh telescopic comets are now usually found out every year. In 1847, 178 comets were known to be moving

in parabolic orbits, and therefore to be in some way permanent connections of our world-system. Lalande has enumerated 700 comets, but Arago believes that not less than 7,000,000 exist, which fall at some time or other within the reach of our sun's influence.

THE SLEEPY LADY.

SHE is easy, good-natured, and compliant about everything but her sleep. On that point she can bear no interference and no stoppages. Unless she had it fully out every day, neither would life be worth having for herself, nor would she allow the life of any other people to be endurable. Sleep is her great gift; her body has been wonderfully constituted to take a great deal of ease. Deprive her of that, and you starve her as effectually as you famish a human being by abstraction of food. Her personal appearance confirms her philosophy; for you can detect not one particle of restlessness about her. All is soft, rounded, and woolly, as if she carried an atmosphere of deafening about with her.

It has been her habit ever since her earliest years. One of the principal anecdotes of her girlish days now remembered in her family is, that her mamma having sent on some exigency to rouse her, she faintly murmured forth, 'Not for kingdoms!' then turned on the other side, and doggedly went to sleep again. There is another story of her having had to rise one morning at half-past seven, in order to attend a friend as bride-maid, when, coming down stairs, and seeing it to be a raw drizzly day, she pronounced her situation to be 'the ne plus ultra of human misery!' She told the young bride (by way of a compliment) that she would not have got up *in the middle of the night* to be present at the marriage of any other friend on earth. This phrase might seem to most people only a pleasant hyperbole; but I am not quite sure that it was so intended. The fact is, she has seen so little of the world at any other hours than between noon and midnight, that she has a very obscure sense of other periods of daily time. She scarcely knows what morning is. Sunrise is to her as much of a phenomenon as a total eclipse of the sun to any other person. She cannot tell what mankind in general mean by breakfast-time, for she has scarcely ever seen the world so early. And really half-past seven was not very far from the middle of her night.

Her husband, who is a little of a wag, compares her waking-life to the appearance which the sun makes above the horizon on a winter day: only, her morning is about his noon. He says, however, there appears to be no necessary end to her sleep. It is like Decandolle's idea as to the life of a tree: keep up the required conditions, as sap, &c., and the tree will never decay. So, keep up the necessary conditions for her repose, and she continues to sleep. It is always some external accident of a disturbing nature which gets her up. He has sometimes proposed making an attempt so to arrange matters as to test how long she *would* sleep. But, unfortunately, he cannot provide against the disturbing effect of hunger, so he fears she might not sleep above two nights and a day at the most—a result that would not be worth the trouble of the experiment. She takes all his jokes in good-humour, as indeed she takes everything which does not positively interfere with her favourite indulgence. "Ah, little she'll reck if ye let her sleep on," ought, says he, 'to be her motto, being applicable to her in the most trying crises of life, even that of the house burning about her ears.'

He contrasts his life, which is a moderately active one, with hers. 'I went up to my dressing-room, about nine o'clock one evening, to prepare to go to a party, when the sound of heavy breathing from the neighbouring apartment informed me that she had

reached the land of forgetfulness. I went out, spent a couple of hours in conversation, had supper, set several new conundrums agoing in life, and made one or two new friends. Then I came home, had my usual rest, rose, and set to work in my business-room, where I drew up an important paper. Still no appearance of the lady. I had breakfast, read the newspaper, and played with the children. One of my new friends called, and made an appointment. Still no appearance of my wife down stairs. At length, about the middle of the day, when I was deep in a new piece of business, she peeped in, with a cold nose and fresh ringlets, to ask a cheque for her house-money—having got down stairs rather more promptly than usual that morning, in order to go out and settle her weekly bills. Thus I had a series of waking transactions last night, another this morning—in fact, a *history*—while she had been lost in the regions of oblivion. My sleep is rounded by hers, like a small circle within a large one.'

Sometimes he speculates on the ultimate reckoning of their respective lives. 'Mine,' says he, 'will have been so thickened up with doings of all kinds, that it will appear long. I shall seem to have lived all my days. I fear it must be different with yours. So much of it having been passed in entire unconsciousness, you will look back from seventy as most people do from five-and-thirty; and when Death presents his dart, you will feel like one that has been defrauded of a most precious privilege. You will go off in a state of impious discontent, as if you had been shockingly ill-used.' Such is one of his sly plans for rousing her to a sense of the impropriety of her ways; but all such quips and cranks are in vain. Only don't absolutely shake her in her bed before her thirteenth hour of rest, and you may say what you please. It cannot be implied that she is hardened, for no such quality is compatible with her character. But she smiles every joke and every advice aside with such an air of impassible benignity, that you see it is of no use to think of reforming her in this grand particular.

One day not long since it rather seemed as if she was going to turn the tables on her worthy spouse. She had a remarkable dream, in which she thought she heard a lady sing a new song. When she awoke, she remembered the two verses she thought she had heard, and they turned out to be perfectly good sense and good metre, and not intolerable as poetry. Now this was what Coleridge calls a psychological curiosity, for the verses had of course been composed by her in her sleep. There was more in the matter still. In her waking-life, she has a remarkably treacherous memory for poetry, being seldom able to repeat a single verse even of Isaac Watts without a mistake. Here, however, she had carried two entire verses safe and sound out of her sleep into her waking existence. It was therefore a double wonder. She has accordingly got up a theory, that her mind is at its best in her sleep, and is judged of at a disadvantage in its daylight moments. In sleep lies her principal life. Waking is an inferior exceptive kind of existence, into which she is dragged by the base exigencies of the world. She ought to be judged of as she is in her dreams. No saying what she goes through then. Perhaps she is the most active woman in the world in that state. Possibly she says and does the most brilliant things, such as nobody else could say or do in any condition. 'You say you cannot test it, for you cannot follow me into my dream-world. Well, but it may be as I say; and till you can prove the reverse, I hold that I am entitled to the presumption which my dream-song establishes in my favour.' It must be admitted there is some force in this reasoning. All that her husband can in the meantime say on the other side, is just this: 'Granted the activity and the brilliancy of your sleep-life, it does wonderfully little for me or our household concerns. Only give us an hour more of your sweet

company in the forenoon, and we shall admit you to be in your sleep as stirring and as clever as you choose to call yourself.' This of course he says very safely, for he well knows that no earthly consideration would induce her to abridge her sleep even by that one hour.

At a visit I lately paid to this good couple, I found them debating these points, the gentleman still refusing to give implicit credence to the theory which the lady had started in her own favour. The controversy was conducted with a great deal of good-humour, and I could not refrain from entering into the discussion. I started, however, a new theory, which I thought might please both parties, and in this object I am happy to say I was successful. 'Here,' said I, 'is a wife remarkable for putting as much good-nature into her six or eight hours of day-life as most women put into twice the time. No one can tell what she is in her sleep: perhaps the veriest termagant on earth. Suppose her sleep could be abridged, might not some of this termagantism overflow into and be diffused over her waking existence? I can well imagine this, and you, my friend, reduced to such straits by it that you might wish she would never waken more. Be content, then, and rather put up with the little ills you have than fly to others that you know not of.'

THE NEW CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

THE subject of convict discipline has for several years past excited the attention both of legislators and philanthropists; but the knowledge of the public concerning its details has hitherto been exceedingly meagre. It is not intended in this article to discuss the abstract question of the policy of transportation to the colonies, or of convict discipline there pursued; but merely to give some account of the system adopted at a new settlement in Australia. We will state at once, that our official authority is a Blue Book—one of those huge volumes printed from time to time, by order of parliament, for the edification—or as some facetious folks say, for the mystification—of M.P.s. Having carefully waded through its voluminous pages, we have jotted down the passages that especially struck us, and propose to present the pith and substance of our labour—for it is nothing less—in a condensed and popular form.

Little more than a couple of years ago, it was resolved by government to establish a convict settlement at Fremantle—a small town, as we learn, of some 5000 inhabitants—in Western Australia. The first ship arrived in Swan River on 1st June 1850, with 75 convicts; and in October following, a second came with 100 more. Soldiers, and proper officers to control and conduct the convicts, were on the spot; and a tolerably suitable prison was forthwith extemporised out of a wool-shed or warehouse. It is this kind of temporary and experimental establishment that forms the subject of the published returns to government, which are dated up to February 1851, and include an exceedingly minute and clearly-stated detail of the operations and plans adopted during the six months ending December 31, 1850. Three hundred more convicts—principally from the Portland prison in England—were expected in February 1851, and a grand permanent prison was to be erected, to contain 500 cells.

The convicts at Fremantle are employed in both in-door and out-of-door work, but principally the latter. The artisans—*tradesmen* they are styled in the Reports—such as blacksmiths, masons, carpenters, tailors, bricklayers, &c., labour at their respective trades; and the labourers, *par excellence*, toil at road-making and various other works of public utility. The 'daily routine' is as follows:—The first bell is rung at 5 A.M., and the prisoners rise, and neatly fold up their bedding—they sleep in hammocks, we believe, as the documents

specify the beds being 'hung' at night. The second bell rings at 5.15; and they are then mustered in their several wards, and paraded. The third bell rings at 5.55, when they are minutely inspected by the proper officers, and working-parties are detailed and marched off. From this time to 7.55, the prison orderlies are busily engaged in sweeping the wards, and making preparations for breakfast. At 7.55, the bell rings, and the convicts muster, and go into breakfast. One of the prisoners is selected to say grace, and the breakfast is eaten in perfect silence. At 8.25, they leave the mess-room, and are then 'allowed to smoke in the square before the prison door till 8.45, when they must muster inside for prayers.' At 9 o'clock, the bell rings for work, and the parties are inspected and marched off. At 12 o'clock, the dinner-bell rings; but parties working at a considerable distance from the prison, are allowed to leave off work a quarter or half an hour earlier, according to the distance they have to walk to the prison. When grace after dinner—for which meal one hour seems to be allowed—is said, they are again permitted to assemble outside from 1 P.M., till resuming work. At 1.55, the 'warning-bell' rings, and the working-parties are again formed. At 3 o'clock, the bell rings, and off they march, and continue working till 6 o'clock, when they are all paraded, wash themselves, and muster for supper. At 6.15 rings the supper-bell; and after supper they are 'allowed outside' from 6.45 till 7.30, when the chaplain reads prayers. At 8 o'clock, the beds are hung, and the convicts are sent into them immediately; and the most perfect quiet is enforced till the morning.

The 'rules and regulations' to be observed by the officers of the establishment and the prisoners are very strict and minute; and, on the whole, appear to be exceedingly judicious. As a fair specimen of the sound and humane spirit that seems to pervade the regulations in question, we will only quote No. 2 of the 'General Rules'—as follows:—'It is the duty of all officers to treat the prisoners with kindness and humanity, and to listen patiently to and report their complaints or grievances, being firm at the same time in maintaining order and discipline, and enforcing complete observance of the rules and regulations of the establishment. The great object of reclaiming the prisoner should always be kept in view by every officer in the prison; and they should strive to acquire a moral influence over the prisoners, by performing their duties conscientiously, but without harshness. They should especially try to raise the prisoners' minds to a proper feeling of moral obligation, by the example of their own uniform regard to truth and integrity, even in the smallest matters. Such conduct will, in most cases, excite the respect and confidence of the prisoners, and will make the duties of the officers more satisfactory to themselves and to the public.'

With respect to the degree of communication permitted between the convicts and their friends, it is stated that a prisoner is allowed to write, or to receive a letter, once every three months; but the chaplain or the overseer reads all letters either received or sent; and if the contents appear objectionable, they are withheld. We are told in the 'Rules for Prisoners,' that no prisoner during the period of his confinement, or employment on public works, has any claim to remuneration of any kind, but that industry and good conduct are rewarded by a fixed gratuity under certain regulations, depending on the class in which the prisoner is placed; and this gratuity is credited to him at the following general rates: 1st class, 9d. per week; 2d class, 6d.; 3d class, 4d. If any misconduct themselves, they forfeit all advantages, or are subject to the minor punishment of being placed in a lower class, &c. A prisoner, by particularly good behaviour, will be eligible to receive 8d. to 6d. per week in addition to the above rates. The amounts thus credited 'will be advanced

to the prisoner under certain restrictions, or otherwise applied for his benefit, as may be considered desirable.

There are several long and extremely circumstantial tables given of the amount of work done per day, per week, per month, &c. We gather, that the estimated value of the work earned by all the convicts in the six months ending 31st December 1850, was no less than L.3128, 9s. 4d. The total number of 'non-effectives'—men unable to labour through illness or otherwise—was 40 in the six months. The total 'effective' workers, during the same time, was 586—artisans, 218; labourers, 368; and this gives the average number of effectives as nearly 98 per month; so that some idea may be formed of their individual earnings. In the month of November, the total number of effectives was 154; and they earned the large sum of L.828, 17s. 6d. During the following month of December, task-work was adopted, and the effectives, 148 in number, earned L.665, 19s. 10d. We are informed that task-work has been contrived to allow each man to do 1½ to 1½ days' work per diem, and to obtain credit for the extra amount earned. Were we, however, to take the above figures as a criterion, we should conclude that less, rather than more, was proportionately earned during the month of task-work; yet this conclusion would not be fair, for doubtless many modifying circumstances require to be taken into consideration—such as the state of the weather, the number of artisans as compared with the labourers, &c.; besides which, it must be borne in mind, that although task-work has been specially designed to benefit the convicts themselves, yet, while some would work with a will, others, and perhaps many, would prefer unremunerative idleness.

To every breach of discipline, certain punishments are allotted; some, indeed, appear very severe; and for many misdemeanours, corporal punishment is not merely held out as *terrorem*, but inflicted. Attempts at escape are liable to be punished by labour in chains, or flogging up to 100 lashes, or to a renewed sentence of transportation; and the recaptured convict has to work out the expenses of his capture, and the reward paid for the same. In the list of offences and punishments for the month of December, we see some very curious items; and, not knowing anything of the peculiar circumstances of each case, they are apt to strike one as being somewhat arbitrary. For instance, 'for refusing to work,' a man had 'bread and water for three days;' a second, 'for insubordinate conduct'—much the same thing, we should suppose, as 'refusing to work'—had the very severe punishment of 'bread and water, and twenty-eight days' solitary confinement;' a third, for 'talking to a female,' was 'admonished;' a fourth, for being 'drunk at work,' had 'bread and water for three days, and fourteen days' solitary confinement;' a fifth, 'for threatening language,' had his 'tobacco stopped for three days.' On the subject of the 'pernicious Indian weed,' there is the following passage in the Report of the comptroller-general of Fremantle:—'The issue, under his Excellency's sanction, of a small allowance of tobacco, has been appreciated as a very great boon, and has prevented many irregularities. It also furnishes an excellent means of punishment for minor offences—that is, by its stoppage.' We can well believe this. We know positively that prisoners will undergo any risk to get even a morsel of tobacco, and would gladly sacrifice a day's food for it. It is almost incredible what an intense longing for tobacco arises in the minds of those forcibly restrained from the indulgence.

Several 'tickets-of-leave' had already been granted at Fremantle; and on this subject we are presented with a mass of remarkable and instructive information. The reader is probably aware, that convicts in prison, before quitting England, are subjected to a term of hard labour—proportionate in duration to the length

of their sentences of transportation—and to a further term of hard labour on arriving in Australia. When the latter term has expired, if the prisoner has conducted himself well, he is presented with a ticket-of-leave, which confines him to a certain district, where he may engage to labour for his own benefit under an employer. He does this, however, under very strict rules, and the least transgression is punished severely. If, for instance, he leaves the district, he is liable to be apprehended, and summarily convicted by a magistrate, who may sentence him to labour in irons; or he may forfeit his ticket-of-leave, and relapse into his former situation as a convict. Or if he at all misconducts himself, or is insubordinate, his employer may carry him before a magistrate, and have him corporally punished. A list is given of the convicts who obtained tickets-of-leave at Fremantle, with their trades, and the names of their employers, and the wages they were to receive. A groom received L.12 per annum; a carpenter, L.14; a labourer, L.1 per month; a blacksmith, L.1, 8s. per month; a mason, L.1, 10s. per month; and a brickmaker, L.2, 10s. per month. Each ticket-holder must pay to the comptroller-general the sum of L.15, for the expenses of his passage out to the colony. No ticket-holder, unless under very special circumstances, gets a 'conditional pardon' till one-half of his sentence, from date of conviction, is expired; nor will he receive a conditional pardon till the whole of the L.15 is paid. 'Wives and families of well-conducted ticket-of-leave men will be sent out to them, when one-half the cost of so doing has been paid, either by themselves, their friends, or their parishes in the United Kingdom; or the expenses of their passage may be assumed as a debt by the ticket-of-leave holder, to be repaid (under a bond) by the same means as the expenses of his own passage.' This is paid by the employer handing over to the comptroller-general annually any sum not exceeding one-third of the ticket-holder's salary, and not above L.5 a year in any case, unless at the man's own desire. On the subject of this forced payment of L.15 to government, the comptroller-general in his Report animadverts strongly. He says that ticket-men will try every trick to evade it; and that many of them openly say, that the situation of a well-conducted ticket-holder is such, as to make them think it not worth while paying so much as L.15 for a conditional pardon. The employers, however, he hints, object to pay ticket-men at all; seeming to think government ought to assign them gratuitously, as was done, we believe, under the old system.

The surgeon states in his report, that the food supplied at the establishment is 'wholesome, and ample;' and the health of the convicts seems very good, for only two had died up to that time, and both of these were landed in a very debilitated condition. He states the number of convicts in January 1851 at 140.

The chaplain's report is interesting and encouraging. He says, that 'the present discipline is well calculated to maintain the habits of industry, order, and cleanliness acquired in preceding prisons;' and he speaks well of the general attention of the convicts to religious exercises. Above all, he strongly and wisely advocates the formation of a library for their use; and hints that the books selected should not merely be religious, but 'entertaining and instructive'—such as history, biography, voyages and travels, scientific books with illustrations, &c. One exceedingly interesting fact mentioned is, that certain of the best educated and most intelligent convicts have been permitted to deliver lectures to their fellow-prisoners on the subjects with which they were best conversant, and with the happiest effects. Thus, a man who had been employed in a large brewery, described the whole 'mystery' in a very able manner; a second, who was by trade a French polisher, did the same; and a third, who had been a sailor, gave two

lectures on the art of navigation, and illustrated them in capital style with diagrams drawn on a black-board. We cannot but think that the beneficial tendency of these novel prison recreations will be very great.

The Report of the comptroller-general himself is, on the whole, decidedly cheering; and he says of the convicts, that, 'taken as a body, I am inclined to believe they are anxious to do well, and by honest and steady conduct, to regain here that position they have forfeited in their native land.' When inquiring of government whether the same scale is to be adopted at Fremantle as at Van Diemen's Land, he says, that at the latter place the cost of officers—such as magistrates, superintendents, overseers, storekeepers, religious instructors, medical men, &c.—allowed for each 300 convicts, amounts to L.1837, 8s. 6d. per annum, or L.4, 9s. 2d. for each convict. This seems a large sum, and does not appear to include the heavy additional cost of warders and other prison-officers.

The necessary brevity of this article precludes any allusion to a great variety of curious and instructive details of the Fremantle 'establishment,' as it is called; but if what we have already said interests the reader, and he requires to know more, we can confidently refer him to the bulky Blue Book alluded to, with an assurance that he will there find most ample and authentic information.

THE TRIAL OF ELIZABETH CANNING.

In the year 1753, London was so deeply convulsed with a great question at issue in the criminal courts, that the peace of the city was seriously threatened. From the highest to the lowest grades, society was divided into two parties on this question; and it was impossible to speak of it at a dinner-table or in a street assemblage without exciting a dangerous quarrel. This dispute was an extravagant illustration of English zeal for justice and fair play. The real question lay between an old gipsey woman and a young servant-girl. The question at issue was—Had the gipsey robbed and forcibly confined Elizabeth Canning, or had Elizabeth Canning falsely accused the gipsey of these outrages? By the force of incidental circumstances, the question came to be a really important one, in which the statesmen and jurists of the age took a lively interest. In fact, it connected itself with the efficacy of the great judicial institutions of the land, and their capacity to do justice and protect innocence. Hence the several trials and inquiries occupy as much space in the *State Trials* as three or four modern novels. In giving our readers an outline of the events so recorded, only the more prominent and marked features of them can of course find room.

Elizabeth Canning, a young woman between eighteen and nineteen years of age, had borne an unexceptionable character, and was a domestic servant in the house of a gentleman living in Aldermanbury, named Edward Lyon. On the 1st of January 1753, she obtained liberty to pay a visit to her uncle, who lived at Saltpetre Bank. As she did not return at the specified time, Mr Lyon's family made inquiry of her mother about her, and learned that she had not made her appearance among her other relations after the visit to her uncle. Days and weeks passed, in which every inquiry was unavailingly made after her, and her mother suffered intense anxiety. Public notice had been taken of the mystery; it was commented on in the newspapers, and much talked of. At length, at the end of January, Elizabeth entered her mother's house in a wretched condition—emaciated and exhausted, and with scarcely a sufficiency of clothes on her person for mere decorum. She was, of course, asked eagerly to give an account of her misfortune. Her narrative by degrees resolved itself into this shape: She set out on her visit at eleven o'clock in the day, and stayed with her uncle till nine o'clock

in the evening. Her uncle and aunt accompanied her as far as Aldgate. Then setting off alone, as she crossed Moorfields, and passed the back of Bethlehem Hospital, two stout men seized her. 'They said nothing to me,' she said, 'at first, but took half a guinea, in a little box, out of my pocket, and three shillings that were loose. They took my gown, apron, and hat, and folded them up, and put them into a greatcoat pocket. I screamed out; then the man who took my gown put a handkerchief or some such thing in my mouth.' They then tied her hands behind her, swore savagely at her, and dragged her along with them. She now, according to her own account, swooned, and on recovering from her fit, she felt herself still in their hands; they were swearing, and calling on her to move on. Partly insensible, she was conveyed for a considerable distance, but could not say whether she was dragged or carried. When she found herself at rest, it was daylight in the morning. She remembered being in a disreputable-looking house, in the presence of a woman, who said if she would accompany her, she should have fine clothes. Elizabeth refused, and the woman taking a knife from a dresser, cut open her stays, and removed them. The woman and the other people present then hustled her up stairs into a wretched garret, and locked the door. She found here a miserable straw-bed, a large black pitcher nearly full of water, and twenty-four pieces of bread, seeming as if a quarter-loaf had been cut in so many pieces. Her story went on to say, that she remained in this place for four weeks, eating so much of the bread and drinking a little water daily, till both were exhausted. She then succeeded in making her escape, by removing a board which was nailed across a window. 'First,' she said, 'I got my head out, and kept fast hold of the wall, and got my body out; after that, I turned myself round, and jumped into a little narrow place by a lane, with a field beside it. Having nothing on but 'an old sort of a bedgown and a handkerchief, that were in this hay-loft, and lay in a grate in the chimney,' she managed to travel twelve miles through an unknown country to her mother's house, not daring, as she said, to call at any place by the way, lest she should again fall into the hands of her persecutors.

If Elizabeth's absence created excitement, her reappearance in the plight she was in, and with such a story to tell, increased it tenfold. She was an attractive-looking girl; and seeing the sympathy she excited, had no objection to assent to the theory formed by her friends, that the people in whose hands she had fallen had the basest designs upon her; that they had resolved to conquer her virtue by imprisonment and starvation; and that she had magnanimously and patiently resisted all their efforts. The story was hawked about everywhere. It was spoken of in every tavern and at every dinner-table. The indignation of many respectable citizens was roused. They were parents, and had daughters of their own, who might be made the victims of the diabolical crew from which this poor girl had escaped. Many of them resolved to rally round her—to avenge her wrongs, and punish the perpetrators. Elizabeth found herself one of the most important people in London. She received many presents, and considerable funds were raised to prosecute the inquiry. In these circumstances, she was bound of course to assist her friends by remembering every little incident that could lead them to the place of her sufferings. She believed that it must have been on the Hertford road, for in looking from the window, she had caught sight of a coach on that road with which she was familiar, as a former mistress had been accustomed to travel in it. This circumstance, with the distance travelled by the girl, afforded her champions a clue, and they concentrated their researches at Enfield Wash. There they found a questionable-looking lodging-house kept by a family of the name of Wells, which seemed to

answer to Elizabeth's description. It had a garret with an old straw-bed, and a black pitcher was found in the house.

Elizabeth was taken to examine this house in a sort of triumphal procession. Her friends went on horseback, making a complete cavalcade; she and her mother travelled in a coach. As many as could find room seem to have simultaneously rushed into the squalid lodging-house, and the natural astonishment and confusion of its inmates on such an invasion were at once assigned as the symptoms of conscious guilt. Elizabeth seemed to be at first somewhat confused and undecided; these symptoms were attributed to the excitement of the moment on recollection of the horrors she had endured, and to a feeling of insecurity. She was told to take courage; she was among her friends, who would support her cause; and she at last said decidedly, that she was in the house where she had been imprisoned. A gipsy woman of very remarkable appearance was present. One of the witnesses recognised her, from her likeness to the portraits of Mother Shipton the sorceress. She sat bending over the fire smoking a pipe, and exhibiting through the hubbub around the imperturbable calmness peculiar to her race. Elizabeth immediately pointed to her, and said she was the woman who had cut her stays, and helped to put her in her prison-room. Even this did not disturb the stolid indifference of the old woman, who was paying no attention to what the people said. When, however, her daughter stepped up and said: 'Good mother, this young woman says you robbed her,' she started to her feet, turned on the group her remarkable face, and said: 'I rob you! take care what you say. If you have once seen my face, you cannot mistake it, for God never made such another.' When told of the day of the robbery, she gave a wild laugh, and said she was then above a hundred miles off in Dorsetshire. This woman was named Squires. Her son, George Squires, was present. Elizabeth did not seem completely to remember him at first, but she in the end maintained him to be one of the ruffians who had attacked her in Moorfields. Her followers were now eminently satisfied. All the persons in the house were seized, and immediately committed for examination. The strange, wild aspect of the gipsy seems to have added an element to the horrors of the affair; and in the afternoon, when two of Elizabeth's friends were discussing the whole matter over a steak in the Three Crowns at Newington, one of them said to the other: 'Mr Lyon, I hope God Almighty will destroy the model that he made that face by, and never make another like it.' It was found that Mrs Wells, who kept the lodging-house, belonged to a disreputable family, and she admitted that her husband had been hanged. If Elizabeth had given a false tale to hide the questionable causes of her absenting herself, she had probably found that it took a much more serious turn than she intended, and she must now make up her mind to recant her tale or go through with it. She resolved on the latter course, to which she was probably tempted by having all London to back her. She could not well have carried on the charge alone, but the popularity of her cause brought her unexpected aid. A woman named Virtue Hall, who lived in Mrs Wells's lodging-house, thought it would be a good speculation to be partner with Elizabeth Canning, and she gave testimony which corroborated the whole story.

On the 21st of February, Mary Squires and Susannah Wells were brought to trial for a capital offence. The evidence adduced against them was the story just told. When Mrs Squires was called on for her defence, she gave a succinct account of how she had from day to day gone from one distant place to another during the time when Elizabeth said she was in confinement. Two or three witnesses came forward somewhat timidly to corroborate her statement; and it is a melancholy fact, that others would have appeared and offered

convincing testimony of the innocence of the accused, but were intimidated by the ferocious aspect of the London populace from venturing to give their evidence. That it was not very safe to contradict the popular idol, Elizabeth Canning, was indeed experienced in a very unpleasant way by the witnesses John Gibbons, William Clarke, and Thomas Greville, who came forward in favour of Squires. Money was collected to prosecute them for perjury. Dreading the strength of the popular current against them, they had to incur great expense in preparation for their defence. Before the day of trial, however, some of Canning's champions began to feel a misgiving, and no prosecutor appeared. The counsel for the accused complained bitterly of the hardship of their position. They had incurred great expense. They felt that it was necessary for the complete removal of the stain of perjury thrown on their character, that there should be a trial. They said they had witnesses 'ready to give their testimony with such clear, ample, convincing circumstances, as would demand universal assent, and fully prove the innocence of the three defendants, and the falsity of Elizabeth Canning's story in every particular;' whereas, without a trial, all would be virtually lost to the accused, who, instead of obtaining a triumphant acquittal, might be suspected of having agreed to some dubious compromise.

Mrs Squires was at length convicted, and had judgment of death. But Sir Crisp Gascoyne, the lord mayor of London, who was nominally at the head of the commission for trying Squires, believed that she was the victim of falsehood and public prejudice. He resolved to subject the whole question to a searching investigation, and to obviate, if possible, the scandal to British institutions, of perpetrating a judicial murder, even though the victim should be among the most obscure of the inhabitants of the realm. In the first place, an inquiry was instituted by the law-officers of the crown, the result of which was, that the woman Squires received a royal pardon. The lord mayor, however, having satisfied himself that this poor woman had but narrowly escaped death from the perfidious falsehood of Elizabeth Canning, aided by an outbreak of popular zeal, was not content with the gipsy woman's escape, but thought that an example should be made of her persecutor. Accordingly, although he was met with much obloquy, both verbal and written—for controversial pamphlets were published against him as an enemy of Elizabeth Canning—he resolved to bring this popular idol to justice.

On the 29th of April 1754, she was brought to trial for wilful and corrupt perjury. Her trial lasted to the 13th of May. It is one of the longest in the collection called the *State Trials*, and is a more full and elaborate inquiry than the trial of Charles I. The case made out was complete and crushing, and the perfect clearness with which the whole truth connected with the movements from day to day, and from hour to hour, of people in the humblest rank was laid open, shews the great capabilities of our public jury-system for getting at the truth. One part of the case was, the absurdity of Elizabeth Canning's story, and its inconsistency, in minute particulars, with itself and with the concomitant facts. When her first description of the room, in which, she said, she was shut up, was compared with the full survey of it afterwards undertaken, important and fatal discrepancies were proved. She professed to have been unable to see anything going on in the house from her place of confinement, but in the room at Enfield Wash there was a large hole through the floor for a jack-rope, which gave a full view of the kitchen, where the inmates of the house chiefly resorted. She professed to describe every article in the room she was confined in, but she had said nothing of a very remarkable chest of drawers found in that which she identified as the same. That this piece of furniture had not been recently placed there was made evident, by the damp dust gluing it to

the wall, and the host of spiders which ran from their webs when it was removed. She had escaped by stepping on a penthouse, but there was none against the garret of Mrs Wells's house; the windows were high, and she could not have leaped to the ground without severe injury. She stated that no one had entered the room during the four weeks of her imprisonment, but it was shewn that, during the period, a lodger had held an animated conversation from one of the windows of the identical garret with somebody occupied in lopping wood outside. Nay, a person had seen a poor woman, with the odd name of Natis, in bed in that very room. His reason for entering it was a curious one, which has almost a historical bearing. He went to try the ironwork of a sign which had once hung in front of the house, and lay in the garret. The sign had been taken down when the Jacobite army penetrated into England in the Rebellion of 1745. Probably it had been of a character likely to be offensive to the Jacobites, and its removal is a little incident, shewing how greatly the country apprehended a revolution in favour of the Stuarts.

These discrepancies were, however, far from being the most remarkable part of the evidence. Not content with shewing that Elizabeth Canning had told falsehoods, the prosecutor set to the laborious task of proving where the gipsy woman had been, along with her son and daughter, charged as her accomplices, during the time embraced by the mere active part of Elizabeth's narrative. From the vagrant habits of the race, evidence to the most minute particulars had thus to be collected over a large range of country; and the precision with which the statements of a multitude of people—of different ranks and pursuits, and quite unknown to each other, as well as to the person they spoke of—are fitted to each other, is very striking and interesting. The most trifling and un consequential-looking facts tell with wonderful precision on the result. Thus a lodging-house keeper remembered the woman Squires being in her house on a certain day, and she made it sure by an entry in an account-book, as to which she remembered that she had consulted the almanac that she might put down the right day. The day of the woman's presence in another place was identical with the presence of an Excise surveyor, and the statements of the witnesses were tested by the Excise entry-books. The position of the wanderers was in another instance connected with the posting of a letter, and the post-office clerks bore testimony to the fact, that from the marks on the letter it must have been posted on that day. It was, as we have seen, on the 1st of January that Elizabeth Canning said she was seized. The journey of the gipsy family is traced from day to day through distant parts of England, from the preceding December down to the 24th of January, which was the day of their arrival at Enfield Wash. Thus fortified by counteracting facts of an unquestionable nature, the counsel for the prosecution felt himself in a position to turn the whole story into ridicule, and shew the innate absurdity of what all London had so resolutely believed.

He proceeded in this strain: 'Was it not strange that Canning should subsist so long on so small a quantity of bread and water—four weeks, wanting only a few hours? Strange that she should husband her store so well as to have some of her bread left, according to her first account, till the Wednesday; according to the last, till the Friday before she made her escape; and that she should save some of her miraculous pitcher till the last day? Was the twenty-fourth part of a sixpenny loaf a day sufficient to satisfy her hunger? If not, why should she defer the immediate gratification of her appetite in order to make provision for a precarious, uncertain futurity? Shall we suppose some revelation from above in favour of one of the faithful? Perhaps an angel from heaven appeared to this mirror of modern

virtue, and informed her, that if she eat more than one piece of bread a day, her small pittance would not last her till the time she was to make her escape. Her mother, we know, is a very enthusiastical woman—a consulter of conjurors, a dreamer of dreams; perhaps the daughter dreamed also what was to happen, and so, in obedience to her vision, would not eat when she was hungry, nor drink when she was thirsty. However that was, I would risk the event of the prosecution on this single circumstance, that, without the interposition of some preternatural cause, this conduct of the prisoner's must appear to exceed all bounds of human probability.'

Notwithstanding the conclusive exposure of her criminality, Elizabeth Canning was not entirely deserted by her partisans to the last. Two of the jury had difficulty in reconciling themselves to the verdict of guilty, suggesting that her story might be substantially correct, though undoubtedly she had made a mistake about the persons by whom she was injured. There was a technical imperfection in the verdict, and her friends strove to the utmost to take advantage of it. When it was overruled, and a verdict of guilty was recorded, she pleaded for mercy, saying that she was more unfortunate than wicked; that self-preservation had been her sole object; and that she did not wish to take the gipsy's life. The punishment to be inflicted on her was a matter of serious deliberation, as many of the common people were still so unconvinced of her wickedness, that an attempt to break the jail in which she was imprisoned might be feared, and as at that time the transportation system had not been established. It was not, however, unusual to send criminals, by their own consent, to the plantations, and the court gladly acceded to a desire by her relations, that she should be banished to New England.

THE ISLAND OF ISLAY.

There is, perhaps, no country in Europe which possesses so great a variety of territory and social condition as our own. Between the plains of Cambridgeshire and the wilds of Sutherland—between the toiling, densely-packed multitudes of Lancashire and the idle, scattered cotters of the Hebrides, how vast a difference! The *Land we Live in*, as Charles Knight has called it, in a very delightful descriptive book, is a much more interesting study to its own people than is generally supposed; and we somewhat wonder that comparatively so few of our tourists go in search of what is picturesque, romantic, and novel within our own seas. These ideas arise in our mind in perusing a few pages of the new edition of the *Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*,* by the Messrs Anderson of Inverness. In this book we have the benefit of remarkable fulness of knowledge on the part of the authors, and the accuracy of their statements is only rivalled by their judicious brevity. The account of some of the more out-of-the-way parts of the country brings before us not merely physical conditions highly peculiar, but, as it were, a totally peculiar set of historical associations. As an example, take a few swatches of the Island of Islay.

It is about thirty miles long by twenty-four in breadth, composed chiefly of elevated, but not Alpine ground, much of it moorish and bleak, but a great and constantly increasing space cultivated and sheltered. The finest island in the Hebrides, it belonged almost wholly to one proprietor, whose dignity of course was great. Within the last few years, he came to greet the Queen at Inverary, with a gallant following of men clothed in the Highland garb at his own expense. The island is now, however, in the hands of trustees, for the benefit of creditors, whose claims amount to upwards of £700,000. There are lead-mines on the island, not unwrought, but from which it is understood silver had

been derived, wherewith some of the family plate of the proprietor was formed. Whisky is distilled to such an amount, as to return £80,000 per annum of revenue to the government. The Gaelic-speaking people, the fine shooting-grounds, the romantic cliffs and caves, the lonely moors and lochs of this island, altogether give it a degree of romantic interest calculated strongly to attract the regard of the intelligent stranger.

To pursue the narration of Messrs Anderson—'Islay is not a little interesting from the historical associations connected with the remains of antiquity which it presents, in the ruins of its old castles, forts, and chapels. It was a chief place of residence of the celebrated lords, or rather kings, of the Isles, and afterwards of a near and powerful branch of the family of the great Macdonald. The original seat of the Scottish monarchy was Cantyre, and the capital is supposed to have been in the immediate vicinity of the site of Campbelltown. In the ninth century, it was removed to Forteviot, near the east end of Strathearn, in Perthshire. Shortly afterwards, the Western Isles and coasts, which had then become more exposed to the hostile incursions of the Scandinavian Vikings, were completely reduced under the sway of Harold Harfager, of Denmark. Harold established a viceroy in the Isle of Man. In the beginning of the twelfth century, Somerled, a powerful chieftain of Cantyre, married Effrica, a daughter of Olaus or Olave, the swarthy viceroy or king of Man, a descendant of Harold Harfager, and assumed the independent sovereignty of Cantyre; to which he added, by conquest, Argyle and Lorn, with several islands contiguous thereto and to Cantyre. Somerled was slain in 1164, in an engagement with Malcolm IV. in Renfrewshire. His possessions on the mainland, excepting Cantyre, were bestowed on his younger son Dugal, from whom sprung the Macdougals of Lorn, who are to this day lineally represented by the family of Dunolly; while the islands and Cantyre descended to Reginald, his elder son. For more than three centuries, Somerled's descendants held these possessions, at times as independent princes, and at others as tributaries of Norway, Scotland, and even of England. In the sixteenth century they continued still troublesome, but not so formidable to the royal authority. After the battle of the Largs in 1263, in which Haco of Norway was defeated, the pretensions of that kingdom were resigned to the Scottish monarchs, for payment of a subsidy of 100 merks. Angus Og, fifth in descent from Somerled, entertained Robert Bruce in his flight to Ireland in his castle of Dunaverty, near the Mull of Cantyre, and afterwards at Dunnavinhalg, in Isla, and fought under his banner at Bannockburn. Bruce conferred on the Macdonalds the distinction of holding the post of honour on the right in battle—the withholding of which at Culloden occasioned a degree of disaffection on their part, in that dying struggle of the Stuart dynasty. This Angus's son, John, called by the Dean of the Isles "the good John of Isla," had by Amy, great-granddaughter of Roderick, son of Reginald, king of Man, three sons—John, Ronald, and Godfrey; and by subsequent marriage with Margaret, daughter of Robert Stuart, afterwards Robert II. of Scotland, other three sons—Donald of the Isles, John Mor the Tainnister, and Alexander Carrach. It is subject of dispute whether the first family were lawful issue or illegitimate, or had merely been set aside, for they were not called to the chief succession, as a stipulation of the connection with the royal family, to whom the others were particularly obnoxious; or, as has been conjectured, from the relationship of the parents being thought too much within the forbidden degrees. The power of John seems to have been singularly great. By successive grants of Robert Bruce to his father, and of David II., Balliol, and Robert II., to himself, he appears to have been in possession or superior of almost the whole western coasts and islands. . . .

'The inordinate power of these island princes was gradually broken down by the Scottish monarchs in the course of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth century. On the death of John, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, grandson of Donald, Hugh of Sleat, John's nearest brother and his descendants became rightful representatives of the family, and so continue. Claim to the title of Lord of the Isles was made by Donald, great-grandson of Hugh of Sleat; but James V. refused to restore the title, deeming its suppression advisable for the peace of the country.'

At the close of the sixteenth century, when Bacon was writing his *Essays*, and Shakspeare his *Hamlet*, this remote part of the country was the scene of bloody feuds between semi-barbarous chieftains. A battle, with from one to two thousand men on each side, took place in Islay in 1598. The power of the Islay Macdonalds ultimately passed into the hands of the Campbells, who have since been the ascendant family in these insular regions.

'The remains of the strongholds of the Macdonalds in Islay are the following:—In Loch Finlagan, a lake about three miles in circumference, three miles from Port Askaig, and a mile off the road to Loch-in-Daal, on the right hand, on an islet, are the ruins of their principal castle or palace and chapel; and on an adjoining island the Macdonald council held their meetings. There are traces of a pier, and of the habitations of the guards on the shore. A large stone was, till no very distant period, to be seen, on which Macdonald stood, when crowned, by the Bishop of Argyle, King of the Isles. On an island, in a similar lake, Loch Guirm, to the west of Loch-in-Daal, are the remains of a strong square fort, with round corner towers; and towards the head of Loch-in-Daal, on the same side, are vestiges of another dwelling and pier.

'Where are thy pristine glories, Finlagan?

The voice of mirth has ceased to ring thy walls,

Where Celtic lords and their fair ladies sang

Their songs of joy in Great Macdonald's halls.

And where true knights, the flower of chivalry,

Oft met their chiefs in scenes of revelry—

All, all are gone, and left thee to repose,

Since a new race and measures new arose.

'The Macdonalds had a body-guard of 500 men, of whose quarters there are marks still to be seen on the banks of the loch. For their personal services they had lands, the produce of which fed and clothed them. They were formed into two divisions. The first was called Ceatharnaich, and composed of the very tallest and strongest of the islanders. Of these, sixteen, called Buannachan, constantly attended their lord wheresoever he went, even in his rural walks; and one of them, denominated "Gille 'shiabadh dealt," headed the party. This piece of honourable distinction was conferred upon him on account of his feet being of such size and form as, in his progress, to cover the greatest extent of ground, and to shake the dew from the grass preparatory to its being trodden by his master. These Buannachan enjoyed certain privileges, which rendered them particularly obnoxious to their countrymen. The last gang of them was destroyed in the following manner by one Macphail in the Rinns:—Seeing Macdonald and his men coming, he set about splitting the trunk of a tree, in which he had partly succeeded by the time they had reached. He requested the visitors to lend a hand. So, eight on each side, they took hold of the partially severed splits; on doing which, Macphail removed the wedges which had kept open the slit, which now closed on their fingers, holding them hard and fast in the rustic man-trap. Macphail and his three sons equipped themselves from the armour of their captives, compelled them to eat a lusty dinner, and then beheaded them, leaving their master to return in safety. Macphail and his sons took shelter in Ireland. The other division

of these 500 were called Gillean-glassa, and their post was within the outer walls of their fastnesses. These forts were so constructed that the Gillean-glassa might fight in the outer breach, whilst their lords, together with their guests, were enjoying themselves in security within the walls, and especially within the impenetrable fortifications of Finlagan.

'On Freuch Isle, in the Sound, are the ruins of Clai Castle—a square tower, defended by a deep ditch, which at once served as a prison and a protection to the passage. At Laggavoulin Bay, an inlet on the east coast, and on the opposite side to the village, on a large peninsular rock, stands part of the walls of a round substantial stone burgh or tower, protected on the land side by a thick earthen mound. It is called Dun Naomhaig, or Dunnivaig (such is Gaelic orthography.) There are ruins of several houses beyond the mound, separated from the main building by a strong wall. This may have been a Danish structure, subsequently used by the Macdonalds, and it was one of their strongest naval stations. There are remains of several such strongholds in the same quarter. The ruins of one are to be seen on an inland hill, Dun Borreraig, with walls twelve feet thick, and fifty-two feet in diameter inside, and having a stone seat two feet high round the area. As usual, there is a gallery in the midst of the wall. Another had occupied the summit of Dun Aidh, a large, high, and almost inaccessible rock near the Mull. Between Loch Guirm and Saneg, and south of Loch Gruinart, at Dun Bheolain (Vollan), there are a series of rocks, projecting one behind another into the sea, with precipitous seaward fronts, and defended on the land side by cross dikes; and in the neighbourhood numerous small pits in the earth, of a size to admit of a single person seated. These are covered by flat stones, which were concealed by sods.

'There are also several ruins of chapels and places of worship in Islay, as in many other islands. The names of fourteen founded by the Lords of the Isles might be enumerated. Indeed, most of the names, especially of parishes of the west coast, have some old ecclesiastical allusion. In the ancient burying-ground of Kildalton, a few miles south-west of the entrance of the Sound, are two large, but clumsily-sculptured stone-crosses. In this quarter, near the Bay of Knock, distinguished by a high sugar-loaf-shaped hill, are two large upright flagstones, called the two stones of Islay, reputed to mark the burying-place of Yula, a Danish princess, who gives the island its name. In the church-yard of Killarrow, near Bowmore, there was a prostrate column, rudely sculptured; and, among others, two grave-stones, one with the figure of a warrior, habited in a sort of tunic reaching to the knees, and a conical head-dress. His hand holds a sword, and by his side is a dirk. The decoration of the other is a large sword, surrounded by a wreath of leaves; and at one end the figures of three animals. This column has been removed from its resting-place, and set up in the centre of a battery erected near Islay House some years ago. Monumental stones, as well as cairns and barrows, occur elsewhere; and there is said to be a specimen of a circular mound, with successive terraces, resembling the tynewalds, or judgment-seats, of the Isle of Man, and almost unique in the Western Islands. Stone and brass hatchet-shaped weapons or celts, elf-shots or flint arrow-heads, and brass fibulæ, have been frequently dug up.'

THE APPLE OF THE DEAD SEA.

We made a somewhat singular discovery when travelling among the mountains to the east of the Dead Sea, where the ruins of Ammon Jerash and Ajoloun well repay the labour and fatigue encountered in visiting them. It was a remarkably hot and sultry day. We were scrambling up the mountain through a thick jungle of bushes and low trees, which rises above the east shore of the Dead Sea, when I

saw before me a fine plum-tree, loaded with fresh blooming plums. I cried out to my fellow-traveller: 'Now, then, who will arrive first at the plum-tree?' and as he caught a glimpse of so refreshing an object, we both pressed our horses into a gallop, to see which would get the first plum from the branches. We both arrived at the same moment; and, each snatching at a fine ripe plum, put it at once into our mouths, when, on biting it, instead of the cool, delicious juicy fruit which we expected, our mouths were filled with a dry bitter dust, and we sat under the tree upon our horses, sputtering, and hemming, and doing all we could to be relieved of the nauseous taste of this strange fruit. We then perceived, and to my great delight, that we had discovered the famous apple of the Dead Sea, the existence of which has been doubted and canvassed since the days of Strabo and Pliny, who first described it. Many travellers have given descriptions of other vegetable productions which bear analogy to the one described by Pliny; but, up to this time, no one had met with the thing itself, either upon the spot mentioned by the ancient authors or elsewhere.—*Curzon's Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.*

INVOCATION.

CREATOR of the universal heart

In nature's bosom beating!

Life of all forms, which are but as a part

Of Thee, thy life repeating!

Soul of the earth, thy sanctity impart

Where human souls are meeting!

Bright as the first faint beam in mercy shewn

Unto the barren-sighted,

Where, on the yet unbroken darkness thrown,

A sunny ray hath lighted,

The glory of thy presence streameth down

On us, the world-benighted.

To us the shadow of the earth is given,

And ours the lower cloud;

But though along its pathways tempest-driven,

Our hearts shall not be bowed,

While yet our eyes unto the stars of heaven

We lift, and pray aloud!

Not with the prayers of long ago we pray,

With red raised hand beseeching—

Not with the war-voice of our elder clay,

With the mammoth's bones now bleaching—

Not for the mortal victories of a day,

But—for the Spirit's teaching!

Be Words of Light alone our javelins hurled,

While Truth wings every dart:

Oh, welcome, then, the legions of a world!—

But ours no warrior's part;

The ensigns we would bear are passions furled—

Love, and a child's young heart!

O.

ART-EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Let us here mention, that we have found the children of the sovereign of Great Britain at nine in the morning at the Museum of Practical Art; and on another occasion, at the same hour, amidst the Elgin marbles—not the only wise hint to the mothers of England to be found in the highest place. Accustom your children to find beauty in goodness, and goodness in beauty.—*The Builder.*

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WHO SHALL RULE THE WAVES?

A CONTEST of a very remarkable kind is now going on, one which is pregnant with important results in respect to commerce, to naval architecture, to geographical discovery, to colonisation, to the spread of intelligence, to the improvement of industrial art, and to the balance of political power among nations. The nature of this contest cannot be better made intelligible than by giving the words of a challenge recently put forth: 'The American Navigation Company challenge the ship-builders of Great Britain to a ship-race, with cargo on board, from a port in England to a port in China and back. One ship to be entered by each party, and to be named within a week of the start. The ships to be modelled, commanded, and officered entirely by citizens of the United States and Great Britain respectively; to be entitled to rank "A1" either at the American offices or at Lloyd's. The stakes to be £10,000, and satisfactorily secured by both parties; to be paid without regard to accidents, or to any exceptions; the whole amount forfeited by either party not appearing. Judges to be mutually chosen. Reasonable time to be given after notice of acceptance, to build the ships, if required, and also for discharging and loading cargo in China. The challenged party may name the size of the ships—not under 800 nor over 1200 American register tons; the weight and measurement which may be carried each way; and the allowance for short weight or oversize.'

There is a boldness, a straightforwardness, an honesty in this challenge, which cannot be mistaken. It is difficult to be interpreted in any other sense than that the challengers mean what they say. Brother Jonathan has fairly thrown down the gauntlet to the Britishers, and it behoves the latter to take it up in a becoming spirit. Our ship-builders, especially on the Dee, the Clyde, the Wear, the Mersey, and the Thames, ought to feel that much is now expected from them; for if once the Yankees obtain a reputation—a European reputation it will then be—for outstripping British ships on the broad seas, our ship-owners will assuredly feel the effects in a commercial sense.

This question of the speed of ships is a very curious one. Empirical rules, rather than scientific principles, have hitherto determined the forms which shall be given to ships. Smith adopts a certain form because Brown's ship sailed well, whereas Jones's differently shaped vessel was a bad sailer; although Smith, Brown, and Jones collectively may be little able to shew *why* one of the vessels should sail better than the other.

If opportunity should occur to the reader to visit a large ship-building establishment, such as those on

any one of the five rivers named above, he will see something like the following routine of operation going on:—

There is, first, the 'ship's draughtsman,' whose duties are somewhat analogous to those of the architect of a house, or the engineer of a railway, or the scientific cutter at a fashionable tailor's: he has to shape the materials out of which the structure is to be built up, or at least he has to shew others how it is to be done. When the ship-builder has received an order, we will say, to construct a ship, and has ascertained for what route, and for what purpose, and of what size it is to be, he and his ship's draughtsman 'lay their heads together' to devise such an arrangement of timbers as will meet the requirements of the case. Here it is that a science of ship-building would be valuable; the practical rules followed are deductions not so much from general principles as from accumulated facts which are waiting to be systematised; and until this process has been carried further, ship-building will be an *art*, but not a *science*. Well, then; the draughtsman, gathering up all the crumbs of knowledge obtainable from various quarters, puts his wisdom upon paper in the form of drawings and diagrams, to represent not only the dimensions of the vessel, but the sizes and shapes of the principal timbers which are to form it, on the scale, perhaps, of a quarter of an inch to a foot. Then this very responsible personage goes to his 'mould-loft,' on the wide-spreading floor of which he chalks such a labyrinth of lines as bewilder one even to look at. These lines represent the actual sizes and shapes of the different parts of the ship, with curvatures and taperings of singularly varied character. One floor of one room thus contains full-sized contours of all the timbers for the ship.

So far, then, the draughtsman. Next, under his supervision, thin planks of deal are cut to the contours of all these chalk-lines; and these thin pieces, called *moulds*, are intended to guide the sawyers in cutting the timbers for the ship. A large East Indianman requires more than a hundred mould-pieces, chalked and marked in every direction.

Another skilful personage, called the 'converter,' then makes a tour of the timber-yard, and looks about for all the odd, crooked, crabbed trunks of oak and elm which he can find; well knowing that if the natural curvature of a tree accords somewhat with the required curvature of a ship's timber, the timber will be stronger than if cut from a straight trunk. He has the mould-pieces for a guide, and searches until he has ferreted out all the timbers wanted. Then he sets the sawyers to work, who, with the mould-pieces always at hand, shape the large trunks to the required form. And here

it may be noted as a remarkable fact, that although we live in such a steam-engine and machine-working age, very few engines or machines afford aid in sawing ships' timbers. The truth seems to be, that the curvatures are so numerous and varied, that machine-sawing would scarcely be applicable. Yet attempts are from time to time made to construct such machines. Mr Cochran has invented one; and it is said that at the Earl of Rosse's first soirée as president of the Royal Society, a model of this timber-cutting machine was exhibited; that Prince Albert cut a miniature timber with it; and that he thus began an apprenticeship to the national art of ship-building.

Leaving the supposed visitor to a ship-yard to trace the timbers through all their stages of progress, we will proceed with that which is more directly the object of the present paper—namely, the relation of *speed to build*. Some sixteen or eighteen years ago, the British Association rightly conceived that its Mechanical Section would be worthily occupied in an inquiry concerning the forms of ships, and the effect of form on the speed and steadiness. The inquiry was intrusted to Mr Scott Russell and Mr (afterwards Sir John) Robison; and admirably has it been carried out. Mr Scott Russell, especially, has sought to establish something like a *science of form in ship-building*—precisely the thing which would supply a proper basis for the artificers.

It is interesting to see how, year after year, this committee of two persons narrated the result of their unbought and unpaid labours to the Association. In 1838 and 1839, they shewed how a solid moving in the water produced a particular kind of wave; how, at a certain velocity, the solid might ride on the *top* of the wave, without sinking into the hollow; how, if the external form of a vessel bore a certain resemblance to a section of this wave, the ship would encounter less resistance in the water than any other form; and thus originated the *wave principle*—so much talked of in connection with ship-building. A ship built on that principle in that year (1839) was believed to be the fastest ship in Britain. In 1840, the committee stated that they had 'consulted the most eminent ship-builders as to the points upon which they most wanted information, and requested them to point out what were the forms of vessel which they would wish to have tried. More than 100 models of vessels of various sizes, from 30 inches to 25 feet in length, were constructed,' and an immense mass of experiments were made on them. In 1841, they described how they had experimented on vessels of every size, from models of 30 inches in length to vessels of 1300 tons. In the next following year, the committee presented a report of no fewer than 20,000 experiments on models and ships, some of which afforded remarkable confirmation of the efficiency of the wave principle in ship-building. Thus the committee went on, year after year, detailing to the Association the results of their experiments, and pointing out how the ship-builders were by degrees giving practical value to these results.

Now, a country in which a scientific society will spend a thousand pounds on such an inquiry, and in which scientific men will give up days and weeks of their time to it without fee or reward, *ought* not to be beaten on the broad seas by any competitor. It affords an instructive confirmation of the results arrived at by the committee, that when some of our swiftest yachts and clippers came to be carefully examined, it was found that the wave principle had been to a great extent adopted in their form, in cases even where the

vessels were built before the labours of the committee had commenced. The *art* had in this case preceded the *science*. And let it not be considered that any absurdity is involved here: farmers manured their fields long before chemists were able to explain the real nature of manuring; and so in other arts, ingenious practical men often discover useful processes before the men of science can give the rationale of those processes.

It may be all very well to assert, that 'Britannia rules the waves,' and that 'Britons never will be slaves,' and so forth; only let us prove the assertions to be *true*, or not assert at all. We must appeal to the 'Shipping Intelligence' which comes to hand from every side, and determine, from actual facts, whether any one country really outsails another.

Among the facts which thus present themselves to notice, is one relating to *clippers*. Who first gave the name of clipper to a ship, or what the name means, we do not know; but a clipper is understood to be a vessel so shaped as to sail faster than other vessels of equal tonnage. It is said that these swift sailers originated in the wants of the salmon shippers, and others at our eastern ports. A bulky, slow-moving ship may suffice for the conveyance to London of the minerals and manufactures of Northumberland and Durham; but salmon and other perishable articles become seriously deteriorated by a long voyage; and hence it is profitable in such case to sacrifice bulk to speed. Leith, Dundee, and especially Aberdeen, are distinguished for the speed of their vessels above those of the Tyne and the Wear; and the above facts probably explain the cause of the difference. The Aberdeen clipper is narrow, very keen and penetrating in front, gracefully tapering at the stern, and altogether calculated to 'go ahead' through the water in rapid style. As compared with one of the ordinary old-fashioned English coasting brigs of equal tonnage, an Aberdeen clipper will attain nearly double the speed. One of these fine vessels, the *Chrysolite*, in a recent voyage from China, traversed 320 nautical miles (nearly 370 English statute miles) in twenty-four hours: this was a great performance. But it must not be forgotten, that the United States claim to have attained a high ship-speed before England had thought much on the matter; the Baltimore clippers have long been known on the other side of the Atlantic as dashing, rapid, little vessels, mostly either single or double-masted.

It is to the opening of the China trade the present wonderful rivalry may in great part be attributed. So long as European vessels were cooped up stagnantly in Canton river, and allowed to trade only under circumstances of great restriction and annoyance, little was effected except by the tea-drinking denizens of Great Britain; but when, by the treaty of Nankin in 1842, Sir Henry Pottinger obtained the opening of the four ports of Amoy, Foo-tchow-foo, Ning-po, and Shang-hae, and stipulated that foreign vessels should be allowed to share with those of England the liberty of trading at those ports, there was a great impetus given to ship-builders and ship-owners: those who had goods to sell, thus found a new market for them; and those who could perform the voyage most quickly, would have a quicker return for their capital. This, following at an interval of seven or eight years the changes made in the India trade by the East India Company's charter of 1834, brought the Americans and the French and others into the Indian seas in great numbers. Then came the wonders of 1847, in the discovery of Californian gold; and those of 1851, in the similar discoveries in Australia.

Now, these four dates—1834, 1842, 1847, 1851—may be considered as four starting-points, each marked by a renewed conquest of man over the waves, and a strengthened but not hostile rivalry on the seas between nation and nation. So many inducements are now afforded to merchants to transact their dealings rapidly,

that the ship-builders are beset on all sides with demands for more speed—more speed; and it is significant to observe that, in almost every recent newspaper account of a ship-launch, we are told how many knots an hour she is expected to attain when fitted. Every ship seems to beat every other ship, in the glowing language employed; but after making a little allowance for local vanity, there is a substratum of correctness which shews strongly how we are advancing in rate of speed.

It will really now become useful to collect and preserve records of speed at sea, in connection with particular ships of particular build, as a guide to future construction. Mr Henry Wise published a volume about 1840, containing an analysis of one hundred voyages, made by ships belonging to the East India Company, extracted from the ships' logs preserved by the Company. It appears that an average gave 112 days as the duration of a voyage from London to Bombay. Now, within the last few months we have seen that the *Chrysolite*, a small clipper, built at Aberdeen for a Liverpool firm, has made the run from England to China in 104 days; and the *Stormway*, built at the same place for a London firm, has accomplished the distance in 103 days. Let the reader open his map, and compare the relative distances of Bombay and China from England, and he will then see what a wonderful increase of speed is implied in the above numbers. Three American clippers were sighted during the out and home voyages of the two vessels, and, if newspaper reports tell truly, were distanced by them.

We must not expect that the vast and unprecedented emigration to California and Australia now going on, will be designedly and materially connected with high speed, because most of the emigrants go in roomy ships, at fares as low as are attainable; but goods-traffic, and the higher class of passenger-traffic, are every month coming more and more within the domain of high speed. Let us take two instances which 1852 has afforded, one furnished by England, and one by America—one connected with the Australian trade, and one with the Chinese. The Aberdeen clipper-built barque, *Phœnician*, arrived at Plymouth on February 8, having left Sydney on November 12, and performed the voyage in 88 days! Her previous voyages had varied from 88 to 103 days. The other instance is that of the American clipper, *Witch of the Wave*, a fine vessel of 1400 tons burden, which left Canton on 5th January, and arrived in the Downs on 4th April, a period of 90 days. Her greatest speed is said to have been 388 nautical miles—equivalent to about 389 English miles—in 24 hours.

Thus it is, we find, that in one voyage we beat the Americans—in another, they outstrip us; and there seems at present no reason why either country should fail in making still further advances. The Liverpool and New York packet-trade affords another example of the same principle which we have been considering; gradually these truly noble vessels are acquiring an increased rate of speed. Not only does the general desire for high speed impel their owners to this, but there is a more direct incentive in the increased rivalry of steam-vessels. The American 'liners,' as the sailing-packets on this route are usually called, have had in past years an average of about 36 days outward passage, and 24 days homeward; but they are now shooting ahead unmistakably. The *Racer*, built at New York in 1851, and placed upon the Liverpool station, is a magnificent clipper of 1700 tons register; it made its first voyage from New York to Liverpool in 14 days—a quickness not only exceeding that of its predecessors, but leaving nearly all of them many days in arrear. Even this, however, was shortly afterwards excelled; for another new clipper, the *Washington*, accomplished the distance in a little over 13½ days.

The pleasure-vessels which are so numerous in the south of England, belonging to the several yacht-clubs,

are sharing in the modern speed-producing improvements observable in other vessels. Every one has heard of the yacht *America*, which arrived at Cowes from the United States in July 1851, and of the challenge which her owners threw out against English yacht-owners. Every one knows that the *America* beat the yachts which were fitted against her. This victory has led to an immense activity on the part of yacht-builders in England; they are studying all the peculiarities in the build and the trim of the yachts belonging to the different ports and different countries; and we are justified by every analogy in expecting, that good results will spring out of wits thus sharpened.

Although we have not deemed it necessary in the present paper to touch on the national struggle between steam-ships, we must not forget that one of the most promising and valuable features in steam navigation arose as an appendage to sailing. The *auxiliary screw* will deserve the blessings of our colonists, for reasons which may be soon told. When it was yet uncertain what result would mark the contest *Screw v. Paddle*, it was suggested that the screw-propeller might probably be used as an auxiliary power, for occasional use during calms and contrary winds; the vessel to be a sailing-vessel under ordinary circumstances; but to have a marine engine and a screw for exigencies at times when the ship would be brought to a stand-still or even driven backwards. About seven years ago, an American packet-ship, the *Massachusetts*, a complete sailing-vessel in other respects, was provided with a screw and a steam-engine powerful enough to keep the ship moving when winds and tides were adverse; the screw was capable of being lifted out of the water when not in use. In her first voyage from Liverpool to America, this ship gained from five to thirteen days as compared with five other ships which sailed either on the same or the following day. This experiment was deemed so far successful, that the Admiralty ordered, in 1846, an auxiliary screw to be fitted to the *Amphion* frigate, then building at Woolwich. Another example was the *Sarah Sands*, an iron ship of 1800 tons; she had engines of 180 horse-power, much below that requisite for an ordinary steamer of the same size. She could carry three classes of passengers, coal for the whole voyage, and 900 tons of merchandise. She made four voyages in 1847, two out and two home; and in 1848 she made five: her average time was about nineteen days out, and seventeen days home, and she usually passed about six liners on the voyage.

The speed here mentioned is not quite equal to that of the truly remarkable clippers noticed above, but it far exceeded that of any liner at work in 1848. The example was followed in other vessels; and then men began to cherish the vision of a propeller screwing its way through the broad ocean to our distant colonies. From this humble beginning as an auxiliary, the screw has obtained a place of more and more dignity, until at length we see the mails for the Cape and for Australia intrusted confidently to its safe-keeping.

The icy regions of the north are braved by the auxiliary screw. The little *Isabel*, fitted out almost entirely at the expense of Lady Franklin to aid in the search for her gallant husband, is a brigantine of 180 tons, with an auxiliary screw to ship and unship. The *Intrepid* and the *Pioneer*, the two screw-steamers which form part of Sir Edward Belcher's arctic expedition—lately started from England—are to work with or without their auxiliary appendage as circumstances may determine.

The present article, however, will shew that sailing is not less alive and busy than steaming; and that the yachts and clippers of both nations are probably destined to a continuous series of improvements. When these improvements—whether by aid of scientific societies and laborious experiments, or by the watchful

eye and the shrewd intelligence of ship-builders, or by both combined—have advanced steadily to a point perhaps far beyond that which we have yet attained, then, if at all, may we trouble ourselves about the question—'Who shall rule the waves?'

NUMBER NINETEEN IN OUR STREET.

NUMBER NINETEEN in our street is a gloomy house, with a blistered door and a cavernous step; with a hungry area and a desolate frontage. The windows are like prison-slits, only a trifle darker, and a good deal dirtier; and the kitchen-offices might stand proxies for the Black Hole of Calcutta, barring the company and the warmth. For as to company, black beetles, mice, and red ants, are all that are ever seen of animated nature there, and the thermometer rarely stands above freezing-point. Number Nineteen is a lodging-house, kept by a poor old maid, whose only friend is her cat, and whose only heirs will be the parish. With the outward world, excepting such as slowly filter through the rusty opening of the blistered door, Miss Rebecca Spong has long ceased to have dealings. She hangs a certain piece of cardboard, with 'Lodgings to Let,' printed in school-girl print, unconscious of straight lines, across it; and this act of public notification, coupled with anxious peepings over the blinds of the parlour front, is all the intercourse which she and the world of men hold together. Every now and then, indeed, a mangy cab may be seen driving up to her worn-out step; and dingy individuals, of the kind who travel about with small square boxes, covered with marbled paper, and secured with knotted cords of different sizes, may be witnessed taking possession of Nineteen, in a melancholy and mysterious way. But even these visitations, unsatisfactory as most lodging-house keepers would consider them, are few and far between; for somehow the people who come and go never seem to have any friends or relations whereby Miss Spong may improve her 'connection.' You never see the postman stop at that desolate door; you never hear a visitor's knock on that rusty lion's head; no unnecessary traffic of social life ever takes place behind those dusty blinds; it might be the home of a select party of Trappists, or the favourite hiding-place of coiners, for all the sunshine of external humanity that is suffered to enter those interior recesses. If a murder had been committed in every room, from the attics to the cellar, a heavier spell of solitude and desolation could not rest on its floors.

One dreary afternoon in November, a cab stopped at Number Nineteen. It was a railway cab, less worn and ghastly than those vehicles in general, but not bringing much evidence of gaiety or wealth for all that. Its inmates were a widow and a boy of about fifteen; and all the possessions they had with them were contained in one trunk of very moderate dimensions, a cage with a canary bird twittering inside, some pots of flowers, and a little white rabbit, one of the comical 'lop-eared' kind. There was something very touching in these evidences of the fresh country life which they had left for the dull atmosphere and steaming fogs of the metropolis. They told a sad tale of old associations broken, and old loves forsworn; of days of comfort and prosperity exchanged for the dreariness of poverty; and freedom, love, and happiness, all snapped asunder for the leaden chain of suffering to be forged instead. One could not help thinking of all those two hapless people must have gone through before they could have summoned courage to leave their own dear village, where they had lived so many years in that local honourableness of the clergyman's family; throwing themselves out of the society which knew and loved them, that they might enter a harsh world, where they must make their own position, and earn their own living, unaided by sympathy, honour, or affection.

They looked as if they themselves thought something of this too, when they took possession of the desolate second floor; and the widow sat down near her son, and taking his hand in hers, gave vent to a flood of tears, which ended by unmanning the boy as well. And then they shut up the window carefully, and nothing more was seen of them that night.

Mrs Lawson, the widow, was a mild, lady-like person, whose face bore the marks of recent affliction, and whose whole appearance and manners were those of a loving, gentle, unenergetic, and helpless woman, whom sorrow could well crush beyond all power of resistance. The boy was a tall, thin youth, with a hectic flush and a hollow cough, eyes bright and restless, and as manifestly nervous as his mother was the reverse in temperament—anxious and restless, and continually taxing his strength beyond its power, making himself seriously ill in his endeavours to save his beloved mother some small trouble. They seemed to be very tenderly attached one to the other, and to supply to each all that was wanting in each: the mother's gentleness soothing down her boy's excitability, and the boy's nervousness rousing the mother to exertion. They were interesting people—so lonely, apparently so unfit to 'rough it' in the world; the mother so gentle in temper, and the son so frail in constitution—two people who ought to have been protected from all ill and all cares, yet who had such a bitter cup to empty, such a harsh fate to fulfil.

They were very poor. The mother used to go out with a small basket on her arm, which could hold but scanty supplies for two full-grown people. Yet this was the only store they had; for no baker, no butcher, no milkman, grocer, or poulterer, ever stopped at the area gate of Miss Rebecca Spong; no purveyor of higher grade than a cat's-meat-man was ever seen to hand provisions into the depths of Number Nineteen's darkness. The old maid herself was poor; and she, too, used to do her marketing on the basket principle; carrying home, generally at night, odd scraps from the open stalls in Tottenham Court-Road, which she had picked up as bargains; and dividing equally between herself and her fagged servant-of-all-work the wretched meal which would not have been too ample for one. She therefore could not help her lodgers, and they all scrambled on over the desolate places of poverty as they best might. In general, tea, sugar, bread, a little rice, a little coffee as a change, a scrap of butter which no cow that ever yielded milk would have acknowledged—these were the usual items of Mrs Lawson's marketing, on which she and her young son were to be nourished. And on such poor fare as this was that pale boy expected to become a hearty man? The mother could not, did not expect it. Else why were the tears in her eyes so often as she returned? and why did she hang over her son, and caress him fondly, as if in deprecation, when she brought him his wretched meal, seeming to lament, to blame herself, too, that she had not been able to provide him anything better? Poor things! poor things!

Mrs Lawson seemed at last to get some employment. She had been seeking for it long—to judge by her frequent absences from home, and the weary look of disappointment she wore when she returned. But at last the opening was found, and she set to work in earnest. She used to go out early in the morning, and not return until late in the evening, and then she looked pale and tired, as one whose energies had been overtasked all the day; but she had found no gold-mine. The scanty meals were even scantier than before, and her shabby mourning was getting shabbier and duller. She was evidently hard-worked for very little pay; and their condition was not improved, only sustained by her exertions. Things seemed to be very bad with them altogether, and with little hope of amendment; for poor Mrs Lawson had been 'brought

up, as a lady,' and so was doubly incapable—by education as well as by temperament—of gaining her own living. She was now employed as daily governess in the family of a city tradesman—people, who though they were kindly-natured enough, had as much as they could do in keeping their own fortunes afloat without giving any substantial aid to others, and who had therefore engaged her at the lowest possible salary, such as was barely sufficient to keep her and her son from absolute want.

The boy had long been very busy. He used to sit by the window all the day, earnestly employed with paper and scissors; and I wondered what fascinating occupation he had found to chain him for so many hours by those chinks and draughts; for he was usually enveloped in shawls, and blankets were hung about his chair, and every tender precaution taken that he should not increase his sickness by exposure even to the ordinary changes in the temperature of a dwelling-room. But now, in spite of his terrible cough, in spite of his hurried breathing, he used to sit for hours on hours by the dusky window, cutting and cutting at that eternal paper, as if his very life depended on his task. But he used to gather up the cuttings carefully, and hide all out of sight before his mother came home—sometimes nearly caught before quite prepared, when he used to shew as much trepidation as if committing a crime.

This went on for some time, and at last he went out. It was fortunately a fine day—a clear, cold, January day; but he had no sooner breathed the brisk frosty air than a terrible fit of coughing seemed to threaten his frail existence. He did not turn back though; and I watched him slowly pass down the street, holding on by the rails, and every now and then stopping to take breath. I saw a policeman speak to him in a grave, compassionating way, as if—seeing that he was so young and feeble, and so much a stranger that he was asking his way to Oxford Street, while going in a totally contrary direction—he was advising him to go home, and to let some one else do his business—his father perhaps; but the boy only smiled, and shook his head in a hopeful way; and so he went from my sight, though not from my thoughts.

This continued daily, sometimes Herbert bringing home a small quantity of money, sometimes only disappointment; and these were terrible trials! At last, the mother was made acquainted with her son's new mode of life, by the treasured 5s. which the poor boy thrust into her hand one evening, with a strange shy pride that brought all the blood into his face, while he kissed her with impetuosity to smother her reproaches. She asked him how he had got so much money—so much! and then he told her how, self-taught, he had learned to cut out figures—dogs and landscapes—in coloured paper, which he had taken to the bazaars and stationers' shops, and there disposed of—for a mere trifle truly. 'For this kind of thing is not fashionable, mother, though I think the Queen likes them,' he said; 'and of course, if not fashionable, I could not get very much for them.' So he contented himself, and consoled her, for the small payment of sixpence or a shilling, which perhaps was all he could earn by three or four days' work.

The mother gently blamed him for his imprudence in exposing himself as he had done to the wet and cold—and, alas! these had told sadly on his weakened frame; but Herbert was so happy to-night, that she could not damp his pleasure, even for maternal love; so she reserved the lecture which must be given until to-morrow. And then his out-door expeditions were peremptorily forbidden; and Miss Spong was called up to strengthen the prohibition—which she did effectually by offering, in her little, quick, nervous way, to take Herbert's cuttings to the shops herself, and thus to spare him the necessity of doing so. Poor Mrs Lawson went up to the little woman, and kissed her cheek like

a sister, as she spoke; while Miss Spong, so utterly unused as she had been for years to the smallest demonstration of affection, looked at first bewildered and aghast, and finally sank down on the chair in a childish fit of crying. I cannot say how much the sight of that poor little old maid's tears affected me! They seemed to speak of such long years of heart-loneliness—such loving impulses strangled by the chill hand of solitude—such weary familiarity with that deadness of life wherein no sympathy is bestowed, no love awakened—that I felt as one witnessing a dead man recalled to life, after all that made life pleasant had fled. What a sorrowful house that Number Nineteen was! From the desolate servant-of-all-work at her first place from the Foundling, to the half-starved German in the attic, every inmate of the house seemed to have nothing but the bitter bread of affliction to eat—nothing but the salt waters of despair to drink.

And now began another epoch in the Lawson history, which shed a sad but most beautiful light over the fading day of that young life.

A girl of about fourteen—she might have been a year or so younger—was once sent from one of the stationer's shops to conclude some bargain with the sick paper-cutter. I saw her slender figure bound up the desolate steps with the light tread of youth, as if she had been a divine being entering the home of human sorrow. She was one of those saintly children who are sometimes seen blooming like white roses, unstained by time or by contact. Her hair hung down her neck in long, loose curls, among which the sunlight seemed to have fairly lost itself, they were so golden bright; her eyes were large, and of that deep, dark gray which is so much more beautiful, because so much more intellectual, than any other colour eyes can take; her lips were fresh and youthful; and her figure had all that girlish grace of fourteen which combines the unconscious innocence of the child with the exquisite modesty of the maiden. She soon became the daily visitor of the Lawsons—pupil to Herbert.

The paper-cutting was not wholly laid aside though; in the early morning, and in the evening, and often late into the night, the thin, wan fingers were busy about their task; but the middle of the day was snatched like an hour of sleep in the midst of pain—garnered up like a fountain of sweet waters in the wilderness; for then it was that little Jessie came for her Latin lesson, which she used to learn so well, and take such pleasure in, and be doubly diligent about, because poor Herbert Lawson was ill, and vexation would do him harm. Does it seem strange that a stationer's daughter should be so lovely, and should learn Latin? And there those two children used to sit for three dear hours of the day; she, leaning over her book, her sweet young face bent on her task with a look of earnest intellectuality in it, that made her like some sainted maid of olden time; and he watching her every movement, and listening to every syllable, with a rapt interest such as only very early youth can feel. How happy he used to look! How his face would lighten up, as if an angel's wing had swept over it, when the two gentle taps at the door heralded young Jessie! How his boyish reverence, mixed with boyish care, gave his wasted features an expression almost unearthly, as he hung over her so protectingly, so tenderly, so adoringly! It was so different from a man's love! There was something so exquisitely pure and spiritual in it—something so reverential and so chivalrous—it would have been almost a sin to have had that love grow out into a man's strong passion! The flowers she brought him—and seldom did a day pass without a fresh supply of violets, and, when the weather was warmer, of primroses and cowslips, from her gentle hand—all these were cherished more than gold would have been cherished; the books she lent him were never from his side; if she touched one of the paltry ornaments on the chimney-piece, that ornament was

transferred to his own private table; and the chair she used was always kept apart, and sacred to her return.

It was very beautiful to watch all these manifestations: for I did watch them, first from my own window, then in the house, in the midst of the lonely family, comforting when I could not aid, and sharing in the griefs I could not lessen. Under the new influence, the boy gained such loveliness and spiritualism, that his face had an angelic character, which, though it made young Jessie feel a strange kind of loving awe for the sick boy, betokened to me, and to his mother, that his end was not far off.

He was now too weak to sit up, excepting for a small part of the day; and I feared that he would soon become too weak to teach, even in his gentle way, and with such a gentle pupil. But the Latin exercises still held their place; the books lying on the sofa instead of on the table, and Jessie sitting by him on a stool, where he could overlook her as she read: this was all the change; unless, indeed, that Jessie read aloud more than formerly, and not always out of a Latin book. Sometimes it was poetry, and sometimes it was the Bible that she read to him; and then he used to stop her, and pour forth such eloquent, such rapturous remarks on what he heard, that Jessie used to sit and watch him like a young angel holding converse with a spirit. She was beginning to love him very deeply in her innocent, girlish, unconscious way; and I used to see her bounding step grow sad and heavy as, day by day, her brother-like tutor seemed to be sinking from earth so fast.

Thus passed the winter, poor Mrs Lawson toiling painfully at her task, and Herbert falling into death in his; but with such happiness in his heart as made his sufferings divine delights, and his weakness, the holy strength of heaven.

He could do but little at his paper-cutting now, but still he persevered; and his toil was well repaid, too, when he gave his mother the scanty payment which he received at the end of the week, and felt that he had done his best—that he had helped her forward—that he was no longer an idler supported by her sorrow—but that he had braced the burden of labour on to his own shoulders also, weak as they were, and had taken his place, though dying, among the manifold workers of the world. Jessie brought a small weekly contribution also, neatly sealed up in fair white paper; and of these crumpled scraps Herbert used to cut angels and cherubs' heads, which he would sit and look at for hours together; and then he would pray as if in a trance—so earnest and heartfelt was it—while tears of love, not grief, would stream down his face, as his lips moved in blessings on that young maiden child.

It came at last. He had fought against it long and bravely; but death is a hard adversary, and cannot be withstood, even by the strongest. It came, stealing over him like an evening cloud over a star—leaving him still beautiful, while blotting out his light—softening and purifying, while slowly obliterating his place. Day by day, his weakness increased; day by day, his pale hands grew paler, and his hollow cheek more wan. But the love in his boy's heart hung about his sick-bed as flowers that have an eternal fragrance from their birth.

Jessie was ever a daily visitor, though no longer now a scholar; and her presence had all the effect of religion on the boy—he was so calm, and still, and holy, while she was there. When she was gone, he was sometimes restless, though never peevish; but he would get nervous, and unable to fix his mind on anything, his sick head turning incessantly to the window, as if vainly watching for a shadowy hope, and his thin fingers plucking ceaselessly at his bed-clothes, in restless, weary, unsoothed sorrow. While she sat by him, her voice sounding like low music in his ears, and her hands wandering about him in a thousand

offices of gentle comforting, he was like a child sinking softly to sleep—a soul striving upward to its home, beckoned on by the hands of the holier sister before it.

And thus he died—in the bright spring-time of the year, in the bright spring-time of his life. Love had been the cradle-song of his infancy, love was the requiem of his youth. His was no romantic fable, no heroic epic; adventures, passions, fame, made up none of its incidents; it was simply the history of a boy's manful struggling against fate—of the quiet heroism of endurance, compensated by inward satisfaction, if not by actual happiness.

True, his career was in the low-lying paths of humanity; but it was none the less beautiful and pure, for it is not deeds, it is their spirit, which makes men noble, or leaves them stained. Had Herbert Lawson been a warrior, statesman, hero, philosopher, he would have shewn no other nature than that which gladdened the heart of his widowed mother, and proved a life's instruction to Jessie Hamilton, in his small deeds of love and untaught words of faith in the solitude of that lodging-house. Brave, pure, noble then, his sphere only would have been enlarged, and with his sphere the weight and power of his character; but the spirit would have been the same, and in the dying child it was as beautiful as it would have been in the renowned philosopher.

We have given this simple story—simple in all its bearings—as an instance of how much real heroism is daily enacted, how much true morality daily cherished, under the most unfavourable conditions. A widow and her young son cast on the world without sufficient means of living—a brave boy battling against poverty and sickness combined, and doing his small endeavour with manful constancy—a dying youth, whose whole soul is penetrated with love, as with a divine song: all these are elements of true human interest, and these are circumstances to be found in every street of a crowded city. And to such as these is the divine mission of brotherly charity required; for though poverty may not be relieved by reason of our inability, suffering may always be lightened by our sympathy. It takes but a word of love, a glance of pity, a gentle kiss of affection—it takes but an hour of our day, a prayer at night, and we may walk through the sick world and the sorrowful as angels dropping balm and comfort on the wounded. The cup of such human love as this poured freely out will prove in truth 'twice blessed,' returning back to our own hearts the peace we have shed on others. Alas! alas! how thick the harvest and how few the reapers!

VISIT TO A SPOT CONNECTED WITH THE BIOGRAPHY OF BURNS.

HAVING occasion to spend a few days of the beautiful July of the present year in the lower part of Nithsdale, I felt tempted to bestow a forenoon upon an effort to discover and examine a particular spot in the district connected with the history of the poet Burns, but respecting which a doubt has till lately existed. The subject was the more excitingly placed before me, by my seeing every morning, from my bedroom windows, the smiling farmstead of Ellisland, which the poet built, and where he spent more than four years of his life. Daily beholding his simple home, and the fields he had tilled, I felt a revived interest in his sad history and everything associated with it.

All the readers of Burns are of course acquainted with his extravagant Bacchanalian lyric, beginning—

O Willie brewed a peck o' mant,
And Rab and Allan cam to prie;
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

It was well known that the affair described was a real

one—that the Willie who gave the entertainment was Mr William Nicol, a master in the High School of Edinburgh—Rab, the poet himself—and Allan, a certain Mr Masterton, likewise of the Edinburgh High School: three merry-hearted men, of remarkable talents and many other good properties, but who, unfortunately, were all of them too liable to the seductions of the 'barley-bree.' That such was the scene, and such the actors, we had learned from Burns himself, who thus annotated the song in a musical collection: 'This air is Masterton's; the song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan—who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.' That is to say, Burns undertook to compose a song descriptive of the merry encounter, while Mr Masterton, who was an amateur musician, should compose an appropriate air. So far there seems to be little obscurity about the matter. The locality pointed out is the well-known spa village of Moffat, situated among the hills of Annandale, about twenty miles from Ellisland. Nicol had had a lodging there, in which to enjoy his few weeks of autumn vacation; Burns and Masterton—the one from Ellisland, the other from Dalswinton—had journeyed thither in company; and there, probably in some small cottage room, had the strength of the peck o' maut been tried. Most likely, as Moffat is so far on the way from Dalswinton to Edinburgh, Mr Masterton would part with his two friends next day, and proceed on his way to the city, while Burns returned to his farm, lone-meditating on the song in which he was to make the frolic immortal.

With so explicit a statement from the poet, we never should have had occasion to feel any doubt about the circumstances referred to in 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut,' had not Dr Currie, the editor of the posthumous collection of Burns's works, inserted therein a note, stating that the merry-meeting 'took place at Laggan, a farm purchased by Mr Nicol in Nithsdale, on the recommendation of Burns.' Currie, proceeding upon the undoubted fact of Nicol having purchased such a farm, seems to have imagined that the meeting was what is called in Scotland a *house-heating*, or entertainment given to celebrate the entering upon a new domestic establishment, Laggan itself being of course the scene. To add to the perplexity thus created, Dr Currie's assumptions were taken up by a subsequent editor, who ought to have known better—the late Allan Cunningham. He gives the whole affair with daring circumstantiality. The song, he says, 'was composed to commemorate the *house-heating*—as entering upon possession of a new house is called in Scotland. William Nicol made the brewst strong and nappy; and Allan Masterton, then on a visit at Dalswinton, crossed the Nith, and, with the poet and his celebrated punch-bowl, reached Laggan "a wee before the sun gaed down." The sun, however, rose on their carousal, if the tradition of the land may be trusted.' Thus, as Laggan is on the right bank of the Nith, while Dalswinton is on the left, we have Masterton crossing the river to join Burns at Ellisland, which is the converse of the procedure necessary on the supposition of Moffat being the locality. A place called Laggan, about two miles from Ellisland, being further assumed as the seat of Nicol, we have the poet marching along to it bearing his punch-bowl as an essential of the frolic!—a particular which this biographer would have probably suppressed, if he had known that the real Laggan of William Nicol is eight or nine miles from Ellisland, in a part of the country naturally so difficult of access, that a visitor might be glad to get there himself without any such nice burden as a punch-bowl to carry.

In a more recent edition of the poet's life and writings

—where at length an effort is made to illustrate both, by documentary and other exact evidence*—the affair is set in such a light as to throw a ludicrous commentary on such testimony as the 'tradition of the land.' It appears, from a letter of Burns in which two verses of the song are transcribed, that it was written before 16th October 1789; while it equally appears that Mr Nicol did not purchase Laggan till March 1790: *ergo*, the maut was not brewed at Laggan; Masterton did not cross the Nith; and the punch-bowl is a myth, which most likely originated in editorial fancy.

Laggan is, nevertheless, a remarkable place, for Burns and Nicol must have been there together in some fashion, if not a Bacchanalian one, since it was upon the recommendation of the former that the latter became its proprietor. There are, however, two Laggans—one in Dunscore parish, about two miles from Ellisland; the other in Glencairn parish, a comparatively remote situation; and the latter was the Laggan of Nicol. Mr M—, of A—, who now lives near Ellisland, remembers, while living in his father's house, Laggan of Dunscore—the place erroneously assumed by Cunningham—that Burns and Nicol came there rather late one evening, and induced his father to accompany them to the town of Minniehive, whence he did not return home till next day at three o'clock. Laggan of Glencairn being on the way to Minniehive, and near it, and there being no other imaginable reason for Nicol going to such an out-of-the-way place, it seems a very reasonable supposition, that the pair of friends were on their way to see the property which Nicol thought of purchasing; and that Burns, knowing Mr M— to be well skilled in land, had thought of asking his advice on its value. The junior Mr M— adds a reminiscence, too characteristic, we fear, to be much doubted, that Burns and Nicol on that occasion were for a whole week engaged in merry-making.

We had, therefore, a half-melancholy interest in seeing Laggan—a name, we felt, associated with reckless gaieties, but then they were the gaieties of genius, and well had they been moralised in the punishments which they drew down—for, as Currie remarks in 1799, these 'three merry boys' were already all of them under the turf. Our kind host, the successor of Masterton's, took us in his carriage across the Nith, through a scene of natural luxuriance and beauty not to be surpassed, and under a sun of as intense brilliancy as ever shone in these climes. Passing into a high side-valley, we soon left the glowing plains of Nithsdale behind. We passed under the farmstead of Laggan of Dunscore, and thought of Burns and Nicol coming there to seduce the worthy farmer away to partake of their festivities at Minniehive. By and by we came to Dunscore kirk, which Burns used to attend with his family while resident at Ellisland—a gloomy-looking man, the people thought him, all the time that he, with his generous, benevolent nature, was in reality groaning over the stern Calvinistic theology of the preacher. It is a tract of country which has but recently been reclaimed from a marshy and moorish state, and which still shews only partial traces of decoration and high culture. In a gloomy recess among the hills, we caught a glimpse of the situation of the old castle of Lagg, a fortalice surrounded by bogs, the ancient residence of the persecutor Grierson of Lagg, and fit scene to be connected with the history of a man who could coolly stand to see innocent women drowned at a stake in the sea for conscience' sake. The name of the place is pure Norwegian, expressing simply *water*, such being, no doubt, the predominating feature of the scenery in its original state—while Laggan merely gives the article *en* (the) in addition. Soon after passing Dunscore, we entered the valley of the Cairn,

* Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers. 4 vols. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

which, with its chalet-like farmhouses far up the slopes on both sides, reminded us much of Switzerland. Here, a few miles onward, we saw Maxwellton House, surrounded by those slopes so warmly spoken of in Scottish song—

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where I and Annie Laurie,
Made up the promise true, &c.

Of this estate, the Laggan of William Nicol was originally a part, being sold in 1790 by Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, a gentleman whom Burns has celebrated in his famous poem of 'The Whistle.' Even in this splendid summer-day, the whole vale has a rude and triste appearance, somewhat at issue with the declaration of the old song just quoted, and not likely, one would have thought, to attract the regard of such men as William Nicol and Robert Burns.

We had inquired, as we came along, as to the place of which we were in quest; and finding nobody with a very clear or ready conception of it or its whereabouts, began to feel as if it were of a half-fabulous character. At length, however, at a place called Crossford, we were told we should have to leave our carriage and the road, and ascend the side of the valley to the northward, where, about a mile and a half onward, we should find a small farm called Laggan Park. This we hoped to find to be the true place. To walk a mile and a half up hill on a roasting July day was not a task to be encountered on light grounds; however, we had resolved to make out our point if possible. Behold a couple of wayfarers, then, pursuing their way along the skirts of turnip-fields, through slight coppices, and along various clayey braes, with this unseen place of Laggan Park still keeping wonderfully ahead, long after it ought to have been reached. We wondered how the Ayrshire bard would have looked carrying a punch-bowl along our present path, after a journey of eight miles similarly loaded; and whether he would have thought any amount of the 'barley bree' during 'the lee-lang night' a fair recompense for his toils. At length, we arrived at the spot, but in a state of deliquescence and exhaustion not to be described. It is a small farm-establishment, nestling in a bosom of the hills, with some shelter and good exposure, making up for elevation of position, so that its few fields of growing grain, of potatoes, and meadow grass, have a tolerably good appearance. Some patches of ancient coppice at the base of the barish hills behind, give it even a smiling aspect. The farmer, seeing us approach, left his people in the field, and came to greet us. We entered a neat clean room, and met a kind reception from 'the Mistress,' who was as trigly dressed as if she had been expecting company. It soon became clear, from our conversation with the good couple, that our toils were crowned with success. This really had been Nicol's property; it still belonged to a member of his family. That line of gray heights seen from the door was what Burns alluded to when he facetiously dubbed his friend 'Illustrious lord of Laggan's many hills.' This cottage had been the retreat of the High School master in his hours of rustic vacation. There was a difficulty, which we discussed over a glass of most welcome spirits and water furnished by the farmer: Did this neat room form a part of the dwelling of Nicol? It appeared not. It was a modern addition. The original house, to which it adjoined upon a different level of flooring, was the merest hut, of one room, with a line of box-beds dividing the sitting-place from a small space, which, being rudely causewayed like a cow-house, had probably been employed in keeping animals of some kind. Such was the humble *tugurium* of Willie Nicol of the 'peck o' maut'—an interesting memorial of the simplicity of country life in Scotland at the close of the eighteenth century.

We did not venture to indulge in any dreamings as to festive meetings between Burns and Nicol in this humble shed; for we felt that here there was no certain ground to go upon. Enough that we could be assured of Burns and Nicol having been together here; two most singular examples of the peasant class of their country, and one of them an unapproached master of his country's lyre, whose strains have floated to the ends of the earth, and promise to last through many ages.

The elements of the place, and the ideas connected with it were, after all, too simple to detain us long. We only waited to snatch a slight pencil sketch of the house and its adjuncts; and then, having taken leave of the farmer and his wife, we retraced our steps to the road. Somewhat unexpectedly, and not at all in keeping with the idea of either Maxwellton braes or Laggan's many hills, we discovered in our walk that the rough terrace-like ground over which we had passed before coming in sight of Nicol's estate, was a *moraine*, or mass of *débris*, produced and left there by a glacier. Its surface, thickly covered with loose blocks of rock different from that of the district, first fixed our attention; then looking into some openings which had been made in the earth for building materials, we readily observed that the internal constitution of the mass was precisely like that of the moraines of the existing glaciers of the Alps, and of the similar masses of drift scattered over Sweden—a confused mixture of angular, slightly-worn blocks of all sizes, bedded in clayey gravel of a brown colour. Such objects are rare in Scotland; but here is undoubtedly one, though we cannot pretend to tell from what quarter it has come. The thing most nearly resembling it in general appearance, which we have ever seen, is an undoubted ancient moraine at a place called Mosshuus, in the Valley of the Laug, in Norway.

One reflection arises at the conclusion of this trivial investigation, and it is this—If so much doubt and obscurity have already settled on circumstances which took place scarcely beyond the recollection of living people, can we wonder at that which invests the events of a more remote epoch? If editors in our enlightened time have contrived so soon to give the history of Burns a mythical character, what safety have we in trusting to such ancient narrations as those of Plutarch or Thucydides? On the other hand, where even such a biography as that of Burns is placed by sound and carefully-examined evidence upon an irrefragable basis, a service is rendered to the public beyond the merits of any immediate question that may be under discussion, in the encouragement which it gives to historical inquirers of all grades, to rest satisfied with nothing on vague assertion, but to sift everything to the bottom.

ONE-SIDEDNESS.

Plantagenet. The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Somerset. And on my side it is so well appraised,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

First Part of Henry VI.

HAVING made up our mind upon a question, probably by a delightfully curt process, how pleasant and natural it is to laugh sublimely at all dissentients! Poor creatures, those nonconformists are almost to be pardoned, so much does their impenetrable dulness amuse us! How they can have scrambled to a conclusion opposite to ours, is a problem so absurd that it tickles us amazingly.

Yet the formation of opinions is vastly dependent upon circumstances. Whang-shing is born in the Celestial Empire; and the chances are that the fellow will go the length of pinning his faith to Confucius. Yonder squalid urchin, turning out of Saffron Hill or some other sweet-scented purlieu, has been cradled on the ragged lap of professional mendicancy; and there is a strong probability that he will come to a

misunderstanding with the police one of these fine days. The mild-eyed priest who just passed you, was born and educated within the states of the church; and somehow or other he firmly believes in the Romanism you so hotly repudiate. The sallow-faced gentleman crossing the road, and exhibiting so woe-begone an aspect, has always had a bad liver; and you will never persuade him to look on the bright side of life. While this bustling, vivacious personage, who approaches us with such a springy step, and rapid merry glance, has never known a day's illness—is indebted to hearsay for his belief in nerves—and is ready to challenge Europe to beat him at a hearty guffaw—he is perplexed by the shadow of a long face, marvels with all his might at a heavy eye, and cannot unriddle the philosophy of a bent brow. When shall we learn that the result of looking depends on the state of the eye—that the vision is modified by the position of the seer—that he who stands on one side, sees one side only? Says Wordsworth—

We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair or tempting, a soft scene,
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view,
Even as the same is looked at, or approached.

And the pastor of the *Excursion*, who is the spokesman, illustrates his doctrine by showing that the church-yard among the mountains, in which he and his companions are standing, if approached from the sullen north, when 'in changeful April, fields are white with new-fallen snow,' and ere the sun has gained his noontide height, will appear as 'unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain, with more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom saddening the heart;' whereas, if it be regarded from the quarter whence the lord of light dispenses his beams, 'then will a vernal prospect greet your eye'—

All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
Hopeful and cheerful—vanished is the pall
That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,
Vanished or hidden; and the whole domain,
To some, too lightly minded, might appear
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.

The same principle of mental optics is of universal application. We cannot ignore it without fatal results when studying history, science, art, human nature, or any conceivable object of inquiry. Thus, in forming our opinion of the actions of others, there is no more mischievous absurdity, it has been remarked, than to judge them from the outside as they look to us, instead of from the inside as they look to the actors; nothing more irrational than to criticise deeds as though the doers of them had the same hopes, fears, desires, and restraints with ourselves. 'We cannot understand another's character except by abandoning our own identity, and realising to ourselves his frame of mind, his want of knowledge, his hardships, temptations, and discouragements.' If we turn to history, we are reminded of Thomas Moore's lines—

By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
We fancy Charles was just, and Strafford mild;
And Fox himself, with party pencil draws
Monmouth a hero 'for the good old cause.'
Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,
As French or English pride the tale repeats.

Thus, too, Macaulay remarks, that for many years every Whig historian was anxious to prove that the old English government was all but republican—every Tory, to prove it all but despotic. 'With such feelings, both parties looked into the chronology of the middle ages. Both readily found what they sought, and obstinately refused to see anything but what they sought.' Accordingly, to see only one-half of the evidence, you would conclude that the Plantagenets were as absolute

as the sultans of Turkey; to see only the other half, you would conclude that they had as little real power as the Doges of Venice: and both conclusions would be equally remote from the truth.

Carlyle justly affirms, that if that man is a benefactor to the world who causes two ears of corn to grow where only one grew before, much more is he a benefactor who causes two truths to grow up together in harmony and mutual confirmation, where before only one stood solitary, and, on that side at least, intolerant and hostile. Every genius rides a winged horse; but all are apt to ride too fast. Plotinus, says Emerson, 'believes only in philosophers; Fénelon, in saints; Pindar and Byron, in poets. Read the haughty language in which Plato and the Platonists speak of all men who are not devoted to their own shining abstractions.' If genius is liable to such one-sidedness, the greater the need of educational correctives to common-place minds. Hence the overpursuit of any one subject may be hurtful, unless duly balanced by countervailing forces. As the author of *Friends in Council* says, a human being, like a tree, if it is to attain to perfect symmetry, must have light and air given to it from all quarters. This may be done without making men superficial—without sanctioning the dissipation of mere desultory reading. One or two great branches of science may be systematically prosecuted, and others used in a more supplementary and illustrative form. 'A number of one-sided men,' observes the same writer, 'may make a great nation, though I much incline to doubt that; but such a nation will not contain a number of great men.' With the advance of intelligence, advances a catholicism of literature, of taste, of humanity at large. Uncultured intellect, 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' is ill at ease among the riches of variety in literary lore; it is satisfied with the little, because, as Menzel says, it knows not the great; it is content with one-sidedness, because it sees not the other sides. If critical *esprit de corps* has its advantages, it has its penalties also; potent within its self-imposed bounds, it is impotent outside of them. Longfellow reminds his brethren of the lyre, that whatever is best in the great poets of all countries, is not what is national in them, but what is universal: their roots are in their native soil, but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language to all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. 'Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides; that we may look towards the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction.'

Monomania is sometimes simply the exaggerated regard to one side of many-sided truth. It is not absolute, but only relative delusion. It is in its degree true; but by affecting to be the whole truth, it becomes untrue. Philosophic reflection shews, that if a man fasten his attention on a single aspect of truth, and apply himself to that alone for a long time, 'the truth becomes distorted, and not itself, but falsehood;' and may be compared to the air, which is our natural element, and the breath of our nostrils; 'but if a stream of the same be directed on the body for a time, it causes cold, fever, and even death.' 'How wearisome,' exclaims Emerson, 'the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or, indeed, any possessed mortal, whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic! It is incipient insanity.' The bore of society is constituted by his one-sidedness. His ear is deficient in the sense of harmony, and he deafens and disgusts you by harping on one string. The retired nabob holds you by the button, to hear his wearisome diatribes on Indian economics; the half-pay officer is too fluent on his worn-out recollections of the Peninsular War, and becomes savage if you broach a new theme, or move to adjourn the debate; the universally pedant distracts you with his theories on

philology and scansion—with his amended translation of a hexameter in Persius, and his new reading of a line in Theocritus; the bagman is all for 'the shop'; the policeman is redolent of the 'lock-up house' and 'your wretchup'; the tailor is profoundly knowing on the 'sweating system'; the son of Crispin vows and protests there's 'nothing like leather.' All these *minus* signs have a tendency to cancel each other: and thus the equation of life is worked out. Society has been said to have at all times the same want—namely, of one sane man, with adequate powers of expression to hold up each object of monomania in its right relations. 'The ambitious and mercenary bring their last new Mumbo-Jumbo—whether tariff, railway, mesmerism, or California—and by detaching the object from its relations, easily succeed in making it seen in a glare, and a multitude go mad about it; and they are not to be reproved or cured by the opposite multitude, who are kept from this particular insanity by an equal frenzy on another crotchety. But let one man have the comprehensive eye that can replace this isolated prodigy in its right neighbourhood and bearings, and the illusion vanishes—the returning reason of the community thanks the reason of the monitor.' There is perhaps nothing which more urgently calls for such a controlling and overseeing mind, to curb eccentric excesses, and to restore equilibrium of action, than philanthropy itself. In the enthusiasm of its impulses, it thinks it can afford to sneer at political economy, and that it is right to wander at its own sweet will, benevolently defying the remonstrances of all who have a method to propound, a science to explain, a system to uphold. Though the heart be large, yet the mind—as Nathaniel Hawthorne somewhere observes—is often of such moderate dimensions, as to be exclusively filled up with one idea; and thus, when a good man has long devoted himself to a particular kind of beneficence, to one species of reform, he is apt to become narrowed into the limits of the path wherein he treads, and to fancy that there is no other good to be done on earth but that selfsame good to which he has put his hand, and in the very mode that best suits his own conceptions. 'All else is worthless; his scheme must be wrought out by the united strength of the whole world's stock of love, or the world is no longer worthy of a position in the universe. Moreover, powerful truth, being the rich grape-juice expressed from the vineyard of the ages, has an intoxicating quality when imbibed by any but a powerful intellect, and often, as it were, impels the quaffer to quarrel in his cups.' Even a saint with one idea may be a plague to his neighbourhood; and, by being canonised, may retard, not further, the progress of his church.

Let us own, however, that one-idea'd people are often amusing as well as mischievous—or rather, when not mischievous. The rapt devotion they pay to their *idola specūs* oscillates between the sublime and the ridiculous. We have all seen such people, and alternately admired and laughed at them. We have all witnessed or read pleasant illustrations of their doings. With one such illustration we conclude this discursive fragment. It is related by the witty author of *A Defence of Ignorance*, who introduces it in the course of an imaginary dialogue on one-sided university training, in which one of the speakers (at dessert) says to his companion: 'If you reach after that pear, without considering what stands against your elbows, you may empty a decanter over me. He who desires thoroughly to know one subject, should be possessed of so much intellectual geography as will enable him to see its true position in the universe of thought.' The allusion to upsetting a decanter reminds the other interlocutor of a story, which he proceeds to tell. A gentleman who carved a goose was inept; and thinking only of the stubborn joints that would not be unhinged, he totally forgot the gravy. Presently,

the goose slipped off the dish, and escaped into his neighbour's lap. Now, to have thrown a hot goose on a lady's lap would disconcert most people, but the gentleman in question was *not* disconcerted. Turning round, with a bland smile, he said: 'I'll trouble you for that goose.' Here we have a sublime example of a man with one idea. This gentleman's idea was the goose; and in the absorbing interest attached to his undertaking, that he was to carve the goose, not altogether knowing how, he had shut out extraneous objects. Suddenly the goose was gone, but his eye followed it, his mind was wrapt up in his struggle with it; what did he know of that lady? 'I'll trouble you for that goose,' expressed the perfect abstraction of a mind bent on developing its one idea.

MR KIRBY THE NATURALIST.

THE popular fame of Mr Kirby rests upon the *Introduction to Entomology*, a work (partly written by him) full of interesting facts respecting the economy of the insect world. Amongst the scientific, his reputation depends on a variety of elaborate papers which he wrote for learned societies on subjects connected with natural history. For sixty years previous to the conclusion of his long life in 1850, he had devoted the leisure of a parsonage to that delightful study, and being a diligent and accurate observer, and an elegant and entertaining writer, he had attained the highest rank amongst the British naturalists of his day. It appears, from a memoir just published,* that Mr Kirby was born in 1759, and settled in 1782 in the cure of Barham, near Ipswich, where he was ultimately rector, and which he only left for his last long-home sixty-eight years thereafter. In an age of sluggish theology, he was an earnest minister and zealous controversialist, all the time that he was cultivating a taste for natural objects. This is equally unexpected and creditable. And yet it does not appear that his personal conduct was characterised by anything like rigour, for, as an example, we find, from the journal of an entomological excursion in 1797, that it was commenced on a Sunday afternoon, and involved one other Sunday of constant travelling. A reference of the dates to an almanac enables us to establish this fact, so unlike the spirit of a zealous man in our times.

Of the sister sciences of nature, botany first attracted Mr Kirby's regards. 'This he pursued in no hasty or superficial manner, but with the greatest perseverance and research. It was not enough for him to know a plant by sight, and to ascertain its proper name, but he compared the minutest parts of inflorescence and fructification; he sought for the most trifling differences in those nearly allied, and studied with a keen but generous criticism the various theories of writers on the science, from the earliest age to the time of the immortal Linné. Of every plant he met with, even to the daisy and primrose, the whole physiological structure was thoroughly investigated; he discovered, or rather observed, what it was which enabled some plants to endure great changes of temperature, while others perished—the formation which enabled some to live in water, while others flourished in the most dry and arid sands; he carefully marked the causes which combined to clothe even rocks with verdure, in consequence of the wonderful structure of the plants inhabiting them, enabling them to live as it were by the suction of their numerous mouths, rather than by nourishment transmitted by a root in contact with that which would refuse to yield the ordinary food of plants. And as he thus marked all these peculiar adaptations of plants to

* *Life of the Rev. William Kirby, M.A.* By John Freeman Esq., pp. 506. London: Longman & Co. 1852.

their respective situations, his mind was by a constant train of thought directed from the beauty and wondrous mechanism of the creature, to contemplate the supreme and ineffable glory of the Creator.'

With a mind so predisposed and so fitted for the study of entomology, a casual occurrence of a trivial nature was sufficient to awaken and give it direction. 'Observing accidentally, one morning, a very beautiful golden bug creeping on the sill of my window, I took it up to examine it, and finding that its wings were of a more yellow hue than was common to my observation of these insects before, I was anxious carefully to examine any other of its peculiarities; and finding that it had twenty-two beautiful clear black spots upon its back, my captured animal was imprisoned in a bottle of gin, for the purpose, as I supposed, of killing him. On the following morning, anxious to pursue my observation, I took it again from the gin, and laid it on the window-sill to dry, thinking it dead; but the warmth of the sun very soon revived it: and hence commenced my further pursuit of this branch of natural history.'

A Dr Gwyn of Ipewich was his preceptor in this study. 'Though now in his seventy-fifth year, so much was the good old doctor interested in the pursuit of his friend, that he would frequently walk over to Barham, a distance of five miles, to see what had been the success of recent perambulations. The parsonage-house was then approached by a narrow wicket, with posts higher than the gate, and often, while working in his garden, or sitting in his parlour, Mr Kirby would look up and see, to his great delight, the shovel hat of his facetious friend adorning one post, and the cumbersome wig and appertaining pig-tail ornamenting the other. And soon the kind old man would walk in with his bald head, as he used to say, cool and ready for the investigation. These visits were always hailed with pleasure, the delights of which were still fresh in the memory of Mr Kirby, and would call forth expressions of affectionate gratitude, even when nearly half a century had elapsed, after his friend and Mæcenas, as he loved to call him, had gone to his rest.'

There seems no room to doubt, that his studies tended not merely to the happiness of Mr Kirby's life, but to its duration. It is at the same time abundantly evident, that much hard work was undergone. He carried on a most laborious correspondence with other naturalists, often extending a letter to the dimensions of a pamphlet: this altogether over and above his practical researches and his published writings. He took good-humoured views of most things, and was not easily put out of temper. A slight dash of absence of mind increased that quaintness of character so often found in zealous students. On an entomological excursion with two friends, Mr Marsham and Mr Macleay, it happened on their arriving at an old-fashioned wayside inn, that 'there was only one large room for them, with three beds in it. The arrangement having been made for the night, according to the custom of the time, three nightcaps were laid upon the dressing-table. Mr Kirby retired before his companions, and was soon sound asleep. Perceiving no caps ready for them, his friends inquired for what they considered the due appurtenances of the pillow: they were assured by the hostess that three nightcaps were laid upon the table, but they stoutly averred they had not seen them; the landlady no less stoutly maintaining her side of the question. What actually passed in her own mind did not transpire, but she appealed to the first gentleman as being the only one who could throw light upon the subject; when, lo and behold! as soon as his head appeared, in answer to the hasty summons, the three nightcaps appeared at the same time upon it, one being dragged over the other, much to the amusement not only of those present, but also of those who long after heard the tale.'

Another example of the pleasantries that sometimes

enliven the path of the naturalist. It is related by Mr Spence, and refers to the time when that gentleman was engaged with Mr Kirby in preparing the work which has for ever combined their names. 'Mr (now Sir William J.) Hooker was at that time staying at Barham, and being desirous to have pointed out to him, and to gather with his own hands, a rare species of *Murchantia*? from its habitat, first discovered by Mr Kirby, near Nayland, some miles distant, it was agreed we three should walk thither, entomologising by the way, and after dinner proceed to the hedge-bank where it grew. Entering the head inn-yard on foot, with dusty shoes, and without other baggage than our insect-nets in our hands, we met with but a cool reception, which, however, visibly warmed as soon as we had desired to be shewn into the best dining-room, and had ordered a good dinner and wine. We intended to walk back in the evening, but as the bank where the *Marchantia*? grew was a mile or two out of the direct road, and it came on rain, we ordered out a postchaise, merely saying we wanted to drive a short way on a road which Mr Kirby indicated to the postillion.

'When we arrived at the gate of the field where the bank was, the rain had become very heavy; so, calling to the postillion to stop and open the door, we scampered out of the chaise, all laughing, and hastily telling him to wait there, without other explanation we climbed over the gate, and not to be long in the rain, set off running as fast as we could along the field-side of the hedge, to the bank we were looking for. We saw amazement in the face of our postillion at what possible motive could have made three guests of his master clamber pell-mell over a gate into a field that led nowhere, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, and then run away as if pursued; and it was the expression in his countenance which caused our mirth, which was increased to peals of merriment when we saw that, instead of waiting for us at the gate, as we had directed, he mounted his horses with all speed, and pushed on in a gallop along the road on the other side of the hedge, evidently to circumvent our nefarious plan (as he conceived) of bilking his master both of our dinners and the chaise-hire. When the cessation of our uncontrollable mirth had allowed us to gather specimens of our plant, perceiving through the hedge whereabouts we stopped, he also halted to watch our motions, and when he saw us run back, he obeyed our orders to return to the gate—where we got into the chaise, still in a roar of laughter at the whole affair, and at his awkward attempt to explain away his not having waited for us there, as we had directed, and evident high satisfaction at bringing back in triumph to our inn the three cheats whose intended plans he had so cleverly frustrated, as he no doubt told his master; to whom, being too much amused with the adventure, we did not make any explanation, but left it to form one of the traditions of the inn.'

When a man excels in anything, it must always be of some consequence to know what were his habits, and what external means he employed, in connection with his particular gift. Mr Spence says: 'There were two circumstances in Mr Kirby's study of insects, by which I was always forcibly struck on my visits to him at Barham. The first was the little parade of apparatus with which his extensive and valuable acquisitions were made. If going to any distance, he would put into his pocket a forceps-net and small water-net, with which to catch bees, flies, and aquatic insects; but, in general, I do not remember to have seen him use a net of any other description. His numerous captures of rare and new Coleoptera were mostly made by carefully searching for them in their haunts, from which—if trees, shrubs, or long grass, &c.—he would beat them with his walking-stick into a newspaper; and, collected in this way, he would bring home in a few small phials in his waistcoat pockets, and in a

moderate-sized collecting-box, after an afternoon's excursion, a booty often much richer than his companions had secured with their more elaborate apparatus. The second circumstance in Mr Kirby's study of insects, to which I allude, was the deliberate and careful way in which he investigated the nomenclature of his species. Every author likely to have described them was consulted, their descriptions duly estimated; and it was only after thus coming to the decision that the insect before him had not been previously described, that he placed it in his cabinet under a new name. It was owing to this cautious mode of proceeding—which young entomologists would do well to follow—that he fell into so few errors, and rendered such solid service to the science; and a not less careful consideration was always exercised by him in the forming of new genera, and in his published descriptions of new species, as his admirable papers in the *Linnean Transactions* amply testify.

Considering how well Mr Kirby performed his professional duties, how much he did to advance his favourite science, and how greatly he contributed to the happiness of society within the sphere of his personal influence, his may truly be said to have been a *well-spent life*. On this account, Mr Freeman's memoir may be recommended to the notice of many who are not as yet conscious of the charms of entomology.

THE MODERN TARTAR.

THE phrase, 'Catching a Tartar,' points to a peculiarity in Tartar life, which, however correct historically, is not in keeping with the actual current state of the Mongol character. It implies something impetuous, stern, unyielding, relentless, and cruel; whereas the modern life of the children of the desert exhibits much that is simple, confiding, generous, and even chivalric. It is nothing to our discredit that we should have been so long in discovering these features in the great nomadic class of the day, because European barbarians are absolutely prohibited from visiting the desert places which are the scenes of their wanderings; and but for the enterprise of two Roman Catholic missionaries from France, we should probably have remained in ignorance for a much longer period. These gentlemen, however, have thrown a light on this subject, which is too remarkable to be passed over without notice. Messrs Gabet and Huc composed their work in 1846, but it has only recently been published in this country,* and its perusal cannot fail to modify many of our preconceived notions regarding Tartar life.

It will, for example, be admitted that, according to the hitherto popular acceptation of the character, Tartars were not exactly the sort of persons on whom practical jokes might be perpetrated with impunity. Read, however, the following anecdote:—While our two travellers were one day in their tents, two Tartar horsemen dashed up to the entrance, and threw themselves on the ground. 'Men of prayer,' said they with voices full of emotion, 'we come to ask you to draw our horoscope. We have this day had two horses stolen from us. We cannot find the robbers, and we come to you men of learning, to tell us where we shall find our property.'

'Brothers,' answered the missionaries, 'we are not lamas of Buddha, and do not believe in horoscopes. For a man to say that he can discover stolen goods by such means, is falsehood and deception.'

The horsemen entreated, but the priests were inflexible, and the disappointed Tartars mounted their steeds, and galloped off. It so happened that Samdad-

chiemba, the guide of the missionaries—a Christianised Oriental, but withal a very merry fellow—was present during this interview, but he sat drinking his tea without uttering a word. All on a sudden he knitted his brows, rose, and came to the door. The horsemen were at some distance; but the *dechiabow*, by an exertion of his strong lungs, induced them to turn round in their saddles. He motioned to them, and they, thinking that the horoscope was to be given, galloped once more to the tent. 'My Mongol brothers,' said Samdadchiemba, 'in future be more careful: watch your herds well, and you won't be robbed. Retain these words of mine in your memory: they are worth all the horoscopes in the world.'

Samdad—the reader will perhaps thank us for the abbreviation—gravely returned to the tent; and the Tartars did not dismount and whip him, as two horsemen of any other nation under the sun would have done, but quietly resumed their journey. It appeared that Samdad had once acted as diviner on a similar occasion. The missing valuable was a bull, and the sage having called for eleven stones, counted, arranged and rearranged them with great gravity, and then appeared to meditate. 'If you would find your bull, go seek him in the north,' said the magician; and without querulously inquiring, like Shakspeare's Richard, what Taurus did in that region, the Mongols pursued a northern course, and by mere chance actually discovered the animal. Samdad was entertained for a week, and took his departure laden with butter and tea. He hinted his regret that his attachment to Mother Church prevented him from playing the soothsayer to the two horsemen.

A peculiarity in Tartar manners, regarding stolen horses when abstracted near caravans, is likely to prove of more service than casting horoscopes. Some time after the occurrence mentioned, the missionaries lost a horse and mule. 'We each mounted a camel, and made a circuit in search of the animals. Our search being futile, we resolved to proceed to the Mongol encampment, and inform them that our loss had taken place near their habitation. By a law among the Tartars, when animals are lost from a caravan, the persons occupying the nearest encampment are bound either to find them or replace them. . . . This it is which has contributed to render the Mongols so skilful in tracking. A mere glance at the slight traces left by an animal on the grass, suffices to inform the Mongol pursuer how long it is since it passed, and whether or not it bore a rider; and the track once found, they follow it throughout all its meanderings, however complicated.

'We had no sooner explained our loss to the Mongol chief, than he said to us cheerfully: "Sirs Lamas, do not permit sorrow to invade your hearts. Your animals cannot be lost; in these plains there are neither robbers nor associates of robbers. I will send in quest of your horses. If we do not find them, you may select what others you please in their place from our herd. We would have you leave this place as happy as you came to it." Eight horses darted off in pursuit; the missionaries were invited to take tea in the interim, and in two hours the strayed cattle were recovered. We should like to know in what other country travellers would be so treated?

Regal personages in these regions observe the characteristic simple manners of the country. Our pilgrims were pursuing their solitary way, when the tramping of many horses and the sound of many voices disturbed the silence of the desert. A large caravan belonging to the queen of Mourguevan overtook them, and a mandarin addressed them.

'Sirs, where is your country?'

'We come from the west.'

'Through what districts have your beneficial shadows passed?'

* *Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, during the years 1844-5-6.* By M. Huc. Translated by W. Hazlitt. London. (National Illustrated Library.)

'We have come from Tolon Noor.'

'Has peace accompanied your progress?'

'Hitherto we have journeyed in all tranquillity. And you—are you at peace, and what is your country?'

'We are Khalkhas of the kingdom of Mourguevan.'

After some other Oriental queries and answers, her majesty comes up. The cavalcade halted, and the camels formed into a semicircle, the centre being occupied by a close four-wheeled carriage. Two mandarins, 'decorated with the blue button,' opened the door, and handed out the queen, who was attired in a long silk robe.

'Sirs Lamas,' said she, raising her hands, 'is this place auspicious for an encampment?'

'Royal pilgrim of Mourguevan,' said we, 'you may light your fires here in all security. For ourselves, we must proceed on our way, for the sun was already high when we folded our tent.'

The Tartars are divided into two grand classes—lamas and laymen. The former act as priests, lawyers, physicians, painters, decorators, &c., and in fact monopolise every learned and liberal art and profession. Of course, they are held in high repute; and our travellers having, like Joseph Wolff, adopted sacerdotal costume, they were everywhere received with the honours and respect awarded to the indigenous clergy. It will duly appear, from subsequent illustrations, that mere ecclesiasticism did not secure the hospitality and kindness which they experienced at all hands; but even after making allowance for the national devotion to the cloth, the attentions showed by the Mongols are often marked by a delicate sense of the hospitable. On one occasion, M. Huc and his companions encountered an unusual storm of rain and wind. After travelling several weary miles, Samdad contrived to erect the tent in a place that, for the locality, was tolerable, but no more. 'My spiritual fathers,' observed the guide, 'I told you we should not die to-day of thirst, but I am not at all sure that we don't run some risk of dying of hunger.' In point of fact, there seemed no possibility of making a fire. There was not a tree, not a shrub, not a root to be seen. As to argols, the rain had long since reduced that combustible of the desert to a liquid pulp. The pilgrims were about to partake of the primitive fare of meal steeped in cold water—a cheerless beverage to three men drenched to the skin—when at the critical juncture up came two Tartars.

'Sirs Lamas, this day the heavens have fallen. You doubtless have been unable to make a fire.'

'Alas! how should we make a fire? we have no argols.'

'Men are all brothers, and belong to each other; but laymen should honour and serve the holy ones: therefore it is that we have come to make a fire for you.'

The fire soon blazed and crackled, and a hot repast speedily rejoiced the faded frames of the two priests and the imp Samdad.

The domiciliary hospitalities of the Tartars are frank and artless, forming a marked contrast to the formal reception of strangers among the Chinese. 'On entering, you give the word of peace, *amor* or *mendon*, to the company generally. You then seat yourself on the right of the head of the family, whom you find squatting on the floor opposite the entrance. Next, everybody takes from a purse, suspended at his girdle, a little snuff-bottle, and mutual pinches accompany such phrases as these: "Is the pasturage with you rich and abundant?" "Are your herds in fine condition?" "Did you travel in peace?" "Does tranquillity prevail?" The mistress then silently holds out her hand to the visitor. He as silently takes from his breast-pocket a small wooden bowl, the indispensable *vade mecum* of all Tartars, and presents it to the hostess, who fills it with tea and milk, and returns it.' In higher families, a table is spread with butter, oatmeal, millet, cheese, all in small boxes of polished wood; and

these luxuries are all mixed in the everlasting tea. Amongst the uppermost aristocratic classes, fermented milk is proffered; but Europeans would perhaps regard this liquor as more honoured by being set aside than indulged in.

We now proceed to exhibit some traits of Tartar character, as developed in their intercourse with their Asiatic brethren. As usual, a horseman overtakes or meets the travellers; and after the customary salutations, the missionaries inquired why he and his brethren did not cultivate corn, instead of allowing every field to run to grass.

'We Mongols,' replied this stranger, 'are formed for living in tents, and pasturing cattle. So long as we kept to that in the kingdom of Gechekten, we were rich and happy. Now, ever since the Mongols have set themselves to cultivating the land, and building houses, they have become poor. The *Kitats* (Chinese) have taken possession of the country: flocks, herds, lands, houses—all have passed into their hands. There remain to us only a few prairies, on which still live under their tents such of the Mongols as have not been forced by utter destitution to emigrate to other lands.'

'But if the Chinese are so baneful to you, why did you allow them to penetrate into your country?'

'We took pity on these wicked *Kitats*, who came to us weeping, to solicit our charity. We allowed them, through pure compassion, to cultivate a few patches of land. The Mongols insensibly followed their example, and abandoned the nomadic life. They drank the wine of the *Kitats*, and smoked their tobacco on credit; they bought their manufactures on credit, at double the real value. When the day of payment came, there was no money ready, and the Mongols had to yield to the violence of their creditors houses, lands, flocks, everything.'

'But could you not seek justice from the tribunals?'

'Justice from the tribunals! That is out of the question. The *Kitats* are skilful to talk and to lie. It is impossible for a Mongol to gain a suit against a *Kitat*. Sirs Lamas, the kingdom of Gechekten is undone!'

After-experience amply corroborated the truth of these statements. 'The commercial intercourse between the Tartars and the Chinese is revoltingly iniquitous on the part of the latter. So soon as the Mongols arrive in a trading town, they are snapped up by some Chinese, who carry them off, as it were, by main force to their houses, give them tea for themselves, and forage for their horses, and cajole them in every conceivable way. The Mongols take all they hear to be perfectly genuine, and congratulate themselves—conscious, as they are, of their inaptitude for business—upon their good-fortune in thus meeting with brothers *Akatons*, as they say, in whom they can place full confidence, and who will undertake to manage their whole business for them. A good dinner, provided in the back-shop, completes the illusion—and when once the Chinese has established his hold, he employs all the resources of a skilful and utterly unprincipled knavery. He keeps his victim in his house, eating, drinking, and smoking one day after another, until his subordinates have sold all the poor man's cattle, or whatever else he has to sell, and bought for him in return the commodities he requires, at prices double and treble the market value. But so plausible is the Chinese, and so simple is the Tartar, that the latter invariably departs with the most entire confidence in the immense philanthropy of the former, and with a promise to return, when he has other goods to sell, to the establishment where he has been treated so fraternally.'

The missionaries were themselves mistaken for Tartars when they visited the 'Blue Town,' and every kind of imposition was attempted to be prac-

tised on them. The hotel scouts assailed them at their first entry, and almost compelled them, by physical force, to become their guests; shopkeepers cozened on all hands; and even bankers condescended to cheat. Messrs Gabet and Huc wished to exchange silver for Chinese coin current. The Tartars can weigh, but cannot calculate, and accordingly the bank-teller of Blue Town, after gravely consulting his *souan-pan* (exchange-table), announced the value to be about a thousand *sapeks* less than it should have been. The missionaries remonstrated, and a colleague was called in to check the sum, but he, with due gravity, declared that the first was right. A bystander interfered, and declared in favour of the strangers. 'Sirs Lamas,' said the banker, 'your mathematics are better than mine.' 'Oh, not at all,' replied we, with a profound bow; 'your *souan-pan* is excellent; but who ever heard of a calculator always exempt from error?' These phrases were, it seems, rigorously required under the circumstances by Chinese politeness. Whenever any person in China is compromised by any awkward incident, those present always carefully refrain from any observation which may make him blush, or, as the Chinese call it, take away his face. A further proof of Chinese cupidity was afforded by the admission of a gentleman, whom we may take the liberty of denominating an Oriental bagman. This worthy arrived at an inn after our travellers had secured all the accommodation.

'Peace and happiness unto you, Sirs Lamas; do you need the whole of your room, or can you accommodate me?'

'Why not? We are all brothers, and should serve each other.'

'Words of excellence! You are Tartars, I am Chinese; yet comprehending the claims of hospitality, you act upon the truth that all men are brothers.'

'Whither are you bound? Are you going to buy up salt or catsup for some Chinese company?'

'No; I represent a great commercial house at Peking, and I am collecting some debts from the Tartars. . . . You, like myself, are Tartar-eaters—you eat them by prayers, I by commerce. And why not? The Mongols are poor simpletons, and we may as well get their money as anybody else. . . . Oh, we devour them; we pick them clean! Whatever they see, when they come into our towns, they want; and when we know who they are, and where we can find them, we let them have goods upon credit of course at a considerable advance upon the price, and upon interest at 30 and 40 per cent., which is quite right and necessary. In China, the emperor's laws do not allow this; it is only done with the Tartars. Well, they don't pay the money, and the interest goes on until there is a good sum owing, worth the coming for. When we come for it, we take all the cattle and sheep and horses we can get hold of for the interest, and leave the capital debt and future interest to be paid next time, and so it goes on from one generation to another. Oh, a Tartar debt is a gold-mine!'

The yearly settlement of accounts amongst the Chinese furnishes another curious chapter in their commercial life. Bills are made up to the last few days of the year, 'and every Chinese being at once debtor and creditor, every Chinese is hunting his debtors and hunted by his creditors. He who returns from his neighbour's house, which he has been throwing into utter confusion by his clamorous demands for what the neighbour owes him, finds his own house turned inside out by an uproarious creditor; and so the thing goes round. The whole town is a scene of vociferation, disputation, and fighting. On the last day of the year, disorder attains its height; people rush in all directions with anything they can scratch together to raise money upon at the broker's or pawnbroker's—the shops of which tradesmen are absolutely besieged throughout

the day with profferers of clothes, bedding, furniture, cooking utensils, and movables of every description. Those who have already cleared their houses in this way, and yet have not satisfied the demands upon them, post off to their relations and friends, to borrow something or other, which they vow shall be returned immediately, but which immediately takes its way to the *tang-pon* or pawnbroker's. This species of anarchy continues till midnight, then calm resumes its sway. No one, after the twelfth hour has struck, can claim a debt, or even make the slightest allusion to it. You now only hear the words of peace and good-will; everybody fraternises with everybody. Those who were just before on the point of twisting their neighbour's neck, now twine their friendly arms about it.'

Tartar warriors and Tartar robbers are also peculiar of their kind. The warrior presents a curious combination of the national simplicity with the spirit of the ancient Gascon. Two of those military gentlemen gave a singular account of the war with the *Rebels of the South*, as the English are designated. They belonged to the Eight Banners, or army of reserve—and stated, that when at war the grand-master (the emperor of China) first sent the Kitats against the enemy; next the banners of the Solon country are set in motion; and if they fail, then 'we (the Tchakars) take the field, and the mere sound of our march suffices to reduce the rebels to subjection!' In the English war, the first two classes availed not, and then came the turn of the sacred order. 'The Kitats told us everywhere that we were marching upon certain and unavailing death. "What can you do against sea-monsters? They live in the water like fish: when you least expect them, they appear on the surface, and hurl the fire-bombs at you; while the instant your bow is bent to shoot them, down they dive like frogs." The third class was not to be intimidated; the lamas had opened the *Book of Celestial Secrets*, and predicted victory; and on they marched, till met with the intelligence that the rebels, hearing of the approach of this invincible legion, had sued for and obtained peace!

The robbers of this extraordinary territory are also entitled to claim credit for their share of eccentricity. 'They are extremely polite; they do not rudely clap a pistol to your ear, and bawl at you: "Your money or your life!" No; they mildly advance with a courteous salutation: "Venerable elder brother, I am on foot; pray lend me your horse. I've got no money; be good enough to lend me your purse. It's quite cold to-day; oblige me with the loan of your coat." If the venerable elder brother charitably complies, the matter ends with: "Thanks, brother!" but otherwise, the request is forthwith emphasised with the arguments of a cudgel; and if these do not convince, recourse is had to the sabre.'

As a matter of course, Chinese thieves belong in contrast to the species of which the 'Artful Dodger' may be regarded as the type. The *modus operandi* of Eastern appropriators is this: 'Two of them, associated together for the purpose, hawk about various articles of merchandise—boots, skin-coats, bricks of tea, and what not. They offer these for sale to travellers. While one of them engages the attention of the destined victim by displaying his goods and bargaining, the other ferrets about, and pockets whatever he can lay his hands on. These rascals have inconceivable skill in counting your sapeks for you, in such a way as to finger fifty or one hundred of them without your having the slightest notion as to what is going on. One day, two of these little thieves came to offer for our purchase a pair of leathern boots. Excellent boots, said they—boots such as we would not find in any shop in the whole town; boots that would keep out the rain for days; and as to cheapness, perfectly unexampled. If we missed this opportunity, we should never have such another. Only just before they had

been offered 1200 sapeks for them! As we did not want boots, we replied that we could not have them at any price. Thereupon the acting merchant assumed a lofty tone of generosity. We were foreigners, we should have them for 1000 sapeks, 900, 800, 700. "Well," said we, "we certainly don't want any boots just now; yet doubtless, as you say, these are very cheap, and it will be worth while to buy them as a reserve." The bargain was accordingly concluded; we took our purse and counted out 700 sapeks to the merchant, who counted them over himself, under our very eyes, pronounced the amount correct, and once more laid the coin before us. He then called out to his companion, who was poking about in the court-yard: "Here, I have sold these capital boots for 700 sapeks." "Nonsense," cried the other; "700 sapeks! I won't hear of such a thing!" "Very well," said we; "come, take your boots, and be off with you!" He was off, and so quickly, that we thought it expedient to count our sapeks once more: there were 150 of them gone; and that was not all. While one of these rascals had been pocketing our money under our very nose, the other had bagged two great iron pins that we had driven into the court-yard for the purpose of our camels. Therefore, we took a resolution, better late than never, to admit in future no merchant whatever into our room.

We cannot sufficiently regret, that two travellers who have furnished us with such interesting accounts of territories comparatively so little unexplored, should, after a brief sojourn, have been compelled to quit the scene of their labours. After eighteen months' travel, Messrs Huc and Gabet arrived at the Thibetian town of Lha-Sa, where, under the protection of the local authorities, they remained unmolested for several weeks; but their presence excited the jealousy of Ki-Chan, the deputy of the emperor of China, and at his instigation the nomekhan of Lha-Sa ordered them to quit. They ultimately settled at Macao in 1846, and there compiled the narrative from which we have been quoting.

A DAINY DISH.

Among the variety of curious insects which are common to tropical climates, the groogroo worms of the West Indies may be considered particularly interesting. From the peculiar manner in which they are produced, and from the circumstance of their constituting a choice article of food for man, they become entitled to some attention.

The groogroo worm—so called because it is found in a species of palm vulgarly called the groogroo—is the larva of a large-sized beetle, the *Prionus*, which is peculiar to the warm latitudes of America. With the exception of a slight similarity about the region of the head, the worm bears no resemblance to the parent beetle. When full-grown, it is about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, having the body large and turgid, and increasing in circumference from the head towards the opposite extremity. The head is of a corneous, opaque substance. It has neither eyes nor the rudiments of the antennae which distinguish the beetle tribe. It is, however, provided with the mandibles and other oral apparatus of the mandibulate group of insects, and it is only in this feature that any connection with the beetle can be traced. The trunk is precisely that of a worm; it consists of many closely-knitted segments, which are possessed of an extraordinary contractile power. It bears no mark which would indicate a future metamorphosis into a beetle. There is no sign of a future division into thorax and abdomen. There are no rudiments of wings or feet, as the under surface of the body presents exactly the same appearances as the upper. At the posterior extremity of the worm, however, there is a small horny termination, something

like the hinder part of a leech. The organs are exceedingly simple, the digestive being the most developed. Albumen is the substance which composes its body, and its blood is of a greenish tint. With a motion similar to that of the earthworm, it perforates with extraordinary rapidity into the substance of the tree in which it is found.

When the moon is at her full, the gatherer of worms enters a neighbouring wood, and selects a young palmiste tree. This is a tree of the palm order, exceedingly stately and graceful, growing sometimes to the extraordinary height of eighty feet. From the roots upwards, it has not a single branch or shrubby excrescence, but grows beautifully smooth and straight, tapering towards the top. At its top, an abundance of the richest and most beautiful leaves spread out in graceful symmetry, and bend down on all sides, forming a figure like an umbrella; while the young leaf, still firm and compact in its foliar envelope, is seen standing erect in the centre of this foliage, like a lightning-conductor.

When a promising palmiste is found, the gatherer makes an incision into it with a cutlass or a hatchet. This incision is generally in the figure of a half-moon, with the base of the semicircle downwards, and the wound increasing in depth in that direction, so as to expose effectually the flesh of the tree. When this is done, the gatherer marks the locality, and leaves the tree, which he does not revisit for a considerable time. When the moon is in her wane, he returns and examines his palmiste. If the young leaf, together with the others, begins to shew a yellow tinge at its extremity, and if, on application of his ear to the trunk, a hollow, rumbling noise is heard within, he concludes that the worms have attacked the vital parts, and the tree is immediately cut down; but if these symptoms are absent, the tree is left standing until they appear. The gatherer, however, must now visit the tree frequently, because the transition of the insects is so rapid, that almost immediately after the appearance of the yellow tinge the whole would disappear. When the tree is felled, a square portion of the bark is cut out longitudinally from the original incision upwards, and its fibrous texture laid open. Myriads of worms are then seen voraciously devouring their way through the substance. In capturing them some degree of dexterity is necessary, both to protect one's self from the mandibles of the insects, which inflict a painful bite, and also to save time, by preventing them from burrowing out of sight. When the worms are taken, they are placed into a close vessel, where they continue to retain their activity and vigour.

The number that can be procured from a single tree, depends altogether upon the season in which it is wounded. If the moon is at her full, they are generally numerous and good—many thousands being found in an ordinary young tree of 25 feet in height. If a few succeed in eluding the gatherer, they do so only to become a prey of as voracious animals, for the wild hogs, or *quencos*, of the forest relish much the soft substance of the palmiste when in a state of decomposition. It never happens, therefore, that much time passes before they discover any palmiste-tree that has been felled; and as soon as night sets in, they flock in numbers to the spot and devour the whole substance. A gathering of worms, therefore, brings a hunt of quencos; and the gatherer, when his first business is over, chooses a convenient tree, where he places himself in ambush. Seated on a cross branch, he awaits the coming of the animals.

It is difficult to form an idea of the peculiar excitement of this midnight sport in the thick woods of a tropical country. The usual stillness of the night, and the solitude of the wilderness—the croaking of the night-birds, the movement of every leaf, animated as it is by the myriads of nocturnal insects that fill

the atmosphere—the brilliant and fleeting fire-flies traversing the gloom—the strange animals wandering in their nightly prowlings—the approach of the grunting hogs, and the incidents of the hunt: all these things, combined with the idea of isolation when a man finds himself alone in the wilds of a scarcely pervious forest, create an inexpressible feeling of mingled fear, pleasure, and anxiety.

Before the worms are cooked, they are, each in its turn, carefully pricked with an orange-thorn, and thrown into a vessel containing a sauce of lime-juice and salt. This is for the purpose of cleansing them from the viscid fluids they may have imbibed from the palmiste. Notwithstanding this discipline, the worms retain their vitality till they are deprived of it by the culinary process. The simpler mode of dressing them is to spit a number together on a piece of stick or a long orange-thorn, and roast them before the fire in their own fat. The general mode, however, is by frying them with or without a sauce, and when dressed in this manner, they form a most savoury dish.

Groogroo worms are considered great delicacies in some parts of the West Indies, chiefly in those whose inhabitants are of French or Spanish origin. The good old planter at his table presents you with a dish of worms, with as much pride as an epicure in England introduces you to cod-sounds, eels, or high venison. Nor does it appear that there is any peculiarity in the taste of those who relish the insects; because it very frequently happens, that the stranger, who manifested on his arrival the greatest disgust at the idea of eating worms, becomes immediately converted into an extravagant lover of them.

It may appear strange, that in the tropics, especially, where nature provides so abundantly for the wants of man, such creatures should be resorted to as articles of consumption; but while we on this side of the Atlantic are shocked at the idea of eating worms, the West Indian consumer in his turn expresses surprise that human beings can use things which resemble snakes so much as eels, and pronounces it to be the height of uncleanness to eat frogs, as some of the continentals do. Indeed, the groogroo worm is by no means more repulsive in appearance than any of the other unprepossessing creatures which are so highly prized. It would be a difficult matter to decide on the merits of the many extraordinary things which the taste of man, in its morbid cravings, has discovered and converted into luxurious use; and the philosopher finds himself at last driven to take shelter from his own unanswerable inquiries behind the concluding power of that most true, but somewhat musty proverb: 'De gustibus non est disputandum.'

GRATITUDE OF THE COUNTRY FOR STEAM COMMUNICATION.

Mr Patrick Miller of Dalwinton, who first experimented in the application of steam to navigation, never received any mark of gratitude from his country; his family, though long in comparatively reduced circumstances, remain to this day equally without requital on that account. Henry Bell, who, taking his ideas from Mr Miller's experimental boat, first set a steam-vessel afloat in this country, spent his latter years in poverty, from which he was rescued only a short time before his death by a small pension from the Clyde Trustees. Mr Thomas Gray, whose *Observations on Railways*, published about thirty years ago, may be said to have given origin and impulse to our present railway system, by which three hundred millions have been expended, died in poverty, to which he had been reduced by his exertions in the cause; his widow and children are at this day in that state, without any public acknowledgment of his services to the country; and his son has lately applied to nearly every railway company in the kingdom for a situation, but in vain. Beyond a pension of £50 a year to the widow of Mr James Taylor, who prompted Mr

Miller to try his experiments, we are not aware of a single penny having been expended by the country in requiring the services, or compensating the losses, of individuals in respect of steam communications of any kind.

A DREAM OF RESURRECTION.

So heavenly beautiful it lay,
It was less like a human corse
Than that fair shape in which perforce
A dead hope clothes itself away.

The dream shewed very plain: the bed
Where that known unknown face reposed—
A woman's face with eyelids closed,
A something precious that was dead:

A something, lost on this side life,
By which the mourner came and stood,
And laid down, ne'er to be renewed,
All glittering robes of earthly strife;—

Shred off, like votive locks of hair,
Youth's ornaments of joy and strength,
And cast them in their golden length
The silence of that bier to share.

No tears fell—but a gaze, fixed, long,
That memory might print the face
On the heart's ever-vacant space
With a sun-finger, sharp and strong.

Then kisses, dropping without sound;
And solemn arms wound round the dead;
And lifting from the natural bed
Into the coffin's strange new bound;

Yet still no parting—no belief
In death; no more than we believe
In some dread falsehood that would weave
The world in one black shroud of grief.

And still, unanswered kisses; still,
Warm clings to the image cold,
With an impossible faith's close fold,
Creative, through its fierce 'I will.'

Hush, hush! the marble eyelids move;
The kissed lips quiver into breath;
Avant, thou ghastly-seeming Death!
Avant! We are conquerors—I and Lore!

Corso of dead hope, awake, arise!
A living hope, that only slept
Until the tears thus overwept
Had washed the blindness from our eyes.

Come back into the upper day!
Dash off those ceremonies! Patient shroud,
We'll wrap thee as a garment proud
Round the bright shape we thought was clay.

Clasp, arms! Cling, soul! Eyes, drink anew,
Like pilgrims at a living spring!
Faith, that out-loved this perishing,
May see this resurrection too.

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THE BETROTHAL.

FRANCES SEYMOUR had been left an orphan and an heiress very early in life. Her mother had died in giving birth to a second child, which did not survive its parent, so that Frances had neither brother nor sister; and her father, an officer of rank and merit, was killed at Waterloo. When this sad news reached England, the child was spending her vacation with Mrs Wentworth, a sister of Mrs Seymour, and henceforth this lady's house became her home; partly, because there was no other relative to claim her, and partly, because amongst Colonel Seymour's papers, a letter was found, addressed to Mrs Wentworth, requesting that, if he fell in the impending conflict, she would take charge of his daughter. In making this request, it is probable that Colonel Seymour was more influenced by necessity than choice; Mrs Wentworth being a gay woman of the world, who was not likely to bestow much thought or care upon her niece, whom she received under her roof without unwillingness, but without affection. Had Frances been poor, she would have felt her a burden; but as she was rich, there was some éclat and no inconvenience in undertaking the office of her guardian and chaperone—the rather as she had no daughters of her own with whom Frances's beauty or wealth could interfere; for as the young heiress grew into womanhood, the charms of her person were quite remarkable enough to have excited the jealousy of her cousins, if she had had any; or to make her own fortune, if she had not possessed one already. She was, moreover, extremely accomplished, good-tempered, cheerful, and altogether what is called a very nice girl; but of course she had her fault like other people: she was too fond of admiration—a fault that had been very much encouraged at the school where she had been educated; beauty and wealth, especially when combined, being generally extremely popular at such establishments. As long, however, as her admirers were only romantic schoolfellows and calculating school-mistresses, there was not much harm done; but the period now approached in which there would be more scope for the exercise of this passion, and more danger in its indulgence—Frances had reached the age of seventeen, and was about to make her début in the world of fashion—an event to which, certain as she was of making numerous conquests, she looked forward with great delight.

Whilst engaged in preparations for these anticipated triumphs, Mrs Wentworth said to her one day: 'Now that you are coming out, Frances, I think it is my duty to communicate to you a wish of your father's, expressed in the letter that was found after his death. It is a wish regarding your choice of a husband.'

'Dear me, aunt, how very odd!' exclaimed Frances. 'It is rather odd,' returned Mrs Wentworth; 'and, to be candid, I don't think it is very wise; for schemes of this sort seldom or never turn out well.'

'Scheme! What scheme is it?' asked Frances with no little curiosity.

'Why, you must know,' answered her aunt, 'that your father had a very intimate friend, to whom he was as much attached all his life as if he had been his brother.'

'You mean Sir Richard Elliott. I remember seeing him and his son at Otterby, when I was a little girl; and I often heard papa speak of him afterwards.'

'Well, when young Elliott got his commission, your papa, in compliance with Sir Richard's request, used his interest to have him appointed to his own regiment, in order that he might keep him under his eye. By this means, he became intimately acquainted with the young man's character, and, I suppose, as much attached to him as to his father.'

'And the scheme is, that I should marry him, I suppose?'

'Provided you are both so disposed, not otherwise; there is to be no compulsion in the case.'

'It is a scheme that will never be realised,' said Frances; 'for, of all things, I should dislike a marriage that had been planned in that way. The very idea of standing in such an awkward relation to a man would make me hate him.'

'That's why I think all such schemes better let alone,' returned Mrs Wentworth; 'but as your father desires that I will put you in possession of his wishes before you go into the world, I have no choice but to do it.'

'It does not appear, however, that this Mr Elliott is very anxious about the matter, since he has never taken the trouble of coming to see me. Perhaps he does not know of the scheme?'

'O yes, he does; but, in the first place, he is abroad with his regiment; and, in the second, he abstains upon principle from seeking to make your acquaintance. So Sir Richard told me, when I met him last year at Lady Grantley's fête. He said that his son's heart was yet perfectly free, but that he did not think it right to throw himself in your way, or endeavour to engage your affections, till you had had an opportunity of seeing something of the world. The old gentleman had a great desire to see you himself; and he would have called, but he was only passing through London on his way to some German baths, and he was to start the next morning.'

'And what sort of a person is this Mr Elliott?'

'I really don't know, except that his father praised him to the skies. He's Major Elliott now, and must be about eight-and-twenty.'

'And is he the eldest son?'

'He's the eldest son, and will be Sir Henry—I think that's his name—by and by. But he's not rich; quite the contrary, he's very poor for a baronet; and I incline to think that is one of the reasons that influenced your father. Being so fond of the Elliotts, he wished to repair, in some degree, the dilapidation of their fortunes by yours.'

'So that I shall have the agreeable consciousness of being married purely for my money. I am afraid poor dear papa's scheme will fail; and I wish, aunt, you had never told me of it.'

'That was not left to my discretion; if it had been, I should not have told you of it, I assure you.'

'Well, I can only hope that I shall never see Major Elliott; and if he ever proposes to come, aunt, pray do me the favour to assure him, from me, that it will not be of the smallest use.'

'That would be foolish till you've seen him. You may like him.'

'Never; I could not like a man whom I met under such circumstances, if he were an angel.'

Thus, with a heart steeled against Major Elliott and his attractions, whatever they might be, Frances Seymour made her debut; and, however brilliant had been her anticipations of success, she had the satisfaction of finding them fully realised. She was the belle of the season—admired, courted, and envied; and by the end of it, she had refused at least half-a-dozen proposals. As she was perfectly independent, she resolved to enjoy a longer lease of her liberty, before she put it in the power of any man to control her inclinations.

Shortly after the termination of the season, some family affairs called Mr and Mrs Wentworth to St Petersburg; and as it was not convenient that Frances should accompany them, they arranged that she should spend the interval in visiting some families of their own connection residing in the country, who promised to take due charge of her.

The first of these, by name Dunbar, were worthy people enough, but, unfortunately for Frances, desperately dull; and the few neighbours they had happened to be as dull as themselves. There were neither balls nor routs to keep up the spirits of the London belle; and a tiresome drive of six or eight miles to an equally tiresome dinner-party, was but a poor substitute for the gaieties which the late season had given her a taste for.

Frances was not without resources. She was a fine musician, and played and sang admirably; but she liked to be told that she did so. At Dunbar House, nobody cared for music, nobody listened to her, and her most *recherchées toilettes* delighted nobody but her maid. She was *auz abois*, as the French say, and had made some progress in the concoction of a scheme to get away, when an improvement took place in her position, from the arrival of young Vincent Dunbar, the only son of the family. He was a lieutenant in a regiment of infantry that had lately returned from the colonies, and had come, as in duty bound, to waste ten days or a fortnight of his three months' leave in the dull home of his ancestors. As he was an extremely handsome, fashionable-looking youth, Frances, when she went down to dinner, felt quite revived by the sight of him. Here was something to dress for, and something to sing to; and although the young lieutenant's conversation was not a whit above the usual standard of his class, it appeared lively and witty when compared with that of his parents. His small colonial experiences were more interesting than Mrs Dunbar's domestic ones; and his account of a tiger hunt more exciting than his father's history of the run he had had after a fox. Frances was an equally welcome resource to him. Here was an opportunity, quite unexpected, of displaying his most fashionable ties and most splendid waistcoats; here was a listener for his best stories, and one who did not repay him in

kind, as his father did; and here were a pair of bright eyes, that always looked brighter at his approach; and a pair of pretty lips, that pouted when he talked of going away to fulfil an engagement he had made to meet some friends at Brighton.

As was to be expected, under circumstances so propitious, the young man fell in love—as much in love as he could be with anybody but himself; whilst his parents did not neglect to hint, that he could not do better than prosecute a suit which the young lady's evident partiality justified. Pleased with the prospect of their son's making so good a match, they even ventured one day a dull jest on the subject in the presence of Frances—a jest which, heavy as it was, aroused her to reflection. Flirting with a man, and angling for his admiration, is one thing; loving and marrying him, is another. For the first, Vincent Dunbar answered exceedingly well; but for the second, he was wholly unfit. In spite of her little weaknesses, Frances had too much sense not to see that the young lieutenant was an empty-headed coxcomb, and not at all the man with whom she hoped to spend her years of discretion—when she arrived at them—after an ample enjoyment of the delights that youth, beauty, and wealth are calculated to procure their possessor. Her eyes were opened, in short; and the ordinary effect of this sort of awakening from an unworthy *penchant*—for attachment it could not be called—ensued: the temporary liking changed into aversion, and the attentions that had flattered her before became hateful. In accordance with this new state of her feelings, she resolved to alter her behaviour, in order to dissipate as quickly as possible the erroneous impression of the family; whilst, at the same time, she privately made arrangements for cutting short her visit, and anticipating the period of her removal to the house of Mrs Gaskoin, betwixt whom and the Dunbars the interval of her friends' absence in Russia was to be divided. In spite of her stratagem, however, she did not escape what she apprehended. Vincent's leave had nearly expired too; and when the moment approached that was to separate them, he seized an opportunity of making his proposals.

There is scarcely a woman to be met with in society, who does not know, from experience, what a painful thing it is to crush the hopes of a man who is paying her the high compliment of wishing to place the happiness of his life in her keeping; and when to this source of embarrassment is added the consciousness of having culpably raised expectations that she shrinks from realising, the situation becomes doubly distressing. On the present occasion, agitated, ashamed, and confessed, Frances, instead of honestly avowing her fault, which would have been the safest thing to do, had recourse to a subterfuge; she answered, that she had been betrothed by her father to the son of his dearest friend, and that she was not free to form any other engagement. Of course, Vincent pleaded that such a contract could not be binding on her; but as, whilst she declared her determination to adhere to it, she forbore to add, that were she at liberty his position would not be improved, the young man and his family remained under the persuasion, that this premature engagement was the only bar to his happiness; and with this impression, which she allowed him to retain, because it spared him and herself pain, he returned to his regiment, whilst she, as speedily as she could, decamped to her next quarters, armed with a thousand good resolutions never again to bring herself into such an unpleasant dilemma.

Mrs Gaskoin's was a different sort of house to the Dunbars'. It was not gay, for the place was retired, and Mrs Gaskoin being in ill health, they saw little company; but they were young, cheerful, and accomplished people, and in their society Frances soon forgot the vexations she had left behind her. She even ceased to miss the admiration she was accustomed to; what was amiable and good in her character—and there

was much—regained the ascendant; her host and hostess congratulated themselves on having so agreeable an inmate as much as she did herself on the judicious move she had made, till her equanimity was disturbed by learning that Mr Gaskoin was expecting a visitor, and that this visitor was his old friend and brother-officer, Major Elliott, the person of all others, Vincent Dunbar excepted, she had the greatest desire to avoid.

'I cannot express how much I should dislike meeting him,' she said to Mrs Gaskoin, to whom she thought it better to explain how she was situated. 'You must allow me to keep my room whilst he is here.'

'If you are determined not to see him, I think you had better go back to the Dunbars for a little while,' answered the hostess; 'but I really think you should stay, and let things take their course. If your aversion continues, you need not marry him; but my husband tells me he's charming; and in point of character, I know no one whom he estimates so highly.'

But Frances objected, that she should feel so embarrassed and awkward.

'In short, you apprehend that you will appear to a great disadvantage,' said Mrs Gaskoin. 'That is possible, certainly; but as Major Elliott is only coming for a day or two, I think we might obviate that difficulty, by introducing you as my husband's niece, Fanny Gaskoin. What do you say? You can declare yourself whenever you please, or keep the secret till he goes, if you prefer it.'

Frances said she should like it very much; the scheme would afford them a great deal of amusement, and any expedient was preferable to going back to Dunbar House. Neither, as regarded themselves, was it at all difficult of execution, since they always addressed her as Fanny or Frances; the danger was with the servants, who, however cautioned to call the visitor by no other name than Miss Fanny, might inadvertently betray the secret. Still, if they did, a few blushes and a hearty laugh were likely to be the only consequences of the disclosure; so the little plot was duly framed, and successfully executed; Major Elliott not entertaining the most remote suspicion that this beautiful, fascinating Fanny Gaskoin was his own *fiancée*.

Whether they might have fallen in love with each other had they met under more prosaic circumstances, there is no saying. As it was, they did so almost at first sight. It is needless to say, that Major Elliott extended his visit beyond the day or two he had engaged for; and when Mr and Mrs Gaskoin saw how matters were going, they recommended an immediate avowal of the little deception that had been practised, lest some ill-timed visitor should inopportunely let out the secret, which had already been endangered more than once by the forgetfulness of the servants; but Frances wished to prolong their diversion till she should find some happy moment for the *dénouement*; added to which, she had an extreme curiosity to know how Major Elliott intended to release himself from the engagement formed by Colonel Seymour, in which he had tacitly, if not avowedly, acquiesced. It was certainly very flattering that her charms had proved sufficiently powerful to make him forget it; but that he should have yielded to the temptation without the slightest appearance of a struggle, did somewhat surprise her, as indeed, from their knowledge of his character, it did Mr and Mrs Gaskoin. Not that they would have expected him to adhere to the contract, if doing so proved repugnant either to himself or the young lady; but under all the circumstances of the case, they would have thought his conduct less open to exception, if he had deferred entering into any other engagement till he had seen Miss Seymour. It was true, that he had not yet offered his hand to his friend Gaskoin's charming niece; but neither she, nor any one else, entertained a doubt of his intention to do so; and Frances never found herself alone with him, that her heart did not beat high with the expectation of what might be coming.

The progress of love affairs is no measure of time: where the *attrait*, or magnetic rapport (for perhaps magnetism has something to do with the mystery), is very strong, one couple will make as much way in a fortnight as another will do in a year. In the present instance, Major Elliott's proclivity to fall in love with Frances may have been aided by his persuasion that she was the niece of his friend. Be that as it may, on the thirteenth day of his visit, Major Elliott invited his host to join him in a walk, in the course of which he avowed his intention of offering his hand to Miss Gaskoin, provided her family were not likely to make any serious objection to the match. 'My reason for mentioning the subject so early is,' said he, 'that, in the first place, I cannot prolong my visit; I have already broken two engagements, and now, however unwillingly, I must be off; and, in the second place, I felt myself bound to mention the subject to you before speaking to Miss Gaskoin, because you know how I am situated in regard to money-matters; and that I cannot, unfortunately, make such a settlement as may be expected by her friends.'

'I don't think that will be any obstacle to your wishes,' answered Mr Gaskoin, with an arch smile. 'If you can find Fanny in the humour, I'll undertake to answer for all the rest. As for her fortune, she'll have something at all events—but that is a subject, I suppose, you are too much in love to discuss.'

'It is one there is no use in discussing till I am accepted,' returned Major Elliott; 'and I confess that is a point I am too anxious about to think of any other.'

'Prepare yourself,' said Mrs Gaskoin to Frances: 'Major Elliott has declared himself to my husband, and will doubtless take an opportunity of speaking to you in the course of the evening. Of course, now the truth must be disclosed, and I've no doubt it will be a very agreeable surprise to him.'

When the tea-things were removed, and Frances, as usual, was seated at the pianoforte, and Major Elliott, as usual, turning over the leaves of her music-book, she almost lost her breath with agitation when the gentle closing of a door aroused her to the fact, that they were alone. Mr and Mrs Gaskoin had quietly slipped out of the room; and conscious that the critical moment was come, she was making a nervous attempt to follow them, when a hand was laid on hers, and—But it is quite needless to enter into the particulars; such scenes do not bear relating. Major Elliott said something, and looked a thousand things; Frances blushed and smiled, and then she wept, avowing that her tears were tears of joy; and so engrossed was she with the happiness of the moment, that she had actually forgotten the false colours under which she was appearing, till her lover said: 'I have already, my dear Fanny, spoken on this subject to your uncle.'

'Now, then, for the *dénouement*!' thought Frances; but she had formed a little scheme for bringing this about, which she forthwith proceeded to put in execution.

'But, dear Henry,' she said, as, seated on the sofa hand in hand, they dilated on their present happiness and future plans—'dear Henry, there is one thing that has rather perplexed me, and does perplex me still, a little—do you know, I have been told you were engaged?'

'Indeed! Who told you that?'

'Well, I don't know; but I'm sure I heard it. It was said that you were engaged to Miss Seymour—the Miss Seymour that lives with Mrs Wentworth—'

'Do you know her?' inquired Major Elliott, interrupting her.

'Yes, I do—a little.'

'Only a little?'

'Well, perhaps I may say I know her pretty well. Indeed, to confess the truth, I'm rather intimate with her.'

'That is extremely fortunate,' returned Major Elliott.

'Then you don't deny the engagement?' said Frances.

'Colonel Seymour, who was my father's friend and

mine, very kindly expressed a wish, before he died, that, provided there was no objection on either side, his daughter and I should be married; but you see, my dearest Fanny, as there happens to be an objection on both sides, the scheme, however well meant, is defeated.

'On both sides!' reiterated Frances with surprise.

'Yes; on both sides,' answered he smiling.

'But how do you know that, when you've never seen Miss Seymour—at least I thought you never had?'

'Neither have I; but I happen to know that she has not the slightest intention of taking me for her husband.'

'Oh,' said Frances, laughing at the recollection of her own violent antipathy to this irresistible man, who, after all, had taken her heart by storm—'I suppose you have somehow heard that she disliked the idea of being trammelled by an engagement to a person she never saw, and whom she had made up her mind she could not love; but remember, Henry, she has never seen you. How do you know that she might not have fallen in love with you at first sight?—as somebody else did,' she added playfully.

'Because, my dear little girl, she happens to be in love already. She did not wait to see me, but wisely gave away her heart when she met a man that pleased her.'

'But you're mistaken,' answered Frances, beginning to feel alarmed; 'you are indeed! I know Frances Seymour has no attachment. I know that till she saw you—I mean that—I am certain she has no attachment, nor ever had any.'

'Perhaps you are not altogether in her confidence.'

'O yes, I am indeed.'

Major Elliott shook his head, and smiled significantly. 'Rely on it,' he said, 'that what I tell you is the fact; but you have probably not seen Miss Seymour very lately, which would sufficiently account for your ignorance of her secret. I am told that she is extremely handsome and charming, and that she sings divinely.'

Five minutes earlier, Frances would have been delighted with this testimony to her attractions; and would have been ready with a repartee about the loss he would sustain in relinquishing so many perfections for her sake; but now her heart was growing faint with terror, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Thoughts that would fill pages darted through her brain like lightning—dreadful possibilities, that she had never foreseen nor thought of.

Vincent Dunbar's regiment had been in India; she knew it was one of the *seventies*; but she had either never heard the exact number, or she had not sufficiently attended to the subject to know which it was. Major Elliott's regiment had also been in India; and it was the 76th. Suppose it were the same, and that the two officers were acquainted—and suppose they had met since Vincent's departure from Dunbar House! The young man had occasionally spoken to her of his brother-officers; she remembered Poole, and Wainright, and Carter; the name of Elliott he had certainly not mentioned; but it was naturally of his own friends and companions he spoke, not of the field-officers. Then, when she told him that she had been betrothed by her father, she had not said to whom; but might he not, by some unlucky chance, have found that out? And might not an explanation have ensued!

Could Major Elliott have distinctly discovered the expression of her features, he would have seen that it was something more than perplexity that kept her silent; but the light fell obscurely on the seat they occupied, and he suspected nothing but that she was puzzled and surprised.

'I see you are very curious to learn the secret,' he said, 'and if it were my own, you should not pine in ignorance, I assure you; but as it is a young lady's, I am bound to keep it till she chooses to disclose it herself. However, I hope your curiosity will soon be satisfied,

for I have ascertained that Mr and Mrs Wentworth are to be in England almost immediately—they have been some time on the continent—and then we shall come to a general understanding. In the meantime, my dearest Fanny'—

But Frances, unable longer to control her agitation, took advantage of a slight noise in the hall, to say that Mr and Mrs Gaskoin were coming; and before he had time to finish his sentence, she started to her feet, and rushed out of the room.

On the other side of the hall was Mrs Gaskoin's boudoir, where she and her husband were sitting over the fire, awaiting the result of the tête-à-tête in the drawing-room.

'Well?' said they, rising as the door opened and a pale face looked in. 'Is it all settled?'

'Ask me nothing now, I beseech you!' said Frances.

'I'm going to my room; tell Major Elliott I am not well; say I'm agitated—anything you like; but remember, he still thinks me Fanny Gaskoin'—

'But, my dear girl, I cannot permit that deception to be carried any further; it has lasted too long already,' said Mr Gaskoin.

'Only to-night!' said Frances.

'It is not fair to Major Elliott,' urged Mrs Gaskoin.

'Only to-night! only to-night!' reiterated Frances. 'There! he's coming; I hear his step in the hall! Let me out this way!' and so saying, she darted out of a door that led to the backstairs, and disappeared.

'She has refused him!' said Mrs Gaskoin. 'I confess I am amazed.'

But Major Elliott met them with a smiling face.

'What has become of Frances?' said he.

'She rushed in to us in a state of violent agitation, and begged we would tell you that she is not well, and is gone to her room. I'm afraid the result of your interview has not been what we expected.'

'On the contrary,' returned Major Elliott, 'you must both congratulate me on my good-fortune.'

'Silly girl!' said Mr Gaskoin, shaking his friend heartily by the hand. 'I see what it is: she is nervous about a little deception we have been practising on you.'

'A deception!'

'Why, you see, my dear fellow, when I told Frances that you were coming here, she objected to meeting you'—

'Indeed! On what account?'

'You have never suspected anything?' said Mr Gaskoin, scarcely repressing his laughter.

'Suspected anything? No.'

'It has never by chance occurred to you that this bewitching niece of mine is'—

'Is what?'

'Your betrothed lady, for example, Frances Seymour!'

Major Elliott's cheeks and lips turned several shades paler; but the candles were not lighted, and his friends did not remark the change.

'Frances Seymour!' he echoed.

'That is the precise state of the case, I assure you,' and then Mr Gaskoin proceeded to explain how the deception came to be practised. 'I gave into it,' he said, 'though I do not like jests of that sort, because I thought, as my wife did, that you were much more likely to take a fancy to each other, if you did not know who she was, than if you met under all the embarrassment of such an awkward relation.'

During this little discourse, Major Elliott had time to recover from the shock; and being a man of resolute calmness and great self-possession—which qualities, by the way, formed a considerable element in his attraction—the remainder of the evening was passed without any circumstance calculated to awaken the suspicions of his host and hostess, further than that a certain gravity of tone and manner, when they spoke of Frances, led them to apprehend that he was not altogether pleased with the jest that had been practised.

'We ought to have told him the moment we saw that he was pleased with her; but, foolish child, she would not let us,' said Mr Gaskoin to his wife.

'She must make her peace with him to-morrow,' returned the lady; but, alas! when they came down to breakfast on the following morning, Major Elliott was gone, having left a few lines to excuse his sudden departure, which, he said, he had only anticipated by a few hours, as, in any case, he must have left them that afternoon.

By the same morning's post there arrived a letter from Vincent Dunbar, addressed to Miss Seymour. Its contents were as follow:—

'MY DEAREST, DEAREST FRANCES—I should have written to you ten days ago to tell you the joyful news—you little guess what—but that I had applied for an extension of leave on *urgent private affairs*, and expected every hour to get it. But they have refused me, be hanged to them! So I write to you, my darling, to tell you that it's all right—I mean between you and me. I'm not a very good hand at an explanation on paper, my education in the art of composition having been somewhat neglected; but you must know that old Elliott, whom your dad wanted you to marry, is our senior major. Well, when I came down here to meet Poole, as I had promised—his governor keeps hounds, you know; a capital pack, too—I was as dull as ditch-water; I was, I assure you; and whenever there was nothing going on, I used to take out the verses you wrote, and the music you copied for me, to look at; and one day, who should come in but Elliott, who was staying with his governor on the West Cliff, where the old gentleman has taken a house. Well, you know, I told you what a madcap fellow Poole is; and what should he do, but tell Elliott that I was going stark mad for a girl that couldn't have me because her dad had engaged her to somebody else; and then he shewed him the music that was lying on the table with your name on it. So you may guess how Elliott stared, and all the questions he asked me about you, and about our acquaintance and our love-making, and all the rest of it. And, of course, I told him the truth, and shewed him the dear lock of hair you gave me; and the little notes you wrote me the week I ran up to London; for Elliott's an honourable fellow, and I knew it was all right. And it is all right, my darling; for he says he wouldn't stand in the way of our happiness for the world, or marry a woman whose affections were not all his own. And he'll speak to your aunt for us, and get it all settled as soon as she comes back,' &c. &c.

The paper dropped from poor Frances Seymour's hands. She comprehended enough of Major Elliott's character to see that all was over. But for the unfortunate jest they had practised on him, an explanation would necessarily have ensued the moment he mentioned Vincent's name to her; but that unlucky deception had complicated the mischief beyond repair. It was too late now to tell him that she did not love Vincent; he would only think her false or fickle. A woman who could act as she had done, or as she appeared to have done, was no wife for Henry Elliott.

There is no saying, but it is just possible, that an entire confidence placed in Mr Gaskoin might have led to a happier issue; but her own conviction that her position was irrecoverable, her hopelessness and her pride, closed her lips. Her friends saw that there was something wrong; and when a few lines from Major Elliott announced his immediate departure for Paris, they concluded that some strange mystery had divided the lovers, and clouded the hopeful future that for a short period had promised so brightly.

Vincent Dunbar was not a man to break his heart at the disappointment which, it is needless to say, awaited him. Long years afterwards, when Sir Henry Elliott was not only married, but had daughters coming out in the world, he, one day at a dinner-party,

sat next a pale-faced, middle-aged lady, whose still beautiful features, combined with the quiet, almost grave elegance of her toilet, had already attracted his attention in the drawing-room. It was a countenance of perfect serenity; but no observing eye could look at it without feeling that that was a serenity not born of joy, but of sadness—a calm that had succeeded a storm—a peace won by a great battle. Sir Henry felt pleased when he saw that the fortunes of the dinner-table had placed him beside this lady, and they had not been long seated before he took an opportunity of addressing her. Her eyelids fell as she turned to answer him; but there was a sweet, mournful smile on her lip—a smile that awoke strange recollections, and made his heart for a moment stand still. For some minutes he did not speak again, nor she either; when he did, it was to ask her, in a low, gentle voice, to take wine with him. The lady's hand shook visibly as she raised her glass; but, after a short interval, the surprise and the pang passed away, and they conversed calmly on general subjects, like other people in society.

When Sir Henry returned to the drawing-room, the pale-faced lady was gone; and, a few days afterwards, the *Morning Post* announced among its departures that Miss Seymour had left London for the continent.

THE CONTINENTAL 'BRADSHAW' IN 1852.

BRADSHAW'S *Continental Railway Guide*—the square, pale-yellow, compact, brochure which makes its appearance once a month, and which has doubled its thickness in its brief existence of five years—is suggestive of a multitude of thoughts concerning the silent revolution now passing over Europe. Presidents may have *coups d'état*; kings may put down parliaments, and emperors abrogate constitutions; Legitimists may dream of the past, and Communists of the future; but the *railways* are marking out a path for themselves in Europe which will tend to obliterate, or at least to soften, the rugged social barriers which separate nation from nation. This will not be effected all at once, and many enthusiasts are disappointed that the cosmopolitanism advances so slowly; but the result is not the less certain in being slow.

Our facetious contemporary *Punch* once gave a railway map of England, in which the face of the land was covered with intersecting lines at mutual distances of only a mile or two. A railway map of Europe has certainly not yet assumed such a labyrinthine character; still, the lines of civilisation (for so we may well term them) are becoming closer and closer every year. The outposts of Europe, where the Scandinavian, the Slavonian, the Italian, and the Spaniard respectively rule, are scanty in their exhibition of such lines; but as we gradually approach the scenes of commercial activity, there do railways appear in greater and greater proximity. France strikingly exemplifies its own theory, that 'Paris is France,' by shewing how all its important railways spring from the metropolis in six directions. Belgium exhibits its compact net-work of railways, by which nearly all its principal towns are accommodated. The phlegmatic Dutchman has as yet placed the locomotive only in that portion of Holland which lies between the Rhine and the Zuiderzee. Rhineland, from Bâle to Wiesbaden, is under railway dominion. North Germany, within a circle of which Magdeburg may be taken as a centre, is railed pretty thickly; and Vienna has become a point from which lines of great length start. Exterior to all these are solitary lines, the pioneers of the new order of things, pointing in directions which will one day come within the yellow covers of Bradshaw. There is one line straggling out to Rostock; another to Stettin and Bromberg, on its way to Danzig; another to Warsaw, on its way to meet the czar at St Petersburg; another to Pesth, whence it will be carried through the scenes

of the late Hungarian war; another to the neighbourhood of the Adriatic; others from Central Germany southward to the Swiss highlands, which bar further progress; and a very modest little group in North Italy.

It is instructive to mark the steps by which these continental railways have been brought into existence. The English practice of undertaking all such great works, is very little understood abroad; there is not capital enough afloat, and the commercial audacity of the people has not yet arrived at such a high-pressure point. Almost the whole of the railways now under notice, have been constructed either by the governments of the respective countries, or by companies which require some sort of government guarantee before they can obtain their capital.

Belgium was the first continental country to follow the railway example of England. Very soon after King Leopold was seated securely on his throne, he initiated measures for the construction of railways in Belgium; and a law was passed in 1834, sanctioning that compact system which, having Mechlin as a centre, branches out in four directions—to Liege, Antwerp, Brussels, and Ostend; and there were also lines sanctioned to the Prussian frontier, and the French frontier—the whole giving a length of about 247 English miles. Three years afterwards, a law was passed for the construction of 94 additional miles of railway—to Courtrai, Tournay, Namur, and other towns. In the western part of Belgium, the engineering difficulties were not of a formidable character; but towards the Prussian frontier, the bridges, cuttings, and embankments are so extensive, as to have rendered the works far more costly than in the average of continental railways. The Belgian Chambers provided the money, or rather authorised the government to borrow it, year after year. The first portion of railway was opened in 1835, and every year from thence till 1843, witnessed the opening of additional portions; until at length, in this last-named year, all the 341 miles mentioned above were opened for traffic. The cost varied from L.6140 per mile (near Courtrai), to L.88,700 per mile (near Liege); the entire cost of the whole, including working-plant, was within L.17,000 per average mile. While these railways were progressing, private companies were formed for the construction of other lines, to the extent of about 200 additional miles, most of which are now open—the Namur and Liege being opened in 1851. These various railways are said to have yielded, on an average, about 3½ per cent. on the outlay.

It was of course impossible for France to see its little neighbour, Belgium, advancing in its railway course, without setting a similar movement on foot; but various circumstances have given a lingering character to French railway enterprise. It was in 1837 that the short railway from Paris through Versailles to St Germain—the first passenger line in France—was opened. In the next following year, two companies, aided by the government in certain ways, undertook the construction of the railways from Paris to Rouen, and from Paris to Orleans. The French government, having a strong taste for centralisation in national matters, refused in 1842 that plan which has since, with some modifications, been carried into execution. The plan consisted in causing the great lines of communication to be surveyed and marked out by government engineers, and then to be ceded to joint-stock companies, to be constructed on certain conditions. There were to be seven such lines radiating from Paris: to the Belgian frontier; to one or more ports on the Channel; to the Atlantic ports; to Bordeaux; to the Spanish frontier; to Marseille; and to Rhenish Prussia. The government has had to concede more favourable conditions to some of these companies than were at first intended, to get the lines constructed at all. The first and second of the above lines of communication are now almost fully opened; the third is finished to

Chartres; the fourth, to Nantes and Poitiers; the fifth, to Chateauroux; the sixth, to Chalons, with another portion from Avignon to Marseille; while the seventh, or Paris and Strasbourg Railway, is that of which the final opening has been recently celebrated with so much firing of guns, drinking of healths, blessing of locomotives, and speechifications of presidents. At the close of 1851, the length of French railway opened was about 1800 miles; while the portion since opened, or now in progress or projected, amounts to about as much more. In the president's speech to the National Assembly in 1851 (of course, before the *corp d'état*), it was announced that the length of French railway to be finished and opened in 1851 would be 516 kilomètres (about 320 miles); and in 1852, about 330 kilomètres (205 miles.)

Prussia loves centralisation little less than France in other matters; but in railway enterprise she has allowed mercantile competition to have freer scope. Private companies have constructed nearly all the Prussian railways; but in cases where the traffic appeared likely to be small, the government has rendered aid in one of three or four modes. The government will not permit any parallel or competing lines; and it holds the power of purchasing the railways after a lapse of thirty years, on certain specified terms. On this principle have been constructed the railways which radiate from Berlin in five different directions—towards Hamburg, Hanover, Saxony, Silesia, and the Baltic; together with minor branches springing out of them, and also the railways which accommodate the rich Rhenish provinces belonging to Prussia. The Prussian railways open and at work at the close of 1851 appear to have been about 1800 miles in length.

In the heterogeneous mass of states which constitute Germany, the railways have for the most part been constructed by, and belong to, the respective governments. Such is the case in Baden, Hanover, Brunswick, Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and many of the petty states; and such is also the case in the imperial dominions in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, and Styria. There may be some among these lines of railway which belong to companies, but, as a general rule, they constitute government property. If we include Prussia and the Austrian dominions in the general name of Germany, we find the railways very unequally distributed. An oblong quadrangular district, measuring about 400 miles from east to west, and 200 from north to south, and lying eastward of the Netherlands, contains a net-work of railways which contrast remarkably with those of east, south, and central Germany; it includes Hamburg, Berlin, Leipsic, Dresden, Magdeburg, Brunswick, Hanover, Bremen, and a busy knot of other important towns. Although the various German railways twist about in more tortuous forms than those of England—for the engineers have studied economy by going round hills rather than through them—and although they are broken up into many different proprietorships by passing through so many petty states, yet there may be traced certain great lines of communication which run nearly or entirely across the whole of Germany. Starting from Cologne, we find one line running through Elberfeld, Minden, Hanover, Brunswick, Berlin, to Bromberg and Posen; another from Cologne—with a short break not yet completed in Westphalia—to Cassel, Götting, Weimar, Leipsic, Dresden, Breslau, and Cracow; a third from Hamburg, through Magdeburg, Leipsic, Dresden, Prague, Presburg, and Pesth, into the heart of Hungary; a fourth from the Baltic at Stettin, through Berlin, Leipsic, Nürnberg, Augsburg, to the vicinity of the Lake of Constance; and a fifth from Warsaw, through Vienna, to the vicinity of the Adriatic. Dr Lardner has estimated, that if we include the Netherlands and the Austrian and Prussian dominions within the German group, the German railways at the

beginning of 1851 were about 5400 miles in length, with 3000 miles more either in progress or decided on—making a total of between 8000 and 9000 miles. Many hundred miles of railway have been opened since the date to which this estimate refers.

Our Bradshaw leaves us little to notice on the continent beyond the groups of railways included under the above four systems. The Dutch have given a curious serpentine line of railway, about 150 miles in length, from Rotterdam through Schiedam, Delft, The Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht, to Arnhem—an economical mode of linking most of the chief towns together. Holstein, the recent field of struggle between the Danes and the Germans, has its humble quota of about 100 miles of railway, from Altona to Glückstadt, Rendsburg, and Kiel, connecting the German Ocean with the Baltic in a very convenient way. Russia has a railway in its Polish dominions from Warsaw to Cracow; a short bit from St Petersburg to Tsarkoé-soelo; portions of the projected great lines from St Petersburg to Moscow and to Warsaw, and a horse railway connecting the Don with the Volga. Italy has a few bits of railway—perhaps quite as much as we could yet expect in so strangely governed a country; one from Venice through Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, to Mantua; another from Treviglio to Milan, Monza, and Como; a Piedmontese line from Genoa to Alessandria and Turin; a Tuscan web which connects Florence, Sienna, Pistoja, Lucca, Pisa, and Leghorn, in a roundabout way; and a few miles of Neapolitan railway, to connect Naples with Pompeii, Portici, Castel-a-mare, and Capua. Rome, behindhand in most things, is behindhand in railways. Switzerland has its little railway of twenty-five miles, from Zurich to Baden. Spain has its two small lines, from Madrid to Aranjuez, and from Barcelona to Mataro. Turkey and Greece, in the south-east; Portugal, in the south-west; Sweden and Norway,* in the bleak north, have yet to become members of the great European railway system.

In comparing all these continental railways with those of our own country, we find many instructive differences. In the first place, the engineering, as we lately remarked, is much less daring; there is not so much capital at command, and the engineers, therefore, bend to difficulties instead of cutting through them. Still, there are not wanting engineering works of great magnitude. One such is the great railway bridge over the Vistula, near Bromberg, the first stone of which was laid with much form by the king of Prussia some short time back, and which will form one link in the chain from Berlin to Königsberg. Another is the double railway bridge over the Elbe at Dresden, opened in April 1852, having a railway on its eastern half, and an ordinary roadway on its western. The stupendous Cologne Bridge will be for the future to talk about: at present, not a single railway bridge, we believe, crosses the Rhine; so that Western Europe is, in fact, not yet connected by the iron pathway with Eastern. Among the many thousand miles of continental railway, there must, of course, be numerous constructions of great skill and magnitude; but the ratio is small compared with those of England.

Another feature, is the great prevalence of single lines of rail. In England, there is so much wrangling against single lines, and so great a tendency among directors to think that there *ought* to be traffic enough for more, that double lines prevail almost everywhere. In the German railways, double lines are laid down only in places of great traffic—single lines being the rule, and the others the exception. Where there are only three or four departures per day, which is the case on most German railways, one line, with carefully-

managed sidings, is amply sufficient. 'Express trains,' and 'first-class trains,' and 'special trains,' and anything which disturbs the steady jog-trot mode of proceeding, are very little known in Germany; the general speed, including stoppages, is about twenty miles an hour. Although the first-class fares are only a fraction above 1½d. per mile, and the second-class just over 1d., yet the Germans travel so cheaply, and mix among each other with so little exclusiveness, that it is said only 8½ per cent. of the whole number of passengers travel by first-class, and 74 per cent. by third-class; the ratios in England being 14 and 46 per cent. respectively. One apparent effect of these very low fares is, that although the railways are for the most part cheaply constructed, the net profits are not supposed to exceed 8 per cent. on an average; but if the fares were higher, perhaps the number of passengers would be so reduced as to lessen the net profit.

Whatever else may be the superiority of English railways over those of the continent, assuredly it is not apparent in the *carriages*. The public press has made an onslaught on the English railway carriages for twenty years, but with very little success. Let those whose bones ache with the ill-conditioned wooden seats of our second-class carriages, think wishfully of the cushioned seats, and the easily-opened windows shielded with sun-blinds, and the useful hat-hooks found in many of the French second-class carriages; let those who shiver under English arrangements, think of the hot-water tin cases beneath the feet of the first-class French passengers; and let those who wish to be usefully employed while travelling, think of the little table, and the pen and ink, provided in some of the Prussian carriages. The truth is, we spend money on magnificent stations which ought to be expended on carriages. The cramped-up position of passengers on English railways is much reprobated by foreigners. In America, and in many parts of the continent, it is customary to have carriages long, broad, and high, with an avenue down the middle, and short seats for two persons each on either side of the avenue; every person looks towards the engine, and there is a plentiful supply of window on both sides. In America, these short seats are not only cushioned, but each seat has its two elbows and its cushioned back.

Another English annoyance, is the *ticket-taking*. If all the wrath which is poured out on the heads of the railway directors during this formality could take effect, they would be among the most miserable and unfortunate of mortals. Arrived at Euston Station, we will say, by the last train from the north—some sleepy, some hungry, and all tired—the passengers are anxious to wend their several ways as quickly as possible; instead of this, the train is brought to a stand-still, the man with his bull's-eye lantern pokes his head into one doorway after another, and all are kept waiting until all the tickets are collected. One passenger may have dropped his ticket, and then comes a search among the hat-boxes and carpet-bags beneath the seats; another may have underpaid his fare, or overridden the power of his ticket, and then occurs the fuss of paying up the difference; a third may be sleeping wearily in the further corner of the carriage, and then comes the process of waking him, followed, perhaps, by a search for the ticket in an incalculable number of pockets. All this is nicely ill-managed! The larger size of many of the continental carriages, and the avenue through the centre, enable the ticket-taker to enter the carriage easily while the train is yet in motion, and to collect the tickets by the time of arrival at the station. On one of the Austrian railways, the carriages have an exterior gangway extending the whole length of the train, by which a guard can obtain easy access to all the passengers: shortly before arriving at a station, he enters the carriages, calls out the name of the station about to be approached, and takes the tickets of those who are to

* A line of about forty-five miles, from Christiania to the end of the Milsen Lake, is surveyed, and in course of preparation.—Ed.

alight at that station. There is one oddity about the railway management abroad. In England, a railway smoker commits a high crime and misdemeanour, for which he is frowned at by his neighbours, and threatened by the guard; but on the continent, not only do the passengers smoke abundantly, but we were once rather struck at seeing a ticket-taker enter the carriage with a meerschaum in his mouth; one passenger, whose pipe was out, asked the customary German question: 'Haben sie feuer?' and the official gave him a light accordingly. We believe, however, that there is a wish at headquarters to keep down this habit of smoking on the continental railways.

There are two sources of embarrassment which the Englishman is spared in his own country, but which press upon him in full force while travelling by rail abroad—namely, the different kinds of distance measurement, and the different kinds of money employed. Accustomed to English charges varying from three farthings to threepence per mile, he is frequently thrown out of his reckoning by the absence of miles abroad. The French kilomètre and the German meile are not English miles; the former equals 1093 yards, and is therefore a troublesome fraction of an English mile; while the German meile is as long as about four and a half English miles.

But this, however, is a minor inconvenience; for our 'Continental Bradshaw' gives most of the measurements in English miles. Not so in respect to the current coinage abroad. Although there was a 'railway congress' held a few years ago, to determine on a plan for facilitating the intercourse between country and country, yet this plan did not go so far as to assimilate the moneys of the different states; the tourist speedily discovers that this is the case, and he becomes perplexed with a multiplicity of cares. So long as he is in France or Belgium, the *franc* (94d.), with its multiples and submultiples, are easily managed; but when he gets beyond the Rhine, his troubles begin. If in Holland, he has to manage with the *guilder* (1s. 8d.) and its fractional parts in *cents*. If in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, he has to pay by means of the *mark* (144d.), and certain strange-looking *schillings* or *skillings*, of which sixteen equal one mark. Going south and east into Prussia, he finds the ruling coin to be the *thaler* (3s.), divisible into thirty *groschen*, and each of these into twelve *pennige*; but if he be hovering in the frontiers of Prussia and Saxony, he will find that the *neu-groschen* of the latter country is worth a little more than the *silber-groschen* of the former, and that there is some difficulty in getting rid of either in the country of the other. Getting further south, to the regions belonging to or adjoining Austria, he will find his thalers and groschen no longer welcome; he has to attend to the *florin* (2s.), and its divisions into sixty *kreutzers*. If he travels north-east, to the few miles of railway yet existing in Poland, he will have to pay in *rubles* (3s. 3d.) and *kopecks*, which rank at 100 to the ruble. On the little Zurich and Baden Railway, the only one yet in Switzerland, our traveller meets again with his old acquaintance the *franc*; but this is worth 144d., instead of 94d., and, moreover, it is divided into ten *batzen*, each of which is worth ten *rappen*. If he crosses the Alps to Austrian Italy, he finds that his fare is reckoned in Austrian *lire* (about 8d.). In many cases, the different states take money from *through* passengers in the coin of either country; but the traveller who makes frequent stoppages, soon finds the embarrassment of the different moneys. A railway has lately been completed from Dresden to Prague—the capitals of the two kingdoms of Saxony and Bohemia—along the banks of the Elbe; it is no great distance, and yet the fees north of the frontier are charged in *thalers* and *neu-groschen*, while those south of it are in *florins* and *kreutzers*.

There have been very busy and important railway

enterprises agreed upon or discussed within the last year or two, in various parts of the continent, which augur favourably for the future of Europe. We shall shortly pass these in review, to shew what may possibly be the aspect presented by the 'Continental Bradshaw' in 1863.

A SEARCH FOR ROBIN HOOD.

THE adventures of an amateur in search of a picture, of a founding in search of his father, and even of a dog in search of his master, have been severally recorded by skilful pens for the amusement of the public. But, however entertaining or romantic these narratives may be considered, they can hardly surpass in interest the curious history which has just been disclosed of the adventures of an antiquary in search of a ballad-hero. We owe our knowledge of the facts to one of a series of *Critical and Historical Tracts*, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, now in course of publication. Mr Hunter is an assistant-keeper of the public records, and is well known, by his other publications, as one of the most laborious and most judicious elucidators of mysterious passages in our national history. But the evidences of industry, of minute knowledge, and of logical acuteness, contained in his little treatise concerning 'the ballad-hero, Robin Hood,' are really surprising. The story of an obscure outlaw, who chased deer and took purses in a northern forest five hundred years ago, has been investigated with the painstaking sagacity of a Niebuhr; and a strong light has been unexpectedly thrown on the state of public sentiment and manners existing at that period. Mr Hunter, it is proper to say, dwells in his treatise chiefly upon results, and says little, and that very modestly, of the labours by which they were obtained. He even seems to fear that his subject may be considered trivial, and that he may possibly receive 'the censure of being one who busies himself with the mere playthings of antiquity.' Dr Percy, when he compiled his invaluable *Reliques*, had similar apprehensions, which were then not altogether groundless; but it may reasonably be hoped, that the race of pedants, who wondered how a man of learning could be interested in a bundle of old ballads, is now extinct.

Departing a little from the method and order observed by Mr Hunter in his tract, we will endeavour not only to state in a condensed form the remarkable conclusions at which he has arrived, but also to follow, as accurately as his references will enable us to do so, the ingenious processes of investigation which led to these results. The object of the inquiry was to determine, in the first place, whether such a person as Robin Hood ever existed; and, in the second place, to ascertain who and what he was, and to what extent the ballads of which he was the hero were based upon actual occurrences. What a vast amount of uncertainty there was to clear up, may be inferred from the wide differences of opinion among writers of the highest credit who preceded Mr Hunter in this inquiry. The celebrated historian of the Norman Conquest, M. Thierry, supposes Robin Hood to have been the chief of a small body of Saxons, who, in their forest strongholds, held out for a time against the domination of the Norman conquerors. On this point, as confessedly on others, the French historian seems to have derived his opinions from the suggestive scenes in Scott's splendid romance of *Ivanhoe*. Another writer conjectures, that the outlaws of whom Robin was the leader, may have been some of the adherents of Simon de Montfort, whose partisans were pursued to extremity after the fatal battle of Evesham, in the year 1264. Others, still, have denied altogether the existence, at any period, of such a person as Robin Hood. They make him either a mere hero of romance—the 'creation of some poetical mind;' or else, led by a similarity of names, they discover in him merely one of the embodiments of

popular superstitions—a sylvan sprite, a Robin Good-fellow, or a Hudkin. Only two years ago, a historical writer of no small acumen, Mr Thomas Wright, published his opinion, that Robin Hood, in his original character, was simply 'one amongst the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people.'

But Mr Hunter could not concur in these views, or be satisfied with the mode of reasoning by which they were maintained. In his opinion, Robin Hood was neither a Saxon malcontent nor the hero of a poet's romance; nor yet was he 'a goblin or a myth.' He was, in all probability, exactly such a person as the popular songs described him—an English yeoman, an outlaw living in the woods, and noted for his skill in archery. Previous researches had proved, that many of our old ballads are merely rhyming records of historical events. Mr Hunter had already rescued one ballad-hero, Adam Bell, from the 'danger of being reduced to an abstraction or a myth;' and it now remained for him to undertake the same good office for a more renowned freebooter.

The first thing to be done was, of course, to examine carefully the ballads themselves, and to ascertain the amount and value of the evidence they afforded, as to the epoch and the real story of their hero. It appeared, then, that 'three single ballads are found in manuscript, which cannot be later than the fourteenth century.' There is also a poem of considerable length, entitled *The Lytel Geste of Robyn Hood*, which was printed by Winkyn de Worde, in or about the year 1495. It is 'a kind of life' of the outlaw, and is composed of several ballads, strung together by means of a few intermediate stanzas, which give continuity to the story. The language of these ballads is that of the preceding century—being, in fact, the same as that of the ballads in manuscript. Thus the date of the songs themselves is carried back as far as the fourteenth century. It is, moreover, in the middle of this century that the first allusion to Robin Hood occurs in any work of undoubted authority. In Longland's poem, entitled *The Vision of Pierce Ploughman*, the date of which is between 1355 and 1365, mention is made of 'rymes of Robyn Hood and Randolph Earl of Chester,' the outlaw and the earl being apparently both regarded as historical personages, about whom songs had been written. It may be observed, that if the Robin Hood ballads were much older than this date, it must be considered surprising that no earlier allusion to them should be found, since in the subsequent century they were referred to by many writers.

According to the story contained in the *Lytel Geste*, Robin Hood was at the head of a band of outlaws, who made their head-quarters in Bernysdale, or Barnesdale—once 'a woody and famous forest,' on the southern confines of Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, Wakefield, and Pontefract; and who infested the woodlands and the highways from thence as far as Sherwood and Nottingham, near which ancient town some of their boldest exploits were performed. They slew the king's deer, and plundered rich travellers, but spared the humble, relieved the distressed, and were courteous to all who did not offend them.

Robyn was a proude outlaw

Whyles he walked on ground;

So curtyse an outlaw as he was one,

Was never none yfound.

All the ballads agree in ascribing to the outlaw chief a manly bearing and a generous disposition, such as might be expected to distinguish a respectable yeoman of a class somewhat above the ordinary, whom the fortune of war had driven from his home to a lawless life in the forest. That this was Robin Hood's condition, may be inferred from the general language of the ballads; but the important question is, whether any other testimony can be found to confirm this conjecture, and to give us any definite and authentic information about

the fact. This is the question which Mr Hunter has undertaken to answer. The clue which first catches his experienced eye, is the name of an English king. One of the most remarkable adventures which the ballads record of Robin Hood, is his meeting with the king, who induced him, for a time, to take service in his household. The king, according to this authority, was exasperated with Robin and his men chiefly on account of the destruction which they had made of his deer. Finding that it was impossible to capture the outlaw by force, the king consented to practise a stratagem, suggested by a forester who was well acquainted with the outlaw's habits. He disguised himself as an abbot, and with five knights habited as monks, and a man leading sumpter-horses, rode into the greenwood. A wealthy abbot's baggage, and his ransom, would be just the bait most tempting to Robin and his men. The king, as he had expected, was seized by them, and led away to their lodge in the forest. The outlaws, however, behave courteously as usual; and when the abbot announces that he comes from the king at Nottingham, and brings a letter from his majesty, inviting Robin to come to that town, the latter receives the information joyously, and declares that 'he loves no man in all the world so well as he does his king.' Presently the monarch discovers himself, and the outlaw chief and his men kneel, and profess their loyalty—Robin at the same time asking for mercy for him and his. The king grants it on condition that Robin will leave the greenwood, and will come to court and enter his service. We quote the following after Mr Hunter, merely modernising the orthography:—

'Yes, fore God!' then said our king,

'Thy petition I grant thee,

With that thou leave the greenwood,

And all thy company;

'And come home, sir, to my court,

And there dwell with me.'

'I make mine avow to God,' said Robin,

'And right so shall it be:

'I will come to your court

Your service for to see.'

Accordingly, Robin left the greenwood and his company, entered the king's household, went with him to the court at London, and remained in his service for a year and three months. Having by that time become weary of this uncongenial mode of life, he obtained permission from the king to pay a visit to his old residence at Barnesdale. Here he resumes once more his former way of life 'under the greenwood-tree,' and becomes again chief of the outlaws of Barnesdale and Sherwood.

Now if, among the adventures ascribed to Robin by the old ballads, there is one far more improbable than all the rest, and one which an ordinary commentator would set down at once as a pure fiction of the poet, it is certainly that which has just been related. Mr Hunter, however, is not an ordinary commentator. If the story is a strange one, he doubtless reflected, 'truth is stranger than fiction;' and if it is intrinsically and evidently improbable, that is the very reason why a poet would not have invented it. Mr Hunter, therefore, did what no other inquirer had before thought of doing—he examined the historical and documentary evidence which might throw light upon the subject. The ballad, fortunately, gives the name of the king who was concerned in this singular adventure. He is repeatedly spoken of as 'Edward, our comely king'—a phrase, by the way, which clearly implies that the ballad was composed while the monarch was still living. This circumstance is not noticed by Mr Hunter, but it is one of some importance, inasmuch as a poet would hardly have ventured to introduce the name of the reigning monarch into a purely fictitious narrative. But there are three Edwards—the first, second, and third of the name, among whom it is necessary to distinguish

the one to whom the poet referred. Now, according to the ballad, this 'comely king,' before he fell in with Robin, had journeyed through the county of Lancaster:

All the pass of Lancashire,
He went both far and near,
Till he came to Plumpton Park,
He failed [missed] many of his deer.

The question then arises, which of the three Edwards did travel in that county? To this question, Mr Hunter's researches fortunately enable him to return a decisive answer. King Edward I. never was in Lancashire after he became king. King Edward III. was not in Lancashire in the early years of his reign, and probably never at all. But King Edward II. did make a 'progress' in Lancashire, and only one. The time was in the autumn of 1323, the seventeenth year of his reign, and the fortieth of his age. By the dates of the royal writs, and by other documents, Mr Hunter is enabled to trace the king's route and his various removes on this occasion with great minuteness. He follows him, for example, from York to Holderness; thence to Pickering, to Wherlton Castle, to Richmond and Jervaulx Abbey, and to Haywra Park, in the forest of Knaresborough. In this forest is situated Plumpton Park, which is mentioned in the ballad as having been visited by the king, who here became aware of Robin's depredations. King Edward proceeded thence by way of Skipton, and several other towns, to Liverpool, and, continuing his progress, arrived on the 9th of November at Nottingham, where he remained till the 23d of that month; and it was from Nottingham, it will be remembered, that the king set out in disguise to look for Robin Hood.

But if the 'proud outlaw' on this occasion actually took service in the king's household, his name would be likely to appear among those of the royal attendants, if any list of these is preserved. This consideration occurred to Mr Hunter. The result of his search must be told in his own words. 'It will scarcely be believed,' he observes, 'but it is, nevertheless, the plain and simple truth, that in documents preserved in the Exchequer, containing accounts of expenses in the king's household, we find the name of "Robyn Hode," not once, but several times occurring, receiving, with about eight-and-twenty others, the pay of 8d. a day, as one of the "*valets, porteurs de la chambre*" of the king. Whether this was some other person who chanced to bear the same name, or that the ballad-maker has in this related what was mere matter of fact, it will become no one to affirm in a tone of authority. I, for my part, believe it is the same person.' Mr Hunter then quotes the words of the original record, which is in Norman-French. It recites the names of the twenty-four '*portours*'—as the word is here spelled—who received pay from the 24th of March to the 21st of April 1324; and among these are the names of 'Robyn Hod' and 'Simon Hod.' These names do not occur in any previous document. The date of the record, it will be observed, is in the spring of the year following that in which the king made his progress through Lancashire, and stayed for some time at Nottingham on his return southward.

The office of valet, or *porteur de la chambre*, in those days, was probably similar to that of the present groom of the chamber, and if so, was a highly respectable and confidential post. In the ballad, Robin Hood is represented, while at court, as spending his money freely with knights and squires. His profusion, indeed, soon exhausted his purse, which the daily pay of 8d., however munificent it may have been at that period, could not replenish. Robin became, observes Mr Hunter, moody and melancholy:

'Alas!' then said good Robin,
'Alas, and well-a-day!
If I dwell longer with the king,
Sorrow will me slay.'

At last, he petitions the king for permission to pay a visit to his chapel at Barnesdale; declaring, that for seven nights he has not been able to sleep, nor for seven days to eat or drink, so sore is his longing to see Barnesdale again. The king consents, but only for a se'nnight; 'in which,' says Mr Hunter, 'I suspect a corruption, for there was no Great Northern in those days.' Probably the leave of absence was for seven weeks instead of days.

Now, it is remarkable, that in the Exchequer pay-lists, the new porteur's name continues to appear (once under the form of Robert Hood) until the 22d of November 1324. Under this date appears an entry, which Mr Hunter has given in the original Norman-French, but which we prefer to translate: 'Robyn Hod, heretofore one of the porteurs, because he could no longer work, received as a gift, by command, 5s.' After this, we are told, his name does not again appear. The 22d of November 1324, was just a year from the time when the king was at Nottingham, where he arrived on the 9th of November 1323. Robin Hood, if he then took service, would have been in the royal household about a twelvemonth. The ballad, however, makes his service last for a year and three months. The discrepancy is not great; and it may, perhaps, be explained by the circumstance, that when Robin left the court, it was at first merely on leave of absence; and he would, consequently, still regard himself as in the king's service until he had finally determined to renounce it, which would probably not be until at least his term of leave had expired. The remarkable expression in the record, 'because he could no longer work,' seems, as Mr Hunter remarks, to correspond with Robin's declarations in the ballad, that he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep; and if he remained longer at court, sorrow would kill him. This apparent coincidence, the author adds, 'may be but imagination; but it looks like a reality.' It must be admitted, that if the Robyn Hod, or Robert Hood, of the Exchequer records be not Robin Hood the outlaw, then all these singular agreements of names, of dates, and of circumstances, will make together a far greater marvel than any that is to be found in the ballad-story itself, which some sceptics would require us to disbelieve.

This, however, is only the commencement of Mr Hunter's researches, which we cannot here follow in the same detail. The ballads relate that Robin Hood, after continuing twenty-two years in the greenwood, died—through some foul play—at the convent of Kirklees, the prioress of which was nearly related to him. On this hint, Mr Hunter seeks to discover, through this relationship, the original social position and family connections of the outlaw. He finds reason for believing, that the prioress of Kirklees at that period was a certain Elizabeth de Staynton, a member of a family of some note, established near Barnesdale. The Stayntons were tenants in chief of both the 'honours' of Tickhill and Pontefract. One of them was prior of Monk Bretton, and two were incumbents of churches in that vicinity. If Robin Hood was nearly related to this family, the connection would raise him somewhat above the rank of an ordinary yeoman; it might, as the author observes, 'give him that kind of generous air in which he is invested, and qualify him for his station among the valets of the crown.'

But if Robin Hood was a person of good condition, his name might perhaps be found in the law-records of the local courts; and, in fact, Mr Hunter has found, in the court-rolls of the manor of Wakefield, the name of 'Robertus Hood,' as that of the defendant in a suit relative to a small piece of land, in the ninth year of Edward II. He again appears in a subsequent year, when he is described as being of Wakefield; and the name of his wife, Matilda, is mentioned. Here is another curious coincidence. Mr Hunter says: 'The

ballad testimony is—not the Lytel Geste, but other ballads of uncertain antiquity—that the outlaw's wife was named Matilda, which name she changed for Marian when she joined him in the greenwood.

But what cause could have driven a respectable yeoman like Robin Hood, along with so many others, apparently not much below him in rank, to the fastnesses of the forest? It is evident that only a great civil convulsion could have made, in one district, so large a number of outlaws of this peculiar character. Now, the rising of the discontented barons under the Earl of Lancaster, provoked by the king's favouritism and misgovernment, took place in the early part of the year 1222. By the battle of Boroughbridge, fought on the 16th of March in that year, the insurrection was suppressed. It was punished with great severity. The Earl of Lancaster and many of his adherents were beheaded, and their property was confiscated. Some offenders—probably persons who were not conspicuous in the outbreak—escaped with heavy fines; and among these are mentioned two members of the Staynton family, Robin Hood's supposed connections. We may thence infer the part which he himself probably took in the movement. From his skill with the bow, and from the personal esteem in which he was held, it is likely that he would be a leader of the archers in the rebel force, and would consequently be of importance enough to become specially obnoxious to the king's party. Many others—perhaps the whole company which followed him to the battle—might be in the same plight. If so, it would account not only for their outlawry, but for the goodwill with which they were regarded by the people of their neighbourhood, who were generally favourable to the cause of the Earl of Lancaster, and looked upon him as a martyr. The battle of Boroughbridge, it should be observed, was fought in the year preceding that in which the king made his progress through the north, and rested for a fortnight at Nottingham.

Mr Hunter, in conclusion, sums up the results of his investigation in what he cautiously styles his 'theory' concerning the career of the famous ballad-hero. He considers that Robin Hood was one of the 'contrarians,' or malcontents, of the reign of King Edward II., and that he was still living in the early years of King Edward III.; but that his birth must 'be carried back into the reign of King Edward I., and fixed in the decenary period, 1285 to 1295; that he was born in a family of some station and respectability, seated at Wakefield or in villages around; that he, like many others, partook of the popular enthusiasm which supported the Earl of Lancaster, the great baron of those parts, who, having attempted in vain various changes in the government, at length broke out into open rebellion, with many persons, great and small, following his standard; that when the earl fell, and there was a dreadful proscription, a few persons who had been in arms not only escaped the hazards of battle, but the arm of the executioner; that he was one of these; and that he protected himself against the authorities of the time, partly by secreting himself in the depths of the woods of Barnsdale or of the forest of Sherwood, and partly by intimidating the public officers by the opinion which was abroad of his unerring bow, and his instant command of assistance from numerous comrades as skilled in archery as himself; that he supported himself by slaying the wild animals which were found in the forests, and by levying a species of blackmail on passengers along the great road which united London with Berwick, occasionally replenishing his coffers by seizing upon treasure as it was being transported on the road; that there was a self-abandonment and a courtesy in the way in which he proceeded, which distinguishes him from the ordinary highwayman; that he laid down the principle, that he would take from none but those who could afford to lose, and that, if he met with poor persons, he would bestow upon them some part of what

he had taken from the rich: in short, that in this respect he was the supporter of the rights or supposed reasonable expectations of the middle and lower ranks—a leveller of the times; that he continued this course for about twenty months—April 1222 to December 1223—meeting with various adventures, as such a person must needs do, some of which are related in the ballads respecting him; that when, in 1223, the king was intent upon freeing his forests from such marauders, he fell into the king's power; that this was at a time when the bitter feeling with which the king and the Spencers had first pursued those who had shewn themselves such formidable adversaries, had passed away, and a more lenient policy had supervened—the king, possibly for some secret and unknown reason, not only pardoned him all his transgressions, but gave him the place of one of the *valets, porteurs de la chambre*, in the royal household; which appointment he held for about a year, when the love for the unconstrained life he had led and for the charms of the country returned, and he left the court, and betook himself again to the greenwood shade; that he continued this mode of life we know not exactly how long; and that at last he resorted to the prioress of Kirkstree, his own relative, for surgical assistance, and in that priory he died and was buried.

These conclusions must of course be looked upon at present merely as a series of probable suppositions. Mr Hunter does not pretend to have placed them within the domain of authentic history. But it is by no means unlikely, that future researches will produce evidence of the indubitable truth of some of them. To Mr Hunter is due the credit of having first pointed out the direction in which this evidence must be sought, and of having, at the same time, indicated by his example the true value of such researches in the light which they cast on the politics and social life of the period to which they refer.

SNOW-STORM IN THE SAHARA.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MILITARY SURGEON.

WHEN it was determined by the French government in the spring of 1847, to undertake several military expeditions simultaneously into the deserts to the south of Algeria, it was my lot to accompany the column of General Cavaignac, both in a medical and scientific capacity. The western route, being the most difficult and dangerous, was that assigned to him. He was to penetrate the hitherto unexplored regions traversed by the Hamian-garabas—a powerful tribe, who could bring 2000 horsemen into the field, and among whom the various tribes that had at different times sworn allegiance to the French government always found willing allies whenever they chose to break their treaties and throw off the yoke. He was to destroy every village throughout this region that refused submission; and thus it was hoped that the retreats of Abd-el-Kader might be cut off, and that by a speedy termination of the war, the country might become settled, and its commerce be restored.

We were a motley and grotesque-enough-looking caravan; for our six battalions of infantry and four squadrons of cavalry were accompanied by 3000 camels laden with provisions and attended by Arab drivers, besides 500 mules carrying water-barrels, and cacolets—jointed arm-chairs—for the sick. It was not deemed desirable to observe the strictest military regularity in our march; so that French uniforms and Arab burnouses, military chargers, camels of the desert, and pack-saddled mules travelled side by side, pretty much as fancy dictated.

It was nearly three weeks before we reached the enemy's country. We had meanwhile met with the usual adventures incident to these regions. We had set fire to the forests of the Little Atlas Mountains, and been obliged to raise our camp, and fly in terror

from the conflagration. We had crossed the dreary solitudes of Goor and Shott, through which our daily march had been enlivened by songs, or beguiled by listening to the wild legends of our Arab guides; and night after night we had encamped, like the vagabond tribes of Sahara, either round the mouths of wells, or without water in the open plains, each man receiving a scanty supply from the barrels, while the beasts were left to bear their thirst as they could. But now, after passing the basins of the Shott, and gaining the slight elevation beyond, we entered on a tract of desert as yet untrodden by European feet, and met with trials of a nature the least of all expected.

The wide wastes which lay before us appeared uniform and level as far as the eye could reach, but somewhat diversified by verdant patches of halfa (coarse grass of the desert), and by deceitful appearances of sheets of water, produced by the reflection of the light in the undulating vapours rising from the burning sand. In the distance, something like blue waves appeared: it was part of the great Atlas chain; but close at hand, to our right, was a long line of dunes. These eminences, smooth and sterile as marble domes, were apparently as solid too; but we knew that, if the desert wind should blow, they would be shaken into moving clouds of sand, overwhelming all before them.

Our column proceeded in silence. The soft sand yielded no echo to the tread. Every one appeared thoughtful and abstracted. This place has terrors even for the Arabs; they tell a thousand stories of the Pass of Sidi-Mohammed-el-Aoori: it was there, in times remote, that great armies were overpowered and slain by hostile bands, or destroyed by the scarcely less merciless elements; there many travellers have disappeared in the storm, or fallen under the hand of the murderer. It is the 'gate' of the desert; and the tutelary genii have placed the terrific dunes as a hieroglyphic warning to those who rashly approach. They seem to say, 'here begins the empire of Sterility and Death; enter if thou darest!' Doubtless the Arab tales had some influence on our minds, increasing the well-grounded fears inspired by the natural features of these arid wastes. Several of us mentally repeated that melancholy line from Dante—

*Lasclate ogni speranza voi che entrate;**

and not a few pictured to themselves a body of troops visiting these sands half a century later, and finding the bones of Cavaignac's army scattered here and there over the plains.

Hitherto the atmosphere had always been perfectly clear, but now it was thick and cold, the horizon wearing that gray, heavy aspect which in Europe precedes a fall of snow. No one, however, ventured to pronounce this word; it appeared an occurrence so unlikely in the plain, at such a season and under such a latitude. What, then, was our surprise, on awaking on the morning of the 19th of April, to find the tents covered with a thick sheet of snow, and to see the vast expanse of the desert white to the verge of the horizon, like the frozen steppes of Siberia! The general ordered the camp to be raised immediately, for the bivouac afforded very scanty materials for fire, and he hoped there might be wood in the mountains if he could reach them. The snow continued to fall in large flakes; the troops, anxious and sorrowful, described a thousand circuits and made a thousand useless turnings, for our Arab guides were utterly at fault. During three or four months previous to the expedition, Cavaignac had been selecting and retaining as guides whatever Saharians he could find acquainted with that part of the desert he intended to traverse. The Arabs are gifted with remarkable dexterity in steering without

compass, recognising a footstep imperceptible to the common eye, scenting the water at a distance, and finding their way by marks which would escape the most observant European. A Saharian once affirmed to Colonel Daumas: 'I am not considered remarkably sharp-sighted, but I can distinguish a goat from a sheep at the distance of a day's journey; and I know some who smell the smoke of a pipe, or of broiled meat, at thirty miles! We all know each other by the track of our feet in the sand, for no one tribe walks like another, nor does a wife leave the same footprint as an unmarried woman. If a hare has passed, we know by its footprint whether it is male or female, and, in the latter case, whether it is with young. If we see the stone of a date, we know the particular tree that produced it.'

Our conductors, though not pretending to all this sagacity, were nevertheless far in advance of some of us who proudly called ourselves 'old Africans,' and considered ourselves wonderfully expert in tracking the desert paths. But now the landmarks on which they depended had disappeared beneath the snow; and the atmosphere was so surcharged with it, that the mountain summits could no longer be descried. At length the guides abandoned the hopeless effort, and declared that they had entirely lost the way, and knew not in what direction to proceed. At this juncture, Cavaignac, remembering that the mountains had appeared due south on the preceding evening, seized his compass, and boldly ordered the troops in that direction. It was the only hope; but the march became so fatiguing, and the natives gave so little encouragement to the expectation of finding the mountains wooded, that a halt was ordered, and a bivouac on the snowy plain.

Many were the miseries that attended this encampment. The rattling of arms was heard on every side, for the soldiers were shivering to such a degree that they could not hold their guns steadily. What would they not now have given for some of the wood they had so wantonly destroyed in the forests of the Tell! But the bivouac was not even supplied with chiah—one of the commonest plants in Sahara, having a ligneous root, which had hitherto served us for fuel when everything else failed. Nothing was to be found but halfa, green, and steeped in snow; and the most skilful kindlers succeeded only in amusing themselves for a time with poor, little fires, that emitted more smoke than flame. The men, of course, could not make their soup; but the general ordered them rations of biscuit and coffee. For my own part, not being able to make a fire of wet halfa, I was looking disconsolately at a bit of biscuit, and a little morsel of cheese, which was to compose my dinner, when Lieutenant N— sent word that his fire-makers had been more successful, and that they offered me a corner. In a few minutes, I sat down to two boiled eggs, which appeared delicious. Meanwhile, the night drew on. The soldier's bed out-of-doors is a sheep-skin laid on the bare ground, under a tent so small that he cannot stand upright in it. Now, as the earth was very damp, those who did not take the precaution of choosing a little mound, and removing a portion of the wet soil, soon found themselves literally in the mud, and were obliged to get up, and walk about all night.

The snow continued to fall thick and fast, the thermometer marking 7 degrees below the freezing-point during the night. Some days before, it had been 12½ degrees Fahrenheit in the sun; so that we were doomed, as in the Purgatory of Dante—

A soffrir tormenti caldi e geli;

from which, by the way, Milton has obviously borrowed his idea of infernal torment:

—And feel by turns the bitter change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

* All hope abandon ye that enter here.

At the sound of the morning watch-gun, the camp presented a most distressing spectacle. The Arabs and negroes of the convoy were lying motionless in the open air, rolled in their burnouses. Many of these poor creatures were but lightly clad, and had the lower limbs entirely naked. They were so benumbed and stupefied with cold, that they refused to rise and load the camels; they begged to be allowed to lie still and die in peace. The cattle also were in a sad condition, not only from cold, but hunger; for the snow-covered ground afforded them no pasture. As part of the provisions had been damaged, it was now asked in dismay, what would become of the army if the beasts should perish? The recollection of the disaster at Boo-Taleb, where the column of General Levasseur left so many men in the snow, occurred to the stoutest hearts. But even darker shades mingled in the prospects of our troops; for 'General Levasseur,' said they, 'was only thirty miles from a post occupied by French troops, and the neighbouring tribes raised and reanimated those whom they found alive, though benumbed on the plain; but we, in the midst of the desert, far from any human dwelling, what will become of us? Hunger, thirst, and the enemy, will soon finish the remains of our unfortunate army.'

But the officers are on foot, setting the example of vigorous exertion, and striving to comfort and encourage the men; while the calm and quiet prudence of the general inspires every one with confidence in endeavouring to obey his orders, as the only hope of deliverance. We begin our march: the snow is now falling only at intervals; it lies two feet deep in the hollow plains, and above a foot on the level and rising ground.

Some of the men, however, remained as if nailed to the soil—not only their limbs benumbed, but their mental energies so paralysed as to be incapable of acting on the physical; the mind inaccessible to moral incentives, and the body insensible to the influence of outward stimulants. By and by they found energy to beg that they might be hoisted on the arm-chairs; but this was peremptorily refused. Since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and the recent work of Dr Shrimpton on the disaster at Boo-Taleb, every one knows the consequence of indulging this deceitful stupor.

But we found we must do more than talk; so we set the drums and trumpets about the ears of the sleepers, and made their comrades shake them with all their might. It was not till after an hour's march, in which coaxing, scolding, and pushing, stimulants to laughter and provocatives to anger, had been incessantly employed in turn, that the vital powers appeared to be in tolerably full play. There was one man more obstinate than the rest, who, in order to get a place on one of the cacolets, threatened every minute to lie down on the ground. I slid among the ranks, and began telling one of his comrades all the horrible stories I knew of those who, yielding to sleep in the cold, had awaked no more; adding, with affected indifference: 'I am afraid we shall have to leave some of our poor men as a supper for the hyenas to-night. There are two or three of them so benumbed and stupefied, that they will perish if they halt for a single instant.' In a few minutes, I learned that the soldier had done begging to be carried; he said his strength was returning.

In the midst of so much human distress, it seems almost like trifling to advert to the poor swallows. On awaking in the morning, I had found two under my bed-cover. They allowed themselves to be taken, and either could not, or would not fly away when I tried to banish them. So I put them in the hood of my cloak, and allowed it to fall down my back, while I raised over my head that of the ample burnoose which I wear in the cold above all my other garments. The swallows travelled thus for several hours, and gradually recovered in their warm nest. When the sun emitted

some genial rays, I took them out, and set them free. They fluttered for some time round my horse, uttering a little cry, which I took for an expression of gratitude before taking flight into the mountains.

Other companies of them had taken shelter under the matted hair which hangs from the flanks of the camel; and when the pitiless driver persisted in dislodging them, they departed with a plaintive cry, to seek an asylum with a camel whose driver was more hospitable. A sentinel had found one in his pocket during the night, but it paid dearly for its lodging—he roasted it for his supper! These poor birds had fled from the rigours of a European winter, to find cold as severe in the heart of Africa. Alas! how many of us felt that, like the swallows, we had exiled ourselves to improve our fortunes, and were now in danger of perishing. How gladly would we have resigned all our hopes of glory and advantage for the fireside of the modest paternal dwelling!

But before night we encamped in the shelter of the mountains; the chiah, which grew in abundance around us, enabled us to kindle fires, and a salutary reaction took place in the spirits of the troops. According to a common practice of mine, I invited to supper the man whose life I had saved by frightening him into exertion. After swallowing a glass of warm wine, well sugared, and spiced with tincture of cinnamon, he licked his lips, sucked the edges of his glass, and said: 'Thank ye, doctor; but for you I should have been dead,' with a naïveté which I can never forget, and which even now mingles pleasing associations with the thoughts of those days of suffering.

The next day nearly 200 of the men were affected with partial or total blindness. Some had merely a sensation like fatigue of the visual organs, with heaviness, watering, and inflammation of the conjunctive membrane. But with others the pain was acute, the eye much inflamed, and the cornea covered with minute ulcerations. Those who were more slightly affected, marched like persons enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and trying to see their way out of it; they took a few steps with their eyes shut, then half opened them with evident pain to reconnoitre the ground before them, and quickly closed them again. But many had for the time wholly lost their sight; they stumbled on the tufts of halfa, and rolled on the ground, so that we were obliged to hoist them on the cacolets. The general, in a state of much uneasiness, called a council of such members of the military corps of health as were found in his column. Some were of opinion that this epidemic was occasioned by the sudden cold, others that it was attributable to the smoke of the chiah; but the truth is, that, both before and after this period, we had experienced nearly as great extremes of heat by day and cold by night without any such consequences, and that some, who had not approached the chiah fires were as severely affected as those who had. It was concluded, with every appearance of reason, that the real cause was the dazzling light reflected from the snow during our march on the 20th of April. I recollect one artilleryman, who was conducting his gun, when suddenly, as the sun broke out afresh, he stopped, rubbed his eyes, turned his head in every direction, and exclaimed: 'I cannot see; I am quite blind!' Although we had not expected snow in the plains of Sahara, the general had anticipated the effects of the reflection of light from the sand, and the possibility of small particles of it getting into the eyes; and with this view each man had been provided with a green gauze veil. But the soldier dislikes anything out of his regular routine as much as the most ignorant peasant; so when the order was given that these veils should be worn,* the soldiers

* *Porter*, to carry, is the word by which the French express to wear a thing, so that the error of Cavaignac's soldiers was somewhat more excusable than it would have been in Englishmen.

wore them to be sure—in their pockets. I insisted that each man should fasten his on his helmet, and this, too, was done; but it was allowed to fly like a streamer behind, instead of being drawn over the eyes. Happily the epidemic was but temporary, and none permanently suffered the loss of sight as the punishment of his folly.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

August 1858.

THE great heat, which has been more talked about than anything else, if it does not prove that the meteorologists, who predicted that this summer was to bring a return of the warm cycle, were right in their conclusions, at least coincides with their vaticinations. Not least remarkable was the suddenness with which we plunged into it, as though the cause which had produced a precisely similar effect in the United States a month earlier, had slowly crossed the Atlantic for our benefit.

It follows, when 'everybody' is going out of town, that the number of those who stay behind to talk must be greatly diminished; and to see that the things to be talked about undergo a collapse at this season, it is only necessary to look at the newspapers. A new actor, or an out-door place of amusement, is treated to a whole column of criticism, whereas, at other times, they would be dismissed in a brief paragraph. Penny-a-liners of lively imagination, find their reports less subjected to curtailment. Emigration comes in for a considerable share of notice, and the statements put forth of the numbers who sail weekly for Australia and the 'Diggins,' must be taken as decided evidence of a desire to better their condition on the part of a large section of the population. It is easy to foresee that thousands will be disappointed, if they are not made of that stuff which can brave hardship, and triumph over the wild work of pioneer colonisation. Now and then we see accounts of unsuspecting emigrants having been deluded and robbed by a mock 'company,' whose ships are perhaps in the moon, for they are never seen in terrestrial seas; but with so many facilities as now exist for getting a passage in a straightforward, business-like way, it is not easy to understand how it is that people should persist in giving their money to swindlers. It would appear that to some the *verbum sap.* never suffices. Means are not lacking for putting the unwary on their guard, among which the conferences and group-meetings held by the indefatigable Mrs Chisholm are especially to be commended. At these meetings, those who desire to expatriate themselves are informed of the most economical mode of effecting their purpose, and counselled as to what they should do during the voyage. Whatever be the result to those who go, there are indications that the labour-market is bettered for those who stay; in connection with which a noteworthy fact may be mentioned, which is, that in the southern, western, and midland counties, scarcely an Irish labourer is to be seen; and who is there that does not remember what troops of the ragged peasantry used to come over for haymaking and the harvest?

The lovers of the picturesque, who are apt to become migratory at this period of the year, will be glad to hear of Earl de Grey's announcement to the Society of British Architects, that he has repaired Fountains' Abbey—one of the beautiful ruins for which Yorkshire is famous—without modernising its appearance or altering its character. It is to be hoped that so praiseworthy an attempt to preserve a relic of the olden time from decay will find many imitators. Pilgrims will thank his lordship for many a generation to come. And, to leave the past to the present; metropolitan promenaders are about to have a cause of satisfaction, for the embankment of the Thames from

Vauxhall Bridge to Chelsea Gardens is at last to be commenced; and London will cease to be the only capital in Europe which cannot obtain a view of its river. If the authorities could be persuaded to extend this beneficial work through the whole length of the city, what popularity would be theirs!

An official notice from the Post-office states, that from the first of the present month London is to be placed on the same footing, with respect to letters, as the rest of the country—that is, they must either be stamped before being posted, or sent unpaid. This is a measure which will materially diminish the labour of keeping accounts at the central office; and the more that labour is saved, the more will there be left to facilitate postal communication. Books and periodicals can now be sent to most of our colonies at the rate of a shilling a pound—a fact which those who have hitherto sent their parcels at any one's trouble and expense but their own, will do well to bear in mind. Ocean Penny Postage is growing into favour, and is talked about in such a way as to shew that the project will not be left to take care of itself.

The French are going to send a new Scientific Exploring Expedition to South America, chiefly for researches in Brazil and Paraguay. Perhaps the veteran Bonpland, who was so long detained by the dictator Francia, may be induced to come home in it, as he has written to express his desire of returning to France. And something has been said at Washington, about sending a couple of frigates to survey the great river Amazon, in which, as the official document states, there is a sufficient depth of water to float a large ship at the foot of the Andes, 1500 miles from the sea. America will surely be well known some day. Meanwhile, we are extending our knowledge of Africa; a map of that country is about to be published, comprising the whole region from the equator to 19 degrees of south latitude. In this the recent discoveries will be laid down, and we shall see Mr Galton's route of 1600 miles from Walfish Bay to Odonga, near a large river named the Nourse, and to the country of the Ovampo, described as an intelligent tribe of natives. We shall find also, that the snow-peaked mountains seen by the German missionaries, and considered to be the source of the White Nile, are not more than about 300 miles distant from the eastern coast; and it is said that no more promising enterprise could be undertaken, than an attempt to ascend and explore them, starting from Mombas. Barth and Overweg were at the eastern end of Lake Tchad when last heard from; and we are told that the slave-traders, finding their occupation decreasing on the western coast, have lately, for the first time, penetrated to the interior, and tempted many of the natives to sell their children for showy European goods. Lieutenant Macleod, of the Royal Navy, proposes to ascend the Niger in a steam-launch, and when up the country, to cross over to, and descend the Gambia, with a view to discover new sources of trade; and Mr Macgregor Laird is still ready to carry a vessel up any river of the western coast to which government may please to send him. Besides the travellers mentioned, there are others pushing their way in different parts of the south; and the French are not idle in the north—they have added to our information concerning Abyssinia, and the countries bordering on the Great Desert. But in addition to African geography, all these explorations have added to our knowledge of African geology. A vast portion of the interior is supposed to have been an inland sea, of which Ngami and other lakes are the remains; fossil bones of most peculiar character have been found, but only of terrestrial and fresh-water animals. A name is already given to a creature of a remote secondary period; Professor Owen, from the examination of a few relics, pronounces it to be a *Dicynodon*. According to Sir R. Murchison, such have been the main features of Africa during countless ages;

'for the old rocks which form her outer fringe, unquestionably circled round an interior marshy or lacustrine country, in which the dicynodon flourished at a time when not a single animal was similar to any living thing which now inhabits the surface of our globe. The present central and meridian zone of waters, whether lakes, rivers, or marshes, extending from Lake Tchad to Lake Ngami, with hippopotami on their banks, are, therefore, but the great modern, residual, geographical phenomena of those of a mesozoic age.'

The publication of special scientific works is going on under the auspices of different European governments. The Batavian Society of Rotterdam have just issued an elaborate illustrated Report on the best method of improving permanently the estuary of Goedereede—a question of considerable moment to the merchants of Rotterdam. The French government have had a new fount of Ethiopic types cast, to enable M. d'Abbadie to prepare a catalogue of African manuscripts. And our Secretary of State for the Home Department has presented various libraries and public institutions with two portly folios, entitled *Liber Museum Publicorum Hibernia, or the Establishments of Ireland, from the Nineteenth of King Stephen to the Seventh of George IV.*, which we may accept as an addition to the *Memorials of History*, commenced two or three years since. Then, as a private enterprise, we have a scheme for a new edition of Shakespeare, in twenty volumes folio, which is to be completed in six years, with all that can be required in the way of illustration, be it archaeological, philological, historical, or exegetical. Mr Halliwell is to be the editor; and it is said that not more than 150 copies will be printed. Another birth for the spirit of the dust that lies in the tomb at Stratford.

Research is as active as ever in France. M. Bernard, who is well known as a physiologist and anatomist, after a careful study of the salivary glands, finds that each of the three, common to nearly all animals, furnishes a different secretion. The saliva from the sublingual gland is viscous and sticky, fit to moisten the surface of substances, but not to penetrate them, giving them a coat which facilitates their being swallowed. That from the parotid gland, on the contrary, is thin and watery, easily penetrates substances taken into the mouth, and thereby favours their assimilation; while the saliva from the submaxillary gland is of a nature between these two. These facts were verified by soaking portions of the membrane in water, as well as by experiments on the living subject; the liquid in which they were soaked presented the same character as that of the secretions.

The varying of the parotid secretion with the nature of the food taken, is considered by M. Bernard to be a proof that this secretion is especially intended to favour mastication. A horse kept on perfectly dry food gives out a far greater quantity than when the food is moistened. Experiments on the dog and rabbit supplied similar results; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the gland will secrete saliva in the course of an hour weighing eight or ten times as much as its own tissue. A striking example this of the rapidity with which saliva can be separated from the blood under certain circumstances, and of the fallacy of founding conclusions on the quantity secreted within the twenty-four hours.

The sublingual gland is inert during mastication, and only begins to act as swallowing commences, when it envelops or lubricates the chewed substance with a fluid that assists its passage to the stomach. The function of the submaxillary has much to do with taste; the fluid which it pours out dilutes and diminishes the pungent flavour of sapid substances, and at the same time weakens the energy of their contact. The three organs are identical in texture, though so different in their secretions; 'each gland,' as M. Bernard says, 'having a special act, its function is exercised under

separate and independent influences. Notwithstanding their discharging into and mixing in the mouth, their use remains distinct,' as above stated. To complete this brief summary of an interesting subject, it may be added, that birds and reptiles have but one kind of saliva, answering to the viscous in mammalia.

M. Vogt, in a communication to the Académie, adds to the proofs that what is called the spontaneous generation of certain worms, is due to natural causes. For instance, a worm, which has no reproductive organs, is often found in the body of the stickle-back; this worm, however, is known to breed, but it does so only when the stickle-back happens to be eaten by a bird; the worm is then placed in the proper condition for development, 'for it is then only that its segments become filled with eggs, which, ejected by the bird, pass into the bodies of other fishes;' in a way more in accordance with natural operations than spontaneous generation.

Again, of two kinds of worms which infest human beings, the *Bothriocephalus* is found among the Poles, Swiss, and Dutch, while the *Tenia*, or tape-worm, is common among the French and Germans. If, however, the latter reside in Switzerland, they also become infested with the first-named worm, the reason given being, that in Switzerland liquid excreta from cesspools are largely used for manuring vegetables, and that, in the eating of these vegetables, the eggs of the worms are taken into the body, and become hatched by means of the intestinal warmth. These investigations, which are to be continued, are important, seeing that they have a bearing on the phenomena of health and disease.

There are some curious facts, too, concerning oysters. M. Dureau de la Malle states, that 100,000,000 of these bivalves are collected annually from a bank off the port of Granville; and that, by a proper course of feeding, white oysters have been converted into a much esteemed green sort, which sell at a high price. And further, a physician at Morlaix has succeeded in crossing a big, tough species with one that is small and delicate, and has obtained 'hybrids of large size and of an excellent quality.'

M. Verdeil informs the Académie, that he has proved the chlorophyll, or resinous green colouring-matter of plants, to be 'a mixture of a perfectly colourless fat, capable of crystallising, and of a colouring principle which presents the greatest analogies with the red colouring principle of the blood, but which has never yet been obtained in a perfectly pure state.' He has isolated a quantity for experiment and examination by a chemical process, and has added another fact to the list of those which shew a relation between animal and vegetable functions. It has been known for some time, that certain functions of the liver are similar to those of certain plants.

M. Marcel de Serres shews, that marine petrifications are not necessarily of ancient date, for they are formed at the present day in existing seas; that shells are now being petrified in the Mediterranean. All that is required for the result, is the presence of certain calcareous salts in the water; repose even is not essential, for the process goes on below, though the surface may be stormy. These petrifications are not, as some suppose, to be regarded as fossils, the latter designation belonging only to 'those organic remains which are found in geological deposits.'

Apropos of the burning of the *Amazon*: M. Dujardin relates, that a fire broke out a short time since in a spinning-mill at Douai. It penetrated to the carding-room; destruction seemed inevitable, and the engines were sent for, when it was proposed to fill the blazing room with steam. A steam tube traversed the apartment; it was broken by a stroke with an axe, the steam rushed out, 'and in a few minutes the conflagration was extinguished as if by enchantment.'

Attempts are still being made towards aerial navigation. M. Prosper Meller, of Bordeaux, proposes to

construct an aërial locomotive 200 mètres in length, 62 wide, and 60 high, the form to be cylindrical, with cone-shaped ends, as best adapted for speed. The outer case is to be varnished leather, which is to be filled with gas, and to contain five spherical balloons. A net, which covers the whole, is to support sixteen helices by ropes, eight on each side; and to these two galleries are to be attached, one for the machinery, the other for passengers. The affair looks well on paper; but there is little risk in saying, that the days of flying machines are not yet come, neither is the scheme for aërial railways—a series of cables stretched from one high building to another—to be regarded as any more promising.

THE SHIP'S FIRST VOYAGE.

BY MRS ALARIC WATTS.

That ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
But I pursued her with a lover's look.

WORDSWORTH.

A STRANGER in a foreign land,
Soft music met mine ear—
O Richard, O mon roi, struck up
In flute-notes wild and clear :
And scarce had died that plaintive strain,
When lo ! how could it be ?
Thy thunder pealed above the tide,
'Britannia rules the sea !'
I knew not whence the magic came,
But sought the distant shore,
And there a stately pageant lay
Unseen, undreamt before :
A gallant vessel newly dressed
With flags and streamers gay,
An untried wanderer on the wing,
To cleave an untried way.

And joy was with the multitude,
And gladness on the earth,
The tongue of every living thing
Rang with a sound of mirth.
All that stern Wisdom could desire,
Or Fancy fair engage—
Danger-defying youth was there,
And calm experienced age.
It seemed as though earth's very best
To that brave barque were given—
Science for nature's mysteries,
And childlike faith for Heaven.

How strangely is sensation formed,
How mingled hope and fear,
Since Mirth herself can oft repel
And Sadness' self endear !
Whence is it that a sigh can soothe,
And sweetest sounds may jar ?
Those winged words my thoughts had sent
A thousand leagues afar.
I listened to the thrilling strain,
Unbidden tears would start,
The sound fell lightly on the ear,
But heavy on the heart.
The low breath of the summer wind
Seemed but the siren's voice,
In vain I chid my coward fears,
And struggled to rejoice !

Her gallant hearts were numbered,
Her snowy wings were set,
Her pilot's hand was on the helm,
But there she lingered yet.

The ringing laugh suspended,
The voice of mirth was hushed,
When the twilight's holy anthem
In a burst of music gushed.
Warm hearts of many nations
Were blended in that prayer,
And the incense that went up to heaven,
Was surely welcomed there.
Like rain upon the thirsting earth
Was that sweet chant to me,
Like a cool breeze in a desert—
Like a gale from Araby.
And the mental clouds, late veiling
The charm of sea and shore,
Rolled off like mist before the sun,
And I was sad no more.
Slow sailed the stately vessel,
And slowly died the strain ;
But I knew that God was with it,
To guide it o'er the main.

THE HARE AND THE LION: AN INDIAN POLITICAL LIBEL.

Who knows not this story? Nevertheless we publish it; for even as the hare conquered the lion, so does the Bengalee overcome the Englishman:—A hare sat in the jungle with his wife, and he said: 'There is our king, the lion, come into the wood, and he will devour our children.' 'No,' said the little hare, 'for I will go to confront him, and conquer the great lion, the king of the beasts.' Then her husband laughed, and said: 'Intellect is power; we can die but once; let us see what you can do.' Then the little hare, taking her little son in her paws, jumped and jumped till she came to the lion. Then she put down her son before his face, and put her two paws together in all humility, and said: 'Lo! king of kings, I have brought you a nuzzurana; oblige me by eating it. Also, I have some news to give you.' Then the lion looked at the hare's babe, and saw it was soft and juicy, and was pleased in his soul, and laughed, and his laugh was as the roar of the thunder of Indro. Then he asked her news, and the little hare replied: 'You are the sovereign of the forest, but another has come who calls himself king of the beasts, and demands tribute.' Then the roar of the lion shook the forest, and the little hare nearly died with fear as he asked: 'Where is the scoundrel? Can you shew him to me?' Then the little hare leaped along with the lion till she came to an old well. The well was nearly full, but had no wall. And she said: 'Look, he is hiding there in fear.' Then the lion, craning his neck, looked and saw his own shadow, and with a fearful roar, leaped into the well. So the little hare, with a glad heart, took up her son, and went to her husband, and said: 'Lo! intellect is power: I have killed the lion, the king of the beasts.'—From the *Samochar Durpan*, a Bengalee newspaper, of the 2d August 1851.

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A POSSIBLE EVENT.

OCCUPIED as most of us are with our respective worldly concerns, and accustomed to see the routine of common events going on smoothly from age to age, we are little apt to reflect on natural events of a tremendous character, which modern science shews might possibly happen, and that on any day of any year. We think of the land as a firm and solid thing—as *terra firma*, in short—not recollecting that geology shews how it may rise or sink, so as to pass into new relations to the enveloping sea; how it may be raised, for instance, to such an extent as to throw every port inland, or so far lowered as to submerge the richest and most populous regions. No doubt, the relations of sea and land have been much as they are during historical time; but it is at the same time past all doubt, that the last great geological event, in respect of most countries known, was a submergence which produced the marine alluvial deposits; and when we find that Scandinavia is slowly but steadily rising in some parts at this moment, and that a thousand miles of the west coast of South America rose four feet in a single night only thirty years ago, we cannot feel quite assured, that the agencies which produced that submergence, and the subsequent re-emergence, are at an end. We likewise forget, in these cool districts of the earth, that we are not quite beyond the hazard of subterranean fire. There are numberless extinct volcanoes in both Britain and France; there are some on the banks of the Rhine; indeed, they are thick-sown everywhere. Now, an extinct volcano is not quite so safe a neighbour as many may suppose. Vesuvius was an extinct volcano from time immemorial till the year 63, when it suddenly broke out again, and soon after destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum; since which time it has never again subsided into entire inactivity. Suppose Arthur's Seat, which is 'within a mile of Edinburgh town,' were to recommence business in like manner, we should like to know at how many years' purchase house property in that beautiful New Town would be selling next day. Yet what is there about an old volcano here more than an old volcano in Italy, to give assurance that its means of annoyance and destruction are absolutely extinguished?

There is, however, in the showings of science, a more serious danger than any of these. Comets were once regarded as most terrific objects, but only in a superstitious way, perplexing nations with fear of change, and shaking pestilence from their horrid hair. During an intermediate enlightened time, these notions passed away; and we have even come to think, that such a visitant of our skies may exercise a beneficial influence.

We at least recollect when old gentlemen, after dinner, brightened up at the mention of 'claret 1811,' merrily attributing the extraordinary merits of the liquor to the comet of that year. But comets, in the cool eye of modern science, are not without their terrors. Crossing as they often do the paths of the planets in their progress to and from their perihelia, it cannot but be that they should now and then come in contact with one of these spheres. One, called Lexell's, did come athwart the satellites of Jupiter in 1769, and once again in 1779, so as to be deranged in its own course. It made, indeed, no observable change in the movements of the Jovian train, being of too light a consistence for that; but can we doubt, that it might nevertheless seriously affect the condition of their surfaces, and especially any animal life existing thereon? This very comet, on the 28th of June 1770, passed the earth at a distance only six times that of the moon. There is another called Biela's, which revisits the sun every six years, or a little more; and this busy traveller actually crossed our orbit in 1832, only a month before we passed through the same point in space! Another, which made a grand appearance in the western sky in March 1843, would have involved us in its tail, if we had been only a fortnight earlier at a particular place! Rather fine shaving that in the celestial economics. Now, if we consider that as many as eight comets have been observed telescopically in a single year (1846), we must see that the chance of a collision of this kind is not quite so small as to be unworthy of regard. If it be true that there are thousands of comets, all of which make periodical visits to the near neighbourhood of the sun, it must be evident that the earth, being itself not far, comparatively speaking, from that luminary, must be rather liable as otherwise to a brush from one of these wanderers; and, indeed, the wonder is, that several thousand years should have passed without, so far as we know, any one such collision having taken place.

Seeing what a highly-organised system is formed by the physical and organic arrangements upon our planet, one is apt to think that the scheme of Providence must have been framed with a provision for the complete exclusion of such accidents. To allow of the sudden undoing of all this fair scene, which it has taken thousands of years to bring out in its full proportions, seems like a wanton destruction of valuable property, and we are not disposed to believe that such a thing could be permitted. But we must at the same time remember, that our sense of what is important and consequential has a regard to the earth alone, which is but a trifling atom in the universe. Who can tell what are the limits which the Master of worlds has set to mundane

calamity? And assuredly, even though a whole solar system were here and there, now and then, to be remodelled in respect of all such arrangements as have been spoken of, it could not be supposed to be a very great event in the progress of the entire scheme, seeing that astronomy has taught us to regard such systems as no more than particles in the dust-cloud or grains of sand on the sea-shore. It must, then, in sober reasoning be admitted, that our mere abhorrence of so much destruction is no guidance to our judgment on this point; and that for anything we can see of the plans of Providence, an entanglement of our globe with a comet may take place any day, with consequences incalculably damaging for the meantime, though not conclusively destructive, and perhaps necessary as a step towards an improved system of things—the bringing in of what Ben Jonson calls 'an age of better metal.'

In the frame of mind which these speculations induce—not very greatly alarmed about such extraordinary contingencies, yet not insensible to the solemnity of the thought of what may come to pass even before our living eyes—it is curious, and not necessarily unpleasant, to consider what might be the actual phenomena attending a cometary collision. We know not what comets are composed of, but are certain that they consist of some palpable matter, however diffused, for they observe the rules of motion in their revolutions round the sun. On the whole, the most plausible supposition as to their composition, is that which regards them as watery vapour or cloud, of great tenuity. How like, for example, to the doings of a cloud, is the splitting into two, which has been occasionally observed in them! Well, if they be clouds, the coming of one into contact with our earth would most likely deposit with us an immense addition to our stock of water. It would be instantaneous, or nearly so. Only think of a sudden fall of water sufficient to raise the ocean a hundred feet, and submerge all parts of the land which were less than that height above the present level of the sea! There would, of course, be a fearful abridgment of our continents; all big islands would be made little; and many little ones would cease to be. The surviving lands would be so swept by the flood, that scarcely any of the present features would remain unchanged. All animals and movable things would be engulfed. In a few minutes, this brawling, chattering, bustling world would be stilled in universal death. What a settlement of 'questions' there! What a strike of work! What a command of Silence!

A board of bank directors was hesitating about a bill for L.100, some thinking it rather indifferent paper, others viewing it more favourably; when down comes the cometic flood, and while the manager rings his bell to see what is the matter, it enters by doors and windows, and in an instant closes the whole concern. A criminal court was sitting in expectation of the return of the jury with their verdict. There was one thinking that death may not be far from his door, and a hundred pitying him in the contrast of their own assurance from the imminent foe, when lo! the flood, and judges, jury, criminal, and sympathising audience, are all instantly on a level. A sanitary commission was deliberating on impediments to the bringing in of fresh and the taking away of foul water, and wondering if there ever would be a body of their denomination which could do anything it wished to do for the benefit of a mild, expectant, inactive, suffering public. The comet pours in its fresh water on the instant, and the whole difficulties of the case are at once resolved. A synod had been called to consider some nice point, hardly palpable to common understandings, but which everybody thought a very important point notwithstanding, and three gentlemen speaking at once to contrary purposes were about to be

interrupted by a fourth of a different opinion still, when enter comet—a real Moderator—and at one stroke decides what poor mankind had been wrangling about for centuries, and what, to all appearance, but for this 'redding stralk,' they would have wrangled about for centuries to come. Lord Augustus Anser had demanded satisfaction of the Honourable Mr Pavo for an injurious remark, and they were proceeding by railway to make a deadly end of it, when, lo! the comet dashes in like an undesired train from a siding, and quashes one of the prettiest quarrels which has happened for a twelvemonth. There was an unpleasant dispute with America about a herring-barrel, and barrels of a different kind were likely to be resorted to to settle it. The Admiralty was all astir as to how many vessels it might be necessary to set afloat for the business. Brother Jonathan was calculating what could be made of the crisis in working out the election of a president. The comet takes upon itself to set the whole naval force of both countries afloat—the 'origo mali' too—and at the same time to countermand the presidential election. So that matter passes. Another president was on the point of electing himself emperor—a loving pair was about to be wed—the Court of Chancery was just commencing a career of reform—a new author was starting into fame with the most brilliant novel of the season—when the comet thwarts every hope. Lloyd's had never calculated on such an accident. On 'Change, if there had been time for a moment's remark, it would have been regarded as a most unheard-of thing. The life-assurance companies, having in their tables made no allowance for such a contingency, would have been ruined by so many policies 'emerging' (oh, word of mockery!) at once, had it not been that there were no survivors to claim the various amounts. Debts, bonds, contracts, obligations of all kinds, in like manner were absolved by the comet, and Creation itself left to open a new score in, it is to be hoped, a less blotted book.

Considered as a reform, our possible event must be viewed with great interest. The patriot's heart is broken, in the ordinary current of things, by the passive resistance he meets with from the great, inert mass of prejudice and contrary interest. His most generous views are thwarted by thousands of accidents which there was no foreseeing when he put the affair down on paper. Tories hate and scandalise him; despots put him in prison; he only can bequeath his scheme to be wrought out by the happy man of a happier age. Here, however, comes one in a beam which sweeps all the old peccant institutions away at one whisk. Church and state are severed, and for ever. The Holy Alliance against the liberties of mankind is broken up—the pomp and corruption of courts is annihilated—bribery and bigotry are no more. What a clean sweep!—how hopeless reaction! Surely the most extravagant views of the Destructives must be gratified and contented at last.

If the event shall ever happen, it cannot be doubted that the present Mankind will leave many interesting memorials of themselves and their progress for the examination of a new race, should such ever arise. When the geologist of the after-world begins his work—who can tell how many hundreds of thousands of years hence?—he will find, over all our stratification and palæontology, a DRIFT containing the remains of the ancient human species—here a *tibia* of a stockbroker, there the skull of a poet—here a lady's dressing-case in a fossilised state, there a gentleman's box of cigars: besides all these odds and ends, there will doubtless be ruins of temples, fortresses, ships, gin-palaces, and other pertinents of an active, passionate humanity, the purposes of which will form most curious matter of speculation for the more angelic species then at last come upon the earth. Nothing in writing or print will have survived to convey an idea of the state of our knowledge, or of the attainments of our great writers; but it is possible

that a few inscriptions may be disinterred, and that through these some glimpses may be obtained of our history, though of a most detached and confused nature. Probably, the most puzzling thing of all will be our warlike implements and munitions; for to one who never thought of harming his neighbour, how incomprehensible must be any tool designed expressly for that purpose! If the intent of these articles be penetrated, they will doubtless be ranged in museums as curious monuments of passions long extinct, just as we see the instruments of torture used by the Inquisition and other ancient jurisdictions hung up in antiquarian collections of our own day.

Well, well, my dear brethren—you have read thus far without, I hope, being too much distressed by the idea of the physical contingencies to which it is shewn we are liable. Probably you have, each of you, too many matters of sore concern pressing closely upon you, to be much incommoded by possibilities of so infinitesimal a character. It cannot, nevertheless, be amiss, that you should know these amongst other things that may any day leap from the lap of the Parcae, were it only to expand your souls a little with things superior to the eternal commonplaces of life. It is, after all, a great thing to be a part of so great a system as that revealed to us in the external frame of things, and to feel in what a mighty hand our destiny lies. Even in the danger of what is here styled a Possible Event, there is a grandeur—both as to the event itself, and the Power under whose permission it will, if at all, take place, and our filial relations to that Power, which never leaves us without hope—which, to a high and purified mind, must be felt as more than reconciling.

BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR.

We have been reading with profound interest the life and letters of one of the great men of Germany, Barthold Niebuhr, published very recently in an English garb.* The original work we have not seen, but we understand it is about one-third larger than the present selection, made in a great measure under the auspices of the Chevalier Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr, and his immediate successor in the Prussian embassy to Rome. The interest of the book is, indeed, principally derived from the private letters of Niebuhr, the greater part of which were addressed to his early friend, M^{me} Hensler, whose younger sister was his first wife, and her niece his second. Most unfortunately, the valuable series of his letters to his father was destroyed by fire a short time before his own death; but the account given of him by M^{me} Hensler is quite sufficient to connect all that remains; and from this, and one or two other sources open to us, we shall try to fill up our present narrative.

Niebuhr is one of those men whose advent forms an era in the history of human knowledge. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he was the first to infuse even into Roman story that element of doubt which has changed the whole fabric of historical science. If Niebuhr was a mere sceptic, he would be only the humble follower of Bayle, Lesurges de Pouilly, and other writers of the last century; but his merit lies in reconstruction—in the jealous care with which he distinguishes between the true monuments of history and the mass of traditional rubbish in which they lay entombed. In his Roman history, however, although by that alone he is known in England, we find only a portion of the intellectual man: he was learned in the learning of all times, modern as well as

ancient; and yet he was so completely immersed, not merely as an observer, but as a participator, in the business of the world and the great events of his own time, that even literature seems to have been little more than a study indulged in during the pauses of active life. The history of a mind so vast is by no means, we are aware, adapted for pages like ours; and yet it seems important—indeed indispensable—that in a popular journal, flowing on with the spirit of the age, we should trace some authentic records of the character and career of the man.

Carsten Niebuhr, the father of the historian, had not the advantages of early education. He was no more than a free peasant, living on the marsh-farm in Friesland, which had been possessed by several generations of his ancestors; but at the age of two-and-twenty he put himself under mathematical tutelage at Hamburg, and then studied at Göttingen. He was invited to join a mission which the Danish government determined to send into Arabia; and the proposal, at first scarcely made in earnest to the half-educated young farmer, was accepted by him with eagerness. By a singular fatality, he was the only one of the travellers sent out on this expedition who returned; he was absent more than six years, during four of which he was alone, all his companions being dead. He had added largely to what was previously known of Egypt; had made scientific observations of great value in the deserts of Arabia, and undergone prodigious hardships; but the most remarkable thing was, that his eagerness to fulfil in some measure the purposes of the expedition, made the whole journey a work of preparation and study, as well as of actual exploration. In 1773, being then just forty years of age, he married the orphan daughter of Dr Blumenberg, a Thuringian physician, and lived at Copenhagen, with the rank of captain of engineers, till the year 1778. He then removed to Meldorf, a town in the province of Ditmarsch, Holstein, where he settled for life as collector of the revenues of the district.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born in Copenhagen on the 27th of August 1776; but with the little old town of Meldorf—once the capital of an ancient commonwealth—his earliest associations were connected. A kind of rude equality still reigned in the manners of the rustic population, which was not likely to be disturbed by the influx of the world into a bleak and gloomy district remote from the great roads. Here young Niebuhr grew up a studious and solitary boy; instructed by his father in French, the rudiments of Latin, and above all, in geography and history, which the old traveller taught him to illustrate by maps and plans, and by digging regular fortifications in the garden. The sheriff of Meldorf, and editor of the *Deutsches Museum*, a man of both fancy and learning, assisted in this early education; and the boy—who had never been a child—employed himself, even at seven years of age, in writing down the instructions he received. In future years, he regretted his having thus 'lost the life of a child.' 'I found matter for my childish fancy only in books, engravings, or conversation. I drew into its sphere all I read, and I read without reason and without aim; but the real world was closed to me, and I could not conceive or imagine anything which had not been first conceived or imagined by another.'

From this *second-hand world* he removed at the age of thirteen, when he was sent to the school at Meldorf, where the principal, Dr Jäger, gave him as much attention as he could spare for a pupil, who, though much the youngest, was the most advanced in the class. Afterwards, finding it was impossible to do for him what this strange child required, Dr Jäger advised his removal, and gave him a private lesson of an hour every day instead. This was continued with only a few months' interruption and unsuccessful trial of a

* By the Chevalier Bunsen and Professors Brandis and Loebell. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall. 1855.

school at Hamburg, till Barthold was eighteen, when he was sent to the university of Kiel.

His interest in politics dated from a very early period. At the age of eleven, he studied the newspapers, English ones especially, which he read with ease; and his knowledge of geography enabled him to follow all the details of a campaign with vivid interest.

His going to the university was an important incident in his life. His particular vocation, indeed, seems to have been clear enough from even an earlier period; for though he was a learned linguist, history especially, and philology, were the pursuits to which his heart was given. The letters he wrote from Kiel to his parents are amiable, full of affectionate outpourings about the new men and women to whom he was introduced, about his studies, and about his theories. He profits by the kindness of the physician, Dr Hensler, whose house and friendly advice were always accessible; but he declines evening-parties; and contemplates the mountain of knowledge, up whose steep sides he has yet to climb, with profound awe and some anxiety. 'My head swims when I survey what I have yet to learn—philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history. Then, too, I must perfect myself in history, German, and French; study Roman law, and the political constitutions of Europe, as far as I can, &c.; and all this must be done within five years at most. . . . I must know all these things; but how I shall learn them, Heaven knows! That I shall require them as a learned man, or in any position I may occupy, I am fully convinced.'

In Dr Hensler's house he saw frequently Mme Hensler, the widow of the doctor's son. She was six years older than Niebuhr; but to him, unused to female society, and admitted at once into domestic familiarity with a sensible and engaging woman, this disparity was nothing—perhaps, indeed, it added to the charm. From other sources, we learn that he at first became attached to Mme Hensler herself; but being discouraged as a lover, allowed her to introduce him to her younger sister, Amelia Behrens, a beautiful and intellectual woman; and although the attachment he then formed was not sudden or violent, it became very profound. After his engagement with this lady in 1797, and before his marriage, he visited England; and in Scotland—chiefly in Edinburgh—he spent nearly a year. The account given in his letters of his sojourn in our capital, would interest and amuse many of its present inhabitants. The Edinburgh of 1797 was more different perhaps from its present self in outward things, than in mental characteristics. His remarks on the want of a more open manifestation of feeling and affection among his friends there are striking. 'It is quite a national trait,' he says, 'not to dwell on what concerns us personally, upon what fills our heart; and it is as unnatural to them to hear me speak of the topics upon which I am feeling strongly, as it would be to do the same themselves. . . . I am far from attributing it to coldness in these good people. It is altogether national, and it is the same with every one I have known here, whatever their rank, calling, learning, or sex. It has quite surprised me, for example, that if you meet a person in whose family some one has been ill, he will hardly allude to it, beyond a short answer to your inquiries, or speak of it with any feeling. In this way, it must be allowed, people may easily be independent of each other. I believe firmly that the Scots love their children—that Playfair is a good father; and yet the former only speak of them because they have them with them in the evenings, and the boys make their presence known: the latter behaves exactly as if his boy were not in the room. So far from inviting me to speak of my relations, so far from Mr Scott making any inquiries as to my father's position—though he is, nevertheless, as much attached to him as possible—they have met every attempt on my part to talk to them

on these subjects with a silence which admits of no other explanation, than that it is not in good taste to say much about these things. They have never once asked after my mother and sister.' We have copied the above, because there is no trace in any part of Niebuhr's writings, former or latter, of narrow national judgments; and he repeatedly bears testimony to the fatherly kindness with which he was welcomed, especially in the two houses mentioned in the above extract. It is simply the sense of a difference, and a difference we should be inclined to regret as well as he, between the German and the English or Scotch habit. We shall never forget the earnest, *pained* manner in which a young German in England once said, when adverting to the case of some very irreproachable English youths, who yet were never heard to express a feeling, scarcely to utter a kind thing: 'Your young countrymen seem to me positively *ashamed* of being good.'

The diligence of Niebuhr, though often impeded by illness, was immense. Languages, philosophy, history, natural science, all took their turn. His number of languages was not short of twenty at this time, and in some he was profoundly versed—in most, very respectably. But the most remarkable thing through life was his memory, and its wonderful combination of retentiveness and readiness. This, rather than the imaginative power, it was that made his descriptions so graphic. Seeing and retaining everything, he painted as if all history was before him. When he spoke of a striking event, the coast, the mountain-line, or the plain, all the accompaniments rose up and were grouped before him. You felt carried away with him, as if he had lived there, and was taking you up by the way.

His return to Denmark took place late in 1799. A double appointment awaited him at Copenhagen—two government offices, neither bringing in a large salary, but sufficient to allow of his marrying; and accordingly Amelia Behrens became his wife in May 1800. The five following years found him engaged in the civil service at Copenhagen—sometimes in very onerous and uncongenial duties, sometimes in a position of peril, for the bombardment of the city under Nelson took place in 1801, and he keenly entered into every political incident. During this period of five years, his official service was more than once changed, but it seems always to have been connected with finance. He still found time for study, straining every power of his mind, he says, at one time in investigating Roman history, sure 'that the representations of all the moderns, without exception, are but mistaken, imperfect glimpses of the truth.' This Copenhagen life allowed him time but for one visit to his parents; and a disappointment which annoyed him considerably, in what, he thought, a just expectation of preferment, disposed him, in 1806, to accept an offer from the Prussian government of a post at Berlin not unlike that he had occupied in Copenhagen, but promising many advantages in society and literary opportunities.

Never was there a more disastrous commencement of a new career. The Niebuhrs reached Berlin in October 5, 1806, and on the 14th came the dreadful battles of Jena and Auerstadt, while Napoleon, with his conquering army, marched rapidly upon the city, and seven of the Prussian ministers gave in their allegiance to the French without even the ceremony of communicating with their king. The new bank-director shared in the general misfortune, and was forced to fly, with the court and ministry, first to Danzig, then to Königsberg, afterwards to Memel and Riga. A fearful time it was; yet still Niebuhr could write soothingly to his parents: 'You must not be uneasy: I can earn a living either as a scholar or a merchant; and if I do not succeed in one country, I shall in another.' To Mme Hensler also he wrote cheerfully, but under caution, for all letters were

unsafe. In the meantime, the indefatigable student took the opportunity of learning Russian and Slavonic.

It is difficult to follow out his course distinctly during the next three and a half trying years. He was always employed in the finance department, and for some little time was a privy-councillor; but he differed widely in his views from some of those with whom he worked. His letters shew the most conscientious desire to put aside every thought of personal ease, and to avert from the poor people around, if possible, some part of the calamity which hostile armies and bad government entailed on them; and it is delightful to observe his perfect honesty and plainness of speech as a statesman—his high ideas of truthfulness in all things. Yet they were mournful years; and his health at last thoroughly failing, he sent in his resignation to the king of Prussia, and solicited the office of historiographer, vacant by the death of Müller. This was granted; and in 1810, he and his wife once more found a settled home at Berlin.

And now came the happiest time of his life; though the great delicacy of his wife's health was an obstacle to the feeling of security, and though still the menaces of Napoleon sounded fearfully loud, if not close at hand. The breathing-time, however, was delightful. The university of Berlin was now just opened, and thither came intelligent professors, men of renown in art and science, in knowledge and wisdom. As historiographer to the king, Niebuhr's part was to lecture on history; and now, for the first time, the treasures he had long been amassing came into direct use as the means, through his management, of instructing other minds. He had never before delivered public lectures, and his advantages in manner were not great; but the success of his first essays on the history of Rome, proves how solid and real must have been the information he had to bestow. He was attended not merely by the young men, but by members of the academy, by professors, by military and public men of all grades. It is no wonder that he succeeded thus: he was half a Roman by nature and feeling.

So passed the happy years of his professorship. But again the noise of war was heard, and he and all his conditors had to take up arms, and fight the battle of Prussia against the great tyrant of Europe. Most touching anecdotes are told of the bravery and fine behaviour of the native troops. Perhaps no war was ever more nobly sustained, and with such anxious avoidance of cruelty. What a moment it was to Prussia when the news of Bonaparte's abdication reached the country! when there might be some hope of reaping the harvests they had sown, and rebuilding their ruined villages! But the Niebuhrs were never again to know the calm and happy days they had enjoyed. Mme Niebuhr, who had long been declining, was grievously changed for the worse by the anxieties of the war. On the 2d of May 1815, her husband received at Berlin news of his father's death; and on the 21st of June, his beloved Amelia followed. The good Mme Hensler, who had taken alarm, was near to soothe her last hours, and to comfort the husband. Niebuhr had never spoken to his wife of her approaching end: though longing to know her parting wishes, he dared not break the physician's orders against excitement. Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was nothing he could do for her sake—no pleasure he could give her. She replied, with a look of unutterable love: 'You shall finish your history whether I live or die!'

They had no family—he was therefore left alone. At first, nature gave way, and it seemed as if he had imbibed his wife's disease—pulmonary consumption—and that he regarded the legacy as a blessing; but his higher nature triumphed. He promised Mme

Hensler to live, and try to accomplish his Amelia's wishes, and she, by her kindly influence, won him to something more. She saw that to him a lonely life was nearly impossible, and she had another partner in store for him—Gretchen Hensler, a niece of her late husband. Again he took her counsel; and again, which is perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair, it proved that she had judged as well for both parties as possible. There was no concealment in the matter; the new Mme Niebuhr perfectly understood his character and his sorrow—understood that she could not be to him what Amelia had been; but she married him in faith and hope, and the life she brought him was peaceful and ultimately happy.

Then another change had to be made. He could no longer bear Berlin. Every one saw that a different position was desirable, and what better than a residence in that country which his literary labours had seemed to mark out as his own? The king of Prussia wanted an ambassador at Rome, to negotiate with the pope certain matters touching the interests of his Catholic subjects, and Niebuhr's appointment was the most natural one possible.

His first impressions of Rome were not favourable, and his first letter was even querulous; but soon his clear single mind grew strong again; and the spirit of his correspondence during the whole seven years of his Roman residence is delightful. Children brought out the fatherly part of his character; his wife was ever his loving and devoted companion; some powerful and interesting minds sought his companionship; and a taste for art was improved by intercourse with the rising young artists who were then at Rome—Cornelius, Overbeck, Schadow; but, above all, the education of Marcus, his eldest child and only boy, who can wonder if he became more and more of a Roman, and if he closed the seventh year of his residence mournfully when preparing for his return to Germany?

His mission had been a difficult one—not that the papal court was unfriendly, but the home instructions were not always clear and consistent. An earnest Protestant himself, he was yet profoundly alive to the duties of rulers towards all their subjects, of all religious beliefs, and wished in every negotiation to make sure of a large measure of real freedom.

When at length the concordates were agreed to, he was anxious for a recall, on account, chiefly, of the delicate state of Mme Niebuhr's health; but for this he had some little time to wait. It is interesting to see the manner in which he was affected by the passing events of this time.

'Idle talk,' says M. Bunsen, 'on matters of lofty import, and a dwelling with pleasure upon trifling topics, were equally abhorrent to him. I shall never forget how Niebuhr spoke at a princely table in Rome, during the bloody scenes in Greece, of Suli and the Suliots, and the future of the Christian Hellenes, in much the same terms as he has spoken to posterity in a passage of his Roman history, which breathes a noble indignation, and a sense that the brand of infamy still cleaves to us. The prince, a high-minded, amiable, and intelligent man, listened, as did his guests, with attention and sympathy; a serious mood seemed to come over the whole party; a pause occurred. One of the guests, a diplomatist, of Mephistophelian aspect and species, took advantage of it to turn the conversation. One of the eternally repeated trifles of the day—a so-called piece of news that must be repeated to the prince—was skilfully used as a stepping-stone; and in ten minutes, the whole table was alive with a dispute between the spokesman and another person who had contradicted him on a most important point—what "aurora" signified in the slang of the Roman coffee-houses, whether a mixture of chocolate with coffee or not. Niebuhr was silent. At last, with quiet earnest-

ness and dignified mien, he spoke these words: "What heavy chastisements must be still in store for us, when, in such times, and with such events still occurring around us, we can be entertained with such miserable trifles!" All were mute, and Niebuhr also. A long pause ensued; and the mysteries of the Caffé Nuovo were not mentioned again that day.

The life which Niebuhr led after returning to Germany, was not remarkable as to incident, but it abounded in useful and noble pursuit. He still shunned Berlin; and, on the whole, the university of Bonn appeared to him as the best and most suitable residence for the family, now consisting of five children. He did not take any actual professorship, but he lectured and he wrote. Here he became the centre of a circle of the highest minds of Germany. All prized him; all, young and old, felt the benefit of his presence, his labours, and example. He regularly worked at the history of Rome; but he cultivated his garden, taught and played with his children, and built himself a house. The time was not all passed at Bonn; in 1829, the family visited Holstein and Mme Hensler. A twelve years' absence had produced many alterations, but the love of country and early home was wrought into Niebuhr's heart, and he enjoyed this renewal of youth. A sad calamity, however, awaited him at Bonn. On the night of February the 6th 1830, the new house he had built with such pleasure and care, was burnt completely down. Very little could be saved—excepting, indeed, that the books, being the first object to which his neighbours were attracted when the family were rescued, were for the most part preserved, and also the manuscript of the second volume of his Roman history. The whole correspondence with his father, and many other letters and papers, were destroyed.

This event, though a great shock, he bore with much calmness, and set himself to restore what was lost. Foreign politics did not lose their interest; on the contrary, the French Revolution of 1830 excited all his ardour. At first, he was alarmed, anticipating fresh horrors; but the welcome he gave to Louis-Philippe was most enthusiastic. Dr Arnold describes him as being made quite happy by this turn of the page of present life, and deeply indignant with the Bourbon ministers. His ardour in this cause was indeed the immediate occasion of his fatal illness; for while the French trials were pending, he would go every evening, through severe cold, in the depth of winter, to the news-rooms, and by this exposure caught the inflammatory cold of which he died. On the evening of Christmas-day 1830, this formidable attack began; and on the 1st of January 1831, the excellent man breathed his last, fully conscious of his impending fate, and not less so of that of his beloved partner, who had nursed him during the first two days, but was afterwards too ill to leave her bed. When her husband was informed of this, he turned his face to the wall, and was heard to murmur: 'Hapless house! to lose father and mother at once!' Then, 'Pray to God, children; He alone can help us'—and his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort in prayer. Poor Mme Niebuhr survived him but nine days. She had her children with her, and tried to give them counsel; but the shock had been too great for her broken health; she rests in the same grave with him, not far from the glorious river. The king of Prussia erected a monument to his honour.

Niebuhr was only a few months more than fifty-four. Mrs Austin, who saw him in 1823, says: 'His person was diminutive, almost to meanness, but his presence very imposing. His head and eye were grand, austere, and commanding. He had all the authority of intelligence, and looked and spoke like one not used to contradiction. He lived a life of study and domestic seclusion, but he conversed freely and unreservedly.'

His habits, we are told by another writer, were temperate and regular. 'He entered with earnest sympathy into all the little interests and conventional jokes of his family and friends; and he writes with quite as much eagerness about Marcus's learning great E, or Cornelia's flowered frock for her birthday, as about consuls or cabinets.' Niebuhr himself says: 'I shall teach little Amelia to write myself, for her mother has no time for it; and the poor little thing might be jealous of Marcus, if one of us did not teach her.' His consideration for his dependents may be illustrated by this remark: 'I wish I had taken the governess's room when we got into the house first; but, anti-revolutionist as I am, I am too much of a democrat to turn her out now in right of superior rank.'

Of his character, some faint idea may be formed from our sketch and extracts; but of the beauty of his thoughts, his soundness, sagacity, the perfect simplicity of his whole style of character, a large acquaintance with his free outpourings to his friends can alone give an adequate notion. We regard them as among the very best private letters we know—of their kind, we mean—for they are not witty, not playful. The reader will not find lightness and grace, but strength and manliness, and, in a remarkable degree, affectionateness. They are the charming utterances of a clear and honest mind, and have made us thankful for the privilege of knowing the inner life of one whose outward works have long had our admiration.

THE TATTLETON ELECTION.

THERE never was a contested election in the borough of Great Tattleton that I remember but one, and it took place on what was termed the last appeal to the country in the matter of the Reform Bill. Staid and substantial fathers of families doubtless recollect the strife of parties and opinions which filled those times, and in which themselves took part, with all the bootless haste and fervour of twenty; feeling especially indignant that they were not yet householders, as their incorruptible votes might save the nation. England has floated safely through many a conflict of the old and new since then, and more of the kind are coming; but no event in our national history ever appeared to the denizens of Tattleton of half such magnitude as that contested election. Tattleton was an ancient and respectable borough. It has a railway station now, but looks much as it did at the time of my story—a small, old-fashioned country town, situated among corn and orchard lands in one of the cider-making counties, with a newspaper, a sheriff's court, and sundry quiet shops and alehouses. There is an old church there, with high Gothic windows full of painted glass, quaint carving, strange tombs, and a suit of knightly armour hanging between two tattered banners, which the sexton says were carried some time in the war. Tradition says also, that there is a fine old painting in fresco, whitewashed over from the Reformation, but of that I know nothing. The town had other antiquities. Its stocks were a marvel of age and efficiency. A ducking-stool for scolds yet remained in the court-house, beside the beam with which they weighed witches against the Bible; but the oldest thing in Great Tattleton was its charter: a native antiquary demonstrated, that it had been signed by King John the day after Runnymede; and among other superannuated privileges, it conferred on the free burgesses the right of trade and toll, ward and gibbet, besides that of electing their own mayor and one loyal commoner, to serve in the king's parliament.

We all believed that Palladium of Tattleton to be kept somewhere in the church, and generations had returned their representatives according to its provisions. But the bounds of the borough were so devious, and the free burghers so thinly scattered among us, that all elections within the memory of man had been quietly managed by the mayor, the town-clerk, and the sheriff. Moreover, an old gateway and two crazy posts had something to do in the business by right of ancient custom. In short, Tattleton was what the advocates of the whole Bill were apt to term a close and sometimes a rotten borough. Its representation had become hereditary—some said, since the Long Parliament—in the Stopford family, who owned at least half the soil, and were supposed to be as old as its charter. One of their ancestors had built the church, another wore the armour and captured the banners that hung in it. The family pew and vault were there; and they had been squires and justices of peace from father to son, dispensing hospitality, work, and law, at their seat of Fern Hall—a great old manor-house, standing deep in a thickly-wooded dell not half a mile from Tattleton. So far as I could learn, the Stopfords had given no ornaments to state or church, but theirs was pre-eminently a safe house. Its martlets were generally fortunate in their connections; and its chiefs had supported the character of moderate reformers, each in his generation. At home, they were lenient magistrates and prudent landlords, never overtaxing their tenantry, and rarely enforcing the game-laws. None of them ever took a first step; but all improvements in the neighbourhood, if once commenced, were certain of their countenance; and in parliament they always voted for any measure of reform which it was evident the people would want no longer.

It was, therefore, in accordance with family principles and practice, that the then reigning squire and M. P., Levison Stopford, Esquire, should take his seat on the ministerial benches, and vote in and out of parliament for the Bill with which all England rang. Levison Stopford did not make brilliant speeches, but he had a fair share of prominence in county business, was a middling landlord, a respectable head of a family, connected by marriage with a Whig peer, the father of a promising son, and, as the newspapers said, four lovely daughters. All these recommendations to public favour could not secure him against division in his native borough. There were Conservatives among us, who clung to the time-honoured institutions of Tattleton, and could not consent to see their ancient privileges, charter, old posts, and all, submerged in those of two adjoining boroughs—Little Tattleton, whose constituency consisted of the beadle, and Lumberdale, to which the earl always nominated his second son; for people already understood, that on the passing of the Bill these three should become one, at least in elections.

Sir Jonas Underwood, of Little Tattleton Park, did not like that prospect—he had been regularly returned by the loyal and independent beadle ever since his majority, a period of some forty years—neither did the Earl of Lumberdale, as the present state of things made his second son's canvass by no means difficult. Both the earl and the baronet possessed some property, and more influence, in our borough, by help of which they warned the loyal Conservatives that their country was in danger, and exhorted Great Tattleton to rush to the rescue. The mayor said, that though he respected birth and breeding, yet, if a country gentleman like Mr Stopford would so far disgrace his family as to vote for a measure which must break down the British constitution, and utterly ruin England in less than twenty years, he, for his own part, felt called upon to oppose him. The town-clerk always said as the mayor did: all the Tories in Tattleton took them for examples, by degrees a party was formed against Stopford on what had hitherto been his own ground; and long

before the dissolution, it was known that they intended, as the phrase is, 'to start' Sommerset Cloudeley, Esquire, as an opposing candidate in the Conservative interest.

Sommerset Cloudeley occupied a large but neat brick house on the verge of our town's liberties, with a meadow-like lawn in front, and acres of orchard in the rear. His father had been a small farmer, who bettered his fortune by all manner of money-making speculations—the last of which, a cider-manufactory, and a mill, together with a house he had built, the orchard he had planted, and a handsome strip of landed property, descending to his only son, made him the second man in Tattleton. Sommerset had been what is called carefully educated: ten years of his life had been spent in the house of a clergyman, who received select boarders as part of his own family; five more at a college in Oxford under the direction of a staid tutor; and the residue in a series of fidgets through the house and land left him by his father; for at the time of our story, the worthy cider-maker had long gone to his account.

Sommerset was a tall, thin, genteel-looking man, in his thirtieth year. Motherless, sisterless, and wifeless—strange to say, under such circumstances, he was restless too. It was not a weight of crime that pressed upon his conscience. Cloudeley's life had been as harmless as those of his own apple-trees. It was not inordinate ambition that disturbed his days, for though, like most of us, Sommerset would have rather preferred being a great man, could greatness be easily come at, he lost no labour in its pursuit. Neither was it love that besieged his peace; for, except Miss Lily Prior, old Tom the brewer's daughter, who sat in the same pew at church, Sommerset had never been known to look on one of womankind with attention. Perhaps the carefulness of his education might have done it. Life could not be entirely folded up like a napkin, and put into its proper drawer; and everything annoyed Sommerset Cloudeley. The coming off of his waistcoat button was the destruction of Messina. The world was going to ruin if his horse lost a shoe. Like the idle family in the Eastern tale, he could draw a disturbance from the future also, and many a heart-quake had he regarding what might happen. His Oxford tutor had made him a strong Tory; old Cloudeley had averred, that was the only politics for a gentleman; and though Sommerset believed in all the alarms of his time, his faith being particularly strong for terrors, he had always supposed himself to be somebody. Sir Jonas and the Earl of Lumberdale assured him he was the hope of Tattleton; and, in an evil hour, he consented, in electioneering phrase, to contest the borough.

With his relations, who regarded Sommerset as their top branch, the step was in high favour; and all his friends came out strong in approbation, excepting old Tom Prior. He had been the consulting friend and boon-companion of old Cloudeley forty years before, when the one began to brew beer and the other to make cider. Tom's brewery had not paid him so well as old Cloudeley's apples. He had been the first to establish a business of the kind in Tattleton. There were three there at the time of the election; but the townspeople still knew him familiarly as *the* brewer, though he had long become a sleeping partner, having saved enough for himself and his old wife to live on in a cottage covered with grape vines, at the end of a long green lane in which the main street of Tattleton dwindled away. There was, besides, a thousand pounds for Lily, the heiress-apparent, moreover, of his interest in the brewery. Tom said 'he had no notion of politics, being entirely given to beer; and who was right about that there Bill he couldn't say, but he never knewed an honest man as made money by a contested election.' Old Mrs Prior always echoed what her husband said, besides knitting

a perpetual stocking that was her only occupation; but Tom and his wife were old people now, and in small intimacy with the college-bred young Cloudeley, though they sat in the same church-pew, and some thought their daughter Lily was also a friend to our proposed member. Lily was as pretty a girl as could be found in all Tattleton, which, together with her prospects, rather insured admirers; but Lily took no trouble with any of them, and it was believed that the old folks rather wished she should not be in a hurry.

That was no wonder; for, in this fidgety world, Lily Prior was a treasure. Nothing ever disturbed her. Her hair might go out of curl, or her friends out of humour; her bonnet might take unbecoming fits, as I am told bonnets sometimes do, but her equanimity remained unruffled, and her days were spent in knitting beside her mother in the little oak parlour, taking quiet walks, and hosing peacefully in her own flower-garden. Spiteful people said, that Lily was beginning to look old-maidish, but I never saw it in her calm face. It was also said—what didn't they say in Great Tattleton?—that her muslin dress and crimped collar were more carefully arranged when Sommerset Cloudeley might be expected to walk that way; but Lily's strongest demonstration was 'Dear me!' and that she said on hearing of his intended contest. A perilous contest it seemed for Sommerset Cloudeley. Stopford was by far the richer and more influential man; the interest of his party, his aristocratic connections, and his individual pride, all determined him to keep his ground; and the generally prudent man had been heard to declare, that he would spend to the last shilling of his property, rather than see himself unseated by an upstart simpleton.

Sommerset and his friends had, of course, the accredited weapons of their party wherewith to attack the adversary, and Stopford was called everything, from Radical up to Atheist. Thus the battle began, and fiercely was it fought; but election details are interesting only to the parties engaged: suffice it to say, that all the usual means for obtaining the independent suffrage of freeborn Englishmen were put in requisition. Voters suddenly emerged from corners wherein no freeholds had been previously dreamed of; others were unaccountably absent on the polling-days; the ale-houses abounded in trade, and the town in all disorderliness. There was everlasting controversy over claims of residence and ownership, with numerous appeals to our famous charter; and prosecutions for assault and battery occupied our town lawyers the whole succeeding year.

What spites and quarrels are still flourishing among my old neighbours which owe their origin to that election! How many long friendships it split up, and how much family peace it disturbed, I cannot precisely state; but the like did happen. Neither is it within my memory's scope to enlarge on the Countess-Dowager of Lumberdale and her seven charming daughters, in elegant morning-dresses, appearing at the poll, where they shook hands with everybody, and shewed a singular acquaintance with family history; nor to relate how Lord Littlemore, Stopford's brother-in-law, and the proudest peer in England, made calls on small shopkeepers and farmers, perhaps to show what rank could do on important occasions. No manœuvre was left untried by the rival factions, nor any cause of dispute omitted, and the strife increased in bitterness every day. Readers, can any of you explain why people so generally run into the way of whatever they most fear? I never could; but the case is common, and Sommerset Cloudeley was a striking instance. What waves of worry passed over him! and what heaps of annoyance were piled on his spirit during that county election!—a rather tedious business in those unreformed days. His peace was killed with cabbage-stocks on the hustings; his days were devastated by groans; and his soul

harrowed by hisses. Nevertheless, both his friends and enemies were amazed to see how well Cloudeley acquitted himself; his speeches, when they could be heard, were models of neat eloquence; and his colours—pea-green and white—were sported with genteel triumph. By and by, however, it became evident to his most sanguine supporter that Sommerset had no chance; Sir Jonas and Lord Lumberdale themselves advised him to give up the contest; but the man had been persuaded that the safety of Great Tattleton, if not that of the British nation, depended on him, and a persuasion once in Sommerset's head was not easily got out. He believed on, in spite of them and fortune. I never found out precisely what the business cost him; nobody dared inquire, and he burned all the accounts; but at length the last day's poll was taken, and amid cheers, yells, and a newly-begun row, Levison Stopford, Esq., was declared duly elected.

Men cannot have Waterloos of their own every day. No wonder, then, that the honourable member's glory was too great for his prudence: scarcely had the poll closed, when it became generally known in front of the Stopford Arms, that there were two barrels of strong beer, which his liberality had devoted to the populace. On the publication of this intelligence, the ancient ceremony of chairing went on with more than usual vigour. It was a quiet autumn evening, but there was no peace for Tattleton. The shops and houses of Stopford's friends were lighting up in every quarter for a grand illumination, while the opposition and the stingy were closing as quickly as possible. Half the rabble of the county were gathered in the streets; all our own respectability occupied doors and windows; and forth from the town-hall, in a substantial arm-chair, decorated with bunches of ribbons, blue and red—the Stopford colours—borne in high triumph by his most zealous and noisy adherents, came the newly-chosen senator (a rather stout gentleman, and father of a hopeful family), scattering coppers and silver with no sparing hand, from a large canvas bag, among the crowd, who roared and scrambled in all the might of beer. Old politicians said it was a great victory for Whig principles, and many a joke was cracked at the unsuccessful candidate's expense. Some believed he had retired behind bolt and bar; others that he was defying fortune at a late dinner. If the latter statement were true, Sommerset's company must have been small. The Earl and Sir Jonas had long since washed their hands of him, as incorrigibly obstinate. The more influential of his supporters kept out of sight, being rather ashamed of the losing side; and, I grieve to say, the barrels had utterly shaken the faith of many a voteless adherent, the freeholders of our streets and lanes, who now shouted Stopford instead of Cloudeley for ever. Some there were, nevertheless, with souls above barrels—men who had votes, and men who had none—and they collected their forces at the foot of the main street, as vantage-ground from which to groan at the above-mentioned procession, and inform Mr Stopford of their intentions to unseat him for bribery and corruption.

Great Tattleton was not a fighting place—a serious riot had never occurred within the memory of its 'oldest inhabitant'; yet on that evening quiet people began to feel uneasy; and my particular friend, Miss Croply, had selected it as a fitting occasion for her tea-party. Miss Croply was a maiden lady of some fifty years, and great note among us. She drew dividends at the bank; kept her own establishment, consisting of a maid and a boy; and gave select parties. Moreover, Miss Croply was a Tory after her own fashion. She said there was nothing she hated but Radicals and reformers, for all they wanted was to bring down the respectable people, and maybe break the banks. On these principles, she had been in great fervour for Sommerset Cloudeley; and by way of testifying that his defeat had not broken her spirit, Miss Croply assembled

the Priors, myself, and two or three other favoured friends, to tea and crumpets prepared by her own fair hands. These requisites were on the table, and the party assembled in the little drawing-room, all but Lily, whom her mother had left to manage some domestic matter (the old lady was particular at times); but at its conclusion, Lily was to come through the lane, over the fields, and up Miss Croply's garden, to avoid the crowd, and shew the beautiful new bonnet she had received that morning as a present from her aunt. We all knew Lily to be exact; but the hour had come, and not the woman.

'Don't draw that curtain, if you please, Mr Prior; I would not gratify the low creatures by looking out!' said Miss Croply, as shouts louder than ordinary rose from the street, and old Tom stepped to the window. The noise came nearer. It sounded like, 'Miss Prior for ever!' We rushed in a body to the windows. Miss Croply herself drew the curtain. There was a woman borne in a garden-chair, dangerously high, by the most zealous of the Cloudeslyites, while the rest followed in applauding procession, augmented every moment, and Tom's hands went together like the 'crack of doom' as he exclaimed: 'By jingo, it's my own daughter!'

Lily it was, in her pretty green gown, white shawl, and gay new bonnet—it was trimmed with pale-green and white: as for her face, it expressed nothing but 'Dear me!' I never saw such philosophy. Out rushed Tom, so did all the men of us, and followed the crowd up the street, and down the lane to the front of Cloudesly's house, where we arrived just in time to see the gallant Sommerset hand Lily from her chair with the air of a man about to kneel. Poor Cloudesly! he was both weak and strong, but a good fellow at heart.

'She wore my colours, and suffered for my sake,' was all he said, as with Lily on his arm he marched back with us to Miss Croply's drawing-room, followed by the crowd, shouting: 'Prior and Cloudesly for ever!'

'Lily, dear, what's the meaning of this?' said old Mrs Prior.

'I thought I would take a look,' said Lily calmly; 'and they all got about me, saying I had on Mr Cloudesly's colours, and'—

'So you did wear his colours,' cried Miss Croply; 'and I'm proud of you for keeping up your principles! Mrs Prior, I always knew there was something great in that girl!'

'It's just the bonnet my aunt sent me,' said Lily; 'and I didn't mean'—

'Never mind what you meant,' cried Miss Croply, in whose mind policy as well as romance might have been at work at that moment: 'we don't want no excuses.'

In short, Lily was made a heroine that evening. Her father and mother thought themselves called upon to rebuke, but it was done rather in the encouraging style, especially when Mr Cloudesly gave the company to understand that henceforth he was to be considered Lily's humble servant. Isn't that the proper phrase, readers? And Miss Prior, who had not her composure to regain, coloured slightly, and finished the matter by saying: 'Dear me!'

I have heard from herself, that she had put on her aunt's bonnet, and come quietly through the lane, when it struck her that she would like to see what was going on, as Miss Croply would allow no looking out at the low creatures; so nearer and nearer to the street did Lily wend, till a boy—are not boys at the bottom of all mischief?—raised the shout that she was wearing Mr Cloudesly's colours; the phalanx then surrounded her, and improvised the triumph which we witnessed. The *Tattleton Chronicle* was remarkably full upon it. I think, till this day, Lily is regarded as a devoted heroine by all the Tories of Tattleton, for there are Tories there still. But we had a splendid wedding at our church, under Mr Stopford's very nose, before he

went to parliament. I can vouch for old Tom and Miss Croply leading off a country-dance the same evening in Prior Cottage; but it is two-and-twenty years ago. There is a tombstone over the old man and his wife. Miss Croply has left her bank deposit to three nieces. Sommerset Cloudesly grew less fidgety long ago, and some people say less genteel, but he brews the best beer, and makes the best cider now in the county. There are ten children in the brick-house, but Mrs Cloudesly looks as composed as ever; and when her husband reads to her at work on the winter nights, as he dutifully does, in the newspapers, she sometimes remarks, at the close of long parliamentary debates, to which Sommerset was always partial: 'What trouble those people have in that House of Commons, my love! Wasn't it really good for you that you lost the Tattleton election?'

SAILORS' HOMES.

Our readers may probably have from time to time read allusions to 'Sailors' Homes,' without precisely understanding the nature of these institutions. They are based on the fact that sailors, as a class, are little better than children when ashore, and require to be providently cared for, to save them from imposition and misery. The seaman when afloat is so thoroughly accustomed to obey orders, and to be directed and instructed in everything, that he never thinks for himself, and never acquires the least forethought or capability of guiding himself in any position apart from the active duties of his profession; consequently, from time out of mind, he has been especially doomed to be victimised on the land. No sooner has he been paid off after a voyage, than he is—at least at all the great ports—beset with 'crimps,' 'runners,' and other land-sharks, who entice him to low public-houses and lodging-houses, where he is plundered with such extraordinary dispatch, that he frequently loses the results of many months of toil in a few days, or even a few hours.

Of all men, seamen have pre-eminently a claim on public sympathy and protection; no class needs the latter more, and, strange to say, no class has, until a comparatively recent period, received it less. In the words of Thomas Clarkson: 'The grievances of mercantile seamen are a national and crying evil;' and when we reflect on their importance, both as regards commerce and war, it will be acknowledged that it is a national duty to do all that is possible to protect them while ashore, and to ameliorate and improve their lot in every practical way. But this, like many other national duties, has been left to the voluntary exertions of a few practical philanthropists. In the words of Mr Sheriff Alison (now Sir A. Alison), when addressing a meeting at Glasgow, with the view of founding a 'Home' there: 'The seamen are placed in very peculiar circumstances—their virtues are exhibited at sea, and their vices are exhibited on shore. The community is benefited by the former, and they, the sailors, are the victims of the latter. It is therefore more incumbent on those who are enriched by their industry, and protected by their valour, to prevent their falling into those vices to which unhappily so many of them are addicted. As had been so well stated, they could do nothing to improve the character of the seaman without at the same time benefiting all classes of the community.'

There is weighty truth in the last sentence. Undoubtedly, any and all improvements, whether of the physical or moral condition of one class of the community, reacts on all. But especially in the case of seamen, the result would be beneficial to the nation in an incalculable degree. Raise the moral character of the sailor, by inducing in him reformed and provident habits, and he will soon feel that he has a stake in the prosperity and security of his country; and he

will indeed repay all that has been done for him by his steady industry in peace, and by his gallantry in war; for we think it is a great error to suppose, as some do, that a mere reckless outcast will fight more bravely than a man who feels that he is a responsible and respected citizen of a great nation, with his own proportionate interests involved in the results of the conflict.

It is to protect the seaman from extortion and temptation while ashore, and to elevate him in the social scale, that the excellent institutions called Sailors' Homes have been projected. Their object is to insure a respectable and truly comfortable 'home' to seamen, at an exceedingly moderate rate of payment; together with other advantages to be hereafter alluded to. An able pamphlet on the subject, by Mr Montague Gore, has recently been published, and we are indebted to him for the statistical information we are about to lay before the reader.

It appears that Captain Elliott, R. N., was the first who conceived the idea of founding Sailors' Homes. This was in 1828. In 1833, one was established at Charleston, in South Carolina; but the first in England was under the auspices of Mr Green, the great ship-builder and ship-owner of Blackwall, near London, and he originally designed it only for his own numerous seamen, although by a recent regulation others are admitted. Captain Hall, R. N., deserves worthy mention as one of the first promoters of Sailors' Homes, and he has for years indefatigably devoted himself to their formation. He recently visited the chief ports in the kingdom, to observe personally the condition of seamen ashore, and to advocate the establishment of Homes.

The first public Sailors' Home was that of Wells Street, London. It was opened in May 1835; and Mr Gore informs us, that from that time up to December 31, 1851, no less than 54,026 seamen were received into the institution, of which number 15,055 were old or returned boarders. Last year the inmates amounted to 4633, and L.25,160 passed through the secretary's hand of money left in his charge, L.2500 of which was deposited in the savings-bank. The building in Wells Street is capable of holding 320 men, each of whom has a separate berth. The terms of admission are 14s. per week for full-grown men; 12s. per week for lads; and 10s. 6d. per week for apprentices. For this sum they are entitled to lodging [washing also], and four excellent meals daily; the dietary is admirable. . . . The terms and regulations of Mr Green's establishment are nearly the same as those in Wells Street. It is capable of holding 200 men; and here, too, are to be found equally gratifying proofs of provident habits, instances having occurred of men having as much as L.100 in the Poplar Bank.

Good libraries are provided at these Sailors' Homes, and the morning-prayers of the Church of England are duly read; but the attendance of the inmates is perfectly voluntary, and no distinction of religious creed bars their admission. This is as it should be, and we have heard the Wells Street Home spoken of in terms of praise and gratitude by seamen who have been boarders there. Seamen of the best character thankfully flock to the Homes, and, consequently, captains prefer to ship their crews from them. Mr Gore says, that in one year 112 ships were manned from the Home in Wells Street.

The Portsmouth Home was opened in April 1851, and has been greatly supported and enlarged by the munificent contributions of the sovereign and some of the nobility. It receives British sailors at 18s. per week for men, and 10s. for boys and apprentices. Concerning it, Sir Edward Parry, governor of Haslar Naval Hospital, says: 'The practice formerly prevalent with the crimps, and other sharks, of besetting the gates of the Hospital, to waylay and beguile the invalids on their discharge, is now almost at an end.

This is, I believe, principally to be attributed to our Portsmouth Sailors' Home, from which establishment a boat is generally sent every discharge-day, to give the invalids the opportunity of going there without difficulty—the regulations of the Home being posted up in various parts of the hospital. I am sure it is a comfort and a blessing to all who go there.'

A Home was opened in Dublin in July 1848; and at Bristol, Plymouth, Cork, Dundee, &c., Homes are in course of formation. A magnificent Sailors' Home has long been in course of establishment at Liverpool; but it is not yet opened, although nearly finished. Influential meetings have also been held at Aberdeen, Glasgow, Greenock, &c., to establish Homes at these several ports. No one can conceive how absolutely necessary such institutions are but those who, like ourselves, have seen the way in which seamen are robbed and led astray ashore. Mr Gore gives the public a little insight into the case. 'I visited,' says he, 'a short time ago, some of the houses at Wapping and its neighbourhood, into which the sailors are decoyed. These houses are kept by crimps, who waylay the unsuspecting sailors; they are by them conducted to these places, where they find music and dancing going forward; they are induced to take up their abode there, and are often plundered of every farthing they possess. In some houses, I saw several foreigners; and in the days when burking was common, many of these unfortunates were made away with. In Bristol, when a ship arrives, the sailors are surrounded by a set of miscreants, who are called "runners," and are taken by them to houses of the lowest description. . . . Instances innumerable might be stated of the horrible state of the dens to which seamen are obliged to resort for want of more respectable residences; robberies are of frequent occurrence; and in one, I fear not a solitary case, murder was committed.'

Our object in giving these extracts is, to shew the vital necessity for the formation of Homes at all our leading ports. At Liverpool, for instance, the crimps are so active and speculative in driving their abominable traffic, that no sooner do they hear of a man-of-war being paid off at Portsmouth, or any other naval port, than they send their agents to entice the sailors down to Liverpool. Let us quote one solitary example of the way in which Poor Jack is plundered. 'When Her Majesty's ship *Raleigh* was paid off at Portsmouth, many of the men were so plundered, that they were obliged to apply to the magistrates for redress. It appears from the notes of the evidence taken before them, that seven of these men were charged L.102 for three days' entertainment at a low public-house, one item being L.6, 2s. for two hours' ride in an omnibus; and a messmate, who came to breakfast with them, was compelled to pay 17s. 4d. for two eggs, some salt beef, and a cup of coffee. It is gratifying to state, at the same time, that nineteen men of this ship were received into the Sailors' Home, Wells Street, London, taking with them L.222, besides their remittance-bills.'

We will make one more extract from Mr Gore's interesting brochure: 'Every seaport has a direct interest in the improvement of the character of the seamen who frequent it, and whose example must exercise considerable influence on the rest of the community. To the ship-owners, as well as to their men, the Homes cannot fail of proving in the highest degree advantageous. Their ships are now often manned by men upon whom, when at foreign ports, little or no dependence can be placed. They care little about the ship in which they sail; they are heedless as to what port they shall return; but the establishment of Homes will induce those who have experienced their advantages, to be desirous of returning to them. It will render the seamen better men and better citizens, and it will cause them to continue with their masters.' We cordially endorse these opinions.

One great obstacle to the speedy formation of Sailors' Homes, seems to be the outlay necessary in the shape of buildings, &c. On this point we offer, with deference, a suggestion of our own. It is, that hulls of large old ships be bought and fitted up as *floating-homes*. Such establishments would accommodate a large number of seamen in a very comfortable manner, and could be kept up at an exceedingly moderate annual outlay for repairs. Surely the proprietors of the docks in our large ports could, and would afford a convenient mooring-place at a merely nominal rent.

In conclusion, we may mention, that an establishment of a kindred nature to Sailors' Homes is the 'Asylum for Distressed Seamen' in London. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and receives destitute seamen of all nations. It lodges 100 inmates, and provides them with two good meals daily. It were to be wished that similar asylums were established at every port in the empire.

The philanthropist, Thomas Clarkson, shortly before his death, proposed that all public-houses for seamen's lodgings should be licensed under strict special regulations. This, we think, would be a step in the right direction; but there is nothing like a regular Sailors' Home. Nevertheless, even in the large ports, licensed lodging-houses would be exceedingly useful as auxiliaries to the Homes.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

STORY OF ELIZA.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is the title of an American work, respecting which it is alleged that fifty thousand copies, weighing fifty-five tons, were disposed of in the short period of eight weeks. So high a degree of popularity could not rest on an insufficient foundation.* The book is a species of novel or story, designed to portray in vivid colours negro-life in the slave states of America; and such is the graphic and truth-like way in which the authoress, Harriet Beecher Stowe, has strung the whole together, that the production has not only enlisted the sympathy of the Abolitionists, but roused something like a sense of shame in the holders of slaves—hitherto impervious to all remonstrance on the subject. A cheap London reprint of this somewhat interesting book enables us to give a slight sketch of its character.

Uncle Tom is a middle-aged negro slave, on the farm of a Mr Shelby, in Kentucky; he has learned to read, is pious and exemplary, and his hut is resorted to for edification by old and young in the neighbourhood. Tom is married, has several children, and is highly trustworthy. Between his family and that of his owner there is an agreeable intercourse, and to all appearance he is likely to live and die on the estate; but his master falls into pecuniary difficulties; becomes indebted to a wretch, Haley, a dealer in slaves from the south; and he is obliged to part with so much live property to wipe out his obligations. It is arranged that Tom must go, and along with him a young female slave, Eliza, almost white, who is married, and has hitherto acted as lady's-maid to Mrs Shelby. Eliza's pretty boy, Harry, makes up the lot. The first point of interest in the narrative turns on Eliza and her child; and we cannot do better than allow the authoress to enter on the history of this unfortunate female slave and her husband. It is said to be drawn from the life.

'Eliza had been brought up by her mistress from girlhood as a petted and indulged favourite. The

traveller in the south must often have remarked that peculiar air of refinement, that softness of voice and manner, which seems in many cases to be a particular gift to the quadroon and mulatto women. These natural graces in the quadroon are often united with beauty of the most dazzling kind, and in almost every case with a personal appearance prepossessing and agreeable. Eliza, such as we have described her, is not a fancy sketch, but taken from remembrance, as we saw her years ago in Kentucky. Safe under the protecting care of her mistress, Eliza had reached maturity without those temptations which make beauty so fatal an inheritance to a slave. She had been married to a bright and talented young mulatto man, who was a slave on a neighbouring estate, and bore the name of George Harris.

'This young man had been hired out by his master to work in a bagging factory, where his adroitness and ingenuity caused him to be considered the first hand in the place. He had invented a machine for the cleaning of the hemp, which, considering the education and circumstances of the inventor, displayed quite as much mechanical genius as Whitney's cotton-gin. He was possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners, and was a general favourite in the factory. Nevertheless, as this young man was in the eye of the law not a man, but a thing, all these superior qualifications were subject to the control of a vulgar, narrow-minded, tyrannical master. This same gentleman, having heard of the fame of George's invention, took a ride over to the factory, to see what this intelligent chattel had been about. He was received with great enthusiasm by the employer, who congratulated him on possessing so valuable a slave. He was waited upon over the factory, shewn the machinery by George, who, in high spirits, talked so fluently, held himself so erect, looked so handsome and manly, that his master began to feel an uneasy consciousness of inferiority. What business had his slave to be marching round the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He'd soon put a stop to it. He'd take him back, and put him to hoeing and digging, and "see if he'd step about so smart." Accordingly, the manufacturer and all hands concerned were astounded when he suddenly demanded George's wages, and announced his intention of taking him home.

"But, Mr Harris," remonstrated the manufacturer, "isn't this rather sudden?"

"What if it is? Isn't the man *mine*?"

"We would be willing, sir, to increase the rate of compensation."

"No object at all, sir. I don't need to hire any of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"But, sir, he seems peculiarly adapted to this business."

"Daresay he may be; never was much adapted to anything that I set him about, I'll be bound."

"But only think of his inventing this machine," interposed one of the workmen, rather unluckily.

"O yes!—a machine for saving work, is it? He'd invent that, I'll be bound; let a nigger alone for that any time. They are all labour-saving machines themselves, every one of 'em. No, he shall tramp!"

'George had stood like one transfixed at hearing his doom thus suddenly pronounced by a power that he knew was irresistible. He folded his arms, tightly pressed in his lips, but a whole volcano of bitter feelings burned in his bosom, and sent streams of fire through his veins. He breathed short, and his large dark eyes flashed like live coals; and he might have broken out into some dangerous ebullition, had not the kindly manufacturer touched him on the arm, and said, in a low tone: "Give way, George; go with him for the present. We'll try to help you yet."

'The tyrant observed the whisper, and conjectured its import, though he could not hear what was said;

* We understand that Mrs H. B. Stowe has received from her publishers the sum of ten thousand three hundred dollars, as her copyright premium on three months' sale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.—*Boston newspaper*.

and he inwardly strengthened himself in his determination to keep the power he possessed over his victim. George was taken home, and put to the meanest drudgery of the farm. He had been able to repress every disrespectful word; but the flashing eye, the gloomy and troubled brow, were part of a natural language that could not be repressed—indubitable signs, which shewed too plainly that the man could not become a thing.

'It was during the happy period of his employment in the factory that George had seen and married his wife. During that period—being much trusted and favoured by his employer—he had free liberty to come and go at discretion. The marriage was highly approved of by Mrs Shelby, who, with a little womanly complacency in match-making, felt pleased to unite her handsome favourite with one of her own class, who seemed in every way suited to her; and so they were married in her mistress's great parlour, and her mistress herself adorned the bride's beautiful hair with orange-blossoms, and threw over it the bridal veil, which certainly could scarce have rested on a fairer head; and there was no lack of white gloves, and cake and wine—of admiring guests to praise the bride's beauty, and her mistress's indulgence and liberality. For a year or two, Eliza saw her husband frequently, and there was nothing to interrupt their happiness, except the loss of two infant children, to whom she was passionately attached, and whom she mourned with a grief so intense as to call for gentle remonstrance from her mistress, who sought, with maternal anxiety, to direct her naturally passionate feelings within the bounds of reason and religion.

'After the birth of little Harry, however, she had gradually become tranquillised and settled; and every bleeding tie and throbbing nerve, once more entwined with that little life, seemed to become sound and healthful; and Eliza was a happy woman up to the time that her husband was rudely torn from his kind employer, and brought under the iron sway of his legal owner.

'The manufacturer, true to his word, visited Mr Harris a week or two after George had been taken away, when, as he hoped, the heat of the occasion had passed away, and tried every possible inducement to lead him to restore him to his former employment.

"You needn't trouble yourself to talk any longer," said he doggedly; "I know my own business, sir."

"I did not presume to interfere with it, sir. I only thought that you might think it for your interest to let your man to us on the terms proposed."

"Oh, I understand the matter well enough. I saw your winking and whispering the day I took him out of the factory; but you don't come it over me that way. It's a free country, sir; the man's mine, and I do what I please with him—that's it."

'And so fell George's last hope: nothing before him but a life of toil and drudgery, rendered more bitter by every little smarting vexation and indignity which tyrannical ingenuity could devise. One day George visited his wife in a distracted state of feeling. "'I have been careful, and I have been patient," said he; "but it's growing worse and worse: flesh and blood can't bear it any longer. Every chance he can get to insult and torment me, he takes. I thought I could do my work well, and keep on quiet, and have some time to read and learn out of work-hours; but the more he sees I can do, the more he loads on. He says that though I don't say anything, he sees I've got the devil in me, and he means to bring it out; and one of these days it will come out in a way that he won't like, or I'm mistaken."

"O dear! what shall we do?" said Eliza mournfully.

"It was only yesterday," said George, "as I was busy loading stones into a cart, that young Mas'r Tom stood there, slashing his whip so near the horse, that

the creature was frightened. I asked him to stop, as pleasant as I could: he just kept right on. I begged him again, and then he turned on me, and began striking me. I held his hand, and then he screamed, and kicked, and ran to his father, and told him that I was fighting him. He came in a rage, and said he'd teach me who was my master; and he tied me to a tree, and cut switches for young master, and told him that he might whip me till he was tired; and he did do it. If I don't make him remember it some time!" And the brow of the young man grew dark, and his eyes burned with an expression that made his young wife tremble. "Who made this man my master—that's what I want to know?" he said.

"Well," said Eliza mournfully, "I always thought that I must obey my master and mistress, or I couldn't be a Christian."

"There is some sense in it, in your case: they have brought you up like a child—fed you, clothed you, indulged you, and taught you, so that you have a good education—that is some reason why they should claim you. But I have been kicked, and cuffed, and sworn at, and at the best only let alone; and what do I owe? I've paid for all my keeping a hundred times over. I won't bear it—no, I won't!" he said, clenching his hand with a fierce frown.

Eliza trembled, and was silent. She had never seen her husband in this mood before, and her gentle system of ethics seemed to bend like a reed in the surges of such passions.

The end of this is, that George absconds, and is followed by his wife and child, for she had overheard the bargain as to her transfer, and was resolved to gain her liberty or die in the attempt. She leaves the house stealthily at night, with her boy in her arms, hurries over fields, through swamps and forests, and actually arrives at the Ohio without hinderance. 'Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side. It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore. Eliza stood for a moment contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public-house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.' While resting here, Haley, her infuriated pursuer, who had tracked her, arrived at the ferry, guided, not very willingly, by two slaves, Sam and Andy. Eliza caught a glimpse of the trader, and, frantic with terror, rushed forth. 'A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side-door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

'The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy, she leaped to another and still another cake; stumbling, leaping, slipping, springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man.

'Eliza recognised the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh, Mr Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child!—this boy—he'd sold him! There is his mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore.

"Oh, Mr Symmes, you've got a little boy."

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it."

"When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. "I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go *thar*; they're kind folks. *Thar's* no kind o' danger but they'll help you: they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man.

"What I've done's of no 'count."

"And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

'The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighbourly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' critter a-strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar themselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks neither."

'So spoke this poor heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianised manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

'Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business," said Sam.

"The gal's got seven devils in her, I believe," said Haley. "How like a wild-cat she jumped!"

"Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope mas'r'll 'scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, noway!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"You laugh!" said the trader with a growl. "I'll make ye laugh t'other side yer mouths!" and he began laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

'Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"Good-evening, mas'r," said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much 'spect missis be anxious. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's

bridge to-night;" and he started off, followed by Andy, at full speed, their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.'

Having gone this length, we may as well conclude the episode of Eliza. It may be generally known, that runaway slaves are in many instances favoured by the kindly aid of a denomination unwearied in well-doing—the Society of Friends. By a family belonging to this respectable body, Eliza, her child, and husband, were succoured and forwarded, under various disguises, to the northern frontier of the States, on their way to Canada. For the final crisis, on the shore of Lake Erie, Eliza was dressed in male attire, and seemed a handsome young man. Harry figured as a little girl.

'Mrs Smyth, a respectable woman from the settlement of Canada, whither they were fleeing, being fortunately about crossing the lake to return thither, had consented to appear as the aunt of little Harry; and in order to attach him to her, he had been allowed to remain the last two days under her sole charge; and an extra amount of petting, joined to an indefinite amount of seed-cakes and candy, had cemented a very close attachment on the part of the young gentleman.

'The hack drove to the wharf. The two young men, as they appeared, walked up the plank into the boat, Eliza gallantly giving her arm to Mrs Smyth, and George attending to their baggage.

'George was standing at the captain's office, settling for his party, when he overheard two men talking by his side.

"I've watched every one that came on board," said one, "and I know they're not on this boat."

'The voice was that of the clerk of the boat. The speaker whom he addressed was Marks, a friend of Haley, who had come on to Sandusky, seeking whom he might devour.

"You would scarcely know the woman from a white one," said Marks. "The man is a very light mulatto. He has a brand in one of his hands."

'The hand with which George was taking the tickets and change trembled a little; but he turned coolly around, fixed an unconcerned glance on the face of the speaker, and walked leisurely toward another part of the boat, where Eliza stood waiting for him.

'Mrs Smyth, with little Harry, sought the seclusion of the ladies' cabin, where the dark beauty of the supposed little girl drew many flattering comments from the passengers.

'George had the satisfaction, as the bell rang out its farewell peal, to see Marks walk down the plank to the shore; and drew a long sigh of relief when the boat had put a returnless distance between them.

'It was a superb day. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced rippling and sparkling in the sunlight. A fresh breeze blew from the shore, and the lordly boat ploughed her way right gallantly onward.

'Oh what an untold world there is in one human heart! Who thought, as George walked calmly up and down the deck of the steamer, with his shy companion at his side, of all that was burning in his bosom? The mighty good that seemed approaching seemed too good, too fair, even to be a reality; and he felt a jealous dread every moment of the day that something would rise to snatch it from him.

'But the boat swept on—hours fled, and, at last, clear and full rose the blessed English shore—shores charmed by a mighty spell—with one touch to dissolve every incantation of slavery, no matter in what language pronounced, or by what national power confirmed.

'George and his wife stood arm in arm as the boat neared the small town of Amherstberg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay trembling on his arm. The bell rang—the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he looked out his baggage, and gathered his little party. The

company were landed on the shore. They stood still till the boat had cleared; and then, with tears and embracings, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down, and lifted up their hearts to God!

'Twas something like the burst from death to life;
From the grave's ceremonies to the robes of heaven;
From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven;
Where all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
And mortal puts on immortality,
When Mercy's hand hath turned the golden key,
And Mercy's voice hath said: "Rejoice, thy soul is free."

'The party were soon guided by Mrs Smyth to the hospitable abode of a good missionary, whom Christian charity has placed here as a shepherd to the outcast and wandering, who are constantly finding an asylum on this shore.

'Who can speak the blessedness of that first day of freedom? Is not the *sense* of liberty a higher and finer one than any of the five? To move, speak, and breathe, go out and come in unwatched and free from danger! Who can speak the blessings of that rest which comes down on the free man's pillow, under laws which insure to him the rights that God has given to man? How fair and precious to that mother was that sleeping child's face, endeared by the memory of a thousand dangers! How impossible was it to sleep in the exuberant possession of such blessedness! And yet these two had not one acre of ground, not a roof that they could call their own; they had spent their all, to the last dollar. They had nothing more than the birds of the air, or the flowers of the field; yet they could not sleep for joy. "O ye who take freedom from man, with what words shall ye answer it to God?"

With this episode, we close for the present, and will go into the history of Uncle Tom in a subsequent paper.

FORTUNES OF A LITERARY GOLD-SEEKER.

THE same passion for gold-seeking, which in our day has developed itself in a new form, raged in Europe from the depth of the middle ages till the eighteenth century was far advanced. By the arrival of the latter period, however, a good deal of discredit had been thrown upon the business; awkward revelations had been made; well-authenticated facts had been turned outside in; and, in fine, the world's dread laugh helped not a little to put down the conviction of ages. That conviction did not relate to the existence of natural hoards of the precious metal. Such idle dreams were left to the fanciful and superstitious, whose stores were usually situated in the bosom of mountains, and guarded by gnomes and demons. The others were more rational and practical: they sought to obtain their end by means of legitimate science, based upon virtue and religious faith. This basis is the only thing that since then has been unanimously abandoned; for philosophers are still by no means agreed as to the impossibility of making gold.

Only a few of the gold-seekers of the present day are literary men; for the pickaxe does not very naturally replace the pen; but at the time we speak of, almost the whole tribe were authors. Borel, in 1654, makes the list amount to 4000; but this is an exaggeration; many of his names being imaginary, and some cut into several pieces. We have before us, however, a catalogue by a less zealous compiler, brought between eighty and ninety years further down, containing about 2500 treatises by about 900 authors—a number which we consider not the least remarkable of the facts connected with the hermetic science. All these works, with the exception of a small number, are in Latin; and ten of them are the production of a certain

Bernard Trevisanus, to give him his learned name, although he was born at Padua in 1406. We do not, however, particularise this author on account of the value of his books, for we are thankful to say we have never seen his *Secret Work of Chemistry*, or his *Philosophers' Egg*, or, in fact, a single line he has written;* but we look upon him in his personal character as the very ideal of a gold-seeker; and we are on that account anxious to rescue his name from the obscurity in which it rests.

Bernard's attachment for his life-long profession was spontaneous, perhaps instinctive. He had no need to apply himself to make the precious metals, for he was born with a piece of one of them in his mouth—the piece which is technically called a silver spoon. He had the rank of count; and his father, a doctor of medicine, leaving him a sufficient fortune, he had nothing to do but to enjoy the world in any way he thought fit. We shall see how he managed. When only fourteen years of age, he fell in with one of the works of the Arabian physician Rhasis, and this led him, after four years' labour, to the fountain-head of the occult philosophy, Geber. The latter, next to Hermes himself, is the acknowledged chief of the science, and Trevisan found himself in good hands; although he wished he had made his acquaintance earlier, as he had already spent to no purpose about 800 crowns. The reader must not suppose that the wealth of adepts vanished in the common operations of chemistry; for in point of fact, the material consumed was the material sought for—gold. Some, indeed, supposed that by subliming or purifying the imperfect metals to a high enough degree, they might convert them into the perfect one; but in general it was acknowledged that there was no way of making gold but by means of gold itself. The philosopher's stone, as it was called, was a powder containing the pure essence of gold, and how to obtain this was the question.

Trevisan was not without friends and advisers in the great search. Philosophers gathered about him like bees; and by their assistance, together with the formulae in the works of Geber, he had soon spent 2000 crowns more. But he was not discouraged. He applied to the treatises of Archelaus, Ruffeissa, and Sacrobosco; associated a monk with him in his experiments; and in the course of three years had rectified spirits of wine more than thirty times, till it reached a point at which no glass was strong enough to hold it. That was very well; but it cost more than 800 crowns, and he was no nearer his object than before.

He now began to dissolve, congeal, and sublime common salt, sal-ammonia, the alums, and copperas; and in distillation, circulation, and sublimation, he spent twelve busy years, at a cost of about 6000 crowns. Trevisan almost lost faith in human science, and set himself earnestly to pray for illumination. In this he was assisted by a magistrate of his own country; but while invoking divine aid, they were all the while working away with marine salt. This substance they continued to rectify for eight months without finding any change in its nature. It will be seen, that the object of all these experiments was to find a solvent powerful enough to separate the essence of gold from its material, the spirit from the body; but it now struck him like a flash of lightning, that aqua fortis must be the thing; and throwing himself upon this substance in its state of greatest intensity, he tried it first upon silver, then upon common mercury—but all in vain.

However, our Bernard was still in the flower of his age—he was only forty-six: nothing for a philosopher. He began to travel, with the view of collecting wisdom

* The French author of the catalogue we allude to (1724), while declaring that it is good for people to know what the books are, counsels them to read very little of them, and to do nothing at all that they recommend.

in his way; and at length fell in with Maître Geoffrey Leuvrier, a Cistercian monk, a man after his own heart. These congenial companions set to work at first upon hens' eggs, calcining even the shells; till at the end of eight laborious years, devoted to these and other substances, they had acquired the skill of at least preparing in an artistic manner the furnaces used in their operations. After this, he attached himself to another theological friend, who was prothonotary of Berghes, in Flanders; and with him he worked during fourteen months in distilling coppersas with vinegar. But the result of the experiments was nothing better than a quartan-ague.

When Bernard began to get better, the interesting intelligence came to his ears, that Maître Henry, confessor of the Emperor Ferdinand III., possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone. Our adept, therefore, set out at once for Germany, and by means of the good offices of friends, and the liberal expenditure of money, obtained an introduction to the fortunate man. With him he set to work with a good heart; but after rectifying and dissolving till they were tired, he found that he had only succeeded in melting away 300 crowns more of his wealth. The thing grew serious. He was now fifty-eight. He could afford to dally no longer: it was necessary to find the secret of the hermetic science at once, or give up the search. Trevisan pondered over his critical position for two entire months; but at the end of that time a ray of hope flashed across the gloom of his meditations. The nature of the hope we do not know; we can only tell what was the course of action on which it determined him. He arose suddenly from his depression, and, girding up his loins, began to travel. He went first to Rome; then to Spain; then to Turkey; then to Greece. He passed into Egypt; then into Barbary; then visited Rhodes; and then traversed a portion of Palestine and Persia. He then returned to France, by way of Messina, and visited England, Scotland, and finally Germany. Wherever he went, it was the same thing. The phantom he followed fled as he pursued; and alike in the heart of London, and in the deserts of the Holy Land, he saw appearing, and then vanishing, in the distance—

The unreach'd paradise of his despair.

That the secret existed, there could be no doubt; for it was a part of Trevisan's creed that it was born before the Flood; that it was revealed to the Israelites in their passage through the Desert; and that it had thus been handed down through the various generations of men. In his own travels, there was no want of true philosophers here, there, and everywhere. But they were alone; they kept their science to themselves; and they fixed upon the inquirer a stony gaze, which petrified his heart. Pretenders, on the contrary, were as open as day—there was no end to their civilities; but their favours were expensive; they cost altogether, including his travelling expenses, about 13,000 crowns; and he was at length obliged to sell an estate which had produced him the agreeable little revenue of 8000 German florins.

Bernard was now sixty-two years of age, within a year of his grand climacteric. He had succeeded in divesting himself by degrees of all his property, with the exception of what afforded him a very bare subsistence; and his relatives, incensed at a conduct which their ignorance of science prevented them from appreciating, had turned their backs upon him. Poor, friendless, and alone, he had hatched his *Philosophers' Egg* to some purpose; and now what was he to do? He must, in the first place, find some cheap retirement, where he could at least live; and accordingly he set out for a place he had visited in his travels—the island of Rhodes. Why he should have chosen the island of Rhodes more than any other island, or an island more than any part of the mainland, it would be difficult to

tell. But Bernard speedily saw that he had been conducted thither by the hand of destiny; for in his solitary wanderings he encountered a monk whom he at once recognised as a kindred spirit. It would be too long to tell how they fell into talk about the Companions of Cadmus, the Doves of Diana, the Dragon, the Serpent, and the Nymphs; of the Male, the Female, and the Hermaphrodite; of the Hermetic Sulphur which exists in gold, and of the means of coagulating with this sulphur the sacred Mercury. Suffice it to say, that their conversation excited in them an intense desire to experiment, and an absolute conviction that the collision of two such intellects would strike out the sublime spark of truth. But how to manage? Gold could not be made without the aid of gold; and they had not a piece between them. But here the lucky stars of our philosopher interposed. Bernard fell in with a merchant to whom his family was known, and his adventures unknown; and the good man had the kindness to lend him 8000 florins. This was a trifling debt to incur at a time when he stood on the very brink of the Secret; and the two friends set to work with a will. They occupied themselves for three years in dissolving gold and silver; and then discovered that their fund was exhausted, and that nothing remained to them of all their labours but the embers of the fire.

Trevisan applied to philosophy for consolation: he set himself to read attentively Arnold of Villanova. This 'great theologian, skilful physician, and learned alchemist,' as we are assured by Andreas, a celebrated lawyer of his day, was in the habit of making gold at pleasure; but not satisfied with this triumph, he would needs interfere in the concerns of religion, and more especially scandalised the whole orthodox world by affirming, 'that the works of charity and medicine are more agreeable to God than the services of the altar.' He was likewise the master in the sublime science of the famous Raymond Lully, who, as is well known to English history (although the fact is omitted by the historians), converted in one operation 50,000 lbs. weight of mercury, lead, and tin, into pure gold, which was coined into rose nobles. Raymond, like his master, was a great theologian, and the grand aspiration of his life, to which he finally fell a martyr, was the conversion of the infidels. In reading him, also—for Bernard was led naturally from one to the other—he was greatly struck with that blending of religion with science which is observable in almost all the Hermetic books, where the practical part of Christianity, the love of God and man, is inculcated as the fundamental maxim. On this he pondered for eight years, by which time he had attained the ripe age of seventy-three, and then at length the mind of the adept opened to the Secret he had been so long and so blindly pursuing.

His Search was successful. He was now able to separate the pure spirit from the material gold that had all his life been harmonising and fusing, and while reading the books of the alchemists, to collect their truths, and pass over their errors as dross. It was two years before he had fairly accustomed his mind to this view of the subject; but his life was prolonged for five years more, during which time, notwithstanding his poverty and solitude, he probably enjoyed the only real happiness he had ever known. He reached the age of eighty-four, and, in the year 1490, gave up his last breath with a smile. If a bystander had inquired at the moment he was passing away, what it was which gave this illumination to his countenance, and this tranquillity to his heart, he would doubtless have answered, *the philosopher's stone*.

After his death, he obtained the reputation he had missed when living. His works were widely circulated, and some of them printed so late as 1672. They were reckoned an important help to the student of hermetic science; and the name of the luckless Bernard Trevisan was always included in the list of great adepts.

LACON'S BOAT-LOWERING APPARATUS.

The want of a ready means of lowering boats from vessels in distressed circumstances, has been exemplified with the most tragical results in such cases as those of the *Orion*, *Birkenhead*, and *Amazon*. Mr W. S. Lacon, late of the H.E.I.C.'s service, has invented a plan for making them quickly available, which seems likely to be successful. It was tried on the 5th August by the Regatta Committee at Folkestone, with the approval of a great number of persons professionally qualified to pronounce on the subject. The wind was blowing strongly from the south-west, with a heavy surge running. This proved fortunate, for the better testing of the efficacy of the system. In the first trial, a boat was lowered from the steamer by one man, with several persons on board, and alighted on the water, abaft of the larboard paddle-box, with the utmost safety and apparent comfort, the tackle being released momentarily by the weight of the boat's descent, the vessel at the time steaming at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ knots per hour. It was afterwards hoisted up again by two men. At the second trial, the boat was lowered and cleared from the ship by one man, with Mr Lacon and three men on board, the vessel at the time maintaining full speed. The same experiments were performed several times during the day, in a similarly successful manner. The apparatus employed by Mr Lacon is very compact and simple, being fixed under the deck-seats, so as to be not in the least inconvenient. In treating of this patent invention, the *Liverpool Mercury* says, Mr Lacon has succeeded in 'solving a problem which has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of scientific and practical men, and attaining the "*desideratum*" of lowering boats evenly, and of rapidly disengaging the tackles," by a self-acting contrivance. Mr Lacon takes as his principle the well-known axiom in mechanics, that what is gained in power is lost in time; and although he approves of the method at present in use, as being the best for hoisting up boats: he (seeing that the hoisting need never be a hurried operation) substitutes two single ropes or chains, which, being secured to two broad slings passing round the body of the boat, are then brought inboard on davits, and carried to two concave barrels connected together by means of a shaft. The ends of the ropes or chains are secured to the barrels in such a manner that they will support any amount of weight until such time as the boat has reached the water, when they will disconnect and fall away from their attachment by their own weight, by which means he prevents the possibility of a ship, in its onward progress through a rough sea, dragging forward a lowered boat sideways, and capsizing or swamping it. By means, then, of a friction-strap and pulley round the shaft, one man is enabled to regulate the descent of the boat, which will go down by its own weight; and by means of the parallel action of the two barrels, he lowers both ends uniformly, and insures the boat falling in a proper position on the water.

IGNORANCE THE GREAT CAUSE OF POVERTY.

There are, in every fully-peopled country, large numbers of persons whose lives are passed in hardship and misery, and whose greatest exertions can do no more for them than procure the barest means of subsistence. These are greatly to be pitied, and it should be the study of the government, and of all who possess the means, to remove, as far as possible, the causes of their misfortune. It cannot, however, be said that any competition, save only that which they themselves naturally and necessarily exhibit among their class, for obtaining the inadequate amount of employment for which they are fitted, is chargeable with the hardships they endure. It is a melancholy truth, as concerns the individuals, that we cannot extend to them any indirect relief without tending to increase the evil by raising an addition to their number. How, then, is their condition to be mended? The only way, it appears to me, is to fit them for entering into competition with others above them in the social scale by means of instruction, which shall enable them to give a greater value to the services which they render, and thus entitle them to command a greater value of services in return. We need

entertain no fear lest, by this letting in competition upon the class above them, we shall lower these latter in the scale of society. So long as the capital in the country shall continue to increase in a greater proportion than its population, there must always be found additional employment and better remuneration for those whose labor is capable of adding to the national wealth. It may with more truth be stated, that the consequence to the community of the existence of any large number of destitute persons, is to keep down the general rate of wages, positively, through the absorption of capital required for their relief, and, negatively, through the absence of those additions to capital which the surplus services of instructed artisans always occasion.—*G. R. Porter's Lecture at Wandsworth, entitled 'Services for Services.'* London: Clow. 1851.

A WEE BIT NAME.

SHEPHERD loquiter.—An' a wee bit name—canna it carry a weight o' love?—*Noctes Ambrosianae*, No. lxxii.

A wee bit name! O wae's the heart
When nought but *that* is left,
But doubly dear it comes to be
When time a' else hath left,
An' youth, an' hope, an' innocence,
An' happiness, an' hame,
Are a' concentrated in a word,
That word—a wee bit name.

Back through the weary waste o' years
My memory is borne,
An' gurglin' streams, an' thickets green,
An' fields o' yellow corn;
An' lanely glens, an' sunny hills
Upon my spirit gleam,
The phantoms o' the past before
That spell—a wee bit name.

O vision sweet! a fair, fair face,
A young, but thochtfu' brow,
Twa gentle een o' azure shewn,
Are beamin' on me noo.
Be still, my beatin' heart—be still;
It's but an idle dream:
She heeds na though wi' tremblin' joy
I breathe a wee bit name.

A wee bit name! O lives there ane
That never, never felt
Its pathos an' its wizard power
To soften and to melt?
No—callous though the bosom be
Wi' years o' sin an' shame,
'Twill melt like snaw in summer's sun
Before some wee bit name.

A wee bit name! the rod whose touch
Bids hidden waters start,
The torch that lights the pile upon
The altar o' the heart,
An' kindles what wad else decay,
Into a holy flame:
A sacred influence may lie
Within a wee bit name!

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MONETARY SENSATIONS.

THE poorest and most unlucky dog in the world either has or had some small portion of money. No matter how small, how hardly, or how precariously earned, he has seen, from time to time, a glimpse of the colour of his own cash, and rejoiced accordingly as that colour was brown, white, or yellow. It follows, therefore, that even the poorest and most unlucky dog in the world has experienced monetary sensations. It may appear paradoxical, but it is no less true, that it is the very rich, born to riches, the heirs to great properties, or no end of consolidated stock, who have never enjoyed or feared the sensation to which we allude. To them, money is a thing of course; it pours in upon them with the regularity of the succeeding seasons. Rent-day comes of itself, and there is the money; dividend-day is as sure as Christmas, and there lie the receipts. These are the people who know nothing of the commodity with which they are so well endowed, or, at most, their knowledge is but skin-deep. They take and spend, just as they sit or walk. Both seem natural processes; they have performed them since they were born. Their money is a bit of themselves—an extra and uncommonly convenient limb with which they are endowed. It is only when some sudden catastrophe bursts upon and cuts off the supplies, that this class of ladies and gentlemen experience, like the shock of a thousand freezing shower-baths, their first 'monetary sensation.'

But the men and women who work either with head or hands—who fight their way—who plan to gain and plan to spend, so that the latter shall counter-balance the former—who lie sleepless in their beds, intent on how to make both ends meet—who are lucky and unlucky—who travel the ups and the downs of life, here grasping fortunes, there turning out the linings of penniless pockets: these are the people whose whole lives are one long succession of monetary sensations. Among them mainly is cultivated the art of looking at two sides of a shilling. They know how to value half-crowns and sovereigns in calling up the long arrear of hard-worked hours, which are, as it were, the small-change of quarters' salaries and weeks' wages. How many strokes of the steady-going pen are encircled in those bright yellow disks—how many thumps of the ponderous hammer has it taken to produce this handful of silver. Or on a larger scale—as the successful speculator sweeps to himself the mass of notes and bills, all as good as gold, for which he has set every penny of his worldly means upon the stake, and feels with a thrill which makes him clutch the precious paper, that had things not turned

out as, thank Heaven! they have, that then, and then!—He has had a tolerably vigorous monetary sensation.

But the whole of the money-getting classes, and, to some extent, the classes who merely spend what others got and gave them, can look very well back upon a series of monetary sensations which have marked epochs in their lives. Our remembrances of that kind are, of course, most deeply engraved, and most clearly recollected, in the cases in which we are working for ourselves, and have ourselves achieved steps and triumphed over difficulties in life—each step and triumph marked by a lengthening of the purse. But there are early monetary impressions common to almost all the juvenile world, rich and poor—to the children of the duke or of the mechanic, to the boy who has obtained the price of a pony or a watch, and the boy who has been made a present of what will buy him a twopenny story-book, or a twopenny bun. Boys and girls commonly have poses—to adopt a phrase not known south of the Tweed, where it must be explained, that to have a pose, is to possess a little private and secret, or quasi-secret, hoard of treasure. This pose frequently imparts the first monetary sensation. It instils the first distinct idea of the value of money; it gives the first notion of the accumulation of precious things; and the little proprietor or proprietrix comes to rattle the box with the narrow slit as a sort of sly enjoyment. To break into a pose would be quite profane and irreverent. Pose-boxes do not open, and so far read a philosophic lesson to the proprietors. Always save, always add, always hold as a sort of sacred deposit, the mysteriously precious pose-boxes. Occasionally, again, a child gets a present of a sovereign, or an old-fashioned guinea, which it would be dreadful sacrilege to change. Every one will remember how Sophy and Livy Primrose 'never went without money themselves, as my wife always let them have a guinea each to keep in their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it.' There are hundreds of thousands of Sophies and Livies possessed of the same sacred store, or having given it to their parents 'to keep,' over whose minds the remembrance of the secret hoard every now and then sends flashing across the mind of the child a sense of importance, or richness, or a general self-complacency which varies with the individuality. Boys and girls in the next stages of their growth care little and think little about money, except as a means of obtaining some trifling passing indulgence. The childish reverence for the pose has passed. The unopenable box has been long since opened, and the unchangeable guinea long since changed. We allude here, of course, to the children of the well-to-do. With the children of the poor,

the case is different. They never lose the faculty of monetary sensation. Money is too valuable to them, because as soon as the mere childish period is past, and sometimes before it, money to the young poor is always translatable into good food and new clothes. There is nothing more sadly frequent in the squalid lanes and alleys of London, than to see a little creature, boy or girl, toddle with a chance-penny, not into the toy-shop or the sweet-shop, but into the cook-shop, and there spend the treasure in food, taking care, with melancholy precocity, to have the full weight, and only a due proportion of gristle or fat. Further on in life, when a poor boy earns a chance-sixpence or a shilling, there is so much added to the store laying up for the new jacket, the new cap, or the new boots; or, not unfrequently, there is so much gained for the family exigencies of Saturday night. Here there are monetary sensations in abundance. The life of such people is full of them. The annuitant or the proprietor who listlessly, and without one additional throb of his pulse, drops hundreds into his purse, has not the ghost of an idea of the thrill of pleasure—invoking, perhaps, a score of delightful associations—with which the boy who holds his horse receives the sixpence, which is tossed him as the capitalist in his normal condition rides coolly and unmovedly away. To experience monetary sensations, you must earn the money first, and have a score of urgent purposes disputing for its application.

But perhaps one of the most vivid monetary sensations which a man experiences, is when he is paid the first instalment of the price of his labours. In an instant, he seems to rise and take a footing in the world. He has struck the first blow in his Battle of Life, and prostrated his antagonist, for whom, however, as soon as he has taken him captive, he conceives a particular affection. The glow of assured independence is a proud and manly feeling. The money is not *given*. That is the overmastering sensation. It is fairly earned. The recipient swells with honest pride as he thinks he is now a man working his way, and strides off a couple of inches higher than he came. This elevation of sentiment of course gradually dies away. The monetary sensation of the first-earned payment is not supported, but it is not forgotten, and insensibly, perhaps, to the recipient, it has at once heightened and deepened the moral qualities and tendencies of his spiritual being. From time to time, as remuneration ascends, a shade, as it were, of the first impression is recalled, particularly when the recipient perceives that at last—that great change in a young man's life—his 'settlement' may be accomplished. Here is another sensational era in his monetary experiences—the realisation of the grand fact that the struggle, always promising, is at length successful, and that he is now enlisted in the regular army of society. The elder Stephenson, when an occasional wage of a shilling per day was raised to a permanent two, flung up his hat, and exclaimed: 'Thank God! I'm a made man for life!' Here was a fine monetary sensation.

But there are also monetary sensations of quite a different species from those to which we have alluded. The sun shines on both sides of the hedge, and blank and dreary, if not dismaying and crushing, is the first trial of monetary difficulty. People, long struggling, get blunted to the *res angusta*, precisely as people fast prospering do to the steady tide of wealth. The man

who leaps heart-struck from his seat, as for the first time he contemplates a quarter's rent due and unprovided for, or the foolish fellow who groans in spirit over a protested bill returned upon the hand which he 'set' to it, merely for the convenience of acquaintance, and who has never thought of stamped paper since—such are two of the negative monetary associations which checker life; of course, their number is legion. The man who found his fairy gold transmuted into oak leaves, experienced a decided monetary sensation; but not more so than fell to the lot of many a speculator, who had bought to his last available penny in the Mississippi or the South-sea Bubbles; or, to come to more recent days, in the stock of fly-away English projected railways. To the mass of monetary sensations of the kind, we fear, must be added at the present day those produced by betting-offices. In these swindling dens, it is by no means uncommon to see children, whose heads hardly come above the counter, staking their shillings; even servant-maids haunt the 'office'; working-men abound, and clerks and shop-boys are great customers. Among these people, there ought to be a good crop of monetary sensations. In success, the little man-boy sees a grand vision of cheap cigars, and copper and paste jewellery; for the urchin early initiated in practical London-life, thinks of such things, and worse, when the country lad of the same age would dream of nothing beyond kites, fishing-tackle, or perhaps a gun. Molly, the housemaid, has her prospects of unbounded 'loves of dresses' and 'ducks of bonnets'; and the clerk and the shopman very possibly count upon their racing gains as the fruitful origin of 'sprees' and 'larks' innumerable. On the other hand, how has the money staked been acquired? The pawnbroker's shop and the till will very frequently figure in the answer. Pilfered half-crowns, or perhaps sovereigns, kept back from collected accounts; or, in domestic service, pledged spoons and forks, are frequently at the bottom of the betting transactions of these 'noble sportsmen.' Then comes the period of anticipation, and hope and fear. Bright visions of luck, on one hand; a black and down-sloping avenue, stopping at the jail door, on the other. Luck—and the stolen property can be replaced, with a handsome profit; the reverse—and the police-office, the magistrate, and the sessions, float before the tortured imagination of the 'sportsman.' Here, then, are some of the saddest, and—whether the result in any case be winning or losing—the most wearing and degrading of monetary sensations.

We turn, however, to a concluding and a more cheering experience connected with money, and which may be regarded as a sequel to the sensation of the first earnings. We allude to the first interest, to the receipt of the first sum which properly belongs to the recipient, and yet for which he has not immediately and directly toiled. Here another great step has been achieved. To earn money, was the first triumph; to make money earn money, is the second. There is something more significantly pleasing in the sensation with which the young up-struggler of the world receives his first instalment of interest, and yet remembers that all his original investment is still entire, than in all the lazy satisfaction with which a great stockholder—born perhaps to stockholding—gathers in his mighty dividends. For the first time, the former begins to feel a taste, just a taste, of the sweets of property, of the fruits of realisation, and of the double profits which labour, judiciously managed, will at length bestow. It is getting money for which he has worked and yet not worked, it is picking up the returning bread thrown upon the waters; and it is the first experienced sensation of a stable and assured position, of standing upon one's own feet, independent more or less absolutely of the caprices of fortune and the liking of employers. The first received amount of interest, however small

it may be, assuredly calls up one of the not easily-forgotten eras of a man's life. There is nothing selfish or miserly in the fact. On the contrary, it is founded upon pure and natural feelings and impulses. The most generous man in the world likes to prosper, and the first received sum which his own money has bred, is a palpable proof that he is prospering. From his childish pose, he can recall the mental results attendant upon each step of his worldly career, and look back with interest and curiosity over what, in the course of his life, may have been his 'Monetary Sensations.'

THE POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT.

A COUNTRY town is not a very hopeful arena for the exercise of the portrait-painter's art. Supposing an artist to acquire a local celebrity in such a region, he may paint the faces of one generation, and then, haply finding a casual job once a year or so, may sit down and count the hours till another generation rises up and supplies him with a second run of work. In a measure, the portrait-painter must be a rolling-stone, or he will gather no moss. So thought Mr Conrad Merlus, as he packed up his property, and prepared to take himself off from the town of C—, in Wiltshire, to seek fresh fields and pastures new, where the sun might be disposed to shine upon portrait-painting, and where he might manage to make hay the while. Conrad was a native of C—. In that congenial spot he had first pursued the study of his art, cheered by the praises of the good folks around him, and supported by their demands upon his talents. While, in a certain fashion, he had kept the spirit of art alive in the place, the spirit of art, in return, had kept him alive. But now all the work was done for a long time to come; every family had its great portraits, and would want him no more yet awhile; and Conrad saw, that if he could not turn his hand to something else, and in place of pencils and brushes, work with last, spade, needle, or quill, make shoes, coats, till the ground, or cast up accounts, he should shortly be hardly put to it to keep himself going. He had made and saved a pretty tolerable little purse during his short season of patronage, and determined to turn that to account in seeking, in other places, a continuation of commissions. His father and mother were both dead, and, so far as he knew, he had no near relative alive. Therefore, there were no ties, save those of association, to bind him to his native place—'No ties,' sighed Conrad, 'no ties at all.'

It was Monday evening, and the next day, Tuesday, was to behold his departure. His rent was paid, his traps were all packed up in readiness, and he had nothing to think about, saving whither he should proceed. He walked out, for the last time, into the little garden behind the modest house in which he had dwelt, pensive and somewhat *triste*; for one cannot, without sorrowful emotions of some sort, leave, perhaps for ever, a spot in which the stream of life has flowed peacefully and pleasantly for many years, and where many little enjoyments, successes, and triumphs have been experienced. Even a Crusoe cannot depart from his desolate island without a pang, although he goes, after years of miserable solitude, to rejoin the human family. It was the month of August, and the glory of the summer was becoming mellowed and softened. The nights were gradually growing longer and the days shorter, the reapers were in the harvest-fields, the woods and groves were beginning to shew the autumn tint, the sun sank behind the hills earlier and earlier day by day, and the

broad harvest-moon reigned throughout the sweet and fragrant nights. Conrad felt the influence of the season, and though he had for some time contemplated his departure from his home with all the cheerfulness which the spirit of adventure imparts to young men, he now, as the time arrived, felt inclined to weep over the separation. He was indulging in reveries of a mournful complexion, when he observed his landlady leave the house, and, entering the garden, bustle towards him in a great hurry. Assured by the manner of the worthy old lady that he was wanted, and urgently, by some one or other, he rose from the rustic seat on which he had been sitting, and went to meet her. A gentleman had called to see him, in a phaeton, and was waiting in the parlour in a state of impatience and excitement which Mrs Farrell had never seen the like of. Wondering who the visitor could be, Conrad hastened into the parlour. He found there an elderly individual of gentlemanly appearance, who was walking to and fro restlessly, and whose countenance and demeanour bore affecting evidences of agitation and sorrow. He approached Conrad quickly.

'You are a portrait-painter, Mr Merlus?'

'Yes, sir.'

'The only one, I believe, in this neighbourhood?'

'Yes.'

'I am anxious,' continued the gentleman, speaking in a low tone, and with a tremulous earnestness that rendered his speech peculiarly emphatic—'I am anxious to have painted the portrait of one who is—who was—very dear to me, immediately—*immediately*, for a few hours may make such a performance impossible. May I beg that you will submit to some sacrifice of convenience—that you will be good enough to set aside your arrangements for a day or two to execute this work? Do so, and you shall find that you have lost nothing.'

'Without entertaining any consideration of that sort, sir,' answered Conrad, deeply touched by the manner of his visitor, which betokened recent and heavy affliction, 'my best abilities, such as they are, are immediately at your service.'

'Many thanks,' answered the gentleman, pressing his hand warmly. 'Had you declined, I know not what I should have done; for there is no other of the profession in this neighbourhood, and there is no time to seek further. Come; for Heaven's sake, let us hasten!'

Conrad immediately gave the necessary intimation to his landlady; his easel, pallet, and painting-box were quickly placed in the phaeton; the gentleman and himself took their places inside; and the coachman drove off at as great a pace as a pair of good horses could command.

Twilight was deepening into dusk when, after a silent and rapid ride of some ten miles, the phaeton stopped before the gates of a park-like demesne. The coachman shouted; when a lad, who appeared to have been waiting near the spot, ran and opened the gates, and they resumed their way through a beautiful drive—the carefully-kept sward, the venerable trees, and the light and elegant ha-has on either side, testifying that they were within the boundaries of an estate of some pretensions. Half a mile brought them to the portal of a sombre and venerable mansion, which rose up darkly and majestically in front of an extensive plantation of forest-like appearance. Facing it was a large, level lawn, having in the centre the pedestal and sun-dial so frequently found in such situations.

A footman in livery came forth, and taking Conrad's easel and apparatus, carried them into the house. The

young artist, who had always lived and moved among humble people, was surprised and abashed to find himself suddenly brought into contact with wealth and its accompaniments, and began to fear that more might be expected of him than he would be able to accomplish. The occasion must be urgent indeed, thought he nervously, which should induce wealthy people to have recourse to him—a poor, self-taught, obscure artist—merely because he happened to be the nearest at hand. However, to draw back was impossible; and, although grief is always repellent, there was still an amount of kindness and consideration in the demeanour of his new employer that reassured him. Besides, he knew that, let his painting be as crude and amateur-like as any one might please to consider it, he had still the undoubted talent of being able to catch a likeness—indeed, his ability to do this had never once failed him. This reflection gave him some consolation, and he resolved to undertake courageously whatever was required of him, and do his best.

When they had entered the house, the door was softly closed, and the gentleman, whose name we may here mention was Harrenburn, conducted Conrad across the hall, and up stairs to an apartment on the second storey, having a southern aspect. The proportions of the house were noble. The wide entrance-hall was boldly tessellated with white and black marble; the staircase was large enough for a procession of giants; the broad oaken stairs were partly covered with thick, rich carpet; fine pictures, in handsome frames, decorated the walls; and whenever they happened in their ascent to pass an opened door, Conrad could see that the room within was superbly furnished. To the poor painter, these evidences of opulence and taste seemed to have something of the fabulous about them. The house was good enough for a monarch; and to find a private gentleman of neither rank nor title living in such splendour, was what he should never have expected. Mr Harrenburn placed his finger on his lips, as he opened the door of the chamber already indicated; Conrad followed him in with stealthy steps and suppressed breath. The room was closely curtained, and a couple of night-lights shed their feeble and uncertain rays upon the objects within it. The height of the apartment, and the absorbing complexion of the dark oaken wainscot, here and there concealed by falls of tapestry, served to render such an illumination extremely inefficient. But Conrad knew that this must be the chamber of death, even before he was able to distinguish that an apparently light and youthful figure lay stretched upon the bed—still, motionless, impassive, as death alone can be. Two women, dressed in dark habiliments—lately nurses of the sick, now watchers over the dead—rose from their seats, and retired silently to a distant corner of the room as Mr Harrenburn and Conrad entered. Where does the poor heart suffer as it does in the chamber of the dead, where lies, as in this instance, the corpse of a beloved daughter? A hundred objects, little thought of heretofore, present themselves, and by association with the lost one, assume a power over the survivor. The casual objects of everyday life rise up and seize a place in the fancy and memory, and become invested with deep, passionate interest, as relics of the departed. There is the dress which lately so well became her; there the little shoes in which she stepped so lightly and gracefully; there the book which she was reading only yesterday, the satin ribbon still between the pages at which she had arrived when she laid it down for ever; there the cup from which she drank but a few hours back; there the toilet, with all its little knick-knacks, and the glass which so often mirrored her sweet face.

Thus Conrad instinctively interpreted the glances which Mr Harrenburn directed at the objects around him. The bereaved father standing motionless, regarded

one thing and then another with a sort of absent attention, which, under other circumstances, would have appeared like imbecility or loss of self-command, but now was full of a deeply-touching significance, which roused the sympathies of the young painter more powerfully than the finest eloquence could have done. He seemed at first to shun the bed, as if the object lying there were too powerful a source of grief to bear—seemed to be anxious to discover in some minor souvenirs of sorrow, a preparatory step, which should enable him to approach with seemly and rational composure the mute wreck of his beloved child—the cast-shell of the spirit which had been the pride and joy, the hope and comfort of his life. But presently he succeeded in mastering this sensibility, and approaching the bed, motioned Conrad to follow him. He gently drew aside the curtain which had concealed the face of the figure that was lying there. Conrad started. Could that be death? That hair, so freshly black and glossy; those slightly-parted lips, on which the light of fancy still seemed to play; the teeth within, so white and healthy-looking; the small, well-shapen hand and arm, so listlessly laid along the pillow: could these be ready for the grave? It seemed so much like sleep, and so little like death, that Conrad, who had never looked upon the dead before, was amazed. When he saw the eyes, however, visible betwixt the partly-opened lids, his scepticism vanished. The cold, glazed, fixed unmeaningness of them chilled and frightened him—they did really speak of the tomb.

‘My daughter,’ said Mr Harrenburn, to whose tone the effort of self-command now communicated a grave and cold severity. ‘She died at four this afternoon, after a very short illness—only in her twentieth year. I wish to have her represented exactly as she lies now. From the window there, in the daytime, a strong light is thrown upon this spot; so that I do not think it will be needful to make any new disposition either of the bed or its poor burden. Your easel and other matters shall be brought here during the night. I will rouse you at five in the morning, and you will then, if you please, use your utmost expedition.’

Conrad promised to do all he could to accomplish the desire of the afflicted parent, and after the latter had approached the bed, leaned over it, and kissed the cold lips of his child, they left the room to the dead and its silent watchers.

After a solemn and memorable evening, Conrad was shewn to his bedroom, and there dreamed through the livelong night—now, that he was riding at frightful speed through woods and wilds with Mr Harrenburn, hurrying with breathless haste to avert some catastrophe that was about to happen somewhere to some one; now, that he was intently painting a picture of the corpse of a beautiful young lady—terribly oppressed by nervousness, and a fretful sense of incapacity most injurious to the success of his labours—when suddenly, O horror! he beheld the body move, then rise, in a frightful and unnatural manner, stark upright, and with opened lips, but rigidly-clenched teeth, utter shriek upon shriek as it waved its white arms, and tore its streaming hair; then, that his landlady, Mrs Farrel, came up to him, as he crouched weeping and trembling by, and bade him be comforted, for that they who were accustomed to watch by the dead often beheld such scenes; then that Mr Harrenburn suddenly entered the room, and sternly reproached him for not proceeding with his work, when, on looking towards the bed, they perceived that the corpse was gone, and was nowhere to be seen, upon which Mr Harrenburn, with a wild cry, laid hands upon him, as if to stay him at the spot.

‘You do not sleep well.’ A hand was gently laid upon his shoulder; a kind voice sounded in his ear, he opened his eyes; Mr Harrenburn was standing at his bedside. ‘You have not slept well, I regret to find

I have knocked at your door several times, but, receiving no reply, ventured to enter. I have relieved you from an unpleasant dream, I think.'

Conrad, somewhat embarrassed by the combined influence of the nightmare, and being awakened suddenly by a stranger in a strange place, informed his host that he always dreamed unpleasantly when he slept too long, and was sorry that he had given so much trouble.

'It is some minutes past five o'clock,' said Mr Harrenburn. 'Tea and coffee will be waiting for you by the time you are dressed: doubtless, breakfast will restore you, and put you in order for your work; for really you have been dreaming in a manner which appeared very painful, whatever the experience might have been.'

Conrad rose, dressed, breakfasted, and did undoubtedly feel much more comfortable and lighthearted than during the night. He was shortly conducted to the chamber in which he had received so many powerful impressions on the preceding evening, and forthwith commenced the task he had engaged to perform. Conrad was by no means a young man of a romantic or sentimental turn, but it is not to be wondered at, that his present occupation should produce a deep effect upon his mind. The form and features he was now endeavouring to portray were certainly the most beautiful he had as yet exercised his art upon—indeed, without exception, the most beautiful he had ever beheld. The melancholy spectacle of youth cut off in the first glow of life's brightest season, and when surrounded by everything that wealth and education can contribute towards rendering existence brilliant and delightful, can never fail to excite deep and solemn emotion. As the artist laboured to give a faithful representation of the sweetly serene face, the raven hair, the marble forehead, the delicately arched brow, the exquisitely formed nose and mouth, and thought how well such noble beauty seemed to suit one who was fit to die—a pure, spotless, bright being—he had more than once to pause in his work while he wiped the tears from his eyes. Few experiences chasten the heart so powerfully as the sight of the early dead; those who live among us a short while, happy and good, loving and beloved, and then are suddenly taken away, ere the rough journey of life is well begun, leaving us to travel on through the perilous and difficult world by ourselves; no more sweet words for us, no more songs, no more companionship, no more loving counsel and assistance—nothing now, save the remembrance of beauty and purity departed. How potent is that remembrance against the assaults of evil thoughts! How impressive the thought of virtue in the shroud!

With one or two necessary intervals, Conrad worked throughout the day, and until the declining light warned him to desist. The next morning he resumed his pallet, and in about four or five hours brought his task to a conclusion, taking, in addition to the painting he was commissioned to make, a small crayon sketch for himself. It was his wish to preserve some memento of what he regarded as the most remarkable of his experiences, and likewise to possess a 'counterfeit presentment' of a face the beauty of which he had never seen equalled. Mr Harrenburn expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which Conrad had acquitted himself—he only saw the painting, of course—and taking him into his study, bade him persevere in his art, and paid him fifty guineas; a sum which almost bereft the young man of his senses, it seemed so vast, and came so unexpectedly, after all his misgivings, especially in the presence of one who, to judge from the taste he had exhibited in his collection, must be no ordinary connoisseur.

It is difficult to describe the remarkable influence which this adventure exercised upon the young artist.

His susceptible mind received an impression from this single association with a scene of death on the one hand, and an appreciating patron on the other, which affected the whole of his future life. He returned to C—, bade adieu to his landlady and friends, and, placing himself and his luggage upon the London coach, proceeded to the metropolis. Here, after looking about him for some time, and taking pains to study the various masters in his art, he made a respectful application to one who stood among the highest in repute, and whose works had pleased his own taste and fancy better than any he had seen. After much earnest pleading, and offering very nearly all the little wealth he possessed, he was accepted as a pupil, to receive a course of ten lessons. With great assiduity he followed the instructions of the master, and learned the mysteries of colouring, and a great number of artistic niceties, all tending to advance him towards perfection of execution. He was really possessed of natural talents of a high order, and in the development of these he now evinced great acuteness, as well as industry. His master, an artist who had made a reputation years before, and who had won high patronage, and earned for himself a large fortune, thus being beyond the reach of any feelings of professional jealousy, was much delighted with Conrad's progress, was proud to have discovered and taught an artist of really superior talent; and generously returning to him the money he had lately received with so much mistrust and even nausea—for a raw pupil is the horror of *cognoscenti*—he forthwith established him as his protégé. Thanks to his introduction, Conrad shortly received a commission of importance, and had the honour of painting the portrait of one of the most distinguished members of the British aristocracy. He exerted all his powers in the work, and was rewarded with success; the portrait caused some sensation, and was regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Thus auspiciously wooed, Fortune opened her arms, and gave him a place among her own favoured children. The first success was succeeded by others, commission followed commission; and, to be brief, after four years of incessant engagements and unwearied industry, he found himself owner of a high reputation and a moderate independence.

During all this time, and throughout the dazzling progress of his fortunes, the crayon sketch of poor Miss Harrenburn was preserved and prized, and carried wherever he went with never-failing care and solicitude. Sanctified by indelible associations, it was to him a sacred amulet—a charm against evil thoughts, a stimulant to virtue and purity—this picture of the young lady lying dead, gone gently to the last account in the midst of her beauty and untainted goodness. Its influence made him a pure-minded, humble, kind, and charitable man. Living quietly and frugally, he constantly devoted a large proportion of his extensive earnings to the relief of the miseries of the unfortunate; and such traits did not pass without due recognition: few who knew him spoke of his great talents without bearing testimony to the beauty of his moral character.

But everything may be carried to excess; even the best feelings may be cherished to an inordinate degree. Many of the noblest characters the world has produced have overreached their intentions, and sunk into fanaticism. Conrad, in the fourth year of his success, was fast merging from a purist into an ascetic; he began to weary of the world, and to desire to live apart from it, employing his life, and the fortune he had already accumulated, solely in works of charity and beneficence. While in this state of mind, he determined to proceed on a continental tour. After spending some time in France, where many an Hôtel Dieu was benefited by his bounty, he travelled into Switzerland. At Chamouni, he made a stay of some days, residing in the cottage of an herbalist named Wegner, in preference to using the hotels so well known to tourists.

One evening, he had walked some distance along the road towards Mont Blanc, and, in a tranquil and contemplative mood, had paused to watch the various effects of sunset. He leaned against a tree by the roadside, at the corner of a path which led from the highway to a private residence. Again it was August, exactly four years since he had quitted C—, exactly four years since the most singular event of his life had occurred. He took from his breast the little crayon sketch, carefully preserved in a black morocco-case, and, amid the most beautiful scenery in the world, gave way to a reverie in which the past blended with the future—his thoughts roaming from the heavenly beauty of the death-bed scene to the austere sanctity of St Bernard or La Trappe. Strange fancies for one who had barely completed his twenty-seventh year, and who was in the heyday of fame and fortune! Suddenly, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Conrad hastily closed the morocco-case, replaced it in his breast, and was preparing to continue his walk, when an elegant female figure abruptly emerged from the bypath; and the features, turned fully towards him—O Heavens!—who could mistake? The very same he had painted!—the same which had dwelt in his heart for years! The shock was too tremendous: without a sigh or exclamation, Conrad fell senseless to the ground.

When he revived, he found himself lying upon a sofa in a well-furnished chamber, with the well-remembered form and features of Mr Harrenburn bending over him. It seemed as if the whole course of the last four years had been a long dream—that Mr Harrenburn, in fact, was rousing him to perform the task for which he had sought him out at C—. For awhile Conrad was dreadfully bewildered.

'I can readily comprehend this alarm and amazement,' said his host, holding Conrad's hand, and shaking it as if it were that of an old friend, newly and unexpectedly met. 'But be comforted; you have not seen a spirit, but a living being, who, after undergoing a terrible and perilous crisis four years ago, awoke from her death-sleep to heal her father's breaking heart, and has since been his pride and joy as of yore—her health completely restored, and her heart and mind as light and bright as ever.'

'Indeed!—indeed!' gasped Conrad.

'Yes,' continued Mr Harrenburn, whose countenance, Conrad observed, wore an appearance very different from that which affliction had imparted to it four years previously. 'The form on the bed which your pencil imitated so well, remained so completely unchanged, that my heart began to tremble with a new agony. I summoned an eminent physician the very day on which you completed the sad portrait, and, detailing the particulars of her case, besought him to study it, hoping—I hardly dared to confess what. God bless him! he did study the case: he warned me to delay interment; and, three days after, my daughter opened her eyes and spoke. She had been entranced, catalepted, no more—though, had it not been for this stubborn unbelief of a father's heart, she had been entombed! But it harrows me to think of this! Are you better now, and quite reassured as to the object of your alarm? I have watched your career with strong interest since that time, my young friend, and let me congratulate you on your success—a success which has by no means surprised me, although I never beheld more than one of your performances.'

Mr Harrenburn had passed the summer, with his daughter, at Chamouni, in a small but convenient and beautifully situated chateau. He intended to return to England in a few weeks, and invited Conrad to spend the interim with him—an invitation which the latter accepted with much internal agitation. For three weeks he lived in the same house, walked in the same paths, with the youthful saint of his reveries—

heard her voice, marked her thoughts, observed her conduct, and found with rapture that his ideal was living indeed.

After a sequence, which the reader may easily picture to himself, Conrad Merlus and Julia Harrenburn were married. Among the prized relics at Harrenburn House, in Wiltshire, where he and his wife are living, are the 'posthumous' portrait and the crayon sketch; and these, I suppose, will be preserved as heirlooms in the family archives.

SAMPLES OF UNCLE SAM'S 'CUTENESS.

In some respects, Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan are 'familiar as household words' on the lips of John Bull; but it may be safely affirmed, notwithstanding, that the English know less of the Americans than the Americans know of the English. We are in the way of meeting with our transatlantic cousins very frequently, and never without having our present affirmation abundantly confirmed. This mingled ignorance and indifference on the part of Englishmen to what is going on in Yankeeedom, besides being discreditable, will soon be injurious, as any one may satisfy himself by a perusal of a couple of pleasant volumes from the pen of Captain Mackinnon,* who travelled through the States lately, with his eyes open, not to their faults only, as might have been expected in an officer of Her Majesty's navy, but to their virtues, attainments, and enterprises. He has been out spying the land, and brings back a report which, though not new to those in the habit of reading American newspapers, and talking with American visitors, will be both new and interesting—we should hope stimulative—to the majority of our countrymen. We shall fulfil a duty, and confer benefit as well as pleasure, by picking out of the captain's log-book some of the choicest samples of Uncle Sam's 'cuteness, which will serve to shew, at the same time, the progress and prospects of that great commonwealth.

Captain Mackinnon believes the mind of the Americans to be the keenest and most adaptable in the world. They acquire information of any kind so rapidly, and have such ready dexterity in mechanical employments, that the very slightest efforts put them on a par with Europeans of far greater experience. After describing New York—which we shall return to, if we have space—the author gives the results of a visit to the dock-yards at Brooklyn, Boston, and other places. Brooklyn 'contains perhaps the finest dry-dock in the world.' Here he saw all the latest English improvements improved! He was informed, on unquestionable authority, that no new instrument of war is elaborated in England, without being immediately known to the authorities in the United States; and that the commission of naval officers, now sitting at Washington to re-organise the navy ordnance and gunnery exercise, are assisted materially by the experience of men educated in Her Majesty's ship *Excellent*.

The first object of interest in approaching the Fulton Ferry was a large ship, which was loading with wheat for Europe. To accelerate the introduction of the cargo, a grain-elevator was employed. This novel machine pumped the grain from barges or canal-boats, on one side, in a continuous stream into the ship's hold, at the rate of 2000 bushels per hour. It was not only passed into the vessel at this prodigious rate, but likewise accurately measured in the operation. American naval officers have taken a hint from this ingenious labour-saving contrivance, and successfully adapted it to the purpose of supplying powder with great speed and regularity to the batteries of large ships.

What are those huge castles rushing madly across the East River? Let us cross in the *Montezuma* from

* *Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches, Afloat and Ashore*. By Captain Mackinnon, R.N. 2 vols. Colburn & Co. 1861.

Fulton Ferry, and survey the freight. There are fourteen carriages; and the passengers are countless—at least 600. Onward she darts at headlong speed, until, apparently in perilous proximity to her wharf, a frightful collision appears inevitable. The impatient Yankees press—each to be the first to jump ashore. The loud 'twang' of a bell is suddenly heard; the powerful engine is quickly reversed, and the way of the vessel is so instantaneously stopped, that the dense mass of passengers insensibly leans forward from the sudden check. These boats cost about £.6000. In economy, beauty, commodiousness, and speed, they form a striking contrast to the steam-ferry from Portsmouth to Gosport, which cost, it is said, £.20,000. The author strongly advises persons in Europe, who have any intention of projecting steam-ferries, to take a leaf out of the Yankee book. As an example: If the Portsmouth Ferry had been conducted on the same principles as the Fulton Ferry, a very large profit would have ensued, instead of the concern being overwhelmed in debt.

Here is another sample of Yankee *go-aheadism*. A launch! We are in Webb's shipbuilding-yard. Look around. Five huge vessels are on the stocks: three are to be launched at highwater. The first is a liner of 1708 tons, built for running, and, with a fair wind, it will outtail any man-of-war afloat. The second is a steamer of 2500 tons. The third is a gigantic yacht of 1500 tons, nearly as sharp as any yacht in England. Five thousand seven hundred and eight tons were launched from one builder, and within thirty minutes!

The clipper-ships, although certainly the finest class of vessels afloat, are very uneasy in a sea. Mr Steers, the builder of the far-famed yacht *America*, is very sanguine that he will produce a faster vessel than has yet ploughed the seas, and Captain Mackinnon is inclined to believe that he will. His new clipper-vessels will be as easy in motion as superior in sailing. The great merit of Mr Steers, as the builder of the *America*, is in his having invented a perfectly original model, as new in America as in Europe. He informed our author that the idea, so successfully carried out in the *America*'s model, struck him when a boy of eight years old. He was looking on at the moulding of a vessel by his father (an Englishman), when suddenly it occurred to him that a great improvement might be made in the construction; and the *modus operandi* speedily took possession of his mind. Mr Steers thinks that a shallow vessel, with a sliding keel, can be built to outtail any vessel even on his improved model. This is likely to be tested next summer in England, as a sloop, the *Silvia*, built by Steers on this construction, is preparing to try her speed at Cowes next season. The author carefully noted this craft when on the stocks alongside the *America*,* and he believes, 'that no vessel in England has the ghost of a chance against her.'

The English ship-builders have a great deal to learn from Brother Jonathan, not only in the fashion of build, but likewise in the 'fitting and rigging.' An American London liner is sailed with half the number of men required by an English ship of the same size, and yet the work is got through as well and as expeditiously. The various mechanical contrivances to save labour might be beneficially copied by English ships.

A merchant-vessel, on the clipper principle, can be turned out by a Baltimore builder for from £.10 to £.12 a ton, complete in all her fittings. This is much cheaper than in England, which appears unaccountable, considering the rate of wages; but so much more work is done by the workmen for their wages, that labour is as cheap, if not cheaper, there than here. 'Cotton-duck' sails are almost exclusively used by American vessels under 300 tons, which for such vessels, as well

as for yachts, is much better and cheaper than canvas. Another circumstance which struck the author at Baltimore—and which is equally striking to hear of to those who are accustomed to the sight of the Thames barges ascending and descending the river, in all their ugliness and filth, with the flow and ebb of each tide—was, that the vessels intended for the lowest and most degrading offices, such as carrying manure, oysters, and wood, were of 'elegant and symmetrical proportions!'

The most potent proofs of Uncle Sam's 'cuteness are to be found in the patent office at Washington. Inventions pour in in such abundance, that already the space allotted to them is so completely crammed, as to preclude the possibility of any close investigation. The dockyard at Washington furnished matter for fresh reflection; the iron for cables, furnished by contract, being so superior to the old, that the testing-links were all broken on the first trial, the model-anchors being 'an immense improvement,' &c.

'And to whom do you suppose we are indebted for all these improvements, and many more too tedious to mention?' asked the officer. 'Why, to an English dockyard-master from Devonport.'

So much for their progress on the eastern coast: now let us turn westward, ascending the Hudson by one of the river-steamers. Without doubt, these steam-vessels are the swiftest and best arranged known; but the speed and size are improving so rapidly, that what is correct now, may be far behind the mark a year hence. The *Isaac Newton* is at present the largest. The saloon, which is gorgeously decorated, is 100 yards long. In this vast, vaulted apartment, the huge mirrors, elegant carving, and profuse gilding, absolutely dazzle the eye. On first entering one of these magnificent floating saloons, it is difficult for the imagination to realise its position. All comparison is at once defied, as there is nothing like it afloat in the world.

The extent of the lake-trade is prodigious. Its aggregate value for 1850, imports and exports, amounts to 186,484,905 dollars, which is more by 40,000,000 dollars than the whole foreign export-trade of the country! The aggregate tonnage employed on the lakes is equal to 203,041 tons, of which 167,137 tons are American, and 35,904 British. The passenger-trade is not included in the preceding sum; it is valued at 1,000,000 dollars. 'The mind is lost in astonishment at so prodigious a commerce. It is not ten years since the first steamer ran round the chain of lakes. Population, and its commercial concomitants, are increasing so rapidly, that before twenty years, the lake-trade alone will be of greater extent and importance than the whole trade of any other nation on the globe!' The number of emigrants from Europe and the eastern states annually passing through Buffalo for the Far West is now one million, and likely, by and by, to increase to two millions! Cities are consequently rising up with extraordinary rapidity. The population of Detroit, for example, has increased, during the last ten years, from 11,000 to 26,000—an advance which is mainly owing to the facilities afforded by the Michigan Central Railway, for concentrating on their passage the westward-bound emigrants. An absurd spirit of speculation has likewise contributed to the increase. A building and farming mania, similar to the railway mania in England six years ago, has seized the people. The only salvation for the speculators is the continued increase of vast swarms of emigrants from Europe. Chicago is another example of rapid increase—namely, from 3000 in 1840, to above 20,000 in 1850; a growth which it mainly owes to its advantageous site at the head of the navigation of the chain of lakes. Milwaukee is also a wonderful instance of progress. In 1838, there was not a single house on the spot: in 1840, there was a village with 1700 inhabitants; in 1850,

* The *America* lost her laurels at Cowes a few weeks ago.

there was a city of 20,000! Twenty years ago, the land on which it stands was not worth more than the government price, which is about 5s. 5d. per acre: at present, the lots are valued, in good locations, at L.40 a foot frontage. The result is speculation; with sudden fortunes on the one hand, and sudden ruin on the other. Emigrants, as well as citizens themselves, have to 'move on' further west; and hence they are covering Wisconsin, Minnesota, and other territories. Nothing can now arrest the flowing tide till it dash against the Rocky Mountains, and meet the counter-tide setting in from the coast of the Pacific.

The district around Lake Winnebago seems, according to our author's account, to be a tempting spot for emigrants; and as there cannot be the least suspicion of his having an interest in trumpeting it up, it may be as well that the reader should know where 'Paradise Restored' is to be found. Lake Winnebago is not one of those huge inland oceans, with winds and waves, storms and shipwrecks upon it, but a quiet, snug sheet of water like Loch Lomond, which it resembles in size, and, if we may judge from a paper-description, in appearance. 'It is about thirty miles long, and ten to twelve broad. A high ridge of limestone bounds it on the east, sloping gradually down to the edge of the water. Numerous natural clearings or prairies relieve the sameness of the luxuriant forests. On the western side, the land invades the lake in long, low capes and peninsulas. The fragrance of the air, the exquisite verdure of the trees, the gorgeous colours of the prairie flowers, and the artist-like arrangements of the "oak openings," and wild meadows, are delights never to be forgotten. The most elaborate and cultivated scenery in Europe falls into insignificance in comparison. I was struck with astonishment that such "a garden of Eden" should be so little known, even in the eastern states—that such extraordinary advantages should be neglected. After a careful examination of many places in the western portion of the United States, I advisedly assert, that Lake Winnebago District is the most desirable and the finest in the world for emigrants.'

His reasons for this opinion are briefly, that it has communication with the Atlantic on each border of the state—by the Mississippi on the west, and Lake Michigan on the east; that the soil is very fertile, and the climate remarkably healthy, being more equable than the same latitude on sea-board, and quite free from fever or ague. With great glee, the captain details a sporting excursion in this romantic district, in the course of which he fell in with an old acquaintance in the shape of an under-keeper from one of the Scottish moors. He had emigrated two years, and become a 'laird.' His remarks displayed great 'cuteness, and as it was on Uncle Sam's soil, it must be placed to Uncle Sam's credit. Their conversation was so amusing as well as instructive, that we quote it.

"Ah, sir," said the Scotchman, "if the quality in England only knew there was a place like this, do you think they would go and pay such extravagant rents for the mere shooting in Scotland? No, sir, not they. My old master paid five hundred pounds a year for his moor adjacent to Loch Ness."

"And pray what did he get for it?"

"Why, not half such sport as he can get here," replied he.

"Truly," I rejoined; "but remember the distance, and expense of coming here."

"As for the distance, you can, at present, be here from London in fourteen days. In two years, the rail will be finished to Fond-du-Lac, and you will be enabled to get here in eleven days. The expense, as I will prove, will not only be far less, but it may be turned into a positive gain."

'I picked up my ears at this assertion, and requested my old acquaintance, the ex-keeper, to proceed.

"Well, sir, look 'ee here: suppose a party of five

gentlemen subscribe five hundred pounds apiece, that will be two thousand five hundred pounds. With one thousand five hundred pounds, they can purchase a quantity of land, and build an excellent house, stable, and offices on Doty Island, in a position which, in ten years' time, will increase greatly in value as an eligible site for building allotments. The very fact of such an establishment by wealthy English gentlemen will cause the land to rise in value enormously; and I will warrant that in five years it will be worth ten times the present cost. From their location on Doty Island, they would have the finest fresh-water fishing in the world. They would have thirty miles lake-shore for deer-shooting; and dense woods, forty miles back to Lake Michigan, where bears, and catamounts, and other wild animals are plentiful. Abundance of wild fowl, quail, and wood-cocks would be found everywhere."

"Stop," exclaimed I, interrupting him; "what are we to do about the main point—the grouse-shooting? Besides, remember there is another thousand pounds to account for."

"Don't interrupt, please sir; I am coming to that. I know several districts of country in this neighbourhood with natural boundaries, such as creeks, rivers, thick belts of trees, &c. These districts vary from five thousand to twenty thousand acres, and are so fertile that Europeans cannot even imagine such richness. Five hundred pounds you could lend to the farmers at twelve per cent. per annum. Many of them pay from two to eight per cent. per month. You would thus, by accommodating the farmers, have the best-stocked preserves, and the most friendly occupiers of the soil that can be found. The remaining five hundred pounds you might keep to improve your lands, or invest at twelve per cent. as the other half. If thus invested, you would get twelve per cent. on one thousand pounds, nearly equal to five per cent. upon the whole sum laid out, and the land increasing in value in a prodigious ratio."

"Wonderful!" thought I, with enthusiasm. "I will pop you in print, my lad."

We 'pop him in print' with similar good-will. His scheme would be an admirable one, save and except that there is an ocean to cross before reaching Doty Island. We commend it to the New Yorkers and gentlemen of the eastern states, who wish to have a hunting-field such as the old monarchs of Europe would have envied. The scheme, notwithstanding, does credit to the ingenuity of its propounder, who thereby proves himself the right sort of man for the country he has chosen to call his own.

Another conversation which our author relates, affords an unequivocal sample of real aboriginal 'cuteness. Captain Mackinnon impresses us, as he did the Americans, as a frank, hearty fellow, who can make himself at home at once, anywhere, and with any one. During his short sporting excursion, he seems to have picked acquaintance with nearly all the happy inhabitants of that western Eden with which he had become so enraptured. Strolling along one day, he met with a tall, gaunt Yankee, who knew him, and invited him into his log-cabin for a social glass and a 'crack' after it. This semi-savage-looking fellow had been a soldier, and delighted, like his guest, in the title of captain. He had been fighting in Mexico and California with the 'Injuns.' As he of Doty Island had a proposal to make to British sportsmen, so Captain Ezekiah Conklin Brum had 'a proposal to make to the British government.' He had heard of our Cape and Caffre war, and wondering how and why we did not make a shorter work of that awkward business, he sent to England for a British infantry musket, which he produced. 'Well, captain, did ever you see such a clumsy varment in all your born days? Now, captain, look out of the doorway—do you see that blazed stump? It is seven feet high, and broader than any man. It's exactly one hundred

and fifty yards from my door. I have fired that clumsy varment at the stump till my head ached and my shoulder was quite sore, and have hardly hit it once. Now, then, captin, look 'ee here (taking up his seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and letting fly one barrel after the other): I guess you will find seven bullets in the blazed stump. I will, however, stick seven playing cards on the stump, in different places, and, if you choose, hit them all.' After sundry but unaccepted offers to his English brother-militant for a trial of mutual destructiveness, he made his offer to the British government through its representative, but which that loyal subject, in a fit of mortification, declined to convey, on the ground that if he 'made the finest offer in the world to the British government, they would only sneer' at him. However (to give, as before, the substance of what is here detailed with amusing effect), the offer of Captain Brum was to enlist 5000 Yankee marksmen, each armed with a seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and kill 'all the Injuns' at the Cape in six months for the sum of 5,000,000 dollars! 'We should be eka,' quoth he, 'to thirty thousand troops with such tarnal, stiff, clumsy consarns as them rog'lition muskets is. We should do it slick, right away.' This may seem only a piece of fun, but such it does not appear to the author, who turns from fun to facts and figures, and calculates what would be the result of an encounter between English and American men-of-war, if the latter had ten men in each top handling Captain Brum's weapon with Captain Brum's skill; and the result he comes to is, that they could, in one minute and a half, dispose of 210 men on the opposite deck. *This would amount to the destruction of the whole crew stationed on the upper deck!* The undoubted possibility of such a summary mode of annihilating an enemy, must soon change the system of warfare, and at least demands grave consideration. We make no comment upon this, as we should be inclined to do were we not announcing the forebodings of a naval officer, who must be supposed to see cause of apprehension before he would venture to express it.

Turning now to a more civil aspect of affairs than the picture of thirty death-dealing demons in the tops of a Yankee frigate, let us see how they manage their aggressions upon the untamed field and forest. During his various ramblings, our traveller's free-and-easy manner gained him the confidence of several able and energetic men—an advantage which enabled him to peep behind the scenes in many of the western movements. The following incident, which came under his own knowledge, comes within the design of this article, which is to illustrate the go-aheadism of our transatlantic cousins, and how they find the ways and means where other men fail.

Near Green Bay (in the aforesaid Garden of Eden), a small village suddenly peeks out from the woods. The site was chosen by one of those extraordinary men (educated pioneers), who had silently selected a position, and established himself as proprietor before any one was acquainted with his object. Once fixed, the working pioneers, well aware of the sagacity and ability of their overrunner, begin to drop in likewise. In a few months, a town is laid out, and a population makes its appearance. A plank-road is necessary, a charter is obtained, and a meeting summoned of all interested in the said road. About a hundred persons attend; the charter is read; and before it can become a valid instrument, 100 shares must be subscribed for, and one dollar each paid up. The whole capital required is £10,000—a sum which, probably, could not be mustered in cash within a hundred miles. One citizen believes he can get the 500 dollars from a relative in the Genessee Valley. Who, then, is to take stock, and supply the needs of war? There is not ten dollars (cash) in the township. Up starts another, who has credit with a provision-merchant down east, and offers to supply the

workmen with pork, molasses, tea, and sugar, out of his friend's store; making a speech at the same time. Others similarly pledged their credit for shoes, soap, clothing, &c. The bulk of the meeting, consisting of hard-working 'bonnet-lairds,' undertake to go to work immediately; taking for part-payment the necessities of life, and receiving road-stock for the balance. Without a cent of capital, they began a work which would eventually cost 50,000 dollars, in full confidence that something would turn up to procure the wherewithal. The beauty of the matter is, that the project succeeded. The road has not only quadrupled the value of property all around, but it bids fair to pay a dividend in five years of 50 per cent. If a steam-boat is wanted, it is acquired in the same way. Large vessels have been completely built and equipped, without the owners possessing one farthing, and they have not only paid for themselves, but have made handsome fortunes for the lucky and enterprising projectors. Speculation of this kind, which would be justly deemed dishonourable in a settled country, is apt to be less rigidly considered in the pioneers of a new world. What country can attempt to cope with such energy and enterprise as this? It is frequently a subject of remark, that men born in England, and educated in the States, are among the foremost in these enterprising projects.

There are many other facts in these interesting volumes which we should like to call attention to; but the reader who has accompanied us through this sketch cannot do better than read the volumes themselves—only remembering, that the enthusiasm of his guide might have been considerably moderated had he been an emigrant instead of a gentleman traveller.

MRS GRIMSHAW'S TREATISE ON HOLDFASTS.

I AM ready to maintain, against all assailants of the position, that the person who can feel so deep an interest in any of the works of God as to find, in the investigation of them, employment for time which might otherwise hang a little heavily on hand, and occupation of an innocent and even of a useful nature for an active mind, has a decided advantage over one who has no such resource. And I further maintain, that there is not one single object in created nature, from the drop of ditch-water which occupies the attention of Herr von Creep-crawl, up to the 'serried host' of angels and archangels who inhabit the realms of light, which does not present matter worthy of the study and attention of an inquiring and intelligent mind. Having delivered this defiance, I shall now ask my readers to take another walk round my garden, and examine the climbers which cover my walls, and listen to my Treatise on Holdfasts, as I call those appendages of plants which assist them in climbing.*

The very first specimen to which we come, is one of that very pretty tribe the *Clematidæ*, the *Clematis montana*, which is closely covering a wall of ten feet high, and at least twenty in width, thence throwing out its branches, extending itself over the adjacent wall of the house, and occasionally sending a stray shoot or two to adorn my neighbour's garden. Now, how do those slight, long stems, which stretch, some of them twenty or thirty feet from the parent stalk, support and arrange themselves so as to preserve a neat and ornamental appearance without my having had the least trouble in training them? If you gather one of those loose branches, you will see that it has no tendrils of any kind, or other apparent means of support; but this, like all others of the *clematidæ* or *clematis* tribe, possesses a power of twisting the leaf-stalk round a wire, twig,

* See 'Mrs Grimshaw's Garden,' No. 413.

or anything else that comes in its way, so as to tie the plant to the support with as firm a knot as could be made with a piece of string; and after thus encircling the wire, it returns the leaf to its former position, with the upper side outwards, exactly as it was before. Some of the clematis tribe make this fulcrum from one part of the leaf-stalk, and some from another. In that which we are examining, it is formed from the lowest part next the main stalk of the plant. In the wild clematis (*C. vitalba*)—that kind which runs so freely over hedges and thickets in the southern counties, adorning the country in winter with snowy tufts of feathers, formed by its seed-vessels—a part of the stalk between two pair of the leaflets forms this twist; whilst in the sweet-scented garden-clematis, other parts of the stem give the support: but it is always by means of some portion or other of this member, that plants of this tribe are sustained in their rapid and extensive climbing. It is curious to observe what instinctive aptitude to curve towards suitable objects, and towards them only, is exhibited in the holdfasts of climbing-plants. They never bend towards a wall, board, or other flat substance, when there is nothing to lay hold of; but the moment they touch a suitable object, they instantly fix on it, forming closely compacted rings, which can be untwisted only when young. As the plant rises from one height to another, the little green shoots above send out fresh leaves, each having the same prehensile properties, which they keep in reserve till called on to apply them to their proper use; whilst at the same time, the lower rings are becoming indurated, so that, as the plant grows longer and heavier, its supports become stronger and harder. There are other plants besides the clematideæ which thus support themselves, of which the *Maurandya Barclayana* and the *Canariensis* are examples; and the manner in which these accommodate themselves to the exact form of the object on which they seize, is very remarkable. If the support is round, the ring is also round; but if they fix on a square lath, or other angular thing, the stem forms to it, so that when the prop is removed, the ring retains the exact form of that prop, every angle being as sharp and true, as if it were moulded in wax.

Now, the next plant which greets us is the ivy (*Hedera helix*), and this differs wholly in its means of support from almost any other creeper; yet there is none that takes firmer hold, or maintains more strongly its position, than this beautiful creeper, whose ceaseless verdure well deserves the name of ivy—a word derived from the Celtic, and signifying green. It is supported by means of a whitish fringe of fibres, that are thrust out from one side of every part of the stem which comes in contact with any wall or other supporting object to which it can cling. Should a foreign substance, such as a leaf, intervene between it and that object, the fibres lengthen until they extend beyond the impediment; and then they fix on the desired object, and cease to grow.

These fibres, however, are not true roots—a branch with only such roots, would not grow if planted in the earth—they are mere holdfasts, and the plant does not receive any portion of its nourishment through them. The upper part of the plant, where it has mounted above the wall and become arborescent, is wholly devoid of such fibres, which never appear but when they have some object to fix upon.

And now, let us look at that which is the very pride of my garden, and which well deserves the name bestowed on it by a poetic-minded friend—‘the patrician flower.’ I mean the beautiful *Cobea scandens*; and here we are introduced to quite a different class of holdfasts from either of those which we have examined. The blossom of the cobea is formed of a curious and elegantly-formed calyx of five angles, exquisitely veined, and of a tender green—its flower, or, at

least, when divested of its one bell-shaped petal, looking like one. From this calyx slowly unfolds a noble bell, at first of a soft, creamy green; but the second day of its existence it becomes tinged and veined with a delicate plum colour, which on the third day is its prevailing hue. The blossom is then in its full perfection; the vigorous green filaments supporting the anthers curve outwards; the long anthers, in the same manner as those of the white lily, open lengthways, and disclose rich masses of yellow pollen; whilst the single pistil stands gracefully between its five supporters, crowned with a globular purple style. On the last day or two of its existence, the bell is of a full, deep puce colour, and then drops, leaving the calyx bare, from which in due time is developed a handsome fruit, something like that of the passion-flower. The flower-stalk is from four to six inches long, and stands finely out from the wall, many blossoms being exhibited at the same time in different stages of development.

But now of the holdfast, which is our special subject. And this needs to be of a strong kind, for the branches of this plant have been known, in an English conservatory, to run to the length of 200 feet in one summer; and no doubt, in its native Mexico, where it has nothing to impede its growth, its shoots run even more freely. Behold, then, at distances of from three to four inches, all up the main stem; and also, on every shoot and branch which that stem throws out, grows a leaf, composed of three pair of leaflets, beautifully veined, and tinted with reddish purple, from between the last pair of which springs a tendril of extreme elegance. Indeed, noble as is this plant in every part, I think this tendril is the crowning grace of the whole: it is exceedingly slender, throwing off side-branches, which, again, repeatedly fork off at acute angles in pairs, and each extremity of each branch is furnished with a minute and delicate hook, so small as to be scarcely perceptible, but so strong and sharp-pointed as to lay hold of every object in its way—which hold it retains, when once well fixed, in spite of wind or weather. If this tendril remains long unattached, it becomes elongated to ten or twelve inches, or even more; and certainly a more elegant object than it presents when in this state can scarcely be seen, nor one which forms a more graceful ornament to a vase of flowers, if introduced as it grows, depending from one of the vigorous young purple shoots, itself shining with a sort of metallic lustre, and richly coloured with green and purple. But it is only on the loose young shoots that it assumes this very graceful appearance. If it is sufficiently near to a wall, or other support, instead of thus hanging pendent, its main stalk nearest the leaf contracts into a spiral form, thus shortening the tendril, and giving it greater power than so frail and slight a thing could otherwise possess; and the elasticity produced by the convolutions enables the branch slightly to yield to the influence of the wind, which makes it less likely to be torn down. Each extremity, as I have said, is armed with a hook, which hook, as soon as it touches, lays firm hold on the wall; and these tendrils occurring close together, and a large proportion of them fixing on some object, a wonderfully strong support is afforded to the plant. This plant is called by some people, ‘the violet-bearing ivy,’ although no leaf or blossom can be less like the ivy or the violet than that of the cobea.

And now, let us pass onwards. There is another tendriled plant, the passion-vine; and this has a cirrus or tendril quite of a different kind from that we have just examined. It is simple and unbranched, springing from the axil of the leaf, straight when young, but speedily becoming spiral, and forming a very close twist round whatever object it seizes. It is spiral to within an inch, or less, of its root, and encircles its support with six or seven circles like a

corkscrew, thus clasping it with great firmness. This has no hook or other appendage which would enable it to fix on a wall or other flat substance; and therefore, unless there are wires, or some other extraneous supports near, it must be nailed until it reaches a certain height, when its own stalks supply the requisite props on which the tendrils may lay hold. The grape and many other vines are furnished with tendrils, which spring from the root of the leaf-stalk; that of the grapevine is slightly branched, but not furnished with any hook. One of its tendrils usually grows close to the stem of the fruit, and thus sustains the heavy bunch of grapes which must otherwise, when it increases to a weight of many pounds, either break from its stem, or else pull down the branch on which it grows.

And now we approach the beautiful *Ipomœa*, or major convolvulus, which affords us a specimen of quite a different mode of progression from that displayed in any creeper we have as yet looked at, for it has neither tendril nor fibrous roots. 'Oh, that *must* be a mistake!' says some fine lady. 'My last Berlin pattern was of convolvuli, and that lovely group of flowers I copied had several blossoms in it, and I am sure there were plenty of tendrils in both.' No doubt, fair lady; but convolvuli in Berlin patterns, and those which are wrought in 'nature's looms,' differ wonderfully. In the former, not only the climbing convolvulus, but the common blue one (*C. minor*), is richly furnished with tendrils, whilst those of Dame Nature display no such appendage. Now, take a real flower of this tribe—the common bind-weed from the hedge will do as well as any other—and you will see that the means provided for it to run up any stick or stem it may meet, is a peculiar property it has, of twining its stem round and round that of any other plant near it; and so strong is this necessity to assume a spiral coil, or rather to twist and unite itself with some other stem, that you may often see two, three, or four sister-stalks of the same plant invreathed into one stout cable, which union, though it does not enable the feeble stems to ascend, yet seems to increase their strength. But supply the young shoot with a stick or wire, or even a bit of twine, and see how rapidly it will then climb, and clasp, and throw out longer and stronger shoots, and overspread your wall with its large bell-shaped flowers, so brilliant with every tint of white, lilac, pink, and rose colour, and so exquisitely delicate in their texture, expanding at earliest dawn, and closing, never to reopen, when the fervid rays of the noonday sun fall on them! But I must not attempt to depict every variety of holdfast, or every provision for climbing with which it has pleased God to invest and beautify the different kinds of creeping-plants: it would detain us far too long; yet Mrs Grimshawe owes it to herself, to justify her devotion to the holdfast of the Virginian creeper (*Ampelopsis hederacea*), and that *must* be described.

Every one knows this plant, for although a native of North America, it is now one of the commonest coverings of our walls, as well as one of the prettiest we see. Its beautiful cut leaves are divided into five lobes, which, when first developed, are of a bright light-green, while the whole of the young stem and shoot is red; these take, by degrees, a deeper hue of green, and early in the autumn assume a brilliant scarlet tint, at which time they are very lovely. The means by which this plant takes so firm a hold of whatever supports it, is highly curious. From the stem of the tree is sent out on one side a leaf, and exactly opposite to it a shining, thread-like tendril, tinged with red, from one to one and a half inches long, dividing into five branches, and each terminating in a little hook. When one of these little hooks touches a wall, or comes in contact with anything it is able to cling to, it begins to thicken, expands into a granulated mass of a bright-red hue, loses the form of a hook and assumes

that of a club, from the edges of which club a thin membrane extends, and attaches itself firmly to the wall after the manner of a sucker. If all five of the extremities happen to touch, they all go through the same process; and when all are spread out on the wall, each with its extension complete, the tendril looks much like the foot of a bird; but none of the hooks change in this way, unless they are so situated as to be able to fix on the wall. One of these strong holdfasts occurs at about every two inches on every stem and branch; and as a very large proportion of them get hold of some substance or other, the vine becomes more strongly fixed in its place than those which have been nailed or otherwise artificially fastened; and if the wall on which it climbs is at all rough, it must be very boisterous weather indeed that can dislodge its pretty covering. If by any means a branch is forced away from the wall, you will generally find either that it has brought away a portion of the stucco with it, or else that the stems of the tendril have broken, and left the sucker-like extremities still adhering. The appearance of one of these tendrils when young is beautiful; and if you place it under a microscope while it is assuming its knobby form, you will admire its exquisite texture and colouring. This, like the ivy, when it rises above the wall, becomes arborescent, and ceases to throw out tendrils.

There are many other provisions for aiding plants in climbing. Some ascend simply by means of the friction which the hairy or gummy cuticle of their stems affords—that sort of *Galium* commonly called 'cleavers' or 'cliver,' and the wild madder (*Rubia pelegriana*), are instances of this—then there are others which send out simple tendrils from the point of each leaf. There is also a plant called the 'heartseed' or 'balloon vine,' from its inflated membranaceous capsule, in which the tendrils grow from the flower-stalks; and another, one of the custard-apple tribe (*Annona hexapetala*), of which Smith tells us—'the flower-stalk of this tree forms a hook, and grasps the neighbouring branch, serving to suspend the fruit, which is very heavy, resembling a bunch of grapes.' The pea and vetch tribe, the pompon and cucumber, and various other plants, afford instances of provisions of these and similar kinds. But as I hope I may have succeeded in leading some of my readers to see what abundant subjects of interest may be found in the contemplation of even the appendages of plants, I shall now take my leave, only strongly advising all who wish to find a country life profitable and agreeable, to endeavour to supply themselves with some simple natural pursuit, such as gardening or botany, either of which may lead to investigations that will well repay their trouble, even should they refer to nothing more than the structure of the leaves or tendrils of the trees and shrubs which grow around their dwelling.

A DAYS PLEASURING IN INDIA.

PARELL* was full of guests; and in order to afford them a greater diversity of amusement than the daily routine of a monotonous Eastern life affords, our excellent host resolved on a day's excursion to the island of Salsette, accepting an invitation to rest for an hour on his return at the house of a wealthy Parsee, whose liberality and zeal for the interests of the Company had won him the favour of the merchant princes' representative. In order to be ready for our departure at daybreak, we were called at three o'clock. In this country, such an hour sounds uncomfortable; we are all inclined to sympathise with the writer of the old Scotch ballad, and declare—

'Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;'

but in India, it is a luxurious theft from sleep; and

* Residence of the governor of the Bombay presidency.

even now the remembrance of my starlit bath of that Indian morning comes pleasantly across my mind. The bath was literally taken by starlight; for the tumbler of oil, with its floating wick—which is the ordinary lamp of the country—was hardly seen in its far-off corner, when I unclosed the jalousies, and admitted the solemn, silvery planet-light. The window above the bath opened into the garden; and it is scarcely possible to conceive greater physical enjoyment than reclining in the warm element, listening to the soft sounds proceeding from without—the castanet music of the singing-tree, the rustling of the fan-palm, the trickling of the fountain: even the distant cry of the retiring jackal was pleasant; whilst above the giant palms, I could see the dark violet of the sky, on which the

—‘Ship of Heaven
Came sailing from Eternity;’

and from whence Canopus threw its laughing lustre full on the water in which I was immersed, and kept me for a time motionless, lest I should break or mar its beautiful reflection. But every enjoyment has its dark shadow: as life has its ‘insect cares,’ so Eastern night has its mosquitoes; and a sore contest one has with them on issuing from the bath at such an hour. How they flit about, imps of evil as they are, and sound their horn of defiance in our ear!—a very marvellous sound to proceed from such tiny creatures, and, to persons of irritable nerves, worse even than their sting, or at least an additional horror. They proved strong incentives to a hasty toilette; and the whole gipsying-party was speedily assembled in the hall, where coffee and biscuits were handed round. Then followed a pleasant drive through the fresh morning air; and it was not without regret that we exchanged the open carriages for the close imprisonment of the palanquins, in which shortly after we threaded the mazes of the jungle. It was still early morning when we reached the cave in which we purposed remaining during the heat of the day. Outside, a tent had been pitched for the servants; within, a splendid breakfast was spread for ourselves—tables, chairs, food, and cooks having preceded the party thither. Books and prints were also provided, to beguile the tedium of our inevitable seclusion, and pleasant companionship promised a still greater resource against ennui.

The caves of Salsette have been already so often described—once by the pen of Heber—that I shall not attempt a repetition, but content myself with informing my readers, that we occupied the large one, dedicated to the ancient worship of the Buddhists; a gloomy temple, but cool, and possessing a certain interest from having been the scene of superstitious horrors round which hang the mystery of an almost unknown past.

After dinner, we prepared to mount the hill, and explore the smaller cells in which the hermits of Buddhism had formerly dwelt. The ascent, though very steep, was not difficult, and, once gained, afforded a glorious view of the island and the distant sea. The caves, with their singular stone-carvings and reliefs, were also very interesting, and must have been pleasant abodes for the worthy men who there had aimed at a pleasanter saintship than that attained by the tortures to which the followers of Brahma, and of his legion of subordinate deities, often subject themselves. We amused ourselves for some time examining these cells, and not till the sun was sinking behind the taller trees of the jungle below, did we think of returning. Our descent, however, was to be effected by another and far more difficult pathway than that by which we had mounted the hill—steps or niches irregularly cut in the mountain's side, offering the only means of reaching the cave below. My head turns at the very recollection! The chief of the hamals had followed us; I looked at his naked feet, that with such a charming certainty

grasped the rock, and resolved on making him my *cavalier servente*, backing my gracious intimation to that effect with the promise of a rupee for guard, at which he appeared more pleased than at the honour of the selection; and thus grasping the arm of my black knight, I began the terrible task before me, having purposely lingered out of sight till the rest of the party were at the bottom.

But, alas! a very kind, very good-natured, very stout gentleman in tight boots—I had not observed how very tight they were!—perceived my incongruous escort, and hastened back to take his place. In vain I represented my partiality for my companion of shoeless feet and steady eye; he was as incredulous as Desdemona's father was of her love for the Moor. In vain I deprecated ‘giving him so much trouble;’ his politeness was resolute; and I was compelled to accept the assistance of his hand, and with a beating heart to make the first step. Alas! in this instance it was not only *le premier pas qui coute*; the fourth and fifth were worse; at the sixth my courage failed me utterly, and I felt an insane desire to throw myself over the precipice, and thus terminate the horror of fear and giddiness that distracted me. I begged my companion to let me go, but he good-naturedly suggested that I might as well try to live a little longer, and therefore advised me to shut my eyes, and let him lift my feet from step to step. I was obliged to comply, and thus, to the great amusement of the party beneath, we made our tedious way down the hillside. If any of my readers have ever felt the kind of panic I have tried to describe, they will understand and sympathise with me on the occasion. The precipice below was really very alarming, and there was nothing on the bare side of the mountain that could soothe the imagination with the hope of something to clutch at. Still, I felt more ridiculous than I had ever thought I could be, when, on reaching the foot, I received the bantering congratulations of the others; and my assistant, with a bow, assured me ‘that we had effected our descent with the agility and grace of two antelopes!’

We returned to the principal cave to have coffee, and then, re-entering our palanquins, were soon again in the depth of the jungle. I was tired—one soon wears in that climate; the light was dim and solemn; and the chant of the bearers, by its monotony, helped to lull me into a sound slumber, for which the palanquin is always an agreeable cradle; and thus, in deep sleep, I was borne onwards, till the halt, to which my bearers at last came, roused me; and with a very dim recollection of where I was, I started and awoke. For a single instant, I thought myself still dreaming, however, for an unexpected and surprising vision was before me.

The palanquin had stopped in a large garden, or rather grove, which was brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps; even the lofty cocoa-nut trees were not without a crown of rainbow tinted light. As I was assisted in my exit from the palanquin, two young Parsee boys, in flowing white robes, girt with a scarlet shawl round the waist, advanced and presented me, the one with a large bouquet of roses, tied, after their usual fashion, round a slender stick, and dripping with rose-water; the other, with a thin long chip of sandal-wood, having at the end a small piece of white cotton, steeped in delicious attar of roses. After receiving their gifts, I was conducted by them to the house, where the owner, a Parsee merchant, met and welcomed me with the ordinary salutation, pressing his hand to his head and heart, and then offering it to me. My palanquin had arrived last, and I found all the rest of the party seated round a table covered with a splendid repast—a regular hot supper, intermingled with fruit and flowers in profusion. The chief ornament of the table was a handsome silver vase, presented to our host by the East India Company, of which he appeared very proud, lifting it from the table

to shew the inscription on it to each of the party individually. At the end of the banquet, the quiet attendants moved round with a very elegant silver flagon of rose-water, the neck of which was very long, and as thin as the tube of a china pipe; from it they poured a few drops on the head of each of the guests. The sensation produced by this sudden trickling of cold rose-water is very pleasant, though a little startling to strangers. We had so recently had refreshment, that we were not inclined to do justice to the hospitality proffered, and the supper was scarcely tasted; but on rising to go, our host explained to the 'Governor Sahib,' 'that the feast was his: it had been prepared for him; he had looked on it! it was his!' These polite assertions were a little mystifying, till one of the staff-officers, well versed in the manners of the natives, explained that the governor was expected to carry off what remained of the entertainment. It was really difficult to help laughing at the whimsical notion of carrying away the roast turkeys, kid, fruit, &c., which was before us; but all was actually the perquisite of the train of attendant servants, and I suppose they took possession of it. The gifts offered to the governor when travelling are also theirs, when not too valuable; that is to say, when they only consist—as they generally do in mere villages—of fruit, eggs, nuts, and sweetmeats. If the present be, as it occasionally is, a camel, with its head painted green or red, it is usual to accept it, re-paint it blue or yellow, and make a return present of it, to the original donor, who, of course, feigns to be totally unacquainted with the animal thus 'translated.' Gifts made to the governor become the property of the East India Company, as no servant of the Company is permitted to receive a private present; and it would be the height of discourtesy to refuse the wonted and time-honoured 'offering' made on the occasion of a visit to the Burra Sahib.

After many courteous salaams and farewells on the part of our host, we resumed our journey, gratified at this glimpse of the interior of a native home. The Parsees are generally rich, and their houses or *bungalows* are large and handsome. Their adoration of light tends greatly to the embellishment of their dwellings, as to every upper panel of the wainscoting they attach a branch for wax-candles, which are lighted every night, and give to the building the appearance of being illuminated. These 'children of the light' are a fine race, very handsome and intelligent. The upper servants at Parell were all Parsees; one, named Argiesia was an especial favourite with us all, having always a shrewd and amusing answer for every question put to him. We remember on the occasion of a total eclipse of the sun, which took place during our stay in Bombay, asking him why the people of the village near the house made such a noise with their tom-toms. His reply was:

'Because ignorant people, Ma'am Sahib, think great serpent is swallowing the sun, and they try to frighten him away with big noise.'

'And what do you think the shadow is, Argiesia?' we asked. He looked grave for a minute—one never sees an Oriental look puzzled!—and then answered:

'Sun angry men are so wicked. In anger, him hide his face.' This ready-witted and poetical Ghebir met his death, not long after, in one of his own sacred elements, being drowned in the Mahr River, 'where ford there is none.' He once expressed great surprise to me that a nation possessing Regent Street—a description of which he had received from his father—'should come to live in India.'

It was night when we reached Parell after our day's pleasuring; and we all agreed that the climate of India, during the winter months, is of all others the best adapted for picnics, which are so often marred in England by ill-timed showers or gloom; and yet, certain memories came back half reproachfully as we spoke,

painting to our mental vision the pretty lanes and fresh green dells and dingles of England, the soft cool breeze, the varied and fitting shadows, the open-air enjoyment of many a past summer-day, when in our own merry island we

'Went a gipsying a long time ago,'

and we gave an involuntary sigh for the country of our birth.

THE LONDON PRISONS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

In the year 1728, an opinion was entertained that much cruelty and rapacity were exercised by the keepers of the great prisons in London. It was known that they had almost unlimited power in their hands, that they were not subject to regular inspection, and that it was scarcely possible to bring them to justice for their treatment of those committed to their charge. It was argued, that it is impossible to depend upon the lenity of men who have such powers over their fellow-creatures, and that these officers must be supposed more than human if they did not occasionally abuse their authority. Of their having actually done so, many rumours had from time to time reached parliament. But in making out a case for inquiry, its strongest supporters had but a very slight forecast of the horrors it was to divulge. It may here be remarked, that before the proper arrangements for official responsibility and regular systematic management in such matters as prison discipline or the custody of the insane were devised, our free parliament did incalculable service by its inquiries and exposures. In that august assembly, every tale of formidable injustice or oppression was sure to receive a ready auditory; and its power was so transcendent, that every door flew open at its command, and no influence could protect the wrong-doer from its sweeping vengeance. With such a body in existence, even the worst governments which Britain has known could not keep up those mysterious agents of tyranny, secret state-prisons, which continue to be the curse of every despotic country. Yet it will be seen, that for want of some more immediate and direct responsibility, the abuses in the prisons even of this country had risen to a very dreadful height.

The member who headed the inquiry was Colonel Oglothorpe. He was a man of literary talent—a dashing and intrepid soldier, but still more renowned for his wide and active benevolence. It is to him that Pope alludes in the lines:

One driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly like Oglothorpe from pole to pole.

A committee obtained by his influence, did not conduct its inquiry in easy state in St Stephen's, but appalled the guilty parties by immediately repairing to the prisons, and diving to the furthest recesses of their dungeons. In the Marshalsea, it found that even those who paid excessive fees for their lodgings, were laid in lairs above each other on boards set on tressels, where they were packed so close together, that many were believed to have died from mere deficiency of air. There was no doubt that many others, debtors, had come to a miserable end by starvation. Some were found in the last stage of attenuation. Those who could not provide for themselves, had nothing to feed on but a scanty charity-allowance from the benevolence of individuals, which, when distributed among the whole, furnished each with sometimes only a few peas in the day; and at intervals of several days, an ounce and a half of meat. 'When the miserable wretch,' say the committee in their report, 'hath worn out the charity of his friends, and consumed the money which he hath raised upon his clothes and bedding, and

hath ate his last allowance of provisions, he usually in a few days grows weak for want of food, with the symptoms of a hectic fever; and when he is no longer able to stand, if he can raise 3d. a day to pay the fee of the common nurse of the prison, he obtains the liberty of being carried into the sick-ward, and lingers on for about a month or two, by the assistance of the above-mentioned prison portion of provision, and then dies.' The committee made more lifelike this horrible description of the state of the prison by describing the results of their efforts to relieve the sufferers. They said: 'On the giving food to these poor wretches—though it was done with the utmost caution, they being only allowed the smallest quantities, and that of liquid nourishment—one died; the vessels of his stomach were so disordered and contracted for want of use, that they were totally incapable of performing their office, and the unhappy creature perished about the time of digestion.' These prisoners were debtors, not criminals. We make our extracts from the reports, just after having heard in a scientific society an examination of the dietary of a large district of prisons. The difficulty appeared to be, to find the medium that would preserve health without making the criminal's living in some measure luxurious; and it appeared that, by almost every dietary in actual use in the district, the prisoners fattened; in fact, they profited so much in constitution by sobriety, good air, and regular food, however simple, that it was found a difficult matter to give them what might be considered a bare sufficiency, without raising their physical condition, and sending them out of prison with improved constitutions. So different is imprisonment for crime in the present age, from imprisonment for debt a hundred and twenty years ago.

The condition of many of the prisoners for debt in England, though few knew the actual extent of its horrors, was well known to be wretched, and several humane persons had made charitable bequests for their support. Colonel Ogleshorpe's Committee made inquiry as to the employment of these charities, and disclosed incidents of singular villainy. It appeared, for instance, that in the Marshalsea there were several charities; and that the prisoners might be sure of benefiting by them, it was arranged that they should elect six constables, and that these constables should choose a steward, who was to receive and disburse the charities. Like a corporation, the steward had a seal which he appended to the receipts for the money received for the charities. The officers of the prison had carried on a systematic perversion of these charities, either through connivance of the steward elected by the constables, or by imposing on him. In the year 1722, however, it happened that a man named Matthew Pugh, an active, clever exponent of abuses, was chosen steward. He discovered several charities, the knowledge of which had been entirely suppressed, the proceeds being drawn by the officers of the prison. He found, that to facilitate their fraud, they had got a counterpart of the common seal, with which they certified the receipts. Pugh got a new seal made; and to prevent a new system of fraud being carried out, he got a safety-chest fixed to the prison wall, with six locks, requiring for opening it six separate keys, which were put into the hands of the six constables. The committee, in describing how audaciously these precautions were defeated, shew distinctly how slight were the checks on the conduct of prison-officers in the reign of George II. They say: 'But this public and just manner of receiving and disbursing the charities was disliked by the keeper and his servants; and they complained to the judge of the Palace Court, and gave information that the said Pugh was a very turbulent fellow, and procured a rule by which it was ordered, that Matthew Pugh should no longer be permitted to have access to the said prison or court; and the

prisoners are allowed to choose another steward; and accordingly, John Grace, then clerk to the keeper, was chosen steward by those in the keeper's interest; but the constables, in behalf of the prisoners, refused to deliver up the keys of the chest, where their seal was, insisting that all receipts should be sealed as usual in a public manner, that they might know what money was received; and thereupon the said chest was broke down, and carried away by the said William Acton (the keeper) and John Grace.'—*Parliamentary History*, viii. 736. Hence the deaths from starvation reported by Colonel Ogleshorpe's Committee.

The reports of the committee were varied by statements of atrocious cruelties committed on the prisoners, by their committal, whenever the prison-officers thought fit, to damp and loathsome dungeons full of filth, by heavy irons being forced on them, and even by the application of the thumbkings, and other such tortures as were applied in the previous century to the Covenanters. Thus, after narrating an attempt made to escape, and the severities used on those who had participated in it, the committee say: 'One of them was seen to go in (to the keeper's lodge) perfectly well, and when he came out again, he was in the greatest disorder; his thumbs were much swollen, and very sore; and he declared that the occasion of his being in that condition was, that the keeper, in order to extort from him a confession of the names of those who had assisted him and others in their attempt to escape, had screwed certain instruments of iron upon his thumbs, so close, that they had forced the blood out of them with exquisite pain. After this, he was carried into the strong room, where, besides the other irons which he had on, they fixed on his neck and hands an iron instrument called a collar, like a pair of tongs; and he being a large lusty man, when they screwed the said instrument close, his eyes were ready to start out of his head, the blood gushed out of his ears and nose, he foamed at the mouth, and he made several motions to speak, but could not: after these tortures, he was confined in the strong room for many days with a heavy pair of irons called sheers on his legs.'

It is not to be denied that some of the charges made by the committee were not ultimately confirmed. It is natural for humane men, becoming for the first time acquainted with extensive cruelties, to tinge their narrative with the indignation they feel, and thus give it a prejudiced and exaggerated tone. Even committees of the House of Commons are not entirely exempt from such failings. But for our purpose, which is that of noticing the progress of civilisation and humanity in the period that has elapsed since the inquiry, it is sufficient to know, that there must have been an extensive foundation in facts for the horrors detailed by the committee. If it could not be distinctly proved that an individual officer had murdered any prisoner by the use of a particular torture, yet the instruments of torture described in the above extract were in the prisons—they were seen and handled by the committee, who were not to suppose that they were kept for no use. They state, that it had become the practice for the keepers 'unlawfully to assume to themselves a pretended authority as magistrates, and not only to judge and decree punishments arbitrarily, but also to execute the same unmercifully.'

In the exercise of this authority, the keepers seem to have imitated the cruelties of the classical tyrant Mezentius, commemorated by Virgil as chaining the living to the dead, for the committee say: 'The various tortures and cruelties before mentioned not contenting these wicked keepers in their said pretended magistracy over the prisoners, they found a way of making within the prison a confinement more dreadful than the strong room itself, by coupling the living with the dead; and have made a practice of locking up debtors who displeased them in the

yard with human carcases. One particular instance of this sort of inhumanity, was of a person whom the keepers confined in that part of the lower yard which was then separated from the rest, whilst two dead bodies had lain there four days; yet was he kept there with them six days longer; in which time the vermin devoured the flesh from the faces, ate the eyes out of the heads of the carcases, which were bloated, putrid, and turned green during the poor debtor's dismal confinement with them.

Some of the accounts given by the committee are as grotesque, without being so horrible. A certain Captain John M'Phaedris had been a person of considerable fortune, and, like many of his contemporaries, had been a victim to the South-sea speculation, which appears to have made all the debtors' prisons more than usually full between the years 1720 and 1725. He refused to pay the exorbitant fees demanded by the keeper for accommodation, and maintained that they were illegal. To silence so troublesome a person, he was turned, unsheltered, into the yard, where he had to remain exposed to the weather day and night. 'He sat quietly,' said the committee, 'under his wrongs, and, getting some poor materials, built a little hut to protect himself as well as he could from the injuries of the weather.' The keeper, seeing this ingenious abode, exclaimed with an oath that the fellow made himself easy, and ordered the hut to be pulled down. 'The poor prisoner,' we are told, 'being in an ill state of health, and the night rainy, was put to great distress.'

In another instance, a prisoner had been committed to a cell so damp, as the witnesses described it, that they could sweep the water from the wall like dew from the grass. A feather-bed happened by some odd accident to be in the place, and the prisoner tore it up, and, for warmth, buried himself in the contents. Being covered with cutaneous sores, the feathers stuck to him, as if he had been subject to the operation of tarring and feathering. One Sunday, the door of the cell being left open, he rushed out, and entered the prison chapel during divine service—a horribly ludicrous figure. 'The committee, on the conclusion of the incident, say, 'he was immediately seized and carried back into the sad dungeon; where, through the cold, and the restraint, and for want of food, he lost his senses, languished, and perished.'

Such were the features of the system of mistreatment pursued in the London prisons, thirty years after the general liberties of the subject had been secured by the Revolution. We may in a subsequent paper advert to some of the particular cases which came under the attention of courts of justice.

LIFE-ASSURANCE OFFICES OF RECENT DATE.

THE remarkable prosperity of life-assurance business in these realms—where alone it is a flourishing business—has naturally had the effect of causing 'offices' to multiply very fast. In the last eight years, 241 were projected, being at the rate of one for every twelve days nearly. Two or three bustling persons thereby obtain situations; there is a show of business for a time; but such concerns are often exceedingly weak, and the interests of the public are much imperilled by them. In consequence of an order of parliament, returns of the accounts of a large proportion of the recent offices have been made and published; so that the public may now form some opinion of the stability of these institutions. The general fact resulting is, that the greater number appear to have been started with small means, and are not now in hopeful circumstances. The business they have obtained is generally small in proportion to the expenses incurred; so that many of them are much behind the point at which they started.

Mr Robert Christie, of Edinburgh, has done the public the good service of publishing a small pamphlet in which the leading features of the accounts are presented in an intelligible form.* Here it appears that a life-assurance company will launch into business with an imposing name, a flourishing prospectus, and—L.8000! After three years, it will have received L.4000 of premiums. In that time, L.1800 will have been spent in salaries, L.600 in establishing agencies, L.700 in rent; in all, in expenses of management, upwards of L.5000, leaving little more than half the premium receipts to stand against the obligations towards the assured. There is one which has been in business upwards of four years, and which only possesses L.2869 of funds, out of which to pay policies represented by L.8094 of premiums, L.2279 of moneys received for investment, and L.1895 of deposits on shares. Another, which makes no small bustle in the world, received in two years and a half L.13,219 of premiums, spent in the same time L.6993, whereof L.1213 was for advertising, and L.539 for directors and auditors, and at the end of the period possessed, to make good its obligations, only L.7045, nearly one-half of which was composed of the original guarantee fund.

It is very likely that few or none of these establishments were commenced with a fraudulent design; but they were not required by the public, and their expenses have eaten them up. By most, if not all of them, loss and disappointment will be incurred. It is therefore highly desirable that the public should be warned against new offices generally. While there are so many old ones of perfectly established character both in England and Scotland—and we have some pride in remarking, that there is not one dangerous office known to us in the latter country—it is quite unnecessary to resort to any other.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS IN THE '93.

A public library had been established by subscription among the citizens of Dumfries in September 1792, and Burns, ever eager about books, had been from the first one of its supporters. Before it was a week old, he had presented to it a copy of his poems. He does not seem to have been a regularly admitted member till 5th March 1793, when 'the committee, by a great majority, resolved to offer to Mr Robert Burns a share in the library, free of any admission-money [10s. 6d.] and the quarterly contributions [2s. 6d.] to this date, out of respect and esteem for his abilities as a literary man; and they directed the secretary to make this known to Mr Burns as soon as possible, that the application which they understood he was about to make in the ordinary way might be anticipated.' This is a pleasing testimony to Burns as a poet, but still more so to Burns as a citizen and member of society. His name appears in September as a member of committee—an honour assigned by vote of the members.

On the 30th of this month, the liberal poet bestowed four books upon the library—namely, *Humphry Clinker*, *Julia de Roubigné*, *Knox's History of the Reformation*, and *Delolme on the British Constitution*. The present intelligent librarian, Mr M'Robert, reports, respecting the last-mentioned work, a curious anecdote, which he learned directly from the late Provost Thomson of Dumfries. Early in the morning after Delolme had been presented, Burns came to Mr Thomson's bedside before he was up, anxiously desiring to see the volume, as he feared he had written something upon it 'which might bring him into trouble.' On the volume being shewn to him, he looked at the inscription which he had written upon it the previous night, and, having procured some paste, he pasted over it the fly-leaf in such a way as completely to conceal it.

The gentleman who has been good enough to communicate these particulars, adds: 'I have seen the volume, which is the edition of 1790, neatly bound, with a portrait

* Letter to the Right Hon. Joseph W. Henley, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, regarding Life-Assurance Institutions. By Robert Christie, Esq. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.

of the author at the beginning. Some stains of ink shine through the paper, indicating that there is something written on the back of the engraving; but the fly-leaf being pasted down upon it, there is nothing legible. On holding the leaf up to the light, however, I distinctly read, in the undoubted manuscript of the poet, the following words:—

"Mr Burns presents this book to the Library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty—until they find a better. R. B."

'The words, "until they find a better," are evidently those which the poet feared "might bring him into trouble." Probably, if the inscription had not been written on the back of the engraving, he might have removed it altogether: at all events, his anxiety to conceal it shews what trivial circumstances were in those days sufficient to constitute a political offence.' Ay, and to think of this happening in the same month with the writing of *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!*

Fully to appreciate the feelings of alarm under which Burns acted on this occasion, it must be kept in view that the trial of Mr Thomas Muir for sedition had taken place on the 30th of August, when, in the evidence against him, appeared that of his servant, Ann Fisher, to the effect that he had purchased and distributed certain copies of Paine's *Rights of Man*. The stress laid upon that testimony by the crown-counsel had excited much remark. It might well appear to a government officer like Burns, that his own conduct at such a crisis ought to be in the highest degree circumspect. We do not know exactly the time when the incident which we are about to relate took place, but it appears likely to have been nearly that of Muir's trial. Our poet one day called upon his quondam neighbour, George Haugh, the blacksmith, and, handing him a copy of Paine's *Common Sense* and *Rights of Man*, desired him to keep these books for him, as, if they were found in his own house, he should be a ruined man. Haugh readily accepted the trust, and the books remained in possession of his family down to a recent period.—*Chambers's Life and Works of Burns, Vol. IV., just published.*

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT IN WOOL-GROWING.

The following is worthy of notice, as exemplifying what may be done, by judicious attention, to improve an important national staple:—

In a lecture recently delivered by Mr Owen at the Society of Arts, the learned professor detailed the particulars of a highly interesting experiment, which resulted in the establishment of one of the very few instances in which the origination of a distinct variety of a domestic quadruped could be satisfactorily traced, with all the circumstances attending its development well authenticated. We must premise it by stating, that amongst the series of wools shewn in the French department of the Great Exhibition, were specimens characterised by the jury as a wool of singular and peculiar properties; the hair, glossy and silky, similar to mohair, retaining at the same time certain properties of the merino breed. This wool was exhibited by J. L. Graux, of the farm of Mauchamp, Commune de Juvincourt, and the produce of a peculiar variety of the merino breed of sheep, and it thus arose. In the year 1828, one of the ewes of the flock of merinos in the farm of Mauchamp, produced a male lamb, which, as it grew up, became remarkable for the long, smooth, straight, and silky character of the fibre of the wool, and for the shortness of its horns. It was of small size, and presented certain defects in its conformation which have disappeared in its descendants. In 1829, M. Graux employed this ram with a view to obtain other rams, having the same quality of wool. The produce of 1830 only included one ram and one ewe, having the silky quality of the wool; that of 1831 produced four rams and one ewe with the fleece of that quality. In 1833, the rams, with the silky variety of wool, were sufficiently numerous to serve the whole flock. In each subsequent year the lambs have been of two kinds—one preserving the character of the ancient race, with the curled elastic wool, only a little longer and finer than in the ordinary merinos; the other resembling the rams of the new breed,

some of which retained the large head, long neck, narrow chest, and long flanks of the abnormal progenitor, whilst others combined the ordinary and better-formed body with the fine silky wool. M. Graux, profiting by the partial resumption of the normal type of the merino in some of the descendants of the malformed original variety, at length succeeded, by a judicious system of crossing and interbreeding, in obtaining a flock combining the long silky fleece with a smaller head, shorter neck, broader flanks, and more capacious chest. Of this breed the flocks have become sufficiently numerous to enable the proprietor to sell examples for exportation. The crossing of the Beauchamp variety with the ordinary merino has also produced a valuable quality of wool, known in France as the "Mauchamp Merino." The fine silky wool of the pure Mauchamp breed is remarkable for its qualities, as combining wool, owing to the strength as well as the length and fineness of the fibre. It is found of great value by the manufacturers of Cashmere shawls, being second only to the true Cashmere fleece in the fine flexible delicacy of the fabric, and of particular utility when combined with the Cashmere wool in imparting to the manufacture qualities of strength and consistence, in which the pure Cashmere is deficient. Although the quantity of the wool yielded by the Mauchamp variety is less than in the ordinary merinos, the higher price which it obtains in the French market—25 per cent. above the best merino wools—and the present value of the breed, have fully compensated M. Graux for the pains and care manifested by him in the establishment of the variety, and a council medal was awarded to him.

We find the above abstract in the *Critic* (London Literary Journal); and our chief object in making the quotation, is to bring the subject under the notice of wool-growers in the home country, as well as in Australia. What, it may be asked, could not be done by every store-farmer following the example of M. Graux?

A DIRGE OF LOVE.

BY W. E. L.

Yes! she is dead: the splendour of her eyes
Sleeps 'neath the lids for ever; on my sight
Never again shall flash their high delight,
Tender and rich with love's sweet ecstasies.

Never again, deep down from vulgar ken,
Shall the pure gushing of her soul rejoice,
And we stand silent, as to hear the voice
Of waters falling to a soundless gleen.

And scarce again from other lips shall come
Such beauteous truths, such fresh imaginings,
As, like the warm south-wind, upon their wings
Bear off our fancy to their own bright home.

Yet am I calm: though hard it be to smooth
Waters upshaken from the deepest deep;
Though it be hard to watch, yet never weep,
The darkening cynosure of passionate youth;

Yet am I calm. The heart I had to bring
Was marred with imperfection and decay,
Now the free spirit, riven from the clay,
Drinks at the fountain whence all love must spring.

O passed from earthly to celestial love!
O rest from me and from my clinging grasp,
And circled straightway by the close, warm clasp
Of seraph bosoms in the land above!

I will not weep thee more. But if I long
Too sorrowfully for thy presence here,
Not vainly on thy turf shall fall the tear,
But thy dead name shall blossom into song.

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A GLANCE AT CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

WHEN lately making a pretty extensive continental excursion, we were in no small degree gratified with the progress made in the construction and operation of railways. These railways, from all that could be seen, were doing much to improve the countries traversed, and extend a knowledge of English comforts; for it must always be borne in mind that the railway system, with its locomotives, carriages, waiting-rooms, commodious and cheap transit, and other matters, is essentially English. Hence, wherever one sees a railway in full operation, he may be said to see a bit of England. And is not this something to be proud of? The railway being your true civiliser, England may be said to have sent out a missionary of improvement, whom nothing can withstand. The continent, with all its stupid despotisms, must improve, and become enlightened in spite of itself.

The newspapers lately described the opening of the line of railway from Paris to Strasbourg. Those who know what travelling in France was a few years ago, cannot wonder that Louis Napoleon should have made this the occasion of a popular demonstration. The opening of this line of railway is an important European event; certainly it is a great thing for both France and Germany. English travellers may also think much of it. A tourist can now journey from London to Paris—Paris to the upper part of the Rhine at Strasbourg, going through a most interesting country by the way—then go down the Rhine to Cologne by steamer; next, on by railway to Ostend; cross by steamer to Dover; and, finally, reach London—thus doing in a few days, and all by force of steam, what a short time ago must have been done imperfectly, and with great toil and expense. Still more to ease the journey, a branch railway from the Strasbourg line is about being opened from near Metz, by Saarbrück, to Manheim; by which means the Rhine will be reached by a shorter cut, and be considerably more accessible. In a month or two, it will be possible to travel from Paris to Frankfort in twenty-five hours. All that is wanted to complete the Strasbourg line, is to strike off a branch from Metz to Luxembourg and Treves; for by reaching this last-mentioned city—a curious, ancient place, which we had the pleasure of visiting—the traveller is on the Moselle at the spot where it becomes navigable, and he descends with ease by steamer to Coblenz. And so the Rhine would be reached from Paris at three important points.

Paris, as a centre, is pushing out other lines, with intermediate branches. Marseille, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, and Lille, are the

outposts of this series of radiation. The latest move is a line from Caen to Cherbourg; it will start from the Paris and Rouen Railway at Rosny, 40 miles from Paris, and proceed through Caen to the great naval station at Cherbourg—a distance of 191 miles from Rosny. By the time the great lines in France are finished—probably 3500 miles in the whole—it is expected that the total expenditure will amount, in round numbers, to a hundred millions sterling.

It is gratifying to know, that the small German powers which border on France have been most active in providing themselves with railways; not only for their own accommodation, but to join the lines of other countries; so as to make great trunk-thoroughfares through their dominions. There seems to be a cordiality in making these junctions, for general accommodation, that cannot but deserve praise. The truth, however, is, that all these petty states are glad to get hold of means for bringing travellers—that is, money-spenders—to their cities and watering-places, and for developing their long-hidden resources. For example, in the district lying between Saarbrück and Manheim, there exist vast beds of coal, and powerful brine-springs; but hitherto, in consequence of being out of the way of traffic, and there being only wretched cars drawn by cows, as the means of locomotion, this great mineral wealth has been locked up, and next thing to useless. What an outlet will the Strasbourg and Manheim Railway furnish! Paris may be as well and as cheaply supplied with coal as London.

Belgium—a kind of little England—has for a number of years been well provided with railways; and you may go by locomotion towards its frontiers in all directions, except one—namely, that of Holland. This odd exception, of course, arose from the ill-will that has subsisted for a number of years between the Belgians and Dutch; the latter being not at all pleased with the violent disjunction of the Netherlands. However, that coolness is now passing off. The two neighbours begin to find that ill-nature does not pay, and, like sensible people, are negotiating for a physical union by rail, seeing that a political one is out of the question. In short, a railway is proposed to be laid down in an easterly direction from the Antwerp branch, towards the border of Holland; and by means of steam-boat ferries across the Maas and other mouths of the Rhine, the junction will be effected with the Rotterdam and Amsterdam series of railways. The north of Holland is yet a stranger to railways, nor are the towns of such importance as to lead us to expect any great doings there. But the north German region—from the frontiers of Holland to those of Russia and Poland, a distance of something

like 1000 miles—is rapidly filling up the chasms in its railway net-work. Emden and Osnaburg and Göttingen in the west, Danzig and Königsberg and Memel in the east, are yet unprovided; but almost all the other towns of any note in Prussia and North Germany are now linked together, and most or all of the above six will be so in a few years.

The Scandinavian countries are more interesting in respect to our present subject, on account of *their* railway enterprises being wholly written in the future tense. Denmark has so little continuous land, Sweden has so many lakes, and Norway so many mountains, that, irrespective of other circumstances, railways have not yet reached those countries. They are about to do so, however. Hitherto, Denmark has received almost the whole of its foreign commodities *via* the two Hanse towns—Hamburg and Bremen; and has exported its cattle and transmitted its mails by the same routes. The Schleswig-Holstein war has strengthened a wish long felt in Denmark to shake off this dependence; but good railways and good steam-ship ports will be necessary for this purpose. When, in April 1851, a steamer crossed rapidly from Lowestoft to Hjørring, and brought back a cargo of cattle, the Danes felt suddenly independent of the Hamburgers; but the route from Hjørring to Copenhagen is so bad and tiresome, that much must yet be done before a commercial transit can really be established. There was at that time only an open basket-wagon on the route; there has since been established a diligence; but a railway will be the only effective means of transit. Here we must correct a mistake in the last paper: Denmark is not quite without railway accommodation; there is about 15 miles of railway from Copenhagen to Roeskilde, and this is to be continued across the island of Zealand to Korsør. The Lowestoft project has led to important plans; for a railway has been marked out from Hamburg, through the entire length of Holstein into Schleswig to the north of Jütland, where five hours' steaming will give access to the Swedish coast; while an east and west line from Hjørring to Copenhagen, with two breaks at the Little Belt and the Great Belt, are also planned. If Denmark can by degrees raise the requisite capital, both of these trunk-lines will probably be constructed.

Norway has just commenced its railway enterprises. It seems strange to find the familiar names of Stephenson and Bidder, Peto and Brassey, connected with first-stone layings, and health-drinkings, &c., in remote Norway; but this is one among many proofs of the ubiquity of English capital and enterprise. The government of Norway has conceded the line to an English company, by whom it will be finished in 1854. The railway will be 50 miles in length; it will extend from Christiania to Lake Mjøsen, and will connect the capital with an extensive chain of internal navigation. The whole risk seems to have been undertaken by the English company; but the benefits will be mutual for both companies—direct steam-communication from Christiania to some English port being one feature in the comprehensive scheme.

In Russia, the enterprises are so autocratic, and ordinary joint-stock operations are so rare, that our Stock Exchange people know very little about them. The great lines of railway in Russia, either being constructed or definitely planned, are from Warsaw to Cracow (about 170 miles); Warsaw to St Petersburg (680 miles); Moscow to St Petersburg (400 miles); from a point on the Volga to another point on the Don (105 miles); and from Kief to Odessa, in Southern Russia. The great tie which will bind Russia to the rest of Europe, will be the Warsaw and St Petersburg Railway—a vast work, which nothing but imperial means will accomplish. Whether all these lines will be opened by 1862, it is impossible to predict: Russia has to feel its way towards civilisation. During the

progress of the Moscow and St Petersburg Railway, a curious enterprise was determined on. According to the *New York Tribune*, Major Whistler, who had the charge of the construction of the railway, proposed to the emperor that the rolling-stock should be made in Russia, instead of imported. Messrs Harrison, Wiman, and Eastwick, engineers of the United States, accepted a contract to effect this. They were to have the use of some machine-works at Alexandroffsky; the labour of 500 serfs belonging to those works at low wages; and the privilege of importing coal, iron, steel, and other necessary articles, duty free. In this way a large supply of locomotives and carriages was manufactured, to the satisfaction of the emperor, and the profit of the contractors. The managers and foremen were all English or American; but the workmen and labourers, from 2000 to 3000 in number, were nearly all serfs, who *bought their time* from their masters for an agreed period, being induced by the wages offered for their services: they were found to be excellent imitative workmen, perfectly docile and obedient.

Our attention now turns south-westward: we cross Poland and Germany, and come to the Alps. To traverse this mountain barrier will be among the great works of the future, so far as the iron pathway is concerned. In the early part of 1851, the Administration of Public Works in Switzerland drew up a sketch of a complete system of railways for that country. The system includes a line to connect Bale with the Rhenish railways; another to traverse the Valley of the Aar, so as to connect Lakes Zurich, Constance, and Geneva; a junction of this last-named line with Lucerne, in order to connect it with the Pass of St Gothard; a line from Lake Constance to the Grisons; a branch connecting Berne with the Aar-Valley line; and some small isolated lines in the principal trading valleys. The whole net-work of these railways is about 570 English miles; and the cost estimated at about L.4,000,000 sterling. It scarcely needs remark, that in such a peculiar country as Switzerland, many years must elapse before even an approach to such a railway net-work can be made.

To drive a railway across the Alps themselves will probably be first effected by the Austrians. The railway through the Austrian dominions to the Adriatic at Trieste, although nearly complete, is cut in two by a formidable elevation at the point where the line crosses the eastern spur of the great Alpine system. At present, travellers have to post the distance of seventy miles from Laybach to Trieste, until the engineers have surmounted the barrier which lies in their way. The trial of locomotives at Sommering, noticed in the newspapers a few months ago, related to the necessity of having powerful engines to carry the trains up the inclines of this line. Further west, the Alpine projects are hidden in the future. The Bavarian Railway, at present ending at Munich, is intended to be carried southward, traversing the Tyrol, through the Brenner Pass, to Innsprück and Baites, following the ordinary route to Trieste, and finally uniting at Verona with the Italian railways. This has not yet been commenced. Westward, again, there is the Württemberg Railway, which ends at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance. It is proposed to continue this line from the southern shore of the lake, across the Alps by the Pass of the Splügen, and so join the Italian railways at Como. This, too, is in *sublime*; the German States and Piedmont are favourable to it; but the engineering difficulties and the expense will be enormous. Other Piedmontese projects have been talked about, for crossing the Alps at different points, and some one among them will probably be realised in the course of years. Meanwhile, Piedmont has a heavy task on hand in constructing the railway from Genoa to Turin, which is being superintended by Mr Stephenson; the Apennines are being crossed by a

succession of tunnels, embankments, and viaducts, as stupendous as anything yet executed in Europe.

In Central Italy, a railway convention has been signed, which, if carried out, would be important for that country. It was agreed to in 1851 by the Papal, Austrian, Tuscan, Parmese, and Modenese governments. The object is to construct a net-work of railways, each state executing and paying for its own. Austria is to do the work as far as Piacenza and Mantua; Tuscany is to finish its lines from Pistoja to Florence and Lucca; the Papal government is to connect Bologna with both the former; and the small states are to carry out their respective portions. The great difficulty will be, to cut through the Apennines, which at present sever Tuscany from the other states; but a greater still will be the moral one, arising from the disordered state of Italy. Rome has conceded to an Anglo-French company the construction of a railway from the capital to Ancona; but that, like all other commercial enterprises in the Papal dominions, is lagging sadly.

Crossing the Pyrenees to view the works in the Peninsula, which *Bradshaw* may possibly have to register in 1862, we find that, amid the financial difficulties of Spain, three lines of railway have been marked out—from Madrid to Irun; from Aranjuez to Almansa; and from Alar to Santander. The first would be a great line to the vicinity of the French frontier, to cost 600 millions of reals; the second would be part of an intended route from Aranjuez, near Madrid, to the Mediterranean; the length to Almansa, involving an outlay of 220 millions. The third line, from Santander to Alar del Rey, on the Biscayan seaboard of Spain, is intended to facilitate approach from the interior to the rising port of Santander; the outlay is put down at 120 millions. It is difficult to translate these high-sounding sums into English equivalents, for there are three kinds of reals in Spain, varying from 2d. to 5½d. English; but taking even the lowest equivalent, the sum-total amounts to a capital which Spain will have some difficulty in raising. The Santander line, however, has attracted English capital and engineering towards it; the first sod was turned by the king-consort in May 1852, and the works are now in progress. There is also an important line from Madrid to the Portuguese frontier near Badajoz, marked out on paper; but the fruition of this as well as other schemes will mainly depend on the readiness with which English capital can be obtained. Unfortunately, 'Spanish bonds' are not in the best favour in England.

Portugal is a *terra incognita* to railways. It is on the extreme verge of Europe towards the Atlantic; and European civilisation finds entrance there with remarkable slowness. In 1845, the government tried to invite offers from capitalists to construct railways; in 1849, the invitations were renewed; but the moneyed men were coy, and would not be wooed. In 1851, the government appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject. The commission consisted of five persons; and their Report, dated October 20, 1851, contains a large mass of valuable information. It appeared in an English translation in some of the London journals towards the close of the year. The commissioners take for granted that Spain will construct railways from Madrid to the Portuguese frontier at Badajoz on the one side, and to the French frontier, near Bayonne, on the other; and they then inquire how best to reach Badajoz from Lisbon. Three routes present themselves—one to Santarem, and across the Tagus to Badajoz; another to Santarem and Coimbra, and so on into Spain by way of Almeida; and a third to Oporto, and thence by Bragança into Spain. The first of these, being more directly in the route to Madrid, is preferred by the commissioners, who estimate the outlay at a million and a quarter sterling. They discuss the terms on which capitalists might possibly be induced

to come to their aid; and they indulge in a hope that, ten years hence, Lisbon may be united to Central Europe by a railway, of which 260 kilometres will cross Portugal to Badajoz, 370 from Badajoz to Madrid, and about 400 from Madrid to the French frontier, where the Paris and Bayonne Railway will continue the route. (Five kilometres are equal to rather more than three English miles.) The Continental *Bradshaw* will, we apprehend, have to wait long before these peninsular trunk-lines find a place in its pages.

Leaving altogether the countries of Europe, and crossing the Mediterranean, we find that even Africa is becoming a member of the great railway system. After a world of trouble, financial and diplomatic, the present ruler of Egypt has succeeded in giving reality to a scheme for a railway from Alexandria to the Nile. A glance at a map of Egypt will shew us that a canal extends from Alexandria to the Nile, to escape the sanded-up mouths of that famous river. It is mainly to expedite the overland route, so far as concerns the transit along this canal, that the railway now in process of construction has been planned; anything beyond this, it will be for future ages to develop. The subject of the Isthmus of Suez and its transit has been frequently treated in this *Journal*, and we will therefore say nothing more here, than that our friend *Bradshaw* will, in all probability, have something to tell us concerning the land of Egypt before any long time has elapsed.

Asia will have a spider-line of railway by and by, when the slow-coach proceedings of the East India Company have given something like form to the Bombay and Bengal projects; but at present the progress is miserably slow; and *Bradshaw* need not lay aside a page for the rich Orient for many years to come.

There are a few general considerations respecting the present aspect of the railway system, interesting not only in themselves, but as giving a foretaste of what is to come. In the autumn of last year, a careful statistician calculated that the railways of Europe and America, as then in operation, extended in the aggregate to 25,850 miles, the total cost of which was four hundred and fifty millions of pounds. Of this, the United Kingdom had 7000 miles, costing L.250,000,000. According to the view here given, the 7000 miles of our own railways have been constructed at an expense prodigiously greater than the remaining 18,350 miles in other parts of the world. It needs no figures to prove that this is the fact. Many of the continental and American railways are single lines, and so far they have been got up at a comparatively small cost. But the substantial difference of expense lies in our plan of leaving railway undertakings to private parties—rival speculators and jobbers, whose aim has too frequently been plunder. And how enormous has been that plunder let enriched engineers and lawyers—let impoverished victims—declare. Shame on the British legislature, to have tolerated and legalised the railway villainies of the last ten years; in comparison with which the enforcements of continental despotisms are angelic innocence!

Besides being got up in a simple and satisfactory manner, under government decrees and state responsibility, the continental railways are evidently more under control than those of the United Kingdom. The speed of trains is regulated to a moderate and safe degree; on all hands there seems to be a superior class of officials in charge; and as the lines have been made at a small cost, the fares paid by travellers are for the most part very much lower than in this country. Government interference abroad is, therefore, not altogether a wrong. Annoying as it may sometimes be, and bad as it avowedly is in principle, there is in it the spirit of protection against private oppression. And perhaps the English may by and by discover that jobbing-companies, with stupendous capital and a monopoly of conveyance, are capable of doing as tyrannical things as any continental autocrat!

If a section of the English public stands disgraced in the eyes of Europe by its vicious speculation—properly speaking, gambling—in railway finance, our country is in some degree redeemed from obloquy by the grandeur of a social melioration which jobbing has not been able to obstruct. The wide spread of railways over the continent, we have said, is working a perceptible change in almost all those arrangements which bear on the daily comforts of life. No engine of a merely physical kind has ever wrought so powerfully to secure lasting international peace as the steam-engine. The locomotive is every hour breaking down barriers of separation between races of men. And as wars in future could be conducted only by cutting short the journeys by railway, arresting trains, and ruining great commercial undertakings, we may expect that nations will pause before rushing into them. Already, the French railways, which push across the frontier into the German countries, are visibly relaxing the custom-house and passport systems. Stopping a whole train at an imaginary boundary to examine fifteen hundred passports, is beyond even the French capacity for official minutiae. A hurried glance, or no glance at all—a sham inspection at the best—is all that the gentlemen with moustaches and cocked-hats can manage. The very attempt to look at bushels of passports is becoming an absurdity. And what has to be done in the twinkling of an eye, will, we have no doubt, soon not be done at all. Thanks to railways for this vast privilege of free locomotion!

A NEW PRINCIPLE IN NATURE.

It is pretty well known that researches by Matteucci, Du Bois-Reymond, and others, have made us acquainted with the influence of electricity and galvanism on the muscular system of animals, and that important physiological effects have been attributed to this influence, more than perhaps we are warranted in assuming in the present state of our knowledge. That an influence is exerted in some way, is clear from the difference in our feelings in dry and wet weather: it has been supposed, however, that the effects on the nervous system are not produced by an accumulation of positive or of negative electricity, but by the combination of the two producing dynamic electricity. While these points are undergoing discussion, we have an opportunity of bringing before our readers the results of investigations bearing on the general question.

Most persons are aware of the fact, that a peculiar taste follows the application of two different metals to the tongue in a popular galvanic experiment. This taste is caused by the azotic acid formed from the oxygen and azote of the atmosphere. An electric discharge, too, is accompanied by a smell, which smell is due to the presence of what is called ozone; and not long ago M. Schoenbein, of Basel, the inventor of gun-cotton, discovered ozone as a principle in the oxygen of the atmosphere; and it is considered to be the *active* principle of that universal constituent. Later researches have brought out a striking analogy between the properties of ozone and chlorine, and have led to conclusions as to the dangerous effect which the former may produce, in certain cases, on the organs of respiration. Some idea of its energy may be formed from the fact, that mice perish speedily in air which contains one six-thousandth of ozone. It is always present in the atmosphere in a greater or lesser degree, in direct relation with the amount of atmospheric electricity, and appears to obey the same laws in its variations, finding its maximum in winter and its minimum in summer.

Ozone, in scientific language, is described as 'a compound of oxygen analogous to the peroxide of hydrogen, or, that it is oxygen in an allotropic state—that is, with the capability of immediate and ready action impressed upon it.' Besides being produced by electrical discharges in the atmosphere, it can be obtained artificially by the passing of what is called the electrical brush into the air from a moist wooden point, or by electrolyzed water or phosphorus. The process, when the latter substance is employed, is to put a small piece, clean scraped, about half an inch long, into a large bottle which contains just so much of water as to half cover the phosphorus, and then closing the mouth slightly, to guard against combustion, to leave it standing for a time in a temperature of about 60 degrees. Ozone soon begins to be formed, as shewn by the rising of a light column of smoke from the phosphorus, which, at the same time, becomes luminous. In five or six hours, the quantity will be abundant, when the bottle is to be emptied of its contents, washed out, and closed for use and experiment.

Whichever way the ozone be produced, it is always identical in its properties; and these are described as numerous and remarkable. Its odour is peculiar, resembling that of chlorine, and, when diluted, cannot be distinguished from what is called the electric smell. When largely diffused in atmospheric air, it causes unpleasant sensations, makes respiration difficult, and, by acting powerfully on the mucous membranes, produces catarrhal effects; and as such air will kill small animals, it shews that pure ozone must be highly injurious to the animal economy. It is insoluble in water, is powerfully electromotive, and is most strikingly energetic in numerous chemical agencies, its action on nearly all metallic bodies being to carry them at once to the state of peroxide, or to their highest point of oxidation; it changes sulphurets into sulphates, instantaneously destroys several gaseous compounds, and bleaches indigo, thus shewing its analogy with chlorine.

In proceeding to the account of his experiments, M. Schoenbein shews, that gases can be produced by chemical means, which exercise an oxidizing influence of a powerful nature, especially in their physiological effects, even when diffused through the atmosphere in very minute quantities: also, that owing to the immense number of organic beings on the earth, their daily death and decomposition, an enormous amount of gases is produced similar to those which can be obtained by artificial means; and besides these, a quantity of gaseous or volatile products, 'whose chemical nature,' as the author observes, 'is as yet unknown, but of which we can easily admit that some, at least, diffused through the air, even in very small quantities, and breathed with it, exert a most deplorable action on the animal organism. Hence it follows, that the decomposition of organic matters ought to be considered as one of the principal causes of the corruption of the air by miasmatic substances. Now, a continuous cause, and acting on so vast a scale, would necessarily diffuse through the atmosphere a considerable mass of miasmatic gases, and accumulate them till at length it would be completely poisoned, and rendered incapable of supporting animal life, if nature had not found the means of destroying these noxious matters in proportion as they are produced.'

The question then arises: What are the means

employed for this object? M. Schoenbein believes that he has found it in the action of ozone, which is continually formed by the electricity of the atmosphere, and is known to be a most powerful agent of oxidation, causing serious modifications of organic bodies, and, consequently, of their physiological action. 'To assure myself,' he pursues, 'that ozone destroys the miasma arising from the decomposition of animal matters, I introduced into a balloon containing about 130 pints of air, a piece of flesh weighing four ounces, taken from a human corpse, and in a very advanced state of putrefaction. I withdrew it after a minute; the air in the balloon had acquired a strong and very repulsive odour, shewing that it was charged with an appreciable quantity—at least for the smell—of miasm caused by the putrefaction.'

'To produce ozone, I introduced into the infected balloon a stick of phosphorus an inch long, with water sufficient to half cover it. At the same time, for the sake of comparison, I placed a similar quantity of phosphorus and water in another balloon full of pure atmospheric air. After some minutes, the reaction of ozone in the latter was most evidently manifested, while no trace of it was yet apparent in the former, which still gave off an odour of putrefaction. This, however, disappeared completely at the end of ten or twelve minutes, and immediately the reaction of the ozone was detected.'

The conclusion drawn from this experiment is, that the ozone destroyed the miasm by oxidation, and could only make its presence evident after the complete destruction of the noxious volatile substances. This effect is more strikingly shewn by another experiment.

A balloon of similar capacity to the one above mentioned was charged as strongly as possible with ozone, and afterwards washed with water. The same piece of flesh was suspended within it; and the opening being carefully closed, it was left inside for nine hours before the air of the balloon presented the least odour of putrefaction. The air was tested every thirty minutes by an ozonometer, and the proportion of ozone found to be gradually diminishing; but as long as the paper of the instrument exhibited the slightest trace of blue, there was no smell, which only came on as the last signs of ozone disappeared. Thus, all the miasm given off by the piece of flesh during nine hours was completely neutralised by the ozone with which the balloon had been impregnated, so small in quantity as to be but the 6000th part of a gramme. One balloon filled with ozonified air, would suffice to disinfect 540 balloons filled with miasmatic air. 'These considerations,' says M. Schoenbein, 'shew us how little the miasma of the air are to be appreciated by weight, even when they exist therein in a quantity very sensible to the smell, and how small is the proportion of ozone necessary to destroy the miasm produced by the putrefaction of organic substances, and diffused through the atmosphere.'

The presence of ozone in any vessel or in the atmosphere, may be detected by a test-paper which has been moistened with a solution composed of 1 part of pure iodide of potassium, 10 parts of starch, and 100 parts of water, boiled together for a few moments. Paper so prepared turns immediately blue when exposed to the action of ozone, the tint being lighter or darker according to the quantity. Schoenbein's ozonometer consists of 750 slips of dry bibulous paper prepared in the manner described; and with a scale of tints and instructions, sufficient to make observations on the ozone of the atmosphere twice a day for a year. After exposure to the ozone, they require to be moistened to bring out the colour.

M. Schoenbein continues: 'We must admit that the electric discharges which take place incessantly in different parts of the atmosphere, and causing therein

a formation of ozone, purify the air by this means of organic, or, more generally, oxidizable miasma; and that they have thus the important office of maintaining it in a state of purity suitable to animal life. By means of atmospheric electricity, and, indirectly, nature thus attains on a great scale the object that we sometimes seek to accomplish in a limited space by fumigations with chlorine.'

'Here, as in many other cases, we see nature effecting two different objects at one stroke. For if the oxidizable miasma are destroyed by atmospheric ozone, they, in turn, cause the latter to disappear, and we have seen that it is itself a miasm. This is doubtless the reason why ozone does not accumulate in the atmosphere in greater proportion than the oxidizable miasma, notwithstanding the constant formation of one and the other.'

'In all times, the idea has been held, that storms purify the air, and I do not think that this opinion is ill-founded. We know, in fact, that storms give rise to a more abundant production of ozone. It is possible, and even probable, that sometimes, in particular localities, there may not be a just relation between the ozone and the oxidizable miasma in the air, and that the latter cannot be completely destroyed. Hence, in accordance with the chemical nature and physiological influence of these miasma, they would exert a marked action on the animal economy, and cause diseases among the greater number of those who breathe the infected air. But numerous experiments prove that, as a rule, the air contains free ozone, though in very variable proportions; from which we may conclude that no oxidizable miasm—sulphuretted hydrogen, for example—can exist in such an atmosphere, any more than it could exist in air containing but a trace of chlorine.'

'I do not know if it be true, as has been advanced by Mr Hunt and other persons, that ozone is deficient in the atmospheric air when some wide-spread malady, such as cholera, is raging. In any case, it would be easy, by means of the prepared paper, to determine the truth or fallacy of this opinion.'

'There is one fact which should particularly engage the attention of physicians and physiologists, which is, that, of all seasons, the winter is distinguished by the greatest proportion of ozone; whence it follows, that during that season the air contains least of oxidizable miasma. We can say, therefore, with respect to this class of miasma, that the air is purer in winter than in summer.'

'All my observations agree in shewing, that the proportion of ozone in the air increases with the height; if this fact be general, as I am disposed to believe, we must consider the upper regions of the atmosphere as purer, with regard to oxidizable miasma, than the lower.'

'The appearance of certain maladies—intermittent fever, for example—appears to be connected with certain seasons and particular geographical conditions. It would be worth while to ascertain, by ozonometric observations, whether these physiological phenomena have any relation whatever with the proportion of ozone contained in the air in which they occur.'

'Considering the obscurity which prevails as to the cause of the greater part of diseases, and the great probability that many among them owe their origin to the presence of chemical agents dispersed in the atmosphere, it becomes the duty of medical men and physiologists, who interest themselves in the progress of their science, to seize earnestly all the means by which they may hope to arrive at more exact notions upon the relations which exist between abnormal physiological phenomena and external circumstances.'

Such is a summary of M. Schoenbein's views as communicated to the Medical Society of Basel; and we the more readily accord them the publicity of our columns, as, apart from the intrinsic value of the subject,

it is one which has for some time excited the interest of scientific inquirers in this country. During the late visitation of cholera, reports were frequently spread that the atmosphere was deficient in ozone.

ENGLISH SISTERS OF CHARITY.

How much real good could yet be done in this old, full, struggling world of ours, where so many among us have need of help, if each in his or her small circle could manage just not to leave undone some of the things that should be done. Little more is wanting to effect this than the will, or perhaps the mere suggestion. A high influence may at a time confer a considerable benefit; but very humble means, systematically exerted, even during a comparatively short season, will certainly relieve a load of misery.

In a small village towards the west of England, there dwelt, some years ago, two maiden gentlewomen, sisters, the daughters of the deceased rector of the parish. Their father had early in life entered upon his duties in this retired locality, contentedly abiding there where fate had placed him, each passing year increasing his interest in the charge which engrossed all his energies. His moderate stipend, assisted by a small private fortune, sufficed for his quiet tastes, and for the few charities required by his flock; it also enabled him to rear a large family respectably, and to start them creditably on their working way.

There was no railway near this village—even the Queen's highway was at some distance. Fields, meadows, a shady lane, a brook, and the Welsh mountains for a background, formed the picture of beauty that attracted the stranger. There was hardly what could be called a street. The cottages were clustered upon the side of the wooded bank above the stream, shrouded in gardens of apple-trees; but there was space near the foot of the hill for a green of rather handsome size, with a plane-tree in the middle of it, and a few small shops along one side. Opposite the shops was the inn, the doctor's house, the market-house, and a public reading-room; and a bylane led from the green up towards the church—an old, low-walled, steep-roofed building, with a square, dumpy tower, in which hung a peal of bells, and where was placed a large, round, clumsy window. A clump of hardwood trees enclosed the upper end of the church-yard, and extended to the back of the rector's garden, quite concealing his many-gabled dwelling. In a still, summer evening, the brook could be heard from the parlour windows of the rectory, dancing merrily along to its own music; and at those less pleasant seasons when the foliage was scanty, it could be seen here and there between the boles of the trees, sparkling in the sunshine as it rippled on, while glimpses of the rich plain beyond added to the harmony of the prospect.

The society of the village and its immediate neighbourhood was of a humble kind—neither the rich nor the great were members of it; yet there were wisdom, and prudence, and talent, and good faith to be found in this little community, where all inclined to live as brethren, kindly together. It was not a bad school this for the young to grow up in. The rector's family had here been trained; and when they grew to rise beyond it, and then passed out upon the wider world, those of them that were again heard of in their birth-place, did no discredit to its name: and all passed out, all but two—our two sisters. It is said adversity must at some time reach us all: it had been late in visiting them, for they had passed a happy youth in that quiet parsonage. At last, sorrow came, and they were left alone, the two extremes of the chain which had bound the little household together—all the intermediate links had broken; and when, upon their father's death, they had to quit their long-loved home, they found themselves verging upon old age, in circumstances that

natures less strictly disciplined would have felt to have been at the least dreary. The younger sister was slightly deformed, and very delicate; the elder, though still an active woman, was quite beyond the middle of life; the income of the two, just £30—no great elements these of either usefulness or happiness. Let us see, then, what was made of them. Some relations pressed the sisters to share their distant home, but they would not leave the village. They felt as if their work lay there. The friends they knew best were all around them; the occupations they had been used to still remained to them; the memory of all they had loved there clung to them, in the old haunts so doubly dear to the bereaved who bear affliction patiently. So they moved only to a cottage a little higher up the hill, yet within view of the church, and of the dear old house, with its garden, sheltering wood, and pleasant rivulet; and there they lived in comfort, with enough to use and much to spare, their curse never failing them when wanted. It was a real cottage, which a labourer had left: there was no ornament about it till, they added some. Rude and unfashioned did this low-thatched cabin pass to them; it was their own hands, with very little help from their light purse, which made of a mere hovel the prettiest of rural dwellings—her own hands, indeed; for Sister Anne alone was the working-bee. Sister Catherine helped by hints and smiles, and by her nimble needle; but for out-of-doors labour she had not strength. Sister Anne nailed up the trellised porch, over which gay creepers were in time to grow. Sister Anne laid out the beds of flowers, protected by a low paling from the sheep which pastured on the downs. She planned the tidy bit of garden on one side, and the little yard behind, where pig and poultry thrived; but Sister Catherine watched the bee-hives near the hawthorn hedge, and plied her busy fingers by the hour to decorate the inside of their pretty cottage. They almost acted man and wife in the division of their employments, and with the best effect.

It would have astonished any one unaccustomed to the few wants of simple tastes, and to the many small gains from various trifling produce which careful industry alone can accumulate, to see the plenty consequent on skill, order, and neatness. The happiness was a joy apart, only to be felt by the sort of poetic mind of the truly benevolent, for it depended not on luxury, or even comfort, or any purely selfish feeling. It sprang from warm hearts directed by clear heads, invigorated by religious feelings, and nourished by country tastes, softened and elevated by the trials of life, till devotion to their kind became the one intention of their being; for it is as Sisters of Charity we introduce our heroines to our readers, one of a wide class in our reformed church, who, unshackled by vows, under no bondage of conventual forms, with small means, and by their own exertions and self-sacrifices, do more good in their generation than can be easily reckoned—treading in the footsteps of their Master, bearing healing as they move. Every frugal meal was shared with some one less favoured. No fragments were too small for use in Sister Anne's most skilful cookery; not a crumb, nor a dreg, nor a drop was wasted. Many a cup of comfort fed the sick or the weary, made from what, in richer households, unthrifty servants would have thrown away. There were always roots to spare from the small garden, herbs for medicines, eggs for sale, salves, and lotions, and preserves of fruit or honey. All the poor infirm in the parish were neatly clothed in baby-linen made out of old garments. There were always bundles of patches to give away, so useful to poor mothers; strips of rag for hurts; old flannel, and often new; a little collection of rubbish now and then for the bagman, though very rarely, the breakage being small where there were so few hands used, and they so careful.

They gave their time, too; for they were the *Sisters*

of all the sick, the comforters of all the sorrowful, the advisers of all in difficulty—without parade. They were applied to as of course—it seemed natural. And they were sociable: they had their little tea-parties with their acquaintance; they made their little presents at Christmas-time; they sweetened life throughout their limited sphere; and all so quietly, that no one guessed the amount of their influence till it ceased. They preached 'the word' practically, producing all the charity it taught, inculcating the 'peace on earth, goodwill towards men' which disposes even rude natures to the gentler feelings, and soothes the chafed murmurer by the tender influence of that love which is so kind. They were unwearied in their walk of mercy, though they met with disappointment even among the simple natures reared in this secluded spot. They bore it meekly; and when cross or trial came to those around, then could our good sisters carry comfort to afflicted friends, never pleading quite in vain for the exercise of that patience which lightens suffering. They were as mothers to the young, as daughters to the old, of all degree; for they did not ostentatiously devote themselves to the poor and ignorant alone—the so-called poor: the poor in spirit, of whatever rank, were as much their care as were the poor in purse; their charge was all who needed help—a help they gave simply, lovingly, not as meddlers, but as sisters bound to a larger family by the breaking of the ties which had united them to their own peculiar household.

There was no scenic effect visible along the humble walk of their pure benevolence, no harsh outlines to mark the course they went, or shew them to the world as devoted to particular excellence all throughout a lifetime of painful mortifications. Very noiseless was their quiet way. In a spirit of thankfulness they accepted their lot, turning its very bitterness into joy, by gratefully receiving the many pleasures still vouchsafed them; for it is a happy world, in spite of all its trials, to those who look aright for happiness. Our sisters found it and bestowed it. How many blessed their name! How many have had reason to love the memory of these two unobtrusive women, who, without name, or station, or show, or peculiarity, or distinction of any kind, were the types of a class the circle of which even this humble memorial, by its truth and suggestiveness, may aid in extending—of the true, simple, earnest, brave, holy Sisters of Charity of our country!

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

I AM not sure about bribery and corruption. It may be a bad thing, but many seem to think otherwise. Much may be said on both sides of the question. Oh! don't tell me of a worm selling his birthright for a mess of pottage: I never read of such worms in Buffon, or even in Pliny. But if they do exist in the human form, the baseness consists in the sale, not in the *quid pro quo*. A mess of pottage in itself is a very good thing—I should say, a very respectable thing; and no exchange can take away from it that character. Still, if what we give for it is an heirloom, coming from our ancestors and belonging to our posterity, the transaction is shabby, and not only shabby, but dishonest. If that is proved, I don't defend the worm. Trample on him by all means—jump on him. But beware of insulting the mess of pottage, which is as respectable as when newly out of the pot. Fancy the sale to have been effected by means of some other equivalent: and that, by the way, is just what puzzles me. There are numerous other equivalents, not a whit more respectable in themselves—many far less so—which not only escape all objugation, but serve to lift the identical transaction out of the category of basenesses. This confuses a brain like mine, even to the length of doubting whether there is any harm in the

thing at all. Let us turn the question over patiently. I confess I am slow; but 'slow and sure,' you know.

Bribery and corruption is a universal element in civilised society; but let us talk in the meantime of political bribery and corruption. It is the theory of the law—if the law really has a theory—that in the matter of a parliamentary canvass, every man, as a celebrated Irish minister expressed it, should stand upon his own bottom. By this poetical figure, Lord Londonderry meant that the man should depend upon himself, upon his own merits and character, without having recourse to any extrinsic means of working upon the judgment of others. It is likewise the theory of the law, that a man who *suffers* his judgment to be indirectly biased is as bad as the other—and worse: that he is, in fact, a Worm, unfit to possess his birthright, of which he should be forthwith deprived. Well, this being premised: here is the Honourable Tom Snuffleton, who wants to represent our borough, but having neither merit nor character of any convertible kind, offers money and gin instead. The substitute is accepted; and Honourable Tom, slapping his waistcoat several times, congratulates the free and independent electors on having that day set a glorious example to the world, by thus exercising their birthright and upholding their palladium; and the affair is finished amid cheers and hiccups.

When I say, however, that the substitute is accepted, I do not mean that it is accepted by, or can be offered to the whole constituency. That would be a libel. There are many of the electors who have a soul above sovereigns, and who, if they could accomplish it, would never drink anything less than claret. These persons are ambitious of being noticed by the family of Honourable Tom. They are not hungry, but they take delight in a dinner in that quarter. They also feel intensely gratified by having their wives and daughters bowed to from the family carriage. A thousand considerations like these blind them to the absence of merit and character on the part of the candidate, and lay them open to that extrinsic influence which, according to the meaning of the law, is bribery and corruption. As for the man who takes his bribe, for the sake of convenience, in the direct, portable, and exchangeable form of a sovereign, he lays it out in any pleasure or distinction he, on his part, has a fancy for. If he is a dissolute person, he spends it in the public-house; if he is a proper-behaved husband, he gives his wife a new gown; if he is a respectable, serious individual, he devotes it to the conversion of the Wid-a-wak tribe in Central Africa, and gloats upon the name of John Higgins in the subscription-list. In whichever way, however, he may seek to gratify himself, he is neither better nor worse, so far as I can see, than the voter of more elegant aspirations: they have both been bribed; they are both corrupt; they have both sold their birthright.

This is a homely way of viewing the question, but it suffices. If we inquire into the motives of a hundred electors, we shall not find ten of them free from some alloy of self-interest, direct or indirect. In cases where the candidates are all equally good, equally bad, or equally indifferent, there may be no practical harm in this; but it is not a political but a moral question that is before us. The question is as to the *bribe*. If we are to be excused because of the nature of the solatium we accept, then should a thief successfully plead that it was not money he stole, but a masterpiece of Raphael. What I doubt is, whether they who have not been solely influenced by patriotic motives, have any right to cast stones at the free and independent elector who has sold his vote for a sovereign.

If the common saying be true, that 'every man has his price,' then are we all open to bribery and corruption; and the only difficulty lies in ascertaining the weak side of our nature. The distinction in this case is not between vice and virtue, but between the various

positions in which we are placed. Money will do with some men; others, who would be shocked at the idea of taking money, will accept of something it has bought; others, again, who would spurn at both these, will have no objection to a snug little place for themselves or their dependents. The English, as a practical, straightforward people, take money—five to ten pounds being considered a fair thing for a vote, and no shame about it. The Scotch, as more calculating, like a *situation*; anything to put sons into, will do—a cadetship in India, a tide-waitership, a place in the Post-office, or a commission in the army. From a small Scotch country town, which we have in our eye, as many as fourteen lads in one year received appointments in the Excise; everybody knew what for: an election was in expectation. No money, however, being passed from hand to hand, the fathers of these said lads would look with horror on such cases of bribery as have given renown and infamy to Sudbury and St Alban's.

All men think all men *sinners* but themselves.

Happy this consciousness of innocence! How fortunate that we should be such a virtuous and discreet people! And thus does one's very notions of what is right become a marketable article. Where neither money nor place is wanted, a gracious look and an invitation to dinner may have quite a telling effect. In fact, the more refined men have become, through the action of circumstances, such as education and position, the more abstracted and attenuated is the equivalent they demand for their virtue; till we reach the highest grade of all, whose noble natures, as they are called, can be seduced only by affection and gratitude. Now observe: in all these cases the *thing* is the same, whether it be crime we have been tempted to commit, or mere illegality; the only distinction lies in the value of the *quid pro quo*. But is there a distinction even in that? I doubt the fact. I don't say there is none, but I doubt it. Value is entirely arbitrary. One man, at the lower end of the scale, sins for the sake of a pound; and another, at the higher end, does the same thing for the sake of a kindness. The two men place the same value on their several equivalents, and each finds his own irresistible. Are they not both equally guilty?

That a refined man is better than a coarse one, I admit. He is pleasanter, and not only so, but safer. We know his virtue to be secure from a thousand temptations before which meaner natures fall; and to a large extent, therefore, we feel him to be worthy of our trust. He will not betray us for a pound, or a dinner, or a place, or a coaxing word, or a condescending bow: but we must not go too far with him for all that. He has his price as surely as the meanest of his fellows; and let him only come in the way of a temptation he values as highly as the other values his miserable pound, and down he goes! Refined natures, therefore, are only comparatively trustworthy; and, however estimable or admirable they may be under other circumstances, when they do fail they are as guilty as the rest. It is a bad thing altogether, bribery and corruption is; and I don't object to your putting it down when it takes that material form of money you can so readily get hold of. But what I hate is the cant that is canted about it by those who have not even the virtue to take their equivalent on the sly. For it is a remarkable thing, that when this does not come in a material shape, such as you can count or handle, it is looked upon by the bribee as no bribe at all! Nay, in some cases he will glory in his crime, as if it were a virtue; and in all cases he will turn round upon his fellow-criminal—him of the vulgar sort—call him a worm, and throw that mess of pottage at him! This refined evil-doer may be as energetic as he pleases in his actions, but it would be well if he were a little more quiet in his words. If he looks within, he will find that the distinction on which he prides himself is wholly superficial; and that

such language is very unbecoming the lips of one who might more truly, as well as more politely, say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.

The main cause of such anomalies I take to be, that there is among us a general want of earnestness. We do not believe in ourselves, or our duties, or our destinies. Our life has no theory, and we care only for outward forms and symbols. Our taste is shocked by the grossness of vice, but we have no quarrel with the thing itself; and if the people around us will only preserve a polished, or at least inoffensive exterior, that is all we demand. Why should we look below the surface in their case, when we do no such thing in our own? We feel amiable, genteel, and refined; we detest the appearance of low impropriety, and would take a good deal of trouble to put it down; we look very kindly on the world in general, if the low people who are in it would only become as decorous as ourselves. In the old republics, the case was different. There men had a theory, even if a bad one, and they stuck to it through good report and through bad report. The theory was the spirit of the community, and its members sacrificed to it their whole individuality. No wonder that such little political unities held together as if their component parts had been welded, and that they continued to do so till they came into collision, and, from their hardness and toughness, rubbed one another out.

Put down bribery and corruption: that is fair. And more especially put down open, shameless, and brutal bribery and corruption, for its very coarseness is, in itself, an additional crime. But no reform is efficacious that does not come from within; and when refined men wage war against vulgar vices, let them look sharply to their own. I do not say, that by taking thought they will be able to do entirely away with the seductive influence of a bow, or a dinner, or a kind action; and that, in spite of these, they will do their duty with the stern resolve of an ancient Spartan. But they will be less likely to yield to temptation, and the price of their virtue will at least mount higher and higher, which is as much as we can expect of human nature. The grand benefit, however, they will derive from the inquisition, is the lesson of tolerance it will teach. They will refrain, for shame's sake, from casting stones and calling names. They will see that the only part of the offence they can notice is vulgarity and ignorance, and they will quietly try to refine the one and enlighten the other.

THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, LIVERPOOL.

In a cross street named Colquitt Street, near a fashionable promenade of Liverpool, will be found the rich, valuable, and interesting museum which we are about briefly to describe. It is the property of Mr Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., a townsman of Liverpool, esteemed as much for his private worth as for his refined classical taste. This gentleman has been long known as a collector; and by the purchase of an entire gallery of antiquities, formed by one who travelled long in Egypt and Nubia, and visited the remains of ancient Carthage, he became possessed of a museum so extensive that his private residence could not contain them, and so rare, that the public desired to know more about them. With the view, therefore, of keeping them together, and gratifying the many who longed to acquaint themselves with these interesting relics of an interesting race, this house in Colquitt Street has been appropriated. For the purpose of meeting the current expenses of the exhibition, and enabling the proprietor to add to its contents, a very trifling charge is made for admission, and a book is kept for the autographs of the visitors.

The first room entered displays a large collection of

Egyptian stels and other monuments, while the outer cases and sarcophagi of several mummies are placed in another apartment. The word *stela* means merely a memorial pillar or tombstone; and in this room the reflective mind will find much food for meditation. We have here the first elements of all religion brought visibly before us in the carvings—the recognition of a deity, and the belief in immortality. More than one of these stels has upon it the royal cartouch; one of them has no fewer than four of these elliptical rings with inscriptions, and two more from which the hieroglyphics have been erased. This tells a tale, for in the age commemorated, it was a mark of disgrace to have the name obliterated. Another stela contains the jackal, or genius of the departed, with propitiatory offerings from his friends. The curious will learn with interest, that another of these monuments dates back to the time of Joseph. It has twice engraved upon it the name Osortosen—perhaps the Pharaoh 'who gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potiaphorah, priest of On,' and raised the obelisk at Heliopolis, towns thought to be the same. Near to this is another stela of great beauty, engraved in low relief and cavo-relievo, coloured. It belongs to Manetho's sixth dynasty, and is consequently very ancient. One still more so is in the same collection: it is of the fourth dynasty of that historian—consequently, of the time when the Pyramids were built. It is beautifully executed in intaglio and rilievo, with the surface polished. These stels, of which the collection is very rich, are composed of various rocks—such as granite, syenite, limestone, the travertino of the Italians, and sandstone.

While the tombs of Egypt have furnished these monuments, Karnac is represented by a portion of its great obelisk, and Rome has supplied a cinerary urn with cremated bones, several sepulchral tablets, and an altar.

In another room on the same floor, we find an extensive collection of pottery from the tombs of ancient Etruria, and other parts of Italy; Roman pottery found in Britain; Samian ware, and articles of that kind, from Pompeii, Carthage, and South America. The central case is overflowing with riches, containing as it does nearly six hundred Etruscan vases in terra cotta. It is a subject of doubt among the learned, whether these painted vessels, so called, are not in reality Grecian. Bossi, in his great work on Italy, claims the first manufacture for the Tuscans; but there is a strong argument in favour of their Grecian origin in the negative evidence obtained from Roman Italy, where they are not found, and the positive evidence from the Grecian subjects depicted on the pottery; besides which, the tombs of the Greek islands of the Archipelago contain them. Their not being met with in the Asiatic colonies of the Greeks may go merely to shew, that although the objects might be Grecian, the trade was Etruscan. It is well known, too, that at Athens the art of making pottery had arrived at great perfection. That the Tuscans used these as funeral vessels at a remote period, is fully established; but the custom of depositing them in sepulchres is not supposed to have originated with that people, but to have been brought by colonists from Greece Proper.

In this apartment, there are sepulchral lamps in the same material as the Etruscan vases, and idols not a few. Besides these, there are numerous Roman fibulæ (a sort of brooch) and bracelets, found at Treves, and others dug up in England. There are likewise many Roman antiquities, which have been recently met with at Hoy Lake, near Liverpool. But we must not attempt to enter into details; let us mount to the floor above, and notice the contents of the apartments there.

The first room on the second storey is the Mummy Room; and there rest, side by side, royal personages

and humble individuals, male and female, who, about four thousand years ago, breathed the air of Egypt. Except by their ceremonies, and the inscriptions on the cases, who could tell which had been the greater?

The plan adopted for the display of these human mummies—for the Museum contains the preserved remains of the ibis and hawk, the cat, and even the dog, a rare subject for the embalmer, besides the bodies of other inferior animals—is to remove the outer case and covering, then to place the inner case upon the floor; above it, resting on supports, the body; and above that again, the lid, enclosing all within plates of glass, so that the spectator may go round the mummy, examining it in all directions, and likewise the case, within and without, on which the hieroglyphics are inscribed. Before we describe the mummies so laid out, let us explain briefly the process of embalming. Herodotus is a great authority on this matter, and we cannot do better than follow him.

In the first place, the embalmer was a medical practitioner, and legally pursued his craft. The deceased was taken to his room, and there the process of preservation was conducted; not, however, till the agreement had been made between the relatives and the embalmer as to the style and cost; for there were three methods of embalming, suitable to different ranks. This having been determined, the operator began, the relatives having previously retired. In the most expensive kind of embalming, the brain was extracted without disfiguring the head, and the intestines were removed by an incision in the side: these were separated and preserved. The body was now filled with spices—myrrh cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted; and the opening was firmly closed. It was now covered with natron for seventy days; and at the expiration of that time, it was washed and swathed in linen cloth, dipped in gums and resinous substances, when it was delivered to the relatives, and by them placed in the mummy case and sarcophagus. It was finally placed perpendicularly in the apartment set apart for the dead; so that the Egyptian could view his ancestors as figured on their coffins; and with the thought that not only were their portraits there, but their bodies also—for the Egyptian was a firm believer in immortality, and piously preserved the body in a fitter state, as he thought, for reunion with the soul, than if allowed to perish by decay.

According to the second mode of embalming, no incisions were made upon the body, but absorbing injections were employed. The natron was used as before; and after the customary days were passed, the injected fluid was withdrawn, and with it came the entrails. The body was now enfolded in the cloth, and returned to the friends. This process cost twenty minæ, the other was a talent. In the third style, that adopted by the poor, the natron application was almost the only one used; the body lay for seventy days in this alkaline solution, and was then accounted fit for preservation. Sometimes the body, enveloped in the cloth, was covered with bitumen.

The most interesting mummy in this collection is that of a royal personage, Amenophis I., the most ancient of the Pharaohs whose name has yet been found. The case is richly decorated, and the name appears in three different places—that in the interior being in very large characters, in a royal cartouch. The spectator seems to hang over this mummy as if spell-bound. Can this in reality be one of the Pharaohs? Such is the question; and the inscription, thrice repeated—'Amenophis I.'—is the answer! This monarch reigned in Egypt about half a century after the exodus of the Israelites, and 3400 years ago, according to the chronology of Dr Hales; but others give a remoter period—even in the days of Joseph.

Another mummy has the face covered with gold, and the body is inscribed with the gods of the Amenti, on

those regions over which they were the genii. Thus *Amsel*, with a human head, presided over the stomach and large intestines, and was the judge of Hades; *Hape*, with the head of a baboon, presided over the small intestines; *Soumautf*, the third genius, with a jackal's head, was placed over the region of the thorax, presiding over the heart and lungs; and the last, *Kebhsnauf*, with the head of a hawk, presided over the gall-bladder and liver. Besides these, there are other mummies exhibiting the style of swathing peculiarly Egyptian, in contradistinction to the Græco-Egyptian, which differs from the former in having the limbs separately bandaged, instead of being placed together and enveloped in one form. There are also fragments of the human body mummied, one of which contains between the arm and shoulder a papyrus-roll. And while we are now among the mummies, we must not forget the vases called canopuses, in which the entrails and other internal organs were deposited; each bearing upon it the emblem of the genius presiding over the separately embalmed viscera. On each of these canopuses, four of which compose a set, an inscription may be seen. Thus: *Amsel*—'I am thy son, a god, loving thee; I have come to be beside thee, causing to germinate thy head, to fabricate thee with the words of Phtah, like the brilliancy of the sun for ever.' *Hape*—'I have come to manifest myself beside thee, to raise thy head and arms, to reduce thy enemies, to give thee all germination for ever.' *Soumautf*—'I am thy son, a god, loving thee; I have come to support my father.' *Kebhsnauf*—'I have come to be beside thee, to subdue thy form, to submit thy limbs for thee, to lead thy heart to thee, to give it to thee in the tribunal of thy race, to germinate thy house with all the other living.'

In this apartment there are many statues, some in wood, some in stone. In one of wood there is a recess behind intended for a papyrus manuscript. There are also specimens of Egyptian Mosaic pavement, and a monumental tablet, interesting from its having a Greek inscription, while its style and figure are Egyptian—proving the continuance of the ancient manner down to the Ptolemaic dynasty.

The adjoining room contains infinitely more than we can enumerate, and, like the others, many articles not Egyptian, yet deeply interesting in themselves. The centre cases will demand our first attention; and here we have idolets and amulets innumerable; coins of the Ptolemies, Cleopatra, and others; and jewellery of all descriptions, from the golden diadem and the royal signet down to the pottery rings and glass beads worn by the poor. As might be expected in an Egyptian collection, the *scarabæus*, or sacred beetle, frequently meets the eye. Here are *scarabæi* in gold, cornelion, chalcedony, heliotrope, turquoise, lapis-lazuli, porphyry, terra cotta, and other materials; many of them having royal names and inscriptions engraved.

Two objects claim our first attention, on account not only of their value, but their associations. They are placed together in a glass-case, marked No. 3. One of them is perhaps the most ancient ring in existence, and is a magnificent signet of pure solid gold. It bears in a cartouch the royal name of Amenophis I., and has an inscription on either side. The signet is hung upon a swivel, and has hieroglyphics on what may be called the reverse. It is a large, heavy ring, weighing 1 ounce, 6 pennyweights, 12 grains, was worn on the thumb, and taken from the mummy at Memphis. It was purchased by Mr Sams at the sale of Mr Salt's collection in the year 1835, for upwards of £50, and is highly prized by the present proprietor. Some doubt still rests upon Egyptian chronology. By certain antiquaries, this ring is supposed to have been worn by the Pharaoh who ruled over the land while Joseph was prime-minister; but others, as has been mentioned, place the reign of Amenophis I. after the departure of the Israelites.

The other is a diadem of pure gold, about seven inches in diameter, taken from the head of a mummy. In the centre, a pyramid rises with a double cartouch on one side and a single one on the other. Towards this twelve *scarabæi* are approaching, six on either side, emblematic of the increase and decrease of the days in the twelve months; and between these is a procession of boats, in which are deities and figures. In the inner side of this diadem the signs of the zodiac are represented.

In close proximity to these remarkable objects is another of no less interest—namely, a pair of earrings of gold, weighing each *half a shekel*—And it came to pass, as the camels had done drinking, that the man took a *golden earring of half a shekel weight*, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold; and said, Whose daughter art thou? Such was the present to Rebekah; and here, before us, are ornaments similar probably in shape (zone-like), and exactly similar in weight!

Among the jewellery in this collection we find several valuable necklaces in gold, coral, and precious stones. Besides the Egyptian, there are some of Etruscan origin, taken from the tombs of this ancient people. We cannot leave this subject without noticing the beauty and perfection of the filigree-work, executed about 2400 years ago, and equal to modern workmanship. Some exquisite specimens from Pompeii are preserved here.

Turning now to the walls of this apartment, we find glass-cases filled with vases in terra cotta and eastern alabaster. On some of these are royal names, gilt and coloured; that of Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid, occurs on one. Another of these vessels, or the neck part of one, is covered with cement, and sealed with three cartouches, besides having four others painted on it. This, it is thought, may have contained the precious Theban wine, sealed with the royal signet. There are many other things taken from the tombs which our space forbids us to dwell upon; such as idols and figures, papyri and phylacteries, paint-pots and colours, workman's tools, stone and wooden pillows or head-rests, and sandals; a patera with pomegranates, another with barley, the seven-eared wheat of Scripture, bread and grapes, besides other fruits and dainties which were supplied to the dead when deposited in the Theban tombs. On a tablet here we find the name of that Amenophis or Phamenoph, who is celebrated as the Memnon of the Greeks. We also find bricks as made by the Israelites, and stamped probably in accordance with the regulations of the revenue department of old Egypt. There are preserved in this and the adjoining apartments some beautiful ancient manuscripts, and an exceedingly valuable collection of books on antiquities, to which the visitor has access.

We now ascend to the upper rooms, where in one is a collection of armour, and in the other, the 'Majolica' Room, specimens of pottery, as revived in Europe in the fifteenth century by Luca Della Robbia, who was born in 1388. He discovered the art of glazing earthenware. In the former of these rooms, all sorts of weapons and defensive apparatus are met with—modern, mediæval, and antique; some are highly finished, others very rude. In the Majolica Room, there is much matter for study, and those will fail to appreciate the value of the collection who have not learned something of the history of the ware. Here is exhibited a Madonna and Child, of about the year 1420, by Robbia himself. It was given to Mr Mayer by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, when the medal of Roscoe was struck and presented. There are five plates, made after the patterns of the Moors, about the middle of that century, at Pessaro, near the Po; and four with portraits, marked 'Majolica Amatori.' We find several other specimens, shewing the most curious anachronisms

and blunders in design. The 'Temptation,' for example, is represented as a plate, with the drawing of a town and a Dutch church. 'Jacob's Dream,' 'Joseph and his Brethren,' 'Alexander and Darius,' 'Actæon and Diana,' and such scenes, seem to have been favourites. The specimens of 'Mezza Majolica,' with raised centres, scroll-work borders, and embossed figures, are very curious. There are two dishes, each eighteen inches in diameter, of Raffaele ware, on one of which is 'Christ healing the Sick,' and on the other, 'Christ driving out the Money-changers.' Another, of Calabrian ware, is very curious: it is of brown clay, glazed, with four handles, and inside are the figures of two priests officiating at an altar; behind, are female figures over-looking, but concealed by latticed-work. There is one object here of local interest, and with it we bring this description to a close. It is an earthenware map of Crosby, to the north of Liverpool, made in 1716, at pottery works in Shaws-brow.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

STORY OF UNCLE TOM.

A FORMER paper on Mrs Stowe's remarkable book, presented a little episode, the heroine of which was Eliza, a female slave on the estate of a Mr Shelby in Kentucky. We now turn to the story of Tom himself, whose transfers from hand to hand afford the authoress an opportunity of describing the private life and feelings of slave-owners, and the unwholesome and dangerous condition of society in the south.

Tom, we have hinted, was jet black in colour, trustworthy and valued by his master, who was compelled by necessity to part with him to Haley, a slave-trader. The separation of this honest fellow from his wife Chloe, and his children, was a sad affair; but as Tom was of a hopeful temperament, and under strong religious impressions, he did not repine at the fate he was about to encounter, dreaded as that usually is by persons in his situation. 'In order to appreciate the sufferings of the negroes sold south, it must be remembered that all the instinctive affections of that race are peculiarly strong. Their local attachments are very abiding. They are not naturally daring and enterprising, but home-loving and affectionate. Add to this all the terrors with which ignorance invests the unknown, and add to this, again, that selling to the south is set before the negro from childhood as the last severity of punishment. The threat that terrifies more than whipping or torture of any kind, is the threat of being sent down river.

'A missionary among the fugitives in Canada told us, that many of the fugitives confessed themselves to have escaped from comparatively kind masters, and that they were induced to brave the perils of escape, in almost every case, by the desperate horror with which they regarded being sold south—a doom which was hanging either over themselves or their husbands, their wives or children. This nerves the African, naturally patient, timid, and unenterprising, with heroic courage, and leads him to suffer hunger, cold, pain, the perils of the wilderness, and the more dread penalties of capture.'

After a simple repast in his rude cabin, Tom prepared to start. Chloe shut and corded his trunk, and setting up, looked gruffly on the trader who was robbing her of her husband; her tears seemingly turned to sparks of fire. Tom rose up meekly to follow his new master, and raised the box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms, to go with him as far as the wagon, and the children, crying, trailed on behind. 'A crowd of all the old and young hands in the place stood gathered around it, to bid farewell to their old associate. Tom had been looked up to, both as a head-servant and Christian teacher, by all the place, and there was

much honest sympathy and grief about him, particularly among the women. Haley whipped up the horse, and with a steady, mournful look, fixed to the last on the old place, Tom was whirled away. Mr Shelby at this time was not at home. He had sold Tom under the spur of a driving necessity, to get out of the power of a man he dreaded; and his first feeling, after the consummation of the bargain, had been that of relief. But his wife's expostulations awoke his half-slumbering regrets; and Tom's disinterestedness increased the unpleasantness of his feelings. It was in vain that he said to himself, that he had a right to do it, that everybody did it, and that some did it without even the excuse of necessity; he could not satisfy his own feelings; and that he might not witness the unpleasant scenes of the consummation, he had gone on a short business tour up the country, hoping that all would be over before he returned.'

Haley, with his property, reaches the Mississippi; and on that magnificent river, a steam-boat, piled high with bales of cotton from many a plantation, receives the party. 'Partly from confidence inspired by Mr Shelby's representations, and partly from the remarkably inoffensive and quiet character of the man, Tom had insensibly won his way far into the confidence even of such a man as Haley. At first, he had watched him narrowly through the day, and never allowed him to sleep at night unfettered; but the uncomplaining patience and apparent contentment of Tom's manner, led him gradually to discontinue these restraints; and for some time Tom had enjoyed a sort of parole of honour, being permitted to come and go freely where he pleased on the boat. Ever quiet and obliging, and more than ready to lend a hand in every emergency which occurred among the workmen below, he had won the good opinion of all the hands, and spent many hours in helping them with as hearty a good-will as ever he worked on a Kentucky farm. When there seemed to be nothing for him to do, he would climb to a nook among the cotton-bales of the upper deck, and busy himself in studying over his Bible—and it is there we see him now. For a hundred or more miles above New Orleans, the river is higher than the surrounding country, and rolls its tremendous volume between massive levees twenty feet in height. The traveller from the deck of the steamer, as from some floating castle-top, overlooks the whole country for miles and miles around. Tom, therefore, had spread out full before him, in plantation after plantation, a map of the life to which he was approaching. He saw the distant slaves at their toil; he saw afar their villages of huts gleaming out in long rows on many a plantation, distant from the stately mansions and pleasure-grounds of the master; and as the moving picture passed on, his poor foolish heart would be turning backward to the Kentucky farm, with its old shadowy beeches, to the master's house, with its wide, cool halls, and near by the little cabin, overgrown with the multiflora and bignonia. There he seemed to see familiar faces of comrades who had grown up with him from infancy: he saw his busy wife, bustling in her preparations for his evening meals; he heard the merry laugh of his boys at their play, and the chirrup of the baby at his knee, and then, with a start, all faded; and he saw again the cane-brakes and cypresses of gliding plantations, and heard again the creaking and groaning of the machinery, all telling him too plainly that all that phase of life had gone by for ever.'

An unlooked-for incident raises up a friend. 'Among the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge. Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl, for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no

more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze; nor was she one that, once seen, could be easily forgotten. Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline.

This angelic little creature was attracted by Tom's appearance; and speaking kindly to him, expressed a hope of serving him, by inducing her papa to become his purchaser. Tom had just thanked the little lady for her intentions, when the boat stopped at a landing-place. At its moving on again, Eva, who leaned imprudently on the railings, fell overboard. Tom was fortunately standing under her as she fell. 'He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and, swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands, which, as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched eagerly out to receive her. A few moments more, and her father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies' cabin, where, as is usual in cases of the kind, there ensued a very well-meaning and kind-hearted strife among the female occupants generally as to who should do the most things to make a disturbance, and to hinder her recovery in every way possible.'

Next day, as the vessel approached New Orleans, Tom sat on the lower deck, with his arms folded, anxiously from time to time turning his eyes towards a group on the other side of the boat. 'There stood the fair Evangeline, a little paler than the day before, but otherwise exhibiting no traces of the accident which had befallen her. A graceful, elegantly-formed young man stood by her, carelessly leaning one elbow on a bale of cotton, while a large pocket-book lay open before him. It was quite evident, at a glance, that the gentleman was Eva's father. There was the same noble cast of head, the same large blue eyes, the same golden-brown hair; yet the expression was wholly different. In the large, clear blue eyes, though in form and colour exactly similar, there was wanting that misty, dreamy depth of expression; all was clear, bold, and bright, but with a light wholly of this world: the beautifully cut mouth had a proud and somewhat sarcastic expression, while an air of free-and-easy superiority sat not ungracefully in every turn and movement of his fine form. He was listening with a good-humoured, negligent air, half comic, half contemptuous, to Haley, who was very volubly expatiating on the quality of the article for which they were bargaining.

"All the moral and Christian virtues bound in black morocco, complete!" he said, when Haley had finished. "Well, now, my good fellow, what's the damage, as they say in Kentucky; in short, what's to be paid out for this business? How much are you going to cheat me, now? Out with it!"

"Wal," said Haley, "if I should say thirteen hundred dollars for that ar fellow, I shouldn't but just save myself—I shouldn't, now, rally."

"Papa, do buy him! it's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva softly, getting up on a package, and putting her arm around her father's neck. "You have money enough, I know. I want him."

Tom was purchased, and paid for. 'Come, Eva,' said St Clare, as he stepped across the boat to his newly-acquired property. "Look up, Tom, and see how you like your new master." Tom looked up. It was not in nature to look into that gay, young, handsome face without a feeling of pleasure; and Tom felt the tears start in his eyes as he said, heartily: "God bless you, mas'r!"

"Well, I hope he will. What's your name? Tom? Quite as likely to do it for your asking as mine, from all accounts. Can you drive horses, Tom?"

"I've been allays used to horses," said Tom.

"Well, I think I shall put you in coachy, on condition that you won't be drunk more than once a week, unless in cases of emergency, Tom."

"Tom looked surprised, and rather hurt, and said: 'I never drink, mas'r.'"

"I've heard that story before, Tom; but then we'll see. It will be a special accommodation to all concerned if you don't. Never mind, my boy," he added good-humouredly, seeing Tom still looked grave; "I don't doubt you mean to do well."

"I sartin do, mas'r," said Tom.

"And you shall have good times," said Eva. "Papa is very good to everybody, only he always will laugh at them."

"Papa is much obliged to you for his recommendation," said St Clare laughing, as he turned on his heel and walked away.

Augustine St Clare was a wealthy citizen of New Orleans, and possessed a domestic establishment of great extent and elegance, with a body of servants in the condition of slaves, to whom he was an indulgent master. The description of this splendid mansion, with its lounging and wasteful attendants, its indolent, pretty, and capricious lady-mistress, and the account of Ophelia, a shrewd New-England cousin, who managed the household affairs, must be considered the best, or at least the most amusing portion of the work. The authoress also dwells with fondness on the character of the gentle Eva, a child of uncommon talents, but so delicate in health, so ethereal, that while still on earth, she seems already an angel of paradise leading and beckoning to Heaven. Eva was kind to everybody—kind even to Topsy, a negro girl whom St Clare had one day bought out of mere charity, on seeing her cruelly lashed by her former master and mistress. Topsy is a fine picture of a brutalised young negro, who never speaks the truth even by chance, and steals because she cannot help it. Every one gives up Topsy as utterly irreclaimable—all except the gentle Eva. Caught in a fresh act of theft, Topsy is led away by Eva. 'There was a little glass-room at the corner of the veranda, which St Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St Clare; "I mean to see." And advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side-faces towards them, Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love anybody, Topsy?"

"Donno nothing 'bout love. I loves candy and sich—that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or?"

"No, none on 'm—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might!"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

"Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd soon have a toad touch her. There can't

nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"O Topsy, poor child, I love you," said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin white hand on Topsy's shoulder—"I love you because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

"The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul. She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy; you can be one of those spirits bright Uncle Tom sings about."

"O dear Miss Eva!—dear Miss Eva!" said the child, "I will try—I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before."

By such persuasions, Eva had the happiness to see the beginning of improvement in Topsy, who finally assumed an entirely new character, and attained a respectable position in society.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly. Uncle Tom was much in her room. 'The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake, and the child felt freshest in the morning, he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favourite old hymns. The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could.' At length, the moment of departure of this highly-prized being arrives. 'It is midnight—strange, mystic hour, when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin—then came the messenger!' St Clare was called, and was up in her room in an instant. 'What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look, indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

'On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint—only a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing presence of spiritual nature, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

'They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud.' Tom arrived with the doctor. The house was aroused—'lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St Clare heard and said nothing; he saw only that look on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear: "Eva, darling!"

'The large blue eyes unclosed—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and to speak,

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment, they dropped again; and as St Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face: she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "O Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

'The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted; the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St Clare gently. She did not hear.

"O Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

'A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly: "O love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!'

Previous to the death of the dear Eva, she had induced her father to promise to emancipate Tom, and he was taking steps to give this faithful servant his liberty, when a terrible catastrophe occurred. St Clare was suddenly killed in attempting to appease a quarrel in one of the coffee-rooms of New Orleans. His family were plunged into grief and consternation; and by his trustees the whole of the servants in the establishment, Uncle Tom included, were brought to sale in the open market.

'Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro over the marble pavé. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one, on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognise the St Clare servants, awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces.

'Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him for one whom he would wish to call master; and, if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting out of two hundred men one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would perhaps realise, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men, great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men; long-favoured, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbed-looking, common-place men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience; but he saw no St Clare.

'A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt, considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eyebrows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were

immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve to shew his muscle; turned him round, made him jump and spring, to shew his paces. Almost immediately, Tom was ordered to mount the block. 'Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct noise—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids; and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clearing on the last syllable of the word "*dollars*," as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over.—He had a master!

'He was pushed from the block; the short, bullet-headed man, seizing him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice: "Stand there, you!"'

By his new and rude master, Tom was forthwith marched off; put on board a vessel for a distant cotton-plantation on Red River; stripped of his decent apparel by his savage owner, and dressed in the meanest habiliments. The treatment of the poor negro was now most revolting. He was wrought hard under a burning sun; half-starved; scourged; loaded with the grossest abuse. All this ends in a rapid decline of health; and his story terminates with an account of his death, his last moments being dignified by a strong sentiment of piety, and of forgiveness towards his inhuman taskmaster.

We have now presented a sufficiently ample abstract of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a work which will undoubtedly be perused at length by all who feel deeply on the subject of negro slavery. Of the authoress, Mrs H. B. Stowe, it may be said, that her chief merit consists in close observation of character, with a forcible and truth-like power of delineation. In plot, supposing her to aim at such a thing, she decidedly fails, and the winding-up of her *dramatis personæ* is hurried and imperfect. Notwithstanding these defects, however, she has succeeded in rivetting universal attention, while her aims are in the highest degree praiseworthy.

HANDEL IN DUBLIN.

If biographers will occasionally make assertions at random, and pass lightly over important events, because their records are not at hand, while they give ample development to others, just because the materials for doing so are more abundant, it is well that there is to be found here and there an industrious *littérateur*, who will leave no leaf unturned, and no corner unexplored, if he suspects that any error has been committed, or any passage of interest slighted, in the memoirs of a favourite author.

Mr Mainwaring, the earliest biographer of Handel, and, on his authority, a host of subsequent writers, took upon them to assert, without any apparent foundation, that the oratorio of the *Messiah* was performed in London in the year 1741, previously to Handel's visit to Ireland; but that it met with a cold reception, and this was one cause of his leaving England. Dr Burney, when composing his *History of Music*, examined all the London newspapers where public amusements were advertised during 1741 and for several previous years, but found no mention whatever of this oratorio. He remembered, too, being a school-boy at Chester when Handel spent a week there, waiting for fair winds to carry him across the Channel, and taking advantage of the delay 'to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland.' An amateur band was mustered for him, and the manuscript choruses thus verified

were those of the *Messiah*. In the absence, therefore, of stronger evidence to the contrary, Dr Burney believed that Dublin had the honour of its first performance. An Irish barrister has now proved this, we think, beyond dispute.* His evidence has been drawn from the newspaper tomes of 1741, preserved in the public libraries of Dublin, confirmed by the records of the cathedrals and some of the charitable institutions, and yet more emphatically from some original letters of this date. He has thus succeeded in doing 'justice to Ireland,' by securing for it, in all time to come, the distinguished place which it is entitled to occupy in the history of this great man. Perhaps we should rather say, he has done justice to England, by clearing it of the imputation of having 'coldly received' a musical production to which immortal fame has since been decreed. While the musical world will thank our author for several new facts particularly interesting to them, the main attraction for general readers will probably be found in the glimpses which this volume affords of a *beau monde* which has passed away.

In 1720, a royal academy for the promotion of Italian operas was founded in London by some of the nobility and gentry under royal auspices. Handel, Bononcini, and Arcosti, were engaged as a triumvirate of composers; and to Handel was committed the charge of engaging the singers. But the rivalry between him and Bononcini rose to strife; the aristocratic patrons took nearly equal sides; and a furious controversy on their respective merits was carried on for years. Hence the epigram of Dean Swift—

Some say that Signor Bononcini,
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold the candle.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!

When the withdrawal of both his rivals left Handel in sole possession of the field, he quarrelled with some of his principal performers, and thereupon ensued new scenes of discord. Ladies of the highest rank entered with enthusiasm into the strife; and while some flourished their fans aloft on the side of Faustina, whom Handel had introduced in order to supersede Cuzzoni, another party, headed by the Countess of Pembroke, espoused the cause of the depressed songstress, and made her take an oath on the Holy Gospels, that she would never submit to accept a lower salary than her rival. The humorous poets of the day took up the theme. Pope introduced it into his *Dunciad*, and Arbuthnot published two witty brochures, entitled *Harmony in an Uproar*, and *The Devil to Pay at St James's*. The result of these and other contests, in which Handel gradually lost ground, was the establishment of a rival Opera at Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was patronised by the Prince of Wales and most of the nobles; and not even the presence of the king and queen, who continued the steady friends of Handel, could attract for him an audience at the Haymarket. It became quite fashionable to decry his compositions as beneath the notice of musical connoisseurs. Politics, it is said, came to mingle in the controversy; and those who held by the king's Opera were as certainly Tories, as those who went to the nobility's were Whigs. Of course all this was very foolish, and very wrong; yet in our days of stately conventionality, when perfect impassibility is deemed the highest style of breeding, there is something refreshing in reading of such animated scenes in high life. The crowning act of hostility to Handel, was when the Earl of Middleton himself assumed the profession of manager of Italian operas, and engaged the king's theatre, with a new composer, and a new company.

* An Account of the Visit of Handel to Dublin. By Horatio Townsend, Esq. London: Orr & Co.

Handel had, for some time, been meditating a withdrawal from the Opera, in order to devote himself exclusively to the composition of sacred music, of which he had already produced several fine specimens. He was wont to say, that this was an occupation 'better suited to the circumstances of a man advancing in years, than that of adapting music to such vain and trivial words as the musical drama generally consists of.' The truth was, he had discovered his forte. But the tide of fashionable feeling ran so strongly against him, that even the performance of the oratorios of *Saul* and *Israel in Egypt* scarcely paid expenses. Unwilling to submit his forthcoming *Messiah* also to the caprices of fashion, and the malignity of party, he wisely embraced an opportunity which was opened to him of bringing out this great work in Dublin, under singularly favourable auspices, and crossed the Channel in November 1741.

Those who are acquainted with the Irish metropolis—not merely with the handsome streets and squares eastward, which are now the abodes of gentility, but with the dirty thoroughfares about the cathedrals—have observed the large houses which some of them contain, now let in single rooms to a wretched population, and need scarcely be told that they were once the abodes of wealth and luxury. Fishamble Street, in this quarter of the town, is one of the oldest streets in Dublin. Under the eastern gable of the ancient cathedral of Christ's Church, separated and hidden from it by a row of houses, it winds its crooked course down the hill from Castle Street to the Liffey, as forlorn and neglected as other old streets in its vicinity. A number of trunkmakers' shops give it an aspect somewhat peculiar; miserable alleys open from it on the right and left; a barber's pole or two overhang the footway; and huxters' shops are frequent, with their wonted array of articles more useful than ornamental. One would never guess, looking at this old street, that it was once the festive resort of the wealthy and refined. It needs an effort of imagination to conceive of it as having witnessed the gay throng of fashion and aristocracy; the vice-regal *cortège*; ladies, in hoops and feathers; and "white-gloved beaux," in bag, and sword, and chapeau; with scores of liveried footmen and pages; and the press of coaches, and chariots, and sedan-chairs. Yet such was the scene often presented here in the eighteenth century. For see, in an oblique angle of the street, and somewhat retired from the other houses, is a mean, neglected old building, with a wooden porch, still known by name as the Fishamble Street Theatre. This is the remaining part of what was originally 'the great music-hall,' built by a charitable musical society, 'finished in the most elegant manner, under the direction of Captain Castell,' and opened to the public on the 2d October 1741. It was within these walls that the notes of the *Messiah* first sounded in the ears of an enraptured audience, and here that its author entered on a new career of fame.

To prepare for the reception of this, his master-work, Handel first gave a series of musical entertainments, consisting of some of his earlier oratorios, and other kindred compositions. They commanded a most distinguished auditory, including the Lord-Lieutenant and his family, and were crowned with success in a pecuniary point of view, answering, and indeed exceeding, the composer's highest expectations. In a letter written at this time to Mr C. Jennens, who had selected the words of the *Messiah*, and composed those of a cantata which had been much admired, he describes, in glowing colours, his happy position, and informs him that he had set the *Messiah* to music before he left England—thus inferentially affording additional evidence that it had not been performed there. Moreover, the advertisements call it Handel's new oratorio, and boast that it was composed expressly for the charitable purpose to which the proceeds of its first performance were

consecrated. This is confirmed by reference to the minutes of one at least of these institutions, in which it appears that Handel was in correspondence with them before he had completed his composition.

The people of Dublin are passionately fond of music, and charitable musical societies form a peculiar and interesting feature of its society during the last century. These were academies or clubs, each of which was attached in the way of patronage to some particular charity, to which its revenues were consecrated. Whitelaw, in his *History of Dublin* (1758), mentions a very aristocratic musical academy, which held its meetings in the Fishamble Street Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Mornington—the Duke of Wellington's father. His lordship was himself the leader of the band; among the violoncellos were Lord Bellamont, Sir John Dillon, and Dean Burke; among the flutes, Lord Lucan; at the harpsichord, Lady Freke; and so on. Their meetings, we are told, were private, except once a year, when they performed in public for a charitable purpose, and admitted all who chose to buy tickets. It does not appear, however, that this academy was identical with the association that built the hall, and whose concerts seem to have been much more frequent, as well as its benevolent designs more extensive. It was called, *par eminence*, The Charitable Musical Society; the others having distinctive designations besides. The objects of its benevolence were the prisoners of the Marshalseas, who were in circumstances similar to those which, many years afterwards, elicited the benevolent labours of John Howard: confined often for trifling debts, pining in hopeless misery, and without food, save that received from the casual hand of charity. This society made a daily distribution of bread among some of these, while others were released through their humane exertions. On the 17th of March 1741, they report, that 'the Committee of the Charitable Musical Society appointed for this year to visit the Marshalseas in this city, and release the prisoners confined therein for debt, have already released 188 miserable persons of both sexes. They offered a reasonable composition to the creditors, and many of the creditors being in circumstances almost equally miserable with their debtors, due regard was paid by the committee to this circumstance.' Their funds must have improved considerably after the erection of their Music Hall, which seems to have been the largest room of the kind in Dublin, and in frequent requisition for public concerts, balls, and other reunions where it was desirable to assemble a numerous company, or employ a large orchestra. The hire of the hall on such occasions would form a handsome addition to the proceeds of their own concerts.

It was to these funds that the proceeds of the first performance of the *Messiah* were devoted, in connection with those of Mercer's Hospital, an old and still eminent school of surgery—and the Royal Infirmary, which still exists in Jervis Street as a place for the immediate reception of persons meeting with sudden accidents. The performance was duly advertised in *Faulkner's Journal*, with the additional announcement, that 'many ladies and gentlemen who are well-wishers to this noble and grand charity, for which this oratorio was composed, request it as a favour that the ladies who honour this performance with their presence would be pleased to come without hoops, as it will greatly increase the charity by making room for more company.' In another advertisement it is added, that 'the gentlemen are desired to come without their swords.'

On the ensuing Saturday, the following account was given of this memorable festival: 'On Tuesday last (April 13, 1742), Mr Handel's sacred grand oratorio, the *Messiah*, was performed in the New Musick Hall in Fishamble Street; the best judges allowed it to be the most finished piece of musick. Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the

admiring, crowded audience. The sublime, the grand, and the tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestic, and moving words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear. It is but just to Mr Handel, that the world should know he generously gave the money arising from this grand performance to be equally shared by the Society for Relieving Prisoners, the Charitable Infirmary, and Mercer's Hospital, for which they will ever gratefully remember his name; and that the gentlemen of the two choirs, Mr Dubourg, Mrs Avolio, and Mrs Cibber, who all performed their parts to admiration, acted also on the same disinterested principle, satisfied with the deserved applause of the publick, and the conscious pleasure of promoting such useful and extensive charity. There were above 700 people in the room, and the sum collected for that noble and pious charity amounted to about L.400, out of which L.127 goes to each of the three great and pious charities.'

Handel remained five months longer in the Irish metropolis, during which period it is recorded that 'he diverted the thoughts of the people from every other pursuit.' On his return to London in August 1742, he was warmly received by his former friends; his enemies, too, were greatly conciliated. His having relinquished all concern with operatic affairs, and opened for himself a new and undisputed sphere, removed the old grounds of hostility; while the enthusiastic reception which he had met in Dublin, had served as an effectual reproach to those whose malignity had forced him to seek for justice there. Notwithstanding some difficulties at the outset of his new career at home, he lived to realise an income of above L.2000 a year, and never found it necessary or convenient to revisit Ireland; but the custom of performing his oratorios and cantatas for the benefit of medical charities was maintained for many years; and it is believed that the works of no other composer have so largely contributed to the relief of human suffering.

ROYAL GARDENING.

Gardening has frequently been one of the most exhilarating recreations of royalty. When Lysander, the Lacedemonian general, brought magnificent presents to Cyrus, the younger son of Darius, who piqued himself more on his integrity and politeness than on his rank and birth, the prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of fruits planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable; the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers exhaling odours universally throughout the delightful scene. 'Everything charms and transports me in this place,' said Lysander to Cyrus; 'but what strikes me most is the exquisite taste and elegant industry of the person who drew the plan of these gardens, and gave it the fine order, wonderful disposition, and happiness of arrangement which I cannot sufficiently admire.' Cyrus replied: 'It was I that drew the plan, and entirely marked it out; and many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands.' 'What!' exclaimed Lysander with surprise, and viewing Cyrus from head to foot—'is it possible, that with those purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered; is it possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?' 'Does that surprise you?' said Cyrus. 'I assure you, that when my health permits, I never sit down to table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other toilsome employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure.' Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand, and said: 'You are truly happy, and deserve your high fortune, since you unite it with virtue.'

UNDER THE PALMS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

UNDER the palm-trees on India's shore
Ne'er shall I wander at morning or eve;
Hearts there have withered, but still in the core
Of mine springs the memory of feelings that give
Green thoughts in sunshine and bright hopes in gloom;
Friendship, which love's loud emotions become:
Oh, happy was I, in those bowers of perfume,
Under the palms!

Go forth, little children; the wood's insect-hum
Invites ye; expand there, like buds in the sun;
Leave schools and their studies for days that will come,
And let thy first lessons from nature be won!
Teachings hath nature most sage and most sweet—
The music that swells in the tree-linnet's psalms;
So taught, my young heart learned to prize that retreat
Under the palms!

The odour of jasmines afloat on the breeze,
That woke in the dawning the birds on each bough;
The frolicsome squirrels, that scampered at ease
Mid lithe leaves and soft moss that smiled down below:
Heaps piled up of mangoes, all fragrant and rich;
Guavas pink-cored, such a wealth of sweet alms
Presented by bright maids, whose sweet songs bewitch
Under the palms!

Pale, yellow bananas, with satiny pulp
That tastes like some dainty of sugar and cream;
Blithe-kernelled pomegranates, just gathered to help
A feast fit to serve in the bowers of a dream!
Milk, foaming and snowy; rice, swelling and sweet;
Iced sherbet that cools, and spiced ginger that warms:
Oh, simple our banquet in that dear retreat
Under the palms!

A tinkling of lutes and a toning of voices—
Of young maiden voices just fresh from the bath;
A sprinkling of rosewater cool, that rejoices
The scented grass screening our bower from the path;
Trim baskets of melons, new gathered, beside
Fair bunches of blossoms that heal all sick qualms;
And books, when to reading our fancies subside,
Under the palms!

Or silence at eve when the sun hath gone down,
Or the sound of *one* cithern makes melody near;
While a beautiful boy, that hath ne'er known a frown,
Softly murmurs a tale of the East in the ear;
Of peris, that cluster round flower-stalks like fruit—
Of genii, that breathe amid blossoms and balms—
Of gazelle-eyed hours, that play on sweet lutes
Under the palms!

Of roses, that nightly unfold their flower-leaves
To welcome the lays of the loved nightingale—
Of spirits, that home in an Eden of Eves
Where the sun never scorches, the strength never fails!
So singing, so playing, Sleep steals on us all,
Enclaspings us gently within her soft arms!—
Let me dream that the moonbeams still over me fall
Under the palms!

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MRS CHISHOLM.

This lady will be ranked with the memorable persons of the age; her enthusiastic and ceaseless endeavours to do good, the discretion and intelligence with which she pursues her aims, and her remarkable self-sacrifices in the cause of humanity, placing her in the category of the Mrs Frys and other heroic Englishwomen. The history of Mrs Chisholm's labours up to the present time is worthy of being fully told.

Caroline Jones, as this lady was originally called, is the daughter of William Jones, a respectable yeoman of Northamptonshire; and when about twenty years of age, she was married to Captain A. Chisholm of the Madras army. Two years after this event, she removed with her husband to India, where she entered upon those movements of a public nature that have so eminently distinguished her. Shocked with the depravities to which the children of soldiers are exposed in the barrack-rooms, she rested not till she had established a School of Industry for girls, which became eminently successful, and, under an extended form, has continued to be of great social importance to Madras. The pupils were taught to sew, cook, and otherwise manage household affairs; and we are told, that on finishing their education, they were eagerly sought for as servants, or wives, by non-commissioned officers. In this career of usefulness, Mrs Chisholm employed herself until 1838, when, for the benefit of her husband's health, and that of her infant family, she left India for Australia, the climate of which seemed likely to prove beneficial. At the end of the year, she arrived in Sydney, where, besides attending to family matters, there was plenty of scope for philanthropic exertion. Drawing our information from a small work purporting to present a memoir of Mrs Chisholm,* it appears that 'the first objects that came under her notice, and were benefited by her benevolence, were a party of Highland emigrants, who had been sent to the shores of a country where the language spoken was to them strange and unknown, and without a friend to assist or guide them in that path of honourable labour which they desired. As a temporary means of relief, Mrs Chisholm lent them money to purchase tools and wheelbarrows, whereby they might cut and sell firewood to the inhabitants. The success of this experiment was gratifying both to the bestower and receiver; in the one it revived drooping hopes, the other it incited to larger enterprises of humanity.'

In 1840, Captain Chisholm returned to his duties in India, leaving his wife and family to remain some time

longer in Sydney; and from this period may be dated her extraordinary efforts for meliorating the condition of poor female emigrants. What fell under her notice in connection with these luckless individuals was truly appalling. Huddled into a barrack on arrival; no trouble taken to put girls in the way of earning an honest livelihood; moral pollution all around; the government authorities and everybody else too busy to mind whether emigration was rightly or wrongly conducted—there was evidently much to be done. In January 1841, Mrs Chisholm wrote to Lady Gipps, the wife of the governor, on the subject; tried to interest others; and although with some doubts as to the result, all expressed themselves interested. Much jealousy and prejudice, however, required to be overcome. Bigotry was even brought into play. There might be some deep sectarian scheme in the pretended efforts to save these young and unprotected females. We need hardly speak in the language of detestation of this species of obstructiveness, which prevents hundreds of valuable schemes of social melioration from being entered into. Fortunately, Mrs Chisholm treated with scorn or indifference the various means adopted to retard her benevolent operations. She persevered until she had organised the Female Emigrants' Home. She says: 'I appealed to the public for support: after a time, this appeal was liberally met. There were neither sufficient arrangements made for removing emigrants into the interior, nor for protecting females on their arrival. A few only were properly protected, while hundreds were wandering about Sydney without friends or protection—great numbers of these young creatures were thrown out of employment by new arrivals. I received into the Home several, who, I found, had slept out many nights in the government domain, seeking the sheltered recesses of the rocks rather than encounter the dangers of the streets. It was estimated that there were 600 females, at the time I commenced, unprovided for in Sydney. I made an offer to the government of gratuitously devoting my time to the superintendence of a Home of Protection for them in the town, and also to exert myself to procure situations for them in the country.'

While making arrangements for conducting the establishment for female emigrants, Mrs Chisholm acquired a consciousness that male emigrants of a humble class likewise required some degree of attention. Great numbers, for want of proper information, did not know what to do with themselves on arrival. 'At the time labourers were required in the interior, there were numbers idle in Sydney, supported at the expense of the government. Things were a serious aspect; mischief-making parties, for some paltry gain, fed the spirits

* Memoirs of Mrs Caroline Chisholm. London: Webb, Millington, & Co. 1852.

of discontent. The Irish lay in the streets, looking vacantly, and basking in the sun. Apart from them, Englishmen, sullen in feature, sat on gates and palings, letting their legs swing in the air. Another group was composed of Scotchmen, their hands thrust into their empty pockets, suspiciously glancing at everything and everybody from beneath their bushy eyebrows. Mrs Chisholm ventured to produce a change; she provided for the leaders first, shewed how she desired to be the friend of the industrious man, and went with numbers in search of employment, far into the country. She undertook journeys of 300 miles into the interior with families; and the further she went, the more satisfactory was the settlement of the parties accompanying this brave lady. "When the public had an opportunity of judging of the effect of my system," writes Mrs Chisholm, "they came forward, and enabled me to go on. The government contributed, in various ways, to the amount of about L.150. I met with great assistance from the country committees. The squatters and settlers were always willing to give me conveyance for the people. The country people always supplied provisions. Mr William Bradley, a native of the colony, authorised me to draw upon him for money, provisions, horses, or anything I might require; but the people met my efforts so readily, that I had no necessity to draw upon him for a sixpence. At public inns, the females were sheltered, and I was provisioned myself without charge: my personal expenses, during my seven years' service, amounted to only L.1, 18s. 6d. As numbers of the masters were afraid, if they advanced the money for the conveyance by the steamers, the parties would never reach the stations, I met the difficulty by advancing the fare, confiding in the good feeling of the man that he would keep to his agreement, and to the principle of the master that he would repay me. Although in hundreds of cases the masters were then strangers to me, I only lost L.16 by casualties. At times, I have paid as much as L.40 for steamers, and, from first to last, in following out my system, I have been the means of settling 11,000 souls. The largest number that ever left Sydney under my charge, at one time, was 147; but from accessions on the road, they increased considerably. The longest journey of this kind occupied five weeks, three weeks of which were passed on the road."

One cannot but admire the enthusiasm with which all this was gone through. The whole thing was a labour of love, and carried through, as will be observed, not without vast personal toil, and some degree of pecuniary outlay. Mrs Chisholm says she lost only L.16; but how few people in her rank, and with as comparatively moderate means, would give L.16 to promote any benevolent project whatsoever! The bulk of mankind content themselves with contributing criticism. They applaud or censure according as the thing looks in the eye of the world: when money is spoken of, they keep discreetly aloof.

In her enterprise to put female emigrants on the road to fortune, Mrs Chisholm met with some curious cases of presumption. Many applications were made by young women who professed to be governesses, but were utterly incompetent for the situation. Among others came one who offered herself as a nursery governess, who, on inquiry, could neither read nor write nor spell correctly. Another wished for the situation of housekeeper, and with her the following dialogue took place:—"Can you wash your own clothes?" "Never did such a thing in my life." "Can you make a dress?" "No." "Cook?" "No." "What can you do?" "Why, ma'am, I could look after the servants; I could direct them: I should make an excellent housekeeper." "You are certain?" "Yes, or I would not say so." "Do you know the quantity of the different ingredients wanted for a beefsteak-pie of the size of that dish, and a rice-pudding of the same size?" "O no, ma'am—

that's not what I meant: *I'd see that the servants did it!*" "But there might be great waste, and you not know it; besides, all, or nearly all, the servants sent to this colony require teaching."

"Nothing," observes Mrs Chisholm, but my faith in Providence, that there must be a place fitting for every body in society, enabled me to bear such inflictions: this faith made me labour in seeking some suitable employment for each, and had I not possessed it, but turned them out, their fate would have been inevitable and horrible."

The business of attending to the 'Home,' and finding places for everybody, was not without some pleasant excitement. Mrs Chisholm was sometimes asked to find wives as well as servants; and as a specimen of applications on this delicate head, she gives the following amusing epistle, which is printed as she received it:—

"REVEREND MADAM—I heard you are the best to send to for a servant, and I heard our police magistrate say, it was best to leave all to you; and so I'll just do the same, as his honour says it's the best. I had a wife once, and so she was too good for me by the far, and it was God's will, ma'am; but I has a child, ma'am, that I wouldn't see a straw touch for the world; the boy's only four years old: and I has a snug fifty-acre farm and a town lotment, and I has no debts in the world, and one team and four bullocks; and I've ten head oh cattle, and a share on eight hundred sheep, so I as a rite to a desent servant, that can wash and cook and make the place decant; and I don't mind what religion she bey, if she is sober and good, only I've a Protestant myself; and the boy I have, I promised the mother on her death-bed should be a Catholic, and I won't, anyhow, have any interference in this here matter. That I do like in writing nothing else, I wouldn't, mam, on any account in the world, be bound to marry; but I don't wish it altogether to be left out. I'll ge her fourteen wages, and if she don't like me, and I don't like her, I'll pay her back to Sydney. I want nothing in the world but what is honest, so make the agreement as you like, and I'll bide by it. I sends you all the papers, and you'l now I'm a man wot's to be trusted. I sends you five pounds; she may get wages first, for I know some of the gals, and the best on um, to, are not heavy we boxes; and supposing anything should happen, I would not like it to be said she come here in rags. I wants, also, a man and his wife; he must be willing to learn to plough, if he don't now how, and do a good fair day's work at anything; his wife must be a milker, and ha dustrious woman; I'll give them as much as they can eat and drink of tea and milk, and, whatever wages you set my name down for, I'll be bound to pay it. With all the honer in the world, I've bound to remain your servant till death." There was something, remarks Mrs Chisholm, in the character of this honest bushman, during his colonial residence, to admire; he had gained his freedom, sent home money to his parents, and, during a long and tedious illness of twenty months, had attended his sick wife with patient care. Who would not get up an hour earlier to serve such a man?—I did, for I knew that early in the morning is the best time to choose a wife. I went first into the governess-room—all asleep; I unlocked the Home-door—some dressed, others half-dressed, some too very cross: I have often remarked, that early in the day is the best time to judge of a woman's temper; but I wish this to be kept a secret. I remained half an hour in the Home; I then went through the tents, could not suit myself, and returned. At the Home-door, I found a girl at the wash-tub; she was at work with spirit; she was rather good-looking, very neat and tidy. I went into my office, and ascertained that, on board ship, her character was good. I desired the matron never to lose sight of her conduct, and report the same to me. Day after day passed, and I was at last fully determined to place

her within reach of my applicant in the bush—that is, in a respectable family in his near neighbourhood; but I was able to arrange better, for I found that, amongst the families wanting situations, there was one related to her. I immediately engaged them as the bushman's servants; they were a respectable couple; the man a very prudent person. I told them to take the girl with them, and get her service near them, and on no account to allow her to live with a bachelor. I gave the girl three letters to respectable ladies, and she was engaged by one the fourth day after her arrival at ——. About a fortnight after, the bushman wrote to thank me for sending him the married couple; and concluded by saying: "With regard to that other matter, upon my word you have suited me exactly; and as soon as our month is up, we is to be married." I received, says Mrs Chisholm, forty-one applications of this kind; but the above is the only girl I ever sent into the country with a direct matrimonial intention.

That 'Providence has a place for everybody' is an axiom that cannot be too strongly insisted on. The difficulty, however, is to know where that place is. It will help considerably to relieve us of trouble on this score, if we bear in mind that we are not limited in our choice of country. If every place is filled in this old and settled territory, by all means go away to new regions which lie invitingly open for trial. In short, go to America, or go to Australia, and in either of these find your proper place. There can be no doubt of your discovering it, provided you but look for it. Great in this faith has Caroline Chisholm laboured. First, she helped women into situations in Australia; then she similarly helped men; next, she fell on the expedient of bringing wives and families to join husbands who longed for their society; and lastly, she organised plans for sending out young women to the colony, with a view to balance the inequality of the sexes. To execute her designs in a proper manner, she required to know the real wants and condition of settlers; and, will it be credited, that she set out on long and painful journeys in a covered spring-van, and did not desist till she had gathered six hundred biographies!

In 1845, Mrs Chisholm was joined by her husband from India, and she prepared to return to England. Five years of earnest and successful endeavour had wonderfully altered the general opinion respecting her operations. There was no longer any fault-finding. Jealousies had been overcome. It was now the fashion to speak well of plans that were once viewed with apathy or suspicion. 'In February 1846, a public meeting was held at Sydney, for the purpose of taking into consideration the presenting to Mrs Chisholm, then on the eve of her departure for England, a testimonial of the estimation in which her labours on behalf of the emigrant population were viewed by the colonists. Some idea may be formed of the respect felt for the admirable lady, and acknowledgment of her public services, when eight members of the Legislative Council, the mayor of Sydney, the high-sheriff, thirteen magistrates, and many leading merchants, formed themselves into a committee to carry the wishes of the meeting into effect. The amount of each subscription was limited.' In a short time 150 guineas were raised, and presented with a laudatory address. 'Mrs Chisholm accepted the testimonial, in order to expend it in further promoting emigration, in restoring wives to husbands, and children to parents. In the course of her answer, she said: "It is my intention, if supported by your co-operation, to attempt more than I have hitherto performed." She left Australia in 1846, bearing with her the warm prayers of the working colonists, whose confidence and gratitude, both bond and free, she had thoroughly secured, charged with the self-imposed mission of representing in England the claims of those powerless classes who have neither honour nor pensions to bestow on their advocates.'

Since 1846, Mrs Chisholm has resided near London, and devoted herself to the promotion of her last great scheme. This is to send emigrants to Australia, in what are called Family Groups, under the auspices of the Family Colonisation Loan Society. The main features of the plan are these: suitable and well-recommended persons are enrolled as members on paying a small fee; and they are sent out on paying two-thirds of the passage-money—the remaining third being paid as a loan by the society, which loan is to be repaid from wages received in the colony. No security is required for the loan. The society reckon on the integrity and gratitude of the emigrants, and on the principle of associating parties into groups, the members of which exercise a mutual supervision. A group consists of twelve adults. Friendless young women are introduced to and grouped with families. These introductions usually take place at Mrs Chisholm's residence once every week, when the groups are addressed in a friendly manner, and furnished with hints for their government on board ship.

Another important feature in these operations, is to help poor emigrants to remit small sums to friends at home, the difficulty of making such remittances having formerly been very considerable. To organise a proper system of remitting, Captain Chisholm has returned to Australia, and, according to an account given by Mrs Chisholm in a letter to the *Times*, it appears that the system is realising all reasonable expectation. We copy the substance of this letter as a fitting conclusion to our sketch.

'This is the first organised attempt of enabling the English emigrants in Australia to imitate the generous devotion of the Irish settled in the United States. While contemplating with admiration the laborious devotion proved by the remittance of millions sterling from the American Irish to remove their relations from a land of low wages and famine, I have always had a firm belief that the English emigrants in Australia only required the opportunity to imitate the noble example, and the "remittance-roll" is evidence of the correctness of my opinion.

'Until very recently, there have been no channels through which the Australian settler could safely and cheaply remit small sums to England.

'When I was resident in Sydney, many emigrants were anxious to send small sums to their friends "at home," and came to me with money for that purpose; but I found that the banks charged as much for L.15 as for L.50, and that they altogether declined to take the trouble of remitting small amounts. On making a representation of this fact to his excellency Sir George Gipps, he communicated with the banks through the Colonial Secretary, and they consented to receive small remittances from labouring people, if I personally accompanied the depositor; but, with my other engagements, it was impossible for me to spare many hours in the week to introducing shepherds and stockmen, with their L.5 or L.10, to the cashiers of the banks. Many a man, within my knowledge, has gone away on finding that he could not remit his intended present to his relations, and spent the amount in a drunken "snee." I therefore determined, that on my return to England, I would endeavour to organise some plan which should render labourers remitting their little tributes of affection to their friends nearly as easy as posting a letter.

'As soon as the Family Colonisation Society was organised, Messrs Coutts & Co. consented to appoint agents, and receive the remittances due to the society. But in order to teach and encourage the labouring colonists to take advantage of the power of remitting to England, my husband saw that it was necessary that some one devoted to the work should proceed to the colonies. The society was not rich enough to pay an agent, or even to pay the expenses of an agent who would work without salary; therefore we determined

to divide our income, and separate. My husband proceeded to the colony, to collect and remit the loans of the society's emigrants, and the savings of those emigrants who wished to be joined by parents, wives, children, brothers, sisters, or other relations. I remained here to assist such relations to emigrate in an economical, safe, and decent manner, as well as to carry on the correspondence needful for discovering the relatives of long-separated emigrants—often a difficult task. We determined to work thus until the labourers' remittances should swell to such an amount as would render it worth the attention of bankers as a matter of business, if the society were not inclined to continue the trouble and responsibility.

'I am happy to say, my faith in the generous and honest disposition of British emigrants, English, Scotch, and Irish, has not been shaken, and that I may look forward with confidence to a very early date when the remittance connection of the Australian emigrants will be eagerly competed for by the most respectable firms.

'My husband writes me, that the people are filled with joy at finding that they can safely send their earnings, and secure the passage of their friends. In seven weeks he received £3000 in gold-dust or cash, and confidently expects to remit £15,000 within twelve months, and could collect double that sum if he were able to visit the diggings. These remittances are not only from the emigrants sent out by the society, but from various persons of the humbler class who desire to be joined by their relations, and wish them to come out under my ship arrangements.

'It is my intention to return to Australia in the early part of next year, and there endeavour to still further promote the reunion of families. I have addressed this letter to your widely-spread and influential columns, in order to call the attention of the commercial world to the profits which may be obtained by ministering to a demand which is arising among a humble class—in order to call the attention of statesmen and philanthropists to a new element of peace, order, and civilisation, more powerful than soldiers—to a golden chain of domestic feeling, which is bridging the seas between England and Australia. Many parents, wives, children, and brothers and sisters, have received remittances for passages.'

More need hardly be said. As is generally known, ships are sailing almost weekly with emigrants of the class for whom Mrs Chisholm has so warmly interested herself; and we are glad to know from good authority, that already large sums of the lent money have been repaid, proving that the trust put in the honesty of the emigrants has not been misplaced. A great scheme, auxiliary to ordinary emigration, is therefore at work, and its usefulness is acknowledged, not only by the press and the public at large, but by parties ordinarily less alive to projects of social melioration—ministers of the crown. Every one may well concur in paying honour to Caroline Chisholm!

A GHOST OF A HEAD.

PETER LEROUX was a poor ploughman in the environs of Beaugency. After passing the day in leading across the fields the three horses which were generally yoked to his plough, he returned to the farm in the evening, supped, without many words, with his fellow-labourers, lighted his lantern, and then retired to bed in a species of shod communicating with the stables. His dreams were simple, and little coloured with the tints of imagination; his horses were for the most part their principal subject. On one occasion, he started from his slumbers in the midst of his fancied efforts to lift up the obstinate mare, which had taken it into her head to be weak in the legs; another time, the 'old gray' had entangled his hoof in the cords of the team. One night, he dreamed that he had just put an entirely new

thong to his old whip, but that, notwithstanding, it obstinately refused to crack. This remarkable vision impressed him so deeply, that, on awaking, he seized the whip, which he was accustomed to place every night by his side; and in order thoroughly to assure himself that he was not stricken powerless, and deprived of the most gratifying prerogative of the ploughman, he took to smacking it violently in the dead of the night. At this noise, all the stable was in commotion; the horses, alarmed, neighed, and ran one against the other, almost breaking their cords; but, with some soothing words, Peter Leroux managed to appease all this tumult, and silence was immediately restored. This was one of those extraordinary events of his life which he never failed to relate every time that a cup of wine had made him eloquent, and he found a companion in the mood to listen to him.

About the same period, dreams of quite a different kind occupied the mind of a certain M. Desalleux, deputy of the public prosecutor in the criminal court of Orleans. Having made a promising *début* in that office only a few months previously, there was no longer any position in the magistracy which he believed too high for his future attainment; and the post of keeper of the seals was one of the most frequent visions of his slumbers. But it was particularly in the intoxicating triumphs of oratory that his thoughts would revel in sleep, when the whole day had been given to the study of some case in which he was to plead. The glory of the Aguesseaux, and the other celebrated names of the great days of parliamentary eloquence, scarcely sufficed for his impatient ambition; it was in the most distant periods of the past—the times of the marvellous eloquence of Demosthenes—that he delighted to contemplate the likeness of his own ideal future. The attainment of power by eloquence; such was the idea, the text, so to speak, of his whole life—the one object for which he renounced all the ordinary hopes and pleasures of youth.

One day, these two natures—that of Peter Leroux, lifted scarcely one degree above the range of the brute, and that of M. Desalleux, abstract and rectified to the highest pitch of intellectuality—found themselves face to face. A little contest was going on between them. M. Desalleux, sitting in his official place, demanded, upon evidence somewhat insufficient, the head of Peter Leroux, accused of murder; and Peter Leroux defended his head against the eloquence of M. Desalleux.

Notwithstanding the remarkable disproportion of power which Providence had placed in this duel, the accused, for lack of conclusive proofs, would in all probability have escaped from the hands of the executioner; but from that very scantiness in the evidence arose an extraordinary opportunity for eloquence, which could not fail to be singularly useful to the ambitious hopes of M. Desalleux. In justice to himself, he could not neglect to take advantage of it.

In the next place, an unlucky circumstance presented itself for poor Peter Leroux. Some days before the commencement of the trial, and in the presence of several ladies, who promised themselves the pleasure of being there to enjoy the spectacle, the young deputy had let fall an expression of his firm confidence in obtaining from the jury a verdict of condemnation. Every one will understand the painful position in which he would be placed if his prosecution failed, and Peter Leroux came back with his head upon his shoulders, to testify to the weakness of M. Desalleux's eloquence. Let us not be too severe upon the deputy of the public prosecutor: if he was not absolutely convinced, it was his duty to appear so, and only the more meritorious to utter such eloquent denunciations as for a century past had not been heard at the bar of the criminal court of

Orleans. Oh, if you had been there to see how they were moved, those poor gentlemen of the jury!—moved almost to tears, when, in a fine and most sonorous peroration, he set before them the fearful picture of society shaken to its foundations—the whole community about to enter upon dissolution, immediately upon the acquittal of Peter Leroux! If you had only heard the courteous eulogiums exchanged on both sides, when the advocate of the accused, commencing his address, declared that he could not go further without rendering homage to the brilliant powers of oratory displayed by the deputy public prosecutor! If you had only heard the president of the court, making the same felicitations the text of his exordium, so well, that nothing would have persuaded you that it was not an academical fête, and that they were not simply awarding a prize for eloquence, instead of a sentence of death to a fellow-creature. You would have seen, in the midst of a crowd of 'elegantly-attired members of the fair sex,' as the newspapers of the province said, the sister of M. Desalleux, receiving the compliments of all the ladies around her; while, at a little distance, the old father was weeping with joy at the sight of the noble son and incomparable orator whom he had given to the world.

Six weeks after this scene of family happiness, Peter Leroux, accompanied by the executioner, mounted the condemned cart, which waited for him at the door of the jail of Orleans. They proceeded together to the Place du Martroie, which is the spot where executions take place. Here they found a scaffold erected, and a considerable concourse of persons expecting them. Peter Leroux, with the slow and heavy ascent of a sack of flour going up by means of a pulley to the top of a warehouse, mounts the steps of the scaffold. As he reached the platform, a ray of sunlight, playing upon the brilliant and polished steel of the instrument of justice, dazzled his eyes, and he seemed about to stumble; but the executioner, with the courteous attention of a host who knows how to do the honours of his house, sustained him by the arm, and placed him upon the plank of the guillotine. There Peter Leroux found the clerk of the court, who had come for the purpose of reading formally the order for execution; the gendarmes, who were charged to see that the public peace was kept during the business about to be transacted; and the assistants of the executioner, who, notwithstanding the ill name which has been given to them, pointed out to him, with a complaisance full of delicate consideration, the precise position in which to place himself under the axe. One minute after, Peter Leroux's head was divorced from his body, which operation was accomplished with such dexterity, that many of those present at the spectacle asked of their neighbours if it was already finished; and were told that it was; upon which they remarked, that it was the last time they would put themselves so much out of the way for so little.

Three months had passed since the head and body of Peter Leroux had been cast into a corner of the cemetery, and, in all probability, the grave no longer concealed aught but his bones, when a new session of assizes was opened, and M. Desalleux had again to support a capital indictment.

The day previous, he quitted at an early hour a ball to which he had been invited with all his family, at a château in the environs, and returned alone to the city, in order to prepare his case for the morrow.

The night was dark; a warm wind from the south whistled drearily, while the buzz of the gay scene that he had left seemed to linger in his ears. A feeling of melancholy stole over him. The memory of many people whom he had known, and who were dead, returned to his mind; and, scarcely knowing why, he began to think of Peter Leroux.

Nevertheless, as he drew near the city, and the first

lights of the suburbs began to appear, all his sombre ideas vanished, and as soon as he found himself again at his desk, surrounded by his books and papers, he thought no longer of anything but his oration, which he had determined should be even yet more brilliant than any that had preceded it.

His system of indictment was already nearly settled. It is singular, by the way, that French legal expression, a 'system of indictment'—that is to say, an absolute manner of grouping an *ensemble* of facts and proofs, in virtue of which the prosecutor appropriates to himself the head of a man—as one would say, 'a system of philosophy'—that is, an *ensemble* of reasonings and sophisms, by the aid of which we establish some harmless truth, theory, or fancy. His system of indictment was nearly completed, when the deposition of a witness which he had not examined, suddenly presented itself, with such an aspect as threatened to overturn all the edifice of his logic. He hesitated for some moments; but, as we have already seen, M. Desalleux, in his functions of deputy-prosecutor, consulted his vanity at least as often as his conscience. Invoking all his powers of logic and skill for turning words to his purpose, struggling muscle to muscle with the unlucky testimony, he did not despair of finally enlisting it in the number of his best arguments, as containing the most conclusive evidence against the prisoner; but, unfortunately, the trouble was considerable, and the night was already far advanced.

The clock had just struck three, and the lamp upon his table, burning with a crust upon the wick, gave only a feeble light in the chamber. Having trimmed it, and feeling somewhat excited with his labours, he rose and walked to and fro, then returned and sat in his chair, from which, leaning back in an easy attitude, and suspending his reflections for awhile, he contemplated the stars which were shining through a window opposite. Suddenly lowering his gaze, he encountered what seemed to him two eyes staring in at him through the window-panes. Imagining that the reflection of the lamp, doubled by some flaw in the glass, had deceived him, he changed his place; but the vision only appeared more distinct. As he was not wanting in courage, he took a walking-stick, the only weapon within reach, and opened the window, to see who was the intruder who came thus to observe him at such an hour. The chamber which he occupied was high; above and below, the wall of his house was perfectly perpendicular, and afforded no means by which any one could climb or descend. In the narrow space between himself and the balcony, the smallest object could not have escaped him; but he saw nothing. He thought again that he must have been the dupe of one of those hallucinations that sometimes visit men in the night; and, with a smile, he applied himself again to his labours. But he had not written twenty lines, when he felt, before looking up, that there was something moving in a corner of the chamber. This began to alarm him, for it was not natural that the senses, one after the other, should conspire to deceive him. Raising his eyes, and shading them with his hand from the glare of the lamp beside him, he observed a dusky object advancing towards him with short hops like those of a raven. As the apparition approached him, its aspect became more terrifying; for it took the unmistakable form of a human head separated from the trunk and dripping with blood; and when at length, with a spring, it bounded upon the table, and rolled about over the papers scattered on his desk, M. Desalleux recognised the features of Peter Leroux, who no doubt had come to remind him that a good conscience is of greater value than eloquence. Overcome by a sensation of terror, M. Desalleux fainted. That morning, at day-break, he was found stretched out insensible on the floor near a little pool of blood, which was also found in spots upon his desk, and on the leaves of his pleadings. It

was supposed, and he took care never to contradict it, that he had been seized with a hemorrhage. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was not in a state to speak at the trial, and that all his oratorical preparations were thrown away.

Many days passed before the recollection of that terrible night faded from the memory of the deputy-prosecutor—many days before he could bear to be alone or in the dark without terror. After some months, however, the head of Peter Leroux not having repeated its visit, the pride of intellect began again to counterbalance the testimony of the senses, and again he asked himself, if he had not been duped by them. In order more surely to weaken their authority, which all his reasonings had not been able entirely to overcome, he called to his aid the opinion of his physician, communicating to him in confidence the story of his adventure. The doctor, who, by dint of long examining the human brain, without discovering the slightest trace of anything resembling a soul, had come to a learned conviction of materialism, did not fail to laugh heartily on listening to the recital of the nocturnal vision. This was perhaps the best manner of treating his patient; for by having the appearance of holding his fancy in derision, he forced, as it were, his self-esteem to take a part in the cure. Moreover, as may be imagined, he did not hesitate to explain to his patient, that his hallucination proceeded from an over-tension of the cerebral fibre, followed by congestion and evacuation of blood, which had been the causes of his seeing precisely what he had not seen. Powerfully reassured by this consultation, and as no accident happened to contradict its correctness, M. Desalleux by degrees regained his serenity of mind, and gradually returned to his former habits—modifying them simply inasmuch that he laboured with an application somewhat less severe, and indulged, at the doctor's suggestion, in some of those amusements of life which he had hitherto totally neglected.

M. Desalleux thought of a wife, and no man was more in a position than he to secure a good match; for, without speaking of personal advantages, the fame of his oratorical successes, and perhaps, more still, the little anxiety which he displayed for any other kind of success, had rendered him the object of more than one lady's ambition. But there was in the bent of his life something too positive for him to consent that even the love of a woman should find a place there unconditionally. Among the hearts which seemed ready to bestow themselves upon him, he calculated which was the particular one whose good-will was best supported by money, useful relations, and other social advantages. The first part of his romance being thus settled, he saw without regret that the bride who would bring him all these, was a young girl, witty, and of elegant exterior; whereupon he set about falling in love with her with all the passion of which he was capable, and with the approbation of her family, until at length a marriage was determined upon.

Orleans had not, for a long time, seen a prettier bride than that of M. Desalleux; nor a family more happy than that of M. Desalleux; nor a wedding-ball so joyous and brilliant as that of M. Desalleux. That night he thought no more of his ambition; he lived only in the present. According to French custom, the guests remained until a late hour. Imprisoned in a corner of the saloon by a barrister, who had taken that opportune moment to recommend a case to him, the bridegroom looked, from time to time, at the time-piece, which pointed to a quarter to two. He had also remarked, that twice within a short time the mother of the bride had approached her, and whispered in her ear, and that the latter had replied with an air of confusion. Suddenly, at the conclusion of a contradiction, he perceived, by a certain whispering that ran through the assembly, that something important was

going on. Casting his eyes, while the barrister continued to talk to him, upon the seats which his wife and her ladies of honour had occupied during the whole evening, he perceived that they were empty; whereupon the grave deputy-prosecutor cutting short, as most men would have done under the circumstances, the argument of the barrister, advanced by a clever series of manoeuvres towards the door of the apartment; and at the moment when some domestics entered bearing refreshments, glided out, in the fond and mistaken belief that no one had remarked him.

At the door of the nuptial chamber he met his mother-in-law, who was retiring with the various dignitaries, whose presence had been considered necessary, as well as some matrons who had joined the *cortège*. Pressing his hand, and with a faltering voice, the mother whispered to him a few words, and it was understood that she spoke of her daughter. M. Desalleux, smiling, replied with some affectionate phrases. Most assuredly in that moment he was not thinking of poor Peter Leroux.

At the moment of closing the door of the chamber, the bride was already abed. He remarked, what appeared to him strange, that the curtains of her bed were drawn. The room was quite silent.

The stillness, and the strange fact of the close-drawn curtains embarrassed him. His heart beat violently. He looked around, and remarked her dress and all her wedding-ornaments lying around him, with a graceful air of negligence, in various parts of the room. With a faltering voice he called upon his bride by name. Having no reply, he returned, perhaps to gain time, towards the door, assured himself that it was well fastened, then approaching the bed, he opened the curtains gently.

By the flickering light of the lamp suspended from the ceiling, a singular vision presented itself to his eyes. Near his *fiancée*, who was fast asleep, the head of a man with black hair was lying on the white pillow. Was he again the victim of an error of the senses, or had some usurper dared to occupy his place? At all events, his substitute took little notice of him; for, as well as his wife, he was sound asleep, with his face turned towards the bottom of the alcove. In the moment when M. Desalleux leaned over the bed, to examine the features of this singular intruder, a long sigh, like that of a man awaking from slumber, broke the silence of the chamber; and at the same time the head of the stranger turning towards him, he recognised the face of Peter Leroux staring at him, with that very look of stupefied astonishment with which for two hours the unlucky ploughman had listened to his brilliant discourse in the criminal court of Orleans.

Perhaps, on any other occasion, the deputy-prosecutor, on finding himself a second time visited by this horrible vision, would have suspected that he had been guilty of some wicked action, for which he was doomed to this persecution: his conscience, if he had taken the trouble to cross-examine it, would have very soon told him what was his crime, in which case, being a good Catholic, he would perhaps have gone out and locked the door of the haunted room until morning, when he would have immediately ordered a mass for the repose of the soul of Peter Leroux; by means of this, and of some contributions to the fund for poor prisoners of justice, he might, perhaps, have regained his tranquillity of mind, and escaped for ever from the annoyance to which he had been subjected. At such a time, however, he felt more irritation than remorse; and he accordingly endeavoured to seize the intruder by the hair, and drag him from his resting-place. At the first movement that he made, however, the head, understanding his intentions, began to grind its teeth, and as he stretched out his hand, the bridegroom felt himself severely bitten. The pain of his wound increased his rage. He looked around for some weapon, went

to the fireplace and seized a bar of steel which served to support the fire-irons, then returned, and striking several times upon the bed with all his force, endeavoured to destroy his hideous visitor. But the head, ducking and bobbing like the white gentleman with black spots, whom Punch has never been able to touch, dexterously slipped aside at every blow, which descended harmlessly upon the bed-clothes. For several minutes the furious bridegroom continued to waste his strength in this manner, when, springing with an extraordinary bound, the head passed over the shoulder of its adversary, and disappeared behind him before he could observe by what way it had escaped.

After a careful search, and considerable raking in corners with the bar of steel, finding himself at length master of the field of battle, the deputy-prosecutor returned to the bed. The bride was still miraculously asleep; and, to his horror, he perceived, on lifting the coverlet, that she was lying in a pool of blood, left no doubt by the bleeding head. Misfortunes never come alone: while seeking for a cloth about the chamber, he struck the lamp with his forehead, and extinguished it.

Meanwhile the night was advancing; already the window of the chamber began to glimmer with the coming day. Furious with the obstacles which heaven and earth seemed to set in his way, the deputy-prosecutor determined to solve the mystery. Approaching the bed again, he called upon his bride by the tenderest names, and endeavoured to awake her, yet she continued to sleep. Taking her in his arms, he embraced her passionately; but she slept on, and appeared insensible to all his caresses. What could this mean? Was it the feint of a bashful girl, or was he himself dreaming? It was growing lighter; and in the hope of dispelling the odious enchantments with which he was surrounded, M. Desalleux went to the window, and drew aside the blinds and curtains to let in the new day. Then the unhappy lawyer perceived for the first time why the blood refused to be dried up. Blinded by his anger in his combat with the head of Peter Leroux, and while he had supposed himself to be chastising his disturber, he had, in fact, been striking the head of his unfortunate bride. The blows had been dealt so quickly and with such violence, that she had died without a sigh, or, perhaps, without her assailant's hearing one, in the fury of the struggle.

We leave to psychologists to explain this phenomenon; but on seeing that he had killed his bride, he was seized with a violent fit of laughter, which attracted the attention of his mother-in-law, who knocked gently at the door, and desired to know the cause of the disturbance. On hearing the voice of the mother of his wife, his terrible gaiety increased. Running to open the door, he seized her by the arm, and drawing her to the side of the bed, pulled back the curtains, and revealed to her the terrible spectacle; after which his laughter grew still more furious, until at length he sank exhausted on the floor.

Alarmed at the shrieks of the mother, all the inmates of the house became witnesses of the scene, the report of which spread rapidly through the city. The same morning, upon a warrant from the procureur-general, M. Desalleux was conducted to the criminal prison of Orleans; and it has since been remarked, as a singular coincidence, that his cell was the same that had been occupied by Peter Leroux up to the day of his execution.

The end of the deputy-prosecutor, however, was a little less tragic. Declared by the unanimous testimony of the physicians to be insane, the man who had dreamed of moving the world with his eloquence, was conducted to the hospital for lunatics, and for more than six months kept chained in a dark cell, as in the good old times. At the end of this time, however, as he appeared to be no longer dangerous, his chains were removed, and he was subjected to milder treatment.

As soon as he recovered his liberty, a strange delusion took possession of him, which did not leave him until he died. He fancied himself a tight-rope dancer, and from morning to night danced with the gestures and movements of a man who holds a balancing-rod, and walks upon a cord.

If any one visiting the city of Orleans would take the trouble to inquire of M. Troisétoules, landlord of the Hôtel Aux Clés de la Ville, in the Place du Marché, he would obtain a confirmation of the truth of this history, together with many other facts and circumstances, collateral and ramificatory, concerning the bride and bridegroom, their relations and friends, which we have not thought necessary to state. With regard, however, to the tragic event which we have last described, M. Troisétoules will simply relate what is known to the world on the subject—namely, that the deputy-prosecutor, being injured in mind by overstudy and application to business, knocked out his wife's brains on her wedding-night. We, however, although we decline to mention our sources of information, have been enabled to give the private and secret history of the tragedy, for the truth of which we are equally able to vouch.

A bookseller in Orleans, sometime afterwards, conceived the idea of collecting and publishing a volume of the speeches which he had pronounced during his short but brilliant oratorical career. Three editions were exhausted successively, and not long since a fourth was announced.

DIAMOND-CUTTING.

THE Koh-i-noor, the great diamond that, thanks to the still greater Exhibition, so many have seen, and so many more have heard of, is now in the hands of skilful diamond-cutters, that, unlike the sable beauties of Abyssinia, its charms may be augmented by a judicious reduction in magnitude and gravity. Cut at first with the view of preserving intact as much of the stone as possible, it never possessed the sparkling lustre derived from the scientific disposition of the several sides and angles, technically termed facets, of a well-polished diamond. It is now intended to be fashioned into a brilliant; that is, to have the form of two flattened pyramids joined at the base, the upper pyramid much flatter than the lower one. In England, the art of diamond-cutting has ceased to exist, but in Holland it still maintains its ancient pre-eminence; and from thence the cutters of the Koh-i-noor have been brought to perform an operation, which, taking into consideration the size of the stone, had never previously been accomplished in this country.

It is not known, with any degree of certainty, whether the ancient inhabitants of the East had any knowledge of the art of diamond-cutting; but it is at the same time very clear, that the nations of the West knew nothing of it till a very late period. Even to the latter part of the fifteenth century, the diamond was appreciated principally for its supposed talismanic properties and its hardness; and as that hardness prevented its hidden beauties from being brought to light by cutting and polishing, it was regarded more as a rare cabalistic curiosity than a precious ornament. Some diamonds, however, whose natural form and polish were more favourable to the development of their clouded brilliancy, foretold the splendour they would display were it possible to cut and polish them as other gems. Numerous attempts were made to attain this desired end, but all in vain, until, about 1460, Louis de Berghen, a young jeweller of Bruges, succeeded in cutting the first diamond.

The invention of the art of diamond-cutting has, like many others, whether mythically or not, been mixed up with a love-story. Berghen, it is said, was a poor working-jeweller, who had the audacity to fall in

love with his wealthy master's daughter. The young lady was favourable to his suit; but on proposing to her father, the old man reproached him for poverty, and sneeringly said, in allusion to the supposed utter impossibility of the feat: 'When you can cut a diamond, you may marry my daughter, but not before.' These discouraging words induced a train of reflection in the mind of the young man. He considered how other hard substances were cut; iron, he mentally cogitated, is cut by steel. 'What is steel,' he exclaimed, a light breaking upon him, 'but iron?—the diamond, then, may be cut by a diamond.' Laying out all his available means in the purchase of two small diamonds, he contrived, by cementing them to two pieces of wood, to rub them against each other till they were reduced to dust. With this dust, and a machine which he invented, he cut two facets on another diamond, which he triumphantly exhibited to the old jeweller. But a diamond had never previously been cut: men, wise in their generation, had said that a diamond never could be cut; and consequently, according to the general mode of treating inventors in those days, a charge of sorcery was brought against the first diamond-cutter. Berghen, thrown into prison, had abundant leisure for deliberation. Two courses were open to him: one was to keep his secret, and be burned as a sorcerer; the other, to clear himself of that charge by shewing how he cut the diamond by natural means, and thus lose the exclusive benefit of his invention, to which he considered he was so justly entitled. He adopted neither. Fortunately, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, the ruler of Flanders, came to hold his court in the city of Bruges, and was soon informed of the diabolical art of the young jeweller. Charles was passionately fond of jewels, and possessed a very large diamond. Like the Spaniard, who, if the miracle were performed, did not care if Mohammed himself did it, the Bold duke sent for Berghen, and commanded him to cut and polish the large diamond, as he best could, either by aid of the Prince of Darkness, or his own unassisted efforts. In due time the work was completed; and Charles was so delighted with the brilliant beauty of the previously dull stone, that he remunerated the young jeweller with three thousand ducats. We need not inform the reader how Berghen soon married his lady-love; but we may state that, retaining the secret of diamond-cutting in his own family, he and his descendants acquired immense wealth. After the death of his patron Charles, he removed to Paris, where, for two centuries afterwards, the Berghens, as the name was Gallicised, were the most famous jewellers of their time.

The after-history of that large diamond, the first ever cut in Europe at least, is perhaps worthy of narration. Charles constantly carried it with him on his own person, till at last a soldier found it beside the duke's dead body, on the fatal battle-field of Nancy. Unconscious of its value, the finder sold it for a crown to a priest; the priest, equally ignorant, sold it for three ducats to a pedler; the pedler sold it for a large sum to the Duke of Florence. From that prince it passed into the hands of Antonio king of Portugal, who, when a refugee in France, sold it for 70,000 francs to Nicholas de Harlay, Lord of Sancy; thus it has since been known, in the history of precious stones, as the Sancy Diamond. Sancy was a faithful adherent to Henry IV. of France, and, during the civil war, was sent by that monarch to solicit the assistance of the Swiss. Finding that nothing could be done without money, he sent a trusty servant to Paris for the diamond, enjoining him never to part with it in life to any one but himself. The servant arrived in Paris, and received the diamond, but never returned to his master. After waiting a considerable time, Sancy, feeling confident that the man had been robbed and murdered by one of the many hordes of robbers that

then infested France, set out to endeavour to gain some traces of him. After many adventures, he discovered that a person answering the description of the servant had been found, robbed and murdered, in the Forest of Dole, and had been buried by the peasantry. Sancy immediately had the body disinterred, and found the diamond—the faithful fellow having, in obedience to his master's injunction, swallowed it. Sancy pawned the diamond with the Jews of Metz, and with the money raised troops for the service of his royal master. 'Put not your faith in princes,' is an adage as sound as it is ancient. Henry, seated on the throne that Sancy's exertions saved, took occasion of a petty court intrigue to ruin and disgrace his too faithful partisan. The pledged diamond never was redeemed; it remained in the hands of the Israelite money-lenders, till Louis XIV. purchased it for 600,000 francs. It then became one of the crown-jewels of France; but its vicissitudes were not over. In 1791, when the National Assembly appointed a commission of jewellers to examine the crown-jewels, the Sancy Diamond was valued at 1,000,000 livres. At the restoration of Louis XVIII., it was nowhere to be found, and nothing positive has been heard of it since. But as so well-known and large a diamond could not readily be secretly disposed of without attracting attention in some quarter, it is shrewdly suspected that a jewel sold in 1830, by the Prince of Peace, for 500,000 francs, to one of the wealthiest of the Russian nobility, was the missing Sancy Diamond.

The operation of diamond-cutting is exceedingly simple, and is without doubt performed by the cutters of the Koh-i-noor at the present time in almost precisely the same manner as invented by Berghen. The stone is held in the proper position by being embedded, all but the salient angle to be cut or polished, in a solder of tin and lead. It is then applied to a rapidly-revolving horizontal iron wheel, constantly supplied with diamond-dust, and moistened with olive-oil. The anxious care and caution required in this operation render it a very tedious one: the cutting of the Koh-i-noor will last many months, and be attended with an immense expense. A still more tedious operation, however, is sometimes performed by diamond-cutters, when it is found necessary to cut a stone into two parts; it is termed sawing, and is thus managed:—The stone to be sawn is scratched across in the desired direction by a very keen splinter of diamond, technically termed a *sharp*. An exceedingly fine iron wire, with a small portion of sweet-oil and diamond-dust, is then laid upon this guiding scratch; and the workman draws the wire backwards and forwards, as we may see blocks of stone sawn on a larger scale in the yard of the statuary. Still greater care and attention are required in this operation than in diamond-cutting: seven months have been occupied in sawing a good-sized stone. Sometimes the diamond is cut by two being cemented each upon a separate handle, and rubbed together over a box, which catches the precious dust as it falls; but the stones thus cut are disfigured by scratches, and must subsequently be polished upon the wheel.

For many years India supplied the rest of the world with diamonds; and it was long supposed that they were not to be found in any other part of the globe. The Portuguese settlers in Brazil, seeking for gold, found a number of small stones resembling pebbles, which, from their singularity, they kept as curiosities, using them as counters at their card-tables. An officer, who had been removed from the Portuguese settlements in India to serve in Brazil, suspected that these stones were diamonds, and sent a few to Portugal. The jewellers of Lisbon, having never seen a diamond in its unpolished state, laughed at the idea of such rude pebbles being of any value, and so the inquiry was for some time dropped. But the Dutch consul at Lisbon

managed to procure one of the stones, and sent it to Holland, then almost the only country in Europe where diamond-cutting was pursued as a regular business. The stone, in due time, was returned to the consul in the form of a sparkling brilliant; and the Brazilian diamond-trade immediately commenced. The European dealers in diamonds, and many retired officers of the English and Dutch East India Companies, who, as was customary then, had, on their return to Europe, invested a large part of their wealth in those precious stones, fearing that a great reduction in price would follow, were alarmed when the Brazilian diamonds first came into the market. These interested parties published pamphlets, warning the public against purchasing the so-called Brazilian diamonds, stating that no diamonds were found in the Brazil, but that the inferior class of stones was purchased in India, sent to Brazil, and from thence imported as Brazilian diamonds. In consequence of these false statements being repeated by persons of rank and station, a strong prejudice existed against the Brazilian diamond, although it is now well known to be equal in every respect to its Indian brother. The Dutch, who then farmed the Brazilian diamond-mines from the crown of Portugal, met this trick of trade by another. They dug their diamonds in Brazil, brought them to Holland, and cut them, then sent them to India, from whence they returned to Europe as true Oriental jewels. We may add, that the anticipations of the dealers were not verified in defiance of the great influx from Brazil, and, later still, the discovery of the diamond in the Ural Mountains: the price of that stone is at present as high as ever it was.

ASCENT TO THE BRÈCHE-DE-ROLAND.

I do not think I shall be accused of exaggeration when I say, that the ascent to the Brèche-de-Roland is to the Pyrenean range what the passage of the Col de Géant is to the Alps. They are both tough undertakings, requiring sound legs and lungs, with a happy and powerful combination of patience, fortitude, and energy.

The difficulty of ascending to the Brèche-de-Roland does not consist so much in its height—though this is 9537 feet—as in the nature of the ground to be surmounted; and after I had accomplished the feat, I no longer wondered that several persons had given in, and retraced their steps without attaining the Brèche. Before detailing my ascent to this wonderful place, it may be proper to state what it is like. On the flanks of the formidable and gigantic Mont Perdu rises Mont Marboré, from the summit of which stretches to the west a wall of rock from 400 to 600 feet high, in most places absolutely vertical. This huge natural wall forms the crest of the Pyrenees, and divides France from Spain at this part of the chain. In the middle of the natural barrier is a gap, which, when viewed from the French valley of the Gave de Gavarnie, appears like a notch made in a jaw by the loss of a single tooth, but which is in reality a magnificent and colossal portal, 184 feet wide and 380 feet high.

Of course, legendary lore is not at fault to account in its own poetical manner for this natural phenomenon. According to that oracle, the Brèche owes its origin to Roland, the brave Paladin, who, mounted on his war-horse, in his hot pursuit of the Moors, clove with one blow of his trusty sword Durandal a passage through this mighty wall; and it must be admitted that the sides of the gap are so smooth, that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that they were fashioned in some such artistical manner. Independently of the Brèche itself, which alone is highly

deserving of a visit, the surrounding scenery is of the most imposing and magnificent character, and the whole, therefore, most justly ranks as one of the chief lions of the Pyrenees.

The most usual, and by far the most advantageous starting-place, is the village of Gavarnie, near the Cirque of that name. In my ignorance, however, of the toilsome nature of the excursion, I started from Luz, eighteen miles from Gavarnie, where I was sojourning. Reader, were you ever at Luz? Sweet Luz! with its babbling crystal brook, in which tribes of pigs undergo sanitary ablutions; and its inn, famous for good cookery and active fleas. If you have been there, you will not have forgotten Madame Cazeau—a model of a hostess. To her I made my wishes known respecting the ascent to the Brèche, and begged that she would find me a guide.

In Switzerland, at such a place as Luz, surrounded by numerous excursion points of great interest, guides would be abundant; here, however, there are only a few, and these are obliged to pursue the callings of agriculture and hunting to eke out a subsistence. So, when I demanded a guide, Madame Cazeau said she would send to the fields for Jacques St Laur, who was the best guide to the Brèche. And indeed if strength of limb and a huge sinewy frame were the chief qualifications for the affair, Jacques, I apprehend, would have stood unrivalled, for I never saw a more sturdy or Titanic mountaineer.

The arrangements were soon made. We were to start at four o'clock in the morning—not a moment later: true to his promise, my burly guide appeared before the hotel door at that hour with two ponies, and in a few minutes we were *en route*. The morning broke gloriously. Peak by peak, the snow-crested first, and successively those beneath, became tinted by the rising sun, while the valleys gave evidence of approaching day by casting off their misty mantles. It makes the old young again, and the young to feel the blood dance yet more briskly through their veins, to breathe such air as wraps the Pyrenees in its balmy folds. The beauties of the valley, or rather gorge, begin at once. Woods, alternating with precipitous rocks, mountain peaks of great altitude and most picturesque forms, tower aloft; while below, the eye rests upon the *gave*, now deliciously green and peaceful, and now worming its way with agonised fury through the gorge. Many cascades of rare beauty streamed down from the summit of the precipices, and we were continually crossing high and narrow bridges suspended over deep gulfs. The box luxuriates in this defile, springing in tree-like proportions from every ledge.

Before reaching Gèdres, which is about half-way to Gavarnie, a fine, though tantalising view of the Brèche is obtained. I gazed at the object of my expedition with anxious eyes, wondering how I was to get to its cloud land amidst the eternal snow-crowned Tours de Marboré; and I longed for the wings of one of the many eagles which sailed majestically overhead, to transport myself thither at once.

At Gèdres the view of the Marboré is lost; but there is an almost overabundance of grand scenery in the mountains that tower to the right and left, and the gorges are filled with foaming cascades and flowers of wondrous beauty. Close to the cascades—so close, that they seem on the point of being swept away—are mills, not much larger than goodly-sized boxes, one above the other, like rows of black beads strung upon the white torrent. These mills are primitive in their construction, closely resembling the old hand-mill; but they grind the corn, and what more could the best mill in Europe do?

Beyond Gèdres, a singularly grand and savage scene presents itself, called the Peyrada or Chaos. It is an *éboulement*, or slip of masses of gneiss which have fallen from great heights; and the ruins are so extensive,

that it seems as if an entire mountain had been shivered to fragments. The path winds in zig-zags through a labyrinth of blocks, among which horse and rider appear like pigmies. The mountains increase in majesty as Gavarnie is approached—the Vignemale with its glaciers to the west; and the Pimène to the east, ranging among the highest. Gavarnie is a poor village, boasting one inn, in humble keeping with the place; poor, however, as it was, I was glad to draw bridle before the door, for we had ridden fast and furious, as my blood-stained spurs evidenced. I was about to dismount and recruit myself with a flask of the best wine, when Jaques peremptorily forbade such a proceeding. There was no time to be lost; a stirrup-cup and on. He, however, dismounted, and went into the house for ice-staffs and *crampons*, which were kept at the inn. Provided with these, and partially refreshed by a glass of very good wine, we hastened on our way. The morning continued most favourable; not a cloud obscured the outline of the mountains, and the snow-crested Marboré towered aloft, strongly pencilled against the deep-blue sky. Wonderful animals are the Pyrenean ponies. Small in stature, and with diminutive limbs, on they go, over ways rough enough to puzzle a goat, rarely pausing to pick their steps, and as rarely stumbling. The path, about half-way between Gavarnie and the Cirque, is carried over the torrent by two terribly narrow planks, without any manner of railing. Over this frail bridge, not three feet wide, my guide, much to my astonishment, rode his pony; and as my *monture* evinced no asinine disinclination to follow, but, on the contrary, evidently regarded the proceeding as nothing extraordinary, I slackened my bridle, pressed my knees a little closer to the saddle, and committed myself to my fate. The torrent rushed at a fearfully giddy rate some twenty feet beneath, and the roar of waters was terrific; but my steed was proof against these things, which would have tried the nerves of a pedestrian tourist, and passed steadily over the narrow causeway as unswervingly as if it had been the broadest highway in France. This was the last feat of our horses; for, after a brisk canter, we dismounted in the arena of the Cirque, and turned the animals to graze, a girl who had accompanied us from Gavarnie engaging to look after them. We had ridden eighteen miles, and I doubt whether the distance was ever accomplished in less time.

To render the first impression of the Cirque or *ouïe* more impressive, a small projecting wall of rock marks the entry to the gigantic amphitheatre. This passed, the end of the world seems gained: a vast semicircle of rocks rises precipitously to the height of between 1000 and 2000 feet. These gigantic walls are divided into three or four steps or ledges, on each of which rests a glacier, from which stream cascades. That to the left is 1266 feet high, and bears the reputation of being the highest waterfall in Europe. The summit of this wondrous amphitheatre is crowned by everlasting ice and snow, resting on the crests of the Cylindre, so called from its shape, and 10,500 feet high. The base of this fine mountain is embedded in a huge glacier, which gives birth to the high fall. Fit companion to the Cylindre rises the Tours de Marboré, forming a part of Mont Perdu. Not a scrap of vegetation breaks the ruggedness of the vast semicircle of rocks. The floor of the Cirque is an irregular heap of rocks, with the exception of a large heap of snow at the base of the precipices, under which the waters of the cascades run, like the torrents beneath the Swiss glaciers.

It was impossible to take in this sublime spectacle at once, so overpowering were its features; and as we gazed tremblingly at the huge Cirque, I felt as if on the eve of being crushed by its impending walls.

Within a few yards of the most western cascade, the ascent to the Brèche is made. Without a guide,

however, the precise spot would be exceedingly difficult to find; and from its forbidding nature, few would be bold enough to make the essay. It is literally a rock-ladder, and is the only locality in the wide sweep of the Cirque affording the means of ascent. The rugged strata, which are here vertical, serve as steps in which one can insert the toes and fingers; but as the guide-book truly says: 'It is as abrupt as the ascent of a ladder; and wide spaces of smooth rock often intervene without any notch or projection offering a foothold. To those who cannot look down a sheer precipice many hundred feet deep without a tendency to giddiness, there is danger in this escalade, as well as in passing over some smooth projecting shoulders of rocks.' The climb is, in truth, most arduous—'*bien pénible*,' as my guide said. My *chasseure* was sadly against me—thin-soled boots, which doubled under me. Let no one undertake this ascent without being strongly shod.

As we ascended, new wonders were revealed—more precipices, cascades, and glaciers: it was literally *alp* on *alp*. The top of the great waterfall was still far above us; and it gave me a very good idea of its altitude, when, after more than an hour's ascent, I found that we were still beneath the level of the glacier from whence it is supplied. About two hours were occupied in ascending the first series of precipices, above which patches of snow are met with. Our course now lay through a kind of vertical gully nearly filled with snow. Up this we ascended, taking advantage of the hardness of the snow to make it our path. Above us rose tremendous precipices, terminating in jagged peaks, on which my guide with his practised eye discerned a herd of *izzards*. I saw them remarkably well through my telescope, balanced, like aerial creatures, on the giddy heights, one amongst them evidently acting as sentinel. It was beautiful to witness their wild attitudes, ready, at a moment's warning from their watchful leader, to bound from crag to crag, or descend the awful precipices, where man's foot has never been.

My guide, whose heart was evidently more in the hunting than in his present business, became half wild with excitement at the sight of these *izzards*. It was the largest herd he had seen that year, and, with many a *sacré*, he bemoaned his fate that he should be without his rifle; though I endeavoured to convince him that there was nothing to regret, as he could not at the same time hunt *izzards* and conduct me to the Brèche.

We now fairly lost sight of the Cirque, and were in the midst of snow and glaciers which covered a steep, inclined about forty-five degrees. The surmounting of this slope was a most fatiguing affair for me, as the snow was very slippery, and it happened that I retrograded nearly as often as I advanced. This part of the ascent occupied about an hour. My guide now turned to the left, for the purpose of crossing a glacier, the inclination of which is so great that it is the next thing to impossible to ascend it. The passage over this glacier, beyond which lies the Brèche, is by far the most dangerous part of the undertaking. At the place where we encountered it, its breadth may be about four hundred yards; but throughout, its inclination is such that the slightest false step would prove fatal, for beneath are precipices of fearful depth. Here *crampons* are used. I was fairly exhausted when I came to the edge of this glacier, and despite the protestations of my guide, who declared that there was no time to lose, I threw myself on the snow, and would, had I been left alone, have been asleep in a few moments.

It is customary for the few tourists who visit the Brèche to take two guides, for the purpose of crossing this glacier in safety; and I had cause to regret my ignorance of the practice, for although I tread most cautiously in the notches cut by my guide, yet my limbs were so weak, that when about half-way

across, I stumbled, and for a moment gave myself up for lost. Happily, my guide was sufficiently near to grasp my extended arms, and shouting: 'Prenez garde! prenez garde! Courage! courage!' he sustained me until I recovered my balance. Then it was that I became fully aware of the mistake I had committed in making this excursion without previous training; and I admonished Jacques in future, to give those who desired to scale the Brèche fair warning of the dangers and difficulties attendant upon the undertaking.

My escape was not rendered the less interesting by a story which my guide related to me of an unfortunate traveller, who when his crampon, by some accident, caught his trousers, lost his balance, and there being no friendly hand to arrest him, in an instant sped down the sloping ice with the speed of an avalanche, and was almost instantaneously lost for ever.

It was here that Mr Paris, who was rash enough to attempt ascending to the Brèche without a guide, was obliged to give up the task. 'The sight of this glacier,' he observes, 'was too appalling. I could not summon sufficient resolution to attempt the passage, which was in distance about a quarter of a mile, and wisely, I think, abandoned it. To understand all its terrors, the place must be seen. Once slip, and you are gone for ever, past all human aid: the death is too frightful for contemplation.'

Bracing my shattered nerves for the occasion, I resumed my labour, taking care, however, to hold my guide's hand; and thus moving slowly and cautiously, I had at length the inexpressible satisfaction of achieving the formidable passage of this terrible glacier. The rest of the journey was comparatively easy, though the elevation—above 9000 feet—and the steepness were trying enough. But all sense of fatigue forsook me when the huge portal—the tiny notch as seen from Gèdres—yawned in all its stern magnificence before me. It was a fit reward for all my toil, and I felt that I would have willingly endured even greater sufferings to make acquaintance with such a scene as now met my astonished gaze.

Eager to achieve the crowning feat of my undertaking, I hastened onwards; and with beating heart I soon stood within the jaws of the mighty portal, through which swept the howling wind. A step more, and I was in Spain. Glaciers slope away on each side of the wall; but all along the front of the Brèche, on the French side, the glacier is scooped out into a deep fosse or cavity, by the action of the sun's rays pouring from the south through the opening. A wild world of mountains appeared to the south, those in the foreground covered with snow, and the more distant looming hazily over the plains of Saragossa. And this was Spain!—wondrous land, defying description, and in memory resembling, not realities, but fragments of tremendous dreams. Towards France, the scene is softer. Mountains there are, sky-piled, but there are forests too, the home of wolves

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!

Burning for blood; bony, and gaunt, and grim;

and vales of emerald, and silver streams, and gleaming lakes. But how hope to convey anything like a faithful impression of the panorama seen from the Brèche-de-Roland! I will not attempt it, preferring rather to advise the reader, should he not be stricken in years, to see it himself.

My guide produced the contents of his wallet, which, thanks to Madame Cazeau's provident forethought, were good and abundant; and having placed the wine-flasks in the ice—there was enough at hand to ice the great Heidelberg tun—I sat down on the ridge of the Brèche, one leg in Spain, the other in France, and my body in amiable neutrality. Oh, the delight of that repast! there never was so tender a fowl, never wine so good. While thus engaged in refreshing

exhausted nature, I even forgot that the terrible glacier had to be recrossed, and the steep snow-slopes to be descended.

The day continued faithful to its early morning promise. A bright sun—unfelt, however, at this great elevation—poured down a flood of light on the far-stretching glaciers and snow-fields, on which we discerned lizards, which seemed, when in motion, like points moving in space. These, and a few eagles, were the only living things that met our eye. Fain would I have spent hours here, but my guide was very properly obdurate; and having done great justice to our meal, we prepared to descend. Before leaving the Brèche, where we remained for about an hour and a half, he conducted me to a small cave on the Spanish side between the Brèche and the glacier, where smugglers pass the night, waiting for the early morning hours to descend into France. Desperate work! and desperate must be the men engaged in it. Being considerably recruited in strength, I found the passage of the glacier much less arduous than it was in ascending; and having passed it in safety, we flew down the snow inclines with delightful rapidity, in five minutes clearing ground which cost us an hour to surmount. We reached Gavarnie at seven o'clock, and pausing for half an hour, rode on to Luz, where we arrived as the night closed.

OUR WILD-FRUIITS.

WHY is it that the wild *flowers* of England have attracted so much attention of late years, whilst the wild *fruits* have been passed over in silence, and allowed to bud and bloom, to ripen their fruit, and to perish, inglorious and unnoticed? It would be difficult to give a reply to this question; I will therefore not attempt it, but rather invite you, my friends, to assist me in removing this reproach from the wild-fruits of our land, and give me a little of your attention whilst we inquire what these are, and where they grow, and examine a little into their structure and uses, as well as into their classification. In doing so, I think we shall find that, though England does not indigenously afford so many or such rich fruits as those which are the products of some other lands, yet that she possesses several kinds which, even in their uncultivated state, are edible, and pleasant to the taste, and some of which form the stocks on which, by budding or grafting, many of the most valuable productions of our gardens and orchards are established. I think that many will be surprised to find, that the list I shall give them of fruits indigenous in England is so long and so respectable. The plum, the cherry, the apple and pear tribes—the raspberry, with its allies—the gooseberry, and currant, red and black—the service-tree, with its pleasant subacid fruit, and the abounding whortleberry and cranberry tribes, which cover immense tracts of our hills with their myrtle-like foliage and pretty heath-like bloom, and produce such harvests of useful fruit freely to whoever will take the trouble of gathering it—are surely treasures not to be despised!

It is true that in the present day, when the constantly increasing importation both of fruit and fruit-trees, together with the wonderful horticultural improvements which are daily taking place, have brought richer and better kinds of fruit more or less within the reach even of our poorest cottagers—when every little valley among the hills is enriched with its beautiful orchards, and every farmhouse and cottage may boast its luscious plum or cherry trees, and its row of bright fruited raspberry or strawberry plants—when all thrifty housewives may, at small expense, have their little store of pleasant jams and jellies made from fruits which used to be beyond the reach of even our island kings, and the 'scdulous bees' located on every homestead present us with their amber

sweets—we can perhaps scarcely appreciate the real importance which must have attached to these now comparatively worthless fruits at a time when the land on which our most populous cities stand was covered by woods and brakes, nay, in many places by thick, tangled forests, or wild and deep morasses. But, even now, these fruits are treasures to the cottar and the child, as we shall see in the course of our discussion; and even to persons of more luxurious habits, several of those that I have named are of value and importance. Let us first look at those which rank under the natural order *Rosaceæ*, under which head we shall find the greatest number of our English fruit-bearing plants. We will give a little botanical sketch of the general characteristics of this order, as elucidatory of what we may hereafter have to say before we proceed to the details of any of its members. The chief of these characteristics are, that in the order *Rosaceæ* the calyx is in most cases formed of five lobes, with the petals and stamens rising from it, the latter being generally numerous; the ovaries are several, or solitary, each of one cell, including, in most cases, one ovule or incipient seed—in some cases many—the style being lateral or terminal. Most flowers thus formed produce edible and harmless fruits. Loudon says: 'The ligneous species, which constitute this order, include the finest flowering shrub in the world—the rose—and trees which produce the most useful and agreeable fruit of temperate climates—namely, the apple, pear, plum, cherry, apricot, peach, and nectarine;' and he might have included the medlar and service trees. Now, this vast order is subdivided into several sub-orders or sections, under the first of which are classed all whose fruit is a drupe, of which the plum and cherry are examples. We will then take them first into our consideration, and begin by giving an account of what is the structure of a drupe.

That part of the carpel called the ovary, which encloses the seed, thickens, and changes into a fleshy substance, which, as the fruit matures, softens, and becomes a juicy, and often delicious pulp; this is the part which we eat in the plum, cherry, apricot, peach, and all which we call stone-fruits. The lining of the ovary at the same time extends, and hardens into the stony case which encloses the kernel, which kernel is the young seed enlarged and perfected. All fruits of this formation are called drupes, as those of the apple and pear form are called pomes, and those of the bramble, and some other tribes, berries. Our woods supply us with two sorts of plum, both edible—the sloe, or blackthorn (*Prunus spinosa*), and the wild bullace (*P. insitita*). Every one knows the sloe, at least every one who has spent any part of his youth amidst woodland scenes; but as there are some who, having been 'all their life in populous cities pent,' know but little of country delights, for their benefit we will describe the growth and appearance of our plants, as well as their qualities, obvious or hidden. The sloe is more frequently seen as a spiny shrub than as a tree; but when the suckers are removed, and the strength of the plant is all allowed to go into one stem, it forms a highly characteristic small tree. In hedges, it seldom exceeds twenty feet in height, but in woods and parks, it often attains to thirty. The wood is hard, and takes a fine polish, but is apt to crack, and is therefore seldom used, except for the handles of tools, and other such purposes. It throws up very long upright shoots, which make excellent walking-sticks; indeed, more are made from this tree throughout Europe than from any other. The dry branches are valuable in forming hedges, and protection for young trees, as well as for other agricultural purposes. The bark is black, whence its name of blackthorn; the blossoms appear before the leaves, and beautify our hedges with their delicate whiteness during the cold month of March, when few other

shrubs send forth their blossoms; and this season is therefore called by country-people 'blackthorn winter.' The leaves form a better substitute for tea than any other European plant; and they have been, and are abundantly used in the adulteration of that commodity. The fruit is a plum about the size of a small filbert, of a dark purple hue, coated with a most exquisite blue bloom. The flesh is of a sharp, bitter acid, yet not unpleasant even when raw; when fully ripe, it makes a tolerable preserve, or pudding, and the juice, when well fermented, makes a wine not unlike new port. The sloe, as well as the cherry, and all other plants of its tribe, contains in it a portion of prussic acid; but the quantity is so minute, that there can be no injury derived from the use of either the leaves or fruit of most species. The common laurel (*Cerasus laurocerasus*) contains it in greater quantity than any other kind, but even of this the berries may be eaten with impunity, and are freely used by gipsies, who both eat them raw and make them into puddings.

The other plum of our wilds is the bullace (*P. insitita*), the fruit of which differs from that of the sloe in being larger and less bitter. It is sometimes black, but often yellowish and waxy, beautifully tinted with red, and makes better pies and puddings than the sloe, for which purposes it is often sold in the markets. In Provence, where, as in other parts of France, this plum abounds, it is called 'l' prune sibanelle,' because, from its sourness, it is impossible to whistle after eating it! The entire plant is used for much the same purposes as the sloe. Old Gerard says, that its leaves are 'good against the swelling of the uvula, the throat, gums, and kernels under the ears, throat, and jaws.' How far modern physicians might agree in this is doubtful; possibly they might class the prescription, as he does some of those of his predecessors, under the head of 'old wives' fables.' Both the plum and cherry send out from their bark a sort of gum, which exudes freely, particularly in old and diseased trees. It was formerly supposed to be sovereign against some diseases. The number of varieties which have been grafted on these wild stocks is very great. So long ago as 1597, Gerard recounts: 'I have three-score sorts in my garden (at Holsborn), all strange and rare: there be in other places many more common, and yet yeerly cometh to our hands others not knowne before.' The bark of both kinds of wild plum was formerly much used in medicine, and considered equal to the Peruvian bark in cases of intermittent fever. But we must not forget, in recounting the uses of these and other fruits, to take into our consideration the important additions that their free growth affords to the sources of enjoyment and amusement of our youthful population in country districts. 'Snagging' (for sloes are called *snags* in some counties), nutting, blackberry picking, cherry hunting—all in their turn form attractions to the boys and girls in our villages; and many a merry party sallies forth into the woods on a half or whole holiday, with satchel, bag, and basket, to enjoy the fresh air and bright sunshine, and to leap, and jump, and rejoice in all the wild vagaries of youth among the fresh uplands and hills, scrambling over all obstruction—the elder climbing the old trees, and rifling them of their spoil—the younger and less adventuresome hooking down the branches, and claiming the right of all they can collect 'by hook or by crook.' But we to the poor mothers who have to mend the garments in which the onslaught has been made!—wo to the little boy or girl whose mother has not the good sense to discern, in her child's rosy cheeks and bright eyes, a compensation for the rags in the frock or trousers, which is sure to be the consequence of a day spent in harrying the shrubs and briers! But many centuries must our youth have thus 'imbibed both sweet and smart' from yielding to these woodland attractions.

May not we fancy whole herds of our little British or Anglo-Saxon ancestors rushing forth into the almost inaccessible woods which in those days clothed our island, their long sunny hair hanging to the waist—for 'no man was allowed to cut his hair until he had slain an enemy of his country in the field, or at least taken his arms from him'—clothed in linen, their fair skins disfigured by the blue woad with which they were accustomed to paint themselves, and armed with cross-bows, all as merry, as idle, and as reckless as the children of the present century? We may fancy these little Loowulphs and Siegfrieds, with their admiring little Edgithas and Edithas looking on, whilst they climbed the tall trees with the agility of wild-cats and squirrels, most proud when they could attain the richest and ripest fruit, and but spurred on to greater enthusiasm by the knowledge that wolves and bears were by no means rare visitors in those pristine forests. Or we may picture to ourselves their parents and elders, after a long summer-day spent in hunting the wild-boar, the bear, or the more timid deer, rejoicing to slake their thirst, and refresh themselves with the cool and pleasant, though somewhat crude fruit, of the plum and bullace trees; and in doing so, we may perhaps come nearer to having some just idea of their real worth, and be led to see how graciously God adapts his gifts to the wants and circumstances of his creatures.

The cherry is the next wild fruit which claims our attention, and of this we find two varieties. The first, the gean-tree (*Cerasus sylvestris*), called by the peasants in Suffolk and Cheshire, 'Merny-tree,' from the French word *merisier*, is found in most parts of England in woods and coppices. This fruit is also called in some countries coroon, from *corone*, a crown. Its flowers are in nearly sessile umbels of the purest white; its leaves broadly lance-shaped and downy beneath, pointed and serrated, with two unequal glands at the base. The fruit is a drupe, globose, fleshy, and devoid of bloom. Several varieties occur in this species, differing chiefly in the colour of the fruit, which is, however, usually black. The wood is firm, strong, and heavy. Evelyn includes it in his list of forest-trees, and describes it as rising to a height of eighty feet, and producing valuable timber: he says, 'if sown in proper soil, they will thrive into stately trees, beautified with blossoms of surpassing whiteness, greatly relieving the sedulous bees and attracting birds.' The wood is useful for many purposes, and polishes well. Though the cherry is now classed among the fruits native to this isle, authors inform us that it was introduced by the Romans. Evelyn says: 'It was 680 years after the foundation of Rome ere Italy had tasted a cherry of their own, which being then brought thither out of Pontus, did, after 120 years, travel *ad ultimos Britannos*.' Its name is derived from Kerasoon, the city whence it was first brought into Europe by Lucullus; and so valuable did he consider the acquisition, that he gave it a most conspicuous place among the royal treasures which he brought home from the sacking of the capital of Armenia. The fruit of the gean-tree is rather harsh till fully ripe, and then becomes somewhat vapid and watery, yet it is very grateful to the palate after a day's rambling in the woods; and, moreover, this wild stock is the source whence we have, by culture, obtained the rich varieties which now grace our gardens. The cherry is a very prolific tree. We have heard of one, the fruit of which sold for L.5 per annum for seven successive years; but it requires care in pruning, as it produces its fruit generally at the points of the branches, which should therefore never be shortened. Phillips says: 'Cherries bear the knife worse than any other sort of fruit-trees, and we would therefore impress on the pruner, that though the fruit was won by the sword, it may be lost by the knife.' The other species of cherry is the bird-cherry (*Cerasus padus*), a pretty little smooth-branched tree,

with doubly-serrate, acute leaves, and beautiful white blossoms, which grow in long-shaped racemes, hanging in pendulous clusters, and forming an elegant ornament to the hedges and woods in May. It grows chiefly in Scotland and the north of England, where the peasants call the fruit, which is small, black, and harsh, 'hag-berries.' This fruit can scarcely be called edible, but it gives an agreeable flavour to brandy; and in Sweden and other northern countries is sometimes added to home-made wines. There is, or was, a feast celebrated in Hamburg, called the Feast of Cherries, in which troops of children parade the streets with green boughs ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a triumph obtained in the following manner:—'In 1482, the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburg with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children in the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as suppliants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young suppliants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying "Victory!"'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

September 1852.

Progress, in one or other of the many forms in which it has of late presented itself, is now the prime subject of talk; and if the progress be real, it would not be easy to find a more satisfactory cause of conversation. Go-ahead people take much interest in the ocean steam-boat question; and now that the Collins line of steamers is supported by a grant from the United States government, double the amount of that paid to the British line, it is said that we are to be irrecoverably beaten in the passage of the 'ferry,' as Jonathan calls it, between Liverpool and New York. Fast sailing is no doubt an essential desideratum in these days—but what a price to pay for it! A quarter of a million on one side the Atlantic, and half a million on the other: as though there were not enterprise enough in either land to undertake the work—and do it well too—without a subsidy. One result may be safely predicated—that the winner will be the first to give in; and the timid may comfort themselves with the assurance, that neither national prosperity nor 'decadence' depends on the issue. A line to run from Liverpool to Portland, in the state of Maine, is in contemplation; and the Cunard Company are building four screw-steamers—the *Andes*, *Alps*, *Jura*, and *Etna*—which are to carry the mails to Chagres, as well as New York.

The first steam-collier has come into the Thames, having run the distance from Newcastle in forty-eight hours. Forty hours, we are told, will suffice in future, when the stiffness of the new machinery shall have worked off. She consumed eight tons of coal on the voyage, and brought 600 tons as cargo, the whole of which was discharged in the day, and the vessel went back for a further supply. Apart from the facilities for loading and unloading, the certainty with which these steamers will make the passage, will benefit the citizens of London, by saving them from the rise in price which inevitably follows the fall of the thermometer in December.

But with all this, our already crowded river is becoming overcrowded, to remedy which a promising project is afoot for a new dock at Plaistow Marshes, a few miles below London Bridge, where a fleet or two of the ever-multiplying ships may find accommodation. The extent is to be ninety acres, with a mile of wharfage,

and nearly 300,000 feet of fireproof warehouse-room. How far this will meet the want, may be inferred from the fact, that the tonnage of the port of London has increased from 990,110 tons in 1828, to 2,170,322 tons in 1852. And if an experience of three years may be relied on, the increase is to be progressive; for of new British-built ships in 1849, the amount was 121,266 tons; in 1850, 137,580 tons; in 1851, 152,563 tons. Such an augmentation shews, that we have nothing to fear from repeal of the Navigation Laws; and the fruits of unrestricted are shewn in the increased size of ships, in their improved external form, and interior accommodation. It may be mentioned here, that the Lords of the Admiralty have ordered that all ships' log-books sent to their department shall be true and faithful copies, with a track-chart of the winds experienced on the outward and homeward voyage, in addition to the usual information. Steam-vessels are to keep a record of the quantity of coal on board at noon each day—of the time it is estimated to last—and of the number of miles steamed in the previous twenty-four hours.

Railways, too, exhibit signs of progress. The gross proceeds of the traffic for the first seven months of 1851 amounted to L.8,254,303, while for the same portion of the present year the sum is L.8,504,002; a result the more striking when it is remembered that last year we had the Exhibition. The new lines opened in 1851 comprised not more than 269 miles—the smallest amount in any year since 1848—so that, at the end of December, we had 6890 miles of railway actually opened, and 5101 miles authorised and still to be made. It is clear that the greater portion of the latter will never be attempted, seeing that people have really found out that railways are not exempt from the operation of the great natural laws of supply and demand. Some of the facts of last year's traffic are astounding: the total number of passengers conveyed was 85,391,095—twelve millions more than in the preceding year; and the aggregate returns amounted to L.14,997,459. What a difference when compared with the sum paid for travel and transport twenty years ago! In the United States, the number of miles of railway actually open is 13,200, which, by the end of 1855, it is expected will be increased to 18,000 or 20,000. There are 27,000 miles of electric telegraphs, but in this estimate the five or six lines between any two places are all counted. On one of the lines from New York to Washington, 258,857 messages were sent in the year ending last July, the toll for which amounted to 103,232 dollars—over L.30,000.

Notwithstanding all this material development, in some respects there is no advance—except it be of fares, which on some lines running out of London have been increased in accordance with 'arrangements' between companies who seem desirous of substituting wholesale monopoly for wholesome competition. Murmurs on every side already attest the effects of such a change of system, and it is to be hoped that imperative means will be found of insuring more attention than at present to the comfort and safety of passengers. No one out of the position of a director or shareholder can see any good reason why English railway carriages should be less comfortably fitted up than those of the continent. How is it that second-class carriages are to be seen abroad with stuffed seats and padded backs, and never in England? It cannot be that we do not pay enough for the accommodation. We pay too much—a fact worth remembering with railway amalgamation looming in the future; an event which must not take place without the public coming in demonstrably as third party.

The British Association have met, and gone through their usual routine of business, with what results—beyond the reports in the public prints—will be best shewn by the movement of science for the next few

months. It is always something that knowledge is increased; but whether the accumulating of fact on fact, to the neglect of generalising those facts, be the true means thereunto, remains to be proved. Science has been soaring in search of facts; for the committee appointed to manage the Kew Observatory, thinking that the phenomena of meteorology would answer further questioning, have sent up a balloon, with instruments and observers, to make a series of observations. The temperature was read off from highly sensitive thermometers at each minute during the ascent, so as to ascertain the difference of the heat of successive strata of the atmosphere, and the rate of variation. In the first flight, the party reached the height of 19,500 feet, and came to a temperature of 7 degrees, or 25 degrees below the freezing-point, which, considering the state of the temperature at the surface, was an unexpected result—in fact, an abnormal one; and not dissimilar to that which so much astonished our neighbours across the Channel when Barral and Bixio went up. But if it be abnormal, as is said, it is remarkable that precisely the same temperature was met with at about the same height on the second ascent. Another object was, to bring down specimens of air from different altitudes, for analysis; to try the effect of the actinometer at great elevations; and to note the hygrometric condition. There are to be four ascents, so as, if possible, to obtain something like satisfactory data by repetition; and in due time, detailed reports of the whole of the observations will be made public.

As ozone is at present attracting attention, it might have been worth while to ascertain the proportion of this constituent in the higher regions of the atmosphere. According to Messrs Frémy and Becquerel, the term ozone ought to be abandoned; for, after a series of careful experiments, they have come to the conclusion, that there is no real transformation of matter in the production of ozone, but that it is nothing more than 'electrified oxygen,' or oxygen in a particular state of chemical affinity. Further research will perhaps shew us whether they or Schoenbein are in the right. At all events, the inquiry is interesting, particularly at this time, when cholera—to which ozone is antagonistic—is said to be again about to pay us a visit; and seeing that the doctrine of non-contagion, put forth so authoritatively by our General Board of Health, is disputed; and that a certain morbid influence can be conveyed and imparted, is shewn by abundant evidence to be alike probable and possible. What took place lately in Poland is cited as a case in point. Excavations were being made at Laak, near Kalisch, which laid open the cemetery where the bodies of those who died of cholera in 1832 had been buried. All who were engaged in the work died, and the disease spread fatally throughout the neighbourhood. What an important question here remains to be settled! and how is it to be settled while people are unclean and towns undrained?

Astronomers have given good proof of activity during the present year, by the discovery of four new planets and one new comet—two of them by Mr Hind, who has now the merit of having discovered half a dozen of these minor members of our planetary system. Fifty years ago, such an achievement would have made an exalted reputation; but in these days of keen enterprise in science, as well as in commerce, we do not think much of finding such little worlds as these in question. If nothing short of the marvellous is to satisfy us, who shall say that even this will not present itself to the far-piercing ken of the new mirror telescope—refracting, not reflecting—established on Wandsworth Common, at the cost of an amateur astronomer, for the promotion of the celestial science? Lord Rosse has now a competitor; and with a tube of eighty feet in length, and the power of looking direct at the distant object, may we not hope to hear of great

discoveries by means of the new instrument? Photographers will be able to obtain what has long been a desideratum—a large image of the moon; and the sun will doubtless have to reveal a few more secrets concerning his physical constitution, to say nothing of the remote and mysterious nebulae. Apropos of the sun, Father Secchi, of the observatory at Rome, has been questioning the great luminary with philosophical apparatus, to ascertain whether any difference could be detected in the heat from different parts of its surface, and the proportion lost in its passage through the atmosphere. He finds that the equatorial region is the hottest; and that, as on our earth, the temperature diminishes towards the poles: it is in the central region that spots most frequently appear. The result of the investigations is that, after allowing for absorption, the heat which comes to the earth corresponds in amount to that inferred from photometric experiments, whereby the experiments made at Paris and at Rome confirm each other.

Now that Mr Fox Talbot has so praiseworthy given up his patent right to Talbotypes, except in the matter of portraits, the art of photography will find itself stimulated to yet further developments; and with free practice, many new applications of it will be discovered. Magic-lantern slides, for instance, obtained from the negative image, are already lowered in price, while their style and finish are singularly beautiful. The architect of the bridge now being built over the Neva, at St Petersburg, is turning it to account in a very practical manner. Being an Englishman, he has had to endure much jealousy and misrepresentation, and attempts have been made to prejudice the authorities against him. To counteract these designs, he takes every week photographs of the work, which distinctly shew its progress, and these he sends to the emperor, who looks at them in a stereoscope of the largest size, and can thus satisfy himself of the actual condition of the bridge by means which malice or envy would not easily falsify. If the photograph shews finished arches, of what use will it be to deny their existence? People out of Russia may perhaps find it worth while to try the same experiment; and before long, a new order of 'detectives' on elevated stations, will be taking photographs of all that passes in the streets, and pick-pockets in *delicto* will find their offence and their likeness imprinted by one and the same process. With such a means of detection, and all the police stations connected by telegraphic wires, what are the thieves to do?

Manchester shews itself earnest in the cause of education, by having established a Free Library of 16,000 volumes for reference, and 5000 for lending, and paid for it by voluntary subscription—£800 of which was contributed by 20,000 of the working-classes. To their honour be it recorded! But the inhabitants have done yet more; they have made over the library to the town-council, that it may become one of their public institutions, and have agreed to pay a half-penny rate to provide the necessary funds for its perpetual maintenance. May they have their reward!

Considering that educational reform or renovation may ere long be looked for at Oxford, in accordance with the recommendations of the University Commission, it behoves other parts of the kingdom to be fully awake to the importance of the subject. 'There is a spreading conviction, that man was made for a higher purpose than to be a beast of burden, or a creature of sense;' and it will not do to stifle this conviction. Comprehensive endeavours must be made to educate and enlighten; to touch the heart as well as to train the intellect. And it must not be forgotten, that education involves very much besides mere book-learning—the mechanical duties, namely, of everyday life. Something of the latter is to be tried in the City Hospice and Soup-kitchen just opened near the foot of Holborn

Hill. Though fitted up in an old house, it is a training institute of a new kind, where individuals of both sexes will acquire useful knowledge in a practical way; best explained by a passage from the report of the opening:

'In one portion of the educational department is an ironing-table, provided with the necessary utensils, for the purpose of instructing the women and girls in that necessary portion of domestic science, from the finest description of work down to the very coarsest. Adjoining this is a table laid out *en famille*; this also being considered, and justly so, no unimportant branch of knowledge. In another portion is a table prepared for a large party: every variety of glass likely to be required being properly placed, and every napkin being differently folded, so as to enable the ambitious neophyte to suit the taste of all mistresses. Beyond this is a small closet, with a window resembling those of an ordinary-sized house; and this the men and women are both taught to clean, while the closet itself serves as a cover for the simple operation of polishing boots and shoes. To this succeeds a table, upon which are placed the utensils for cleaning plate, and on another table the instruments for cleaning lamps.' Such an establishment ought to prosper; and perhaps this one will, if the giving away of soup for nothing, which is another part of its functions, does not kill it. There seems something incongruous in encouraging industry and self-reliance with one hand, and helplessness with the other.

On the whole, it must be admitted that we are making progress, and those who think so, may very properly talk about it. Among a large number, the Crystal Palace becomes daily a greater subject of importance. Soon the last portions of the famous structure will be removed from Hyde Park, to rise in renewed beauty on the hill-slope at Sydenham; where the restored edifice is to become a permanent object of interest, far transcending all previous achievements in the way of exhibitions.

Of foreign matters which have attracted attention, there is the remarkable fall of *grain*, not rain, in Belgium, a few weeks since, of a kind altogether unknown in that country. Some of it has been sown, with a view to judge of it by the plant; meanwhile, the learned are speculating as to its origin. The Dutch, pursuing their steady course of reclamation, have just added some hundreds of acres to their territory on the borders of the Scheldt; and it is said that the grand enterprise of draining the Haarlemmer-Meer is at last completed, there being nothing now left but a small running stream across the lowest part of the basin. The quantity pumped away in the last eight months of 1861, averaged a little over three inches per month, a small amount, apparently; but when it is known, that lowering the lake one inch only took away four million tons of water, we may form a fair idea of the importance of the work, and of the quantity lifted in the eight months. The depth at the beginning of this year was three feet eight inches, and this is now discharged. To have carried such a work to a successful issue, may be ranked among the greatest of engineering triumphs.

To turn to another part of the world: there is something interesting from the Sandwich Islands. The king wishes to assimilate his government to that of England, to guard against the casualty of a *coup d'état*, and a small military force has been organised for defence. The Report of the Minister of the Interior states, that 130 persons had taken the oath of allegiance within the year, of whom 66 were citizens of the United States; 81 British; 15 Chinese; and 18 of other countries. The foreign letters received and sent numbered 24,787—more than half to the United States; besides which 81,050 domestic letters were transmitted among the group of islands. There are 535 free-schools, of which 431 are Protestant, with 12,976 scholars, and 104 Roman Catholic, with 2086 scholars. There were

1171 marriages; and the population returns shew that the number of natives is still slowly on the decrease, the births among them having been 2424, while the deaths were 5792.

ADVENTURES OF A YORKSHIRE GROOM.

Letters from Parma, of the 9th instant, announce that the resolution has been taken at Vienna to deprive the Duke of Parma of the administration of his states, and to put in a regency, of which Ward is to be the head. The elevation of Ward affords not only a singular instance of the mutability of human affairs, but of the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race, when transplanted to foreign countries, to emerge to eminence, and surpass others by the homely but rare qualities of common-sense and unflinching energy. Ward was a Yorkshire groom. The Duke of Lucca, when on a visit to this country, perceiving the lad's merit, took him into his service, and promoted him, through the several degrees of command in his stable, to be head-groom of the ducal stud. Upon Ward's arrival in Italy with his master, it was soon found that the intelligence which he displayed in the management of the stables was applicable to a variety of other departments. In fact, the duke had such a high opinion of Ward's wisdom, that he very rarely omitted to consult him upon any question that he was perplexed to decide. As Louis XII. used to answer those who applied to him on any business, by referring them to the Cardinal d'Amboise, with the words: 'Ask George,' so Charles of Lucca cut short all applications with 'Go to Ward.' He now became the factotum of the prince, won, in the disturbances which preceded the revolutionary year of 1848, a diplomatic dignity, and was despatched to Florence upon a confidential mission of the highest importance. He was deputed to deliver to the Grand Duke the act of abdication of the Duke of Lucca. Soon after, in 1849, when the Duke of Lucca resigned his other states to his son, Ward became the head counsellor of this prince. Ward was on one occasion despatched to Vienna in a diplomatic capacity. Schwarzenberg was astonished at his capacity; in fact, the *ci-devant* Yorkshire stable-boy was the only one of the diplomatic body that could make head against the impetuous counsels, or rather dictates, of Schwarzenberg; and this was found highly useful by other members of the diplomatic body. An English gentleman, supping one night at the Russian ambassador's, complimented him upon his excellent ham. 'There's a member of our diplomatic corps here,' replied Meyendorff, 'who supplies us all with hams from Yorkshire, of which county he is a native.' Ward visited England. The broad dialect and homely phrase betraying his origin through the profusion of orders of all countries sparkling on his breast, he rarely ventured to appear at evening *soirées*. Lord Palmerston declared he was one of the most remarkable men he had ever met with. Ward, through all his vicissitudes, has preserved an honest pride in his native country. He does not conceal his humble origin. The portraits of his parents, in their home-spun clothes, appear in his splendid saloon of the prime-minister of Parma.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

DURATION OF PLANTS.

The several kinds of plants vary exceedingly in their degrees of longevity, some being annual, perfecting their growth within a year, ripening their seeds and perishing; others are perennial, and continue to grow and flourish for years and centuries. Warm and cold climates have much influence on the duration of plants, and, in some few instances, plants that are annual in cold climates become perennial when transplanted into warm regions, and the contrary when transplanted from warm to cold ones. There are some kinds of trees that are very short-lived, as the peach and the plum; others reach a great age, as the pear and the apple. Some kinds of forest-trees are remarkable for their duration, and specimens are in existence seemingly coeval with the date of the present order of things on our globe. The oak, chestnut, and pine of our forests, reach the age of from 300 to 500 years. The cypress or white cedar of our swamps has furnished individuals 800 or 900 years old. Trees are now living in

England and Constantinople more than 1000 years old, of the yew, plane, and cypress varieties; and Addison found trees of the boabab growing near the Senegal, in Africa, which, reckoning from the ascertained age of others of the same species, must have been nearly 4000 years of age. It may be remarked, that plants of the same variety attain about the same age in all climates where they are produced.—*American Courier.*

THE RETURN TO LEZAYRE.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILDOENE LYONS, LL.D.

Lezayre is the name of a beautiful district in the Isle of Man.

I CAME to the place where my childhood had dwelt,
To the hearth where in early devotion I knelt—
The fern and the bramble grew wild in the hall,
And the long grass of summer waved green on the wall:
The roof-tree was fallen, the household had fled,
The garden was ruined, the roses were dead,
The wild bird flew scared from her desolate stone,
And I breathed in the home of my boyhood—alone.

That moment is past, but it left on my heart
A remembrance of sadness which will not depart:
I have wandered afar since that sorrowful day,
I have wept with the mournful, and laughed with the gay;
I have lived with the stranger, and drank of the rills
Which go warbling their music on loftier hills;
But I never forgot, in rejoicing or care,
That mouldering hearth, and those hills of Lezayre.

Yet droop not, my spirit! nor hopelessly mourn
Over ills which the best and the wisest have borne:
Though the greetings of love, and the voices of mirth,
May for ever be hushed in the homesteads of earth;
Though the dreams and the dwellings of childhood decay,
And the friends whom we cherish go hasting away,
No young hopes are scattered, no heart-strings are riven,
No partings are known in the households of Heaven.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

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ROBINSON-CRUSOEISM OF COMMON LIFE.

It is wonderfully exciting to read the adventures of a shipwrecked mariner; to find him cast away on a desert island, destitute of everything that before seemed necessary to his very existence; to see him settling himself down in a strange and untried form of life, substituting one thing for another, doing altogether without some other thing, turning constantly from expedient to expedient, bending to his will the circumstances that seemed his fate, and at length naturalising himself to the place, and living bravely on, truly and literally the Monarch of all he surveys. The avidity with which we drink in such details, seems to depend upon some principle in our nature; for a feeling of the same kind is excited by all other narrations of vicissitude. The picture of calamity would be merely tiresome, were it not for the rebound we expect: we want to see what the unfortunate whose story we follow will *do*; by what steps he will try to re-ascend, or by what expedients he will make for himself a new world in the depths to which he has fallen. This principle is known to the skilful novelist, and he is the most successful who knows it best. It is to the complete gratification afforded to the mystical sympathy referred to—the sympathy, not with calamity, but with struggle—that Robinson Crusoe owes its distinction as the most universally popular of all works of fiction; for although the facts of the narrative had probably never any actual existence, they are so rendered as to be instinctively received as the component parts of a thing eternally true in nature.

But in actual life the Robinson Crusoes are few, and the shipwrecked mariners many. The mass of castaways, when they find themselves separated from their kind, their comforts, their necessities, yield, after a few feeble efforts, or without effort at all, to what is called their fate, and die of cold, or hunger, or despair. These multitudes we take no note of. They pass away from the earth like shadows; or, if our eye follows them for a moment till the view is lost in the crowding incidents of life, we look upon them as the victims of unavoidable and irresistible circumstances, and so turn calmly away. But it would be well to examine this notion; to contrast the victims with the vanquishers; to inquire whether the train of circumstances really differed in their several cases; and so to ascertain the share individual character may have had in the result. Let us, by all means, continue to pity the victims, whether we find their bones bleaching in the desert, or stirred on the shore by the tide; but it may be suspected that we ought to pity them less for the hardness of their fate than for the weakness which could not

withstand it. A French writer has finely said, that history is the struggle of the human race with destiny. Even so, we think, is the history of individuals.

Look abroad into ordinary life, and examine the condition of its castaways. One finds himself alone in the crowd of mankind, with wind and tide against him, surrounded by influences like evil spirits, the earth dry and famished under his foot, and the heavens black with thunder above his head. He has no experience, little physical strength, only ordinary talent; but he has nerve and will: he can plod when necessary; he can stoop or climb as the time demands; he can cut a new path when he loses the old one; and so, step by step, he goes on—this gallant Crusoe—till he has conquered circumstances and reached a secure shelter. Another man: but here we must speak of crowds and classes, for imbecility affects whole regions of society at once. A certain branch of industry, we shall say—agriculture, handloom weaving, anything—is struck with decay, and its followers thrown out of employment. What course do the unfortunates take? They sit down and curse their day; they appeal to the sympathies of their more successful brethren; they lean idly wherever they can find support; and failing this, they starve in a body, or drift into the workhouses. In such circumstances, men seldom think even of the obvious expedient of changing their locality, far less of changing their employment. They are rooted to the soil like a plant; when the work they have been accustomed to is no longer wanted, they cross their hands; and so they remain, and wither, and despair, and die. Thus when the kelp business was at an end, the Scotch Highlanders sat down in their helpless hunger, till they were swept as with a besom out of the land they cumbered. Yet what Meehi has done for his Tiptree bog on a large scale, with expensive machinery, and hired labour, might have been done by each of them on a small scale, without expense, and with his own labour. A wholesome living might be wrested by determined men from the wildest nook in Scotland, and the sea alone would support a large population. What the people did, however, was merely to pick up such shell-fish as the waves chanced to throw at their feet, and hold out their lean hands for national charity.

As we ascend in society, a similar spectacle presents itself. All trades and professions, without exception, are crowded with once well-doing individuals, who now serve only to cumber the ground, and obstruct the progress of others. Whatever be his reverses, a man seems to think it necessary to abide by his employment and his station, even if he starves in the one, and excites pity or ridicule in the other. He will not see

that he has suffered shipwreck; that he has been thrown into entirely new circumstances; that he must disengage himself from old habits and prejudices, and construct anew his scheme of life. He is one of a tribe, and must stand or fall by his profession and his order. He has lost all perception of his own individuality, and is afraid to take a single step that is not prescribed by custom and example. But, independently of the Robinson Crusoes of the class, many such slaves of conventionalism achieve their freedom while intending only to better their condition. They emigrate to a new country, and find themselves actually in a desert island—an oasis in the wilderness—where it is necessary to work at whatever employment offers the means of subsistence—to resort to all sorts of shifts and expedients, and to submit cheerfully to the deprivation of things they had in former times reckoned necessities of life. The change is found to be conducive to vigour both of mind and body. The indolent become active, the delicate, strong. Neither the physical nor moral constitution is easily injured, except by the influences of artificial life. A man who dares not sit by an open window for fear of the draught of air, if thrown upon a rock in the sea—exposed for days and nights to all the winds that blow, wet, cold, and starving—sustains no injury. Persons in this situation, or similar ones, have remarked over and over again with astonishment, that they were never in better health in their lives!

The beneficial effect of emigration on the character and habits of the lazzaroni of Ireland, is sufficient to indicate the cause of many of the great evils of social life at home. People will not recognise the fact, that they are castaways of fortune, and require to scramble as well as they can for a subsistence. They like to read of the struggles of the Robinson Crusoes, but never think of imitating them. They have not imagination enough to see the analogy between such positions and their own; and it is not till they actually find themselves in some far-away desert, that the slumbering energies of their character are awakened. Then they have nothing to lean upon but their industry—nothing to look to but their ingenuity. Expedients must take the place of habits; necessity must be their law instead of prescription; the chains of conventionality—as strong among the lowest as among the highest—drop from their limbs, and the man rises up from the ruins of the slave and beggar. This consummation, however, is not the invariable result. Even emigration only increases, although to a large extent, the number of Crusoes; and there is still a portion of the people who drift to and fro as helplessly as sea-weed. But at home, the bulk of the people are in this condition; they have no capacity for expedients, which are the stepping-stones of progress. A resolute tradesman, when one thing fails, tries another; when one process is found tedious or expensive, he has recourse to another; and in the same way the whole of society is on the move onward and upward. But the movers are not the mass; they are the stirring spirits of the time, at whose ceaseless work the multitude gaze unreflectingly, grumbling when their own occupation grows scanty, and looking for relief, not to themselves, but to their neighbours, their superiors, their rulers.

Some time ago, a correspondent of ours, struck apparently with the true cause of the evil—the tyranny of conventional feeling—deprecated the emigration of

those classes supposed to be the most slavishly subjected to it, without having previously made a trial of their energies. He proposed that every 'genteel' family, before setting their lives and fortune upon the cast, should establish themselves for a time in some solitary district of their own country, remote from the comforts and conveniences of life, and try whether their industry and ingenuity were of an available kind. He seemed to be of opinion that in most cases the experiment would fail, and that thus many an unfortunate expedition into the wildernesses beyond seas would be prevented. We are of the same opinion, only we do not think either the experiment fair or the result desirable. The very atmosphere of our country is pervaded by a conventionalism which, as is proved by what passes every day before our eyes, cannot be counteracted by mere external circumstances. The family in question would feel themselves to be only amateur Crusoes; they would be haunted by the idea, that they were surrounded, at a distance of only a day or two's travel, by the 'genteel' society of which they had formed a part; and, above all, they would have the consciousness perpetually before them, of being able to withdraw from the adventure as soon as they lost heart. This last consideration of itself would be fatal. Nothing rouses energy and strengthens determination so effectually as the knowledge that we are irretrievably committed: the climber of some desperate but possible steep is never safe till the rope is cut beneath him; the crosser of a difficult ford is never sure of completing the feat till he has

Stept in so far that, should he wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

The family, therefore, might fail in their experiment, and yet be fully adequate to the struggles of actual emigration.

The humanitarians of the day, though full of a fine Crusoe spirit themselves, seem not to recognise its necessity as a general principle. They draw a distinction that has no existence in nature between the classes they design to benefit and themselves, legislating for their protégés in the fashion of a permanent providence. They know that a very large part of the population must labour with their hands for hire—that this is an indispensable condition of all civilised society. They know likewise that the labour-market is necessarily full of vicissitude, that work of particular kinds is constantly shifting its place, now from one street to another, now from one town to another, now from one province to another. It would seem, therefore, to be their cue, to fit the labourer for the changes that are liable to beset the way of life he has chosen, or into which he has been thrown; to imbue him with the noble Crusoe spirit of adventure and expedient; and to leave his hands free to embrace his fortune wherever it may offer. But no such thing. Their grand effort at present appears to be, to chain him to the spot in which he happens to stand, by making him the possessor of some small house, or some small plot of ground. If the labour-market were permanent in its demand, exactly proportioned to the existing numbers, and yet elastic enough to meet the movement of population, this would be an excellent plan; but as it is, it may be doubted whether there is not in a system which restricts the locomotion of the workman, the germ of a great evil, both to the class to which he belongs and to the cause of general progress. It seems to us that this plan, which is now making such rapid strides over the

whole kingdom, is in antagonism with the other great influences that are occupied in developing the character of the age. While railway transit and steam navigation are labouring to break the chains that bound the workman to the locality in which he grew, the various land-investment societies are doing everything in their power to rivet them anew. But this hint must be understood as applied to the system in its general, not special application. There can be no doubt of its admirable effect in multitudes of individual cases: what we disapprove of, is the manner in which it addresses itself to the working-class as a body.

That no external circumstances at home, however terrible or desperate, can struggle successfully, except in a small minority of cases, with the spirit of conventionalism and the inert force of habit, is proved by what is passing around us in society. But it may at least be hoped, that reason is able to exercise a power which appears not to reside in the mechanical pressure of events. The misfortune is, that the calamities of life do not find our minds in a state of preparation to meet them. We have formed no *a priori* theory. We are able to sink, and to suffer—some of us bravely; we are able, when necessary, to 'die like the wolf in silence;' but of manly struggle we are incapable. Now, we have a plan of our own to propose, in which, we think, resides the grand arcanum of social regeneration. Have you guessed it, intelligent reader? It is simply this: read *Robinson Crusoe*. But not as formerly. Do not regard it as a romance. Look upon it as a mirror of human life, in which the fortunes of men—in which your own possible fortunes are figured with photographic truth; and learn from it how to meet, how to resist, how to subdue them. Forget not, when overtaken by heavy misfortunes, that you have suffered shipwreck; and do not fancy that your desert island is a land flowing with milk and honey. Look at things as they are. Listen to the wind as it moans along the water, and to the sea as it breaks on that dread lee-shore. Remember that your safety depends upon your own courage, your own energy, your own ingenuity. Do not dream that you hear amid the din the voices of friends and comrades, for that is proved by everyday experience to be a delusion; and, above all things, if you be of the station in which conventionalism is strongest, do not fancy that the eyes of genteel people are staring at you through the gloom!

AN EPISODE OF THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Brave old Denmark was sincerely neutral during the great French Revolution; but England, by a very questionable act, seized two Danish frigates—under search-warrants—and towed them to British ports. This arbitrary insult appears to have induced both Denmark and Sweden to join the 'Northern Armed Neutrality,' which they did in the middle of December 1800. Upon this, England embargoed all Danish and Swedish ships in our ports, and seized all, or nearly all, their colonies. Shortly afterwards, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker (commander-in-chief of the fleet), Admiral Lord Nelson, and Admiral Graves, sailed for the Baltic with some forty-seven ships of war. They passed without opposition through the Sound, and the Swedish fleet of seven ships of the line and three frigates, could not, or did not, leave Carlskrona; as to the Russian fleet, it was frozen up; besides which, the demise of the Emperor Paul caused a vacillation in the councils of Russia. The result was, that little Denmark was left unaided to bear the brunt of mighty England's vengeance.

Upon the crown-prince of Denmark—afterwards Frederick VI., one of the best sovereigns that ever swayed a northern sceptre—devolved the management of the nation's affairs; for he had been regent since 1784, in consequence of the mental derangement of Christian VII. The crown-prince was a brave and energetic man, and he made every possible preparation to defend Copenhagen—himself assuming the very responsible post of commander-in-chief. The land defences consisted of the Citadellet Frederikshavn, the Crown Batteries, and if they were as formidable in 1801 as they were when we saw them in 1850, they indeed possessed tremendous powers of destruction—also batteries on the shore of the island of Amak—Amager, as the English call it—which is separated from Copenhagen by a narrow arm of the sea called Kallebostrand. The Danish fleet was moored in the inner harbour, which is a very strong position, as the entrance is defended by booms, and batteries are along its east or seaward side.

On April 1, 1801, the English fleet loomed ominously in the horizon, and it became evident that a fearful combat was close at hand. The crown-prince issued his last orders to Admiral Fisher, the gallant commander of the Danish fleet, and to the officers in command of the several batteries. A terrible day and night was that for the Danes! They knew that with the morrow's sun many of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, *must* fall; and in case victory should declare on the side of the assailant, they knew not what horrors of war might befall their city. Yet the Danes—as brave and noble a people as any upon earth—yielded not to despair. They bitterly felt the cruel nature of their position, and with characteristic fortitude and unflinching resolution, prepared to meet it. They might be conquered, and their capital given to the flames—they knew that; but undauntedly did they rely on their native bravery, and the justice of their cause; for they believed they were engaged in a struggle of right against might.

At the hour of seven o'clock on this momentous evening of the 1st of April, a 'mess' of sailors on board a Danish ship of the line, the outermost of all in the harbour, had just received, in common with their shipmates, an extra allowance of *brændeviin*—white corn-brandy, somewhat like whisky. They were filled with feelings of high professional pride and confidence, and eagerly pledged one another, with patriotic resolves, to conquer or die in the morrow's conflict. Some tossed off their allowance with national toasts. One man among them held his *brændeviin* untasted until all the others had swallowed theirs. This man was a sailor who had volunteered to serve in the man-o'-war only the previous day. He was a native of Copenhagen, and hitherto had spent his life in the merchant service; but he had offered himself patriotically on this great emergency to fight in his country's cause. There was nothing remarkable or striking in his appearance: he was a sun-burnt, hardy-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, and slight rather than muscular in appearance. Like many of his countrymen, his hair was very light flaxen, and his eyes bright blue. His name was Anton Lundt.

'Come, messmate,' said one of the sailors, 'what is your toast?'

Anton Lundt started a little, his lip quivered, and his eyes grew lustrous with hidden emotion. Holding his glass on high, he exclaimed with fervour: 'For Pigen og vort Land—for Rosine og gamle Danmark!' (For the girls and our country—for Rose and

old Denmark!) and drained his *brandevin* to the last drop.

'Ah!' exclaimed his messmates, 'your sweetheart and your country—no toast can be better than that! Hurrah for Rosine and old Denmark!' Anton Lundt dashed the cuff of his sleeve over his eyes, and turned aside with a glowing heart, and a prayer on his lips.

On the eventful morning of the 2d April—

—To battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone.
By each gun a lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Nelson was the chief in command of the English ships engaged on this eventful day, for Sir Hyde Parker could not possibly come up with his portion of the fleet, as wind and tide were both dead against him. Of Nelson, then, and his ships, it is that Campbell sings:

It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

And well might the boldest hold his breath! It was no ordinary foe that British valour had to contend with, but one of the bravest and most skilful both by sea and land in the whole world. At length the dread signal flew 'along the lofty British line,' and each gun—

From its adamant lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

The appalling roar of a thousand cannon answered on the part of the Danes, and soon the very wind of heaven was stilled by the thundering reverberations of the artillery. We leave the historian to describe minutely the progress of the fight, and turn to the ship of Anton Lundt.

We have already said that this ship was the outermost in the inner harbour, and as the combat deepened, she was exposed to the heavy broadsides of two English seventy-fours. She was moored stem and stern, but her stern moorings were shot away, and she consequently drifted in such a position, that both the English ships poured in an awful fire that raked her fore and aft. In a few minutes, her bowsprit was cut to shivers; her foremast was splintered and tottering; her main-yard broken up; her mizen-mast entirely carried away, and drifting under her counter; her bows riddled with shot; and her upper decks strewn with dead and dying. Only about half a dozen of her guns could be brought to bear, and although the crew made every possible attempt to manœuvre the ship, so as to recover her original position, they entirely failed in doing so; and it was obvious that the unfortunate vessel would soon be a mere floating shambles, if not altogether shattered to pieces, and sent to the bottom.

If a boat could have been sent ashore with a hawser, the ship would speedily have hauled, so as to avoid being raked, and also her own broadside would have been available; but it would have been hopeless to send off a boat, as every yard of intervening water was ploughed up with round and grape shot, and a boat would have been specially aimed at, and sunk before she had gone a couple of lengths. Moreover, every boat in the ship had been staved or knocked to atoms already.

In this horrible crisis, Anton Lundt, who was stationed on the quarter-deck, stepped up to the captain, stripped to the waist, all begrimed with powder,

and sprinkled with the blood of his messmates, and said: 'I will leap overboard with a line, and swim ashore to that battery, and then you can bend a hawser to the line; and when we have hauled and secured it ashore, you will heave upon it, and get the ship back to her moorings!' The captain gazed a moment at the intrepid mariner who made such a chivalrous proposal, and then, without a word of reply, sadly shook his head, and significantly pointed to the water, which was all alive with hissing balls.

'I know it, captain,' rejoined the undaunted volunteer; 'but there is a God above all!' Without further parley, Anton seized a coil of small white line, and with the dexterity of a seaman, knotted the end over his neck and beneath one arm, bringing the bight over his shoulder for convenience in swimming. He then slipped off his trousers—the only garment he had on—and took a few loose coils in his hand, his messmates undertaking to attend to the running out of the bight after him. All was the work of a minute; and without pause, he plunged head-foremost into the sea from the taffrail, shouting, as he gave the air: 'For Rosine og gamle Danmark—hurrah!'

He rose some dozen yards or more from the ship's stern, having dived straight for his bourne, which was not more than eighty yards distant at the most. The general surface of the harbour would have been perfectly calm, had it not been for the continuous swirls created by the oscillations of the Danish ships, as they rocked to and fro under their heavy broadsides. Just as Anton Lundt emerged, a twenty-four pounder struck the water within a few yards of his back, but ricocheted exactly over his head, merely stunning him for a moment with the spray. He swam straight as an arrow, with the long and powerful strokes of a first-rate swimmer; and occasionally, when the grape and musket shots whistled thick as hailstones around him, he dexterously dived. Thus swimming and diving alternately, he very quickly sped two-thirds of the perilous distance, amid the cheers of his countrymen. At length, however, the nearest English ship observed him, and probably guessed his object; for the marines on her poop fired a close volley at him, and a scream of rage and despair from his messmates arose, when they beheld him wildly throw up his left arm in unmistakable agony, and flounder in what appeared his death-flurry. Then his body rose perpendicularly, till his shoulders were a foot or more clear above the water, and he slowly fell backward, with his head pointing to the Danish battery. Contrary to expectation, he did not sink, however, but floated at full length, with nothing but a portion of his face visible. After a pause, he was observed to be propelling himself with his feet—swimming on his back, in fact—and his messmates on board the ship, and his countrymen at the battery, now cheered louder than ever. Two minutes of breathless suspense followed, and then a dozen hands were stretched forth, and he was lifted up the stony slope that led to the level of the battery. A moment he turned round, and faced towards his ship—his right arm hanging helplessly down by his side, shattered above the elbow by a ball, and his naked body streaming with blood from several wounds—then he waved his left arm in the air, and feebly hurrahing, fell senseless in the arms of the soldiers. By the order of one of their officers, he was immediately conveyed out of further danger. Meanwhile, had victory to the Danish arms depended on poor Anton Lundt's single heroic effort, Denmark would assuredly have triumphed; for his scheme succeeded perfectly. A hawser had been attached to the end of the line aboard the ship, the soldiers promptly hauled it ashore and secured it, and then the man-o'-war was easily hauled out of her critical position.

Let us now briefly glance at the progress of the main battle. It commenced exactly at five minutes

after ten A.M., and in about an hour it was general on both sides. The Danes fought—as they ever have fought, and ever will fight—like worthy descendants of their Scandinavian forefathers, and for awhile the result seemed doubtful. As already mentioned, Sir Hyde Parker could not get to Nelson's aid; and it is related that this excellent man—who was as generous-minded as brave—endured dreadful anxiety on account of Nelson and Graves. In another half hour he could bear it no longer, and resolved to make a signal for the recall of the two subordinate admirals, remarking to his own captain, that if Nelson, whose extraordinary character he well understood, really felt himself in a position to continue the battle with a prospect of ultimate victory, he would heroically disobey the signal.

The signal of recall was accordingly hoisted, just at the time when the fire of the Danes had reached its acme, and it was yet a matter of considerable uncertainty to which side victory would incline. Nelson was swiftly pacing his quarter-deck, moving the stump of his lost arm up and down with excitement, and the balls of the foe whizzed thickly around him, stretching many a brave fellow lifeless at his feet. The splinters flew from the main-mast, which a ball perforated; and then it was that Nelson is said to have smilingly observed: "Warm work! this day may be the last to any of us at a moment! But, mark you—I would not be elsewhere for thousands!"

The lieutenant whose duty it was to attend to the signals, now informed him that No. 39—"Leave off action!"—was hoisted on board the commander-in-chief. Nelson heard this unmoved, and made no reply. A second time the signal-lieutenant reported it to him, and asked if he should answer it in turn. "No!" was the stern reply; "but acknowledge it." He then asked if his own signal for "close action" was duly flying, and being affirmatively responded to, said: "Mind you keep it so!" Let us quote the characteristic scene that immediately ensued:—

"Do you know," said he to Mr Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander-in-chief! No. 39!" Mr Ferguson asked what that meant. "Why, to leave off action!" Then, shrugging his shoulders, he repeated the words, "Leave off action? Now, — me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to his own captain, "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes!" and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed: "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed: "— the signal! keep mine flying for closer battle! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!"

The action continued with increased vigour, for Admiral Graves, probably taking his cue from Nelson, also disobeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal. At one P.M., the fire of the Danes grew weaker, and by degrees it slackened, so that at thirty minutes past two P.M., it had ceased altogether in many parts of their shore defences, and most of their ships struck to the English, although the Crown Batteries, and a few men-o'-war ahead of Nelson's position, still fought with desperation, and fired on the English boats sent off to secure the prizes. Some of the surrendered ships were, in fact, placed between two fires—that of friends and foes, and the unfortunate crews suffered proportionately. Nelson was both angry and grieved at this; and he immediately went into the stern-gallery, and addressed a well-known note to the crown-prince, couched in these words:—

"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men

who have so nobly defended them: The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English."

He sealed this in an unusually formal manner, saying, that "it was no time to appear hurried." Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger carried this letter ashore,* with a flag of truce, and delivered it to the crown-prince, at the Sally Port. The latter sent to know the precise meaning of Nelson, and he replied thus:—"Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity; he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off the prizes as he shall think fit. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to his Royal Highness the Prince, will consider this the greatest victory he has ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy union between his own most gracious sovereign and his majesty the king of Denmark."

The immediate result was a total cessation of hostilities, and a most complete victory to the English. When the contest was over, the wounded were gradually collected and removed to the hospitals and private houses of the city—to the latter when their personal friends claimed them. Many of the Danish soldiers and sailors engaged were natives of Copenhagen, or had relatives and dear friends therein, and the scenes that ensued during the afternoon, evening, and night, were heart-rending in the extreme. Parents, wives, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts, frantically ran from place to place, alike hoping and dreading to learn certain tidings of the fate of those so dear to them. All Copenhagen was a city of woe and wailing. Everybody had sustained a loss. Mothers and fathers wept for their brave sons killed, wounded, or prisoners; sisters for their brothers; girls for their lovers; the patriot for his poor conquered country and his slaughtered countrymen. Tremendous, in our estimation, was the moral responsibility of the English ministry for 'letting slip the dogs of war' for a slight cause—nay, strictly speaking, for no valid cause whatever. Our firm conviction is, that had England left Denmark to her own honourable instincts, the latter nation would never have given real occasion for an appeal to arms. Even yet more cruel and criminal was the bombardment of the city of Copenhagen itself, only six years subsequently to Nelson's raid—for it was nothing better. But they managed matters fifty years ago in a different manner from what the enlightened spirit of the age would now tolerate. No British ministry of the present day would dare or wish to act as did the ruling satchems in the early part of this century.

Anton Lundt—as true a hero as Nelson himself, although incomparably a humbler one—was, as already related, conveyed to the rear of the battery, and his wounds were attended to as well as circumstances would admit. Later in the evening, his father, an old invalid man-o'-war's-man, found him, and had him removed to his own humble home. The poor fellow had never recovered consciousness, and for many long hours he lay moaning, and occasionally struggling convulsively, under his natal roof, and in the same little room where he was born. His aged parents and a few friends wept around him; but there was one other watcher by his side, whose grief, although silent, surpassed theirs. It was his betrothed Pige, or sweetheart, Rosine Borentzen—she whose image had excited his heroism, she whose name was coupled with Denmark as his battle-cry. She shed not a tear—her anguish was too deep for that—but sat by his lowly pallet,

* One of the grand basso-reliefs recently placed on the base of Nelson's Monument, in Trafalgar Square, London, represents Nelson in the act of delivering the letter to the young captain who acted as his aid-de-camp on the occasion. The subjects of the three other reliefs are St Vincent, The Nile, and Trafalgar.

supporting his head on her bosom, and wiping away the light foam from his bubbling lips. Ever and anon the dying sailor—for, alas! dying he was—would utter sea-phrases, or affecting words of friendship or of love, yet not even the voice of Rosine, continually murmuring in his ear, could recall him to sensibility.

The midnight hour approached: a medical man had just been in, and departed with the brief but decided assurance that the patient could not possibly survive many minutes. A worthy clergyman was kneeling with the family around the couch, praying to God to receive the parting spirit. In the midst of their supplications, the countenance of Anton Lundt was illumined with a gleam of unearthly triumph, and springing half-upright, he tossed his left arm aloft, and in soul-thrilling tones pealed forth his battle-cry of 'Rosine og gamle Danmark—hurrah!' He then instantly fell back a corpse on the bosom of his betrothed.

In the suburb of Oesterbrø, at Copenhagen, is a naval cemetery, and it generally attracts the eye of the stranger, as it most forcibly did our own, by a number of rough, picturesque fragments of unhewn granite, strewn over the mortal remains of the brave men who fell fighting for old Denmark against Nelson. The simple words, '*Anton Lundt, død 2 April 1801,*' may be seen on one of them.

Rosine Børentzen never smiled again. On the first anniversary of the battle, she returned home from the cemetery, where she had been to place a wreath of *immortelles* on the grave of her betrothed, after the fashion of her country, and ere morning dawned, her soul had fled to rejoin her hero in heaven. Peace to the souls of the brave, and of all who loved and were loved of the brave who fell at the Battle of the Baltic!

WHY DOES THE CLOCK KEEP TIME?

A PENDULOUS body vibrates when it is suspended so that the centre of its mass is not placed directly under the point of suspension, because then the alternating influences of weight and velocity are constantly impressing it with motion. Weight carries it down as far as it can go towards the earth's attraction; acquired velocity then carries it onwards; but as the onward movement is constrained to be upward against the direction of the earth's attraction, that force antagonises, and at last arrests it, for velocity flags when it has to drag its load up-hill, and soon gives over the effort. The body swings down-hill with increasing rapidity, because weight and velocity are then both driving it; it swings up-hill with diminishing rapidity, because then weight is pulling it back in opposition to the force of velocity. Weight pulls first this way, then that way; velocity carries first this way, then that way; but the two powers do not act evenly and steadily together; they now combine with, and now oppose each other; now increase their influence together, and now augment and diminish it inversely and alternately; and so the suspended body is tossed backwards and forwards between them, and made to perform its endless dance.

It is related of Galileo, that he once stood watching a swinging lamp, hung from the roof of the cathedral at Pisa, until he convinced himself that it performed its vibratory movement in the same time, whether the vibration was one of wide or of narrow span. This traditional tale is most probably correct in its main features, for the Newtons and Galileos of all ages do perceive great truths in occurrences that are as commonplace as the fall of an apple, or the disturbance of a hanging lamp. Trifles are full of meaning to them,

because their minds are already prepared to arrive at certain conclusions by means of antecedent reflections. Simple and familiar incidents, thus accidentally associated with the history of grand discoveries, are the channels through which the accumulating waters at length descend, rather than the rills which feed the swelling of their floods. The orchard at Woolsthorpe, and the cathedral at Pisa, were outlets of this kind, through which the pent-up tide of gathering knowledge burst. If they had never offered themselves, the laws of universal gravitation and isochronous vibration would still have reached the world.

If the reader will hang up two equal weights upon nearly the same point of suspension, and by means of two strings of exactly the same length, he will have an apparatus at his command that will enable him to see, under even more favourable conditions, what Galileo saw in the cathedral at Pisa. Upon drawing one of them aside one foot from the position of rest, and the other one yard, and then starting them off both together to vibrate backwards and forwards, he will observe, that although the second has a journey of two yards to accomplish, while the first has but a journey of two feet, the two will, nevertheless, come to the end at precisely the same instant. As the weights swing from side to side in successive oscillations, they will always present themselves together at the point which is the middle of their respective arcs. This is what is called isochronous vibration—the passing through unequal arcs in equal periods of time.

At the first glance, this seems a very singular result. The careless observer naturally expects that a weight hung upon a string ought to take longer to move through a long arc than through a short one, if impelled by the same force; but the subject appears in a different light upon more mature reflection, for it is then seen, that the weight which performs the longer journey starts down the steeper declivity, and therefore acquires a greater velocity. A ball does not run down a steep hill and a more gently inclined one at the same pace; neither, therefore, will the suspended weight move down the steeper curve, and the less raised one, at equal rates. The weight which moves the fastest, of necessity gets through more space in a given period than its more leisurely companion does. The equality of the periods in which two weights vibrate, is perfect so long as both the unequal arcs of motion are short ones, when compared with the length of the suspending strings; but even when one of the arcs is five times longer than the other, ten thousand vibrations will be completed before one weight is an entire stride in advance of the other; and even this small amount of difference is destroyed when the arc in which the weights swing is a little flattened from the circular curve.

But there is yet another surprise to be encountered. Hang a weight of a pound upon one of the strings, and a weight of two pounds upon the other, and set them vibrating in arcs of unequal length as before, and their motions will be found to be isochronous. Unequal weights, as well as equal ones, when hung on equal strings, will swing through arcs of unequal length in equal periods of time. This seeming inconsistency also admits of a satisfactory explanation. It has been stated, that the motion of swinging bodies is caused by the earth's attraction. But what are the facts that are more particularly implied in this statement? What discoveries does the philosophic inquirer make when he looks more narrowly into it? For the sake of the

illustration, let it be imagined that a man stands at the top of the Monument of London, with two leaden bullets in his hand, each weighing an ounce, and that he drops these together. They go to the earth, because the earth's mass draws them thither; and since the two bodies exactly resemble each other, and start at the same instant upon their descent, they must of course both strike the pavement beneath simultaneously. There can be no reason why one should get down before the other, for the same influence causes the fall of each. The entire mass of the huge earth attracts each bullet alike, and the bullets, therefore, yield like obedience to the influence, and fall together to the ground.

But now, suppose that the two bullets were to be all at once fused into one, and that this combined mass were then dropped from the top of the Monument as a single bullet, would there then be any reason why the two ounces of lead should make a more rapid descent than they would have made while in separate halves? Clearly not. There is but the same earth to attract, and the same number of particles to be drawn in each case, and therefore the same result must ensue. Each particle still renders its own individual obedience, and makes its own independent fall, although joined cohesively to its neighbours. It is the mass of the attracting body, and not the mass of the attracted body, that determines the velocity with which the latter moves. The greater mass of an attracted body expends its superior power, not in increasing its own rate of motion, but in pulling more energetically against the attracting mass. Every particle of matter when at rest resists any attempt to impress it with motion. The amount of this resistance is called its inertia. When many particles are united together into one body, they not only, therefore, take to that body many points upon which the earth's attraction can tell, but they also carry to it a like quantity of resistance or inertia, which must be overcome before any given extent of motion can be produced. If the earth's force be but just able to make particle 1 of any body go through 200 inches in a second, it will also be but just able to make particles 2, 3, and 4 do the same; consequently, whether those particles be separate or combined together, their rate of travelling will be the same. Hence all bodies descend to the earth with exactly the same velocities, however different their natures may be in the matter of weight, always provided there be no retarding influence to act unequally upon their different bulks and surfaces. It is well known that even a guinea and feather will fall together when the atmospheric resistance is removed from their path.

The reader will now, of course, see that what is true of the motion of free bodies, must also be true of the motion of suspended ones, since the same terrestrial attraction causes both. There is no reason why the two-pound weight in the experiment should vibrate quicker than the one-pound weight, just as there is no reason why a two-ounce bullet should fall quicker than a one-ounce bullet. Here, also, there are only the same number of terrestrial particles to act upon each separate particle of the two unequal weights. Hence it is that the vibrations of unequal weights are isochronous when hung on strings of equal lengths.

Thus far our dealings have been with what has seemed to be a very single-purposed and determined agent. We have hung a weight upon a piece of string and set it swinging, and have then seen it persisting in making the same number of beats in the same period of time, whether we have given it a long journey or a short one to perform; and also whether we have added to or taken from its mass. But now we enter upon altogether new relations with our little neophyte, and find that we have reached the limits of its patience.

Take three pieces of string of unequal lengths—one being one foot long; the second, four feet; and the third,

nine feet. Hang them up by one extremity, and attach to each of the other ends a weight. Then start the three weights all off together vibrating, and observe what happens. The several bodies do not now all vibrate in the same times as in the previous experiments. By making the lengths of the strings unequal, we have introduced elements of discord into the company. The weight on the shortest string makes three journeys, and the weight on the next longest string makes two journeys, while the other is loitering through one.

This discrepancy, again, is only what the behaviour of the vibrating masses in the previous experiments should have taught the observer to anticipate. Each of the weights in this new arrangement of the strings, has to swing in the portion of a circle, which, if completed, would have a different dimension from the circles in which the other weights swing. The one on the shortest string swings in the segment of a circle that would be two feet across; the one on the longest string swings in the segment of a circle that would be eighteen feet across. Now, if these two weights be made to vibrate in arcs that shall measure exactly the twelfth part of the entire circumference of their respective circles, then one will go backwards and forwards in a curved line only half a foot long, while the other will move in a line four feet and a half long.

But both these weights, the one going upon the short journey, and the other upon the long, will start down exactly the same inclination or declivity. The reader will see that this must be the case if he will draw two circles on paper round a common centre, the one at the distance of one inch, and the other at the distance of nine inches. Having done this, let him cut a notch out of the paper, extending through both the circles to the centre, and including a twelfth part, or thirty degrees, of each between its converging sides. He will then observe, that the two arcs cut out by the notch are everywhere concentric with each other; therefore, their beginnings and endings are concentric or inclined in exactly the same degree to a perpendicular crossing their centres. These concentric beginnings and endings represent correctly the concentric directions in which the swinging weights commence their downward movements.

Now, since it has been shewn that bodies begin to run down equal descents with equal velocities, it follows that the weight on the short string and that on the long string must commence to move down the concentric curves of their respective arcs at an equal rate. But it has been also shewn that the one of these weights has a nine times longer journey to perform than the other; it is clear, therefore, that both cannot accomplish their respective distances in the same time. The weight on the shortest string in reality makes three vibrations, and the weight on the string that is next to this in length makes two vibrations, while the weight on the longest string is occupied about one; and the differences would be as 9, 4, and 1, instead of as 3, 2, 1, but that the weights moving in the longer arcs benefit most from acceleration of velocity. Although all the vibrating bodies begin to move at equal rates, they pass the central positions directly beneath their points of suspension at unequal ones. Those that have been the longest in getting down to these positions, have of necessity increased their paces the most while upon their route.

Suspended weights, then, only vibrate in equal times when hung upon equal strings; but they continue to make vibrations in equal times notwithstanding the diminution of the arcs in which they swing. This was the fact that caught the attention of Galileo; he observed that the vibrations of the lamp slowly died away as the effect of the disturbing force was destroyed bit by bit, but that, nevertheless, the last faint vibration that caught his eye, took the same

apparent time for its performance as the fullest and longest one in the series.

The instrument, that has been designated by the learned name of pendulum, is simply a weight of this description placed on the end of a metallic or wooden rod, and hung up in such a way that free sideways motion is permitted. This freedom of motion is generally attained by fixing the top of the rod to a piece of thin, highly elastic steel. A pendulum fitted up after this fashion, will continue in motion, if once started, for many hours. It only stops at last, because the air opposes a slight resistance to its passage, and because the suspending spring is imperfectly elastic. The effects of these two causes combined arrest the vibration at last, but not until they have long accumulated. The weight does not stand still at once, but its arc of vibration grows imperceptibly less and less, until at last there comes a time when the eye cannot tell whether the body is still moving or in absolute repose.

Now, suppose that a careful and patient observer, aware of the exact length of the suspending-rod of a vibrating pendulum, were to set himself down to count how many beats it would make in a given period, he would thenceforward be able to assign a fixed value to each beat, and would consequently have acquired an invariable standard whereby he might estimate short intervals. If he found that his instrument had made exactly 86,400 beats at the end of a mean solar day, and knew that the length of its rod was a trifle more than 39 inches, he would be aware that each beat of such a pendulum might always be taken as the measure of a second. The length of the rod of a pendulum which beats exact seconds in London is 39.13 inches.

But there are few persons who would be willing to go through the tedious operation of counting 86,400 successive vibrations. The invention of a mechanical contrivance that was able to break the monotony of such a task, would be hailed by any one who had to perform it as an invaluable boon. Even a piece of brass with sixty notches upon it, which he might slip through his fingers while noting the swinging body, would enable him to keep his reckoning by sixties instead of units, and so far would afford him considerable relief. But if the notched brass could be turned into a ring, and the pendulum be made to count the notches off for itself, round and round again continuously, registering each revolution as it was completed for future reference, the observer would attain the same result without expending any personal trouble about it. It is this magical conversion of brass and iron into almost intelligent counters of the pendulum's vibrations, that the clock-maker effects by his beautiful mechanism.

In the pendulum clock, the top of the swinging-rod is connected with a curved piece of steel, which dips its teeth-like ends on either hand into notches deeply cut in the edges of a brass wheel. The notched wheel is connected with a train of wheel-work kept moving by the descent of a heavy weight; but it can only move onwards in its revolution under the influence of the weight, as the two ends of the piece of steel are alternately lifted out of the notches by the swaying of the pendulum. The other wheels and pinions of the movement are so arranged that they indicate the number of turns the wheel at the top of the pendulum completes, by means of hands traversing round a dial-plate inscribed with figures and dots.

It is found convenient in practice to make the direct descent of a weight the moving power of the wheel-work, instead of the swinging of the pendulum, for the simple reason, that the excess of its power beyond what is required to overcome the friction of the wheel-work, is then employed in giving a slight push to the pendulum; this push just neutralises the retarding effects before named as inseparable from the presence of air and imperfect means of suspension. The train of wheel-work in a clock, therefore, serves two purposes—

it records the number of beats which the pendulum makes, and it keeps that body moving when once started. As far as the activity of the pendulum is concerned, the wheel-work is a recording power, and a preserving power, but *not* an originating power. If there were no air, and no friction in the apparatus of suspension, the pendulum would continue to go as well without the wheel-work as with it. With the wheel-work it beats as permanently and steadily upon material supports and plunged in a dense atmosphere, as it would if it were hung upon nothing, and were swinging in nothing; and also performs its backward and forward business in solitude and darkness, to the same practical purpose that it would if the eyes of watchful and observant guardians were turned incessantly towards it.

Galileo published his discovery of the isochronous property of the pendulum in 1639. Richard Harris of London took the hint, and connected the pendulum with clock-work movement in 1641. Huyghens subsequently improved the connection, and succeeded in constructing very trustworthy time-keepers, certainly before 1658.

But notwithstanding all that the knowledge and skill of Huyghens could do, his most perfect instruments were still at the mercy of atmospheric changes. It has been said, that the time of a pendulum's vibration depends upon the length of its suspending-rod. This length is measured, not down to the bottom of the weight, but to the centre of its mass. For the weight itself is necessarily a body of considerable dimensions, and in this body some particles must be nearer to, and others further from the point of suspension. Those which are nearest will, of course, in accordance with the principles already explained, have a tendency to make their vibrations in shorter periods; and those which are furthest, in longer periods. But all these particles are bound together firmly by the power of cohesion, and must move connectedly. They, therefore, come to an agreement to move at a mean rate—that is, between the two extremes. The top particles hurry on the middle ones; the bottom particles retard them in a like degree. Consequently, the whole of the weight moves as if its entire mass were concentrated in the position of those middle particles; and the exact place of this central position in relation to the point of suspension, becomes the important condition which determines the time in which the instrument swings.

In pendulums of ordinary construction, this relation is by no means an unvarying one—changes of temperature alter the bulk of all kinds of bodies. A metal rod runs up and down under increase and diminution of heat, as certainly as the thread of mercury in the tube of the thermometer does. A hot day, therefore, lengthens the metallic suspending-rod of a pendulum, and carries the centre of its weight to a greater distance from the point of suspension. By this means, the period of each vibration is of necessity lengthened. An increase of temperature to the extent of ten of Fahrenheit's degrees, will make a second's pendulum with a brass rod lose five vibrations in a day. All substances do not, however, suffer the same amount of expansion under like increments of heat. If the rod of the pendulum be made of varnished or black-leaded wood, an addition of ten degrees of heat will not cause it to lose more than one vibration in a day. But even this small irregularity is too vast for the purposes of precise science, and accordingly ingenuity has been taxed to the utmost to find some means of removing the source of inaccuracy, to invent some plan whereby the pendulum may be made sensitive enough to discover and correct its own varying dimensions as different temperatures are brought to bear upon its material.

The first successful attempt to accomplish this useful purpose was made by George Graham in 1715. He replaced the solid weight at the bottom of the rod by a

glass jar containing mercury. The rod he formed of steel of the usual length; and because mercury expands five times more than steel, he fixed the height of the column of mercury in the jar at only $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In this arrangement he found that additional heat carried up the mercury in the jar, as much as it carried down the jar by the elongation of the rod. Consequently, the motion of the one perfectly compensated the motion of the other, and the effective centre of the weight always remained at the same precise distance from the top of the rod. By the application of this compensating pendulum, clocks are now constructed that do not vary to the extent of a tenth of a second in a day.

Soon after the invention of Graham's mercurial pendulum, John Harrison—the same clever mechanic who received £20,000 from government for making a chronometer that went to Jamaica in one year and returned in another with an accumulated error of only 1 minute and 54 seconds—hit upon another means of gaining the same end. He brought a steel rod down from the point of suspension, turned it up into a copper rod of less length; and from the top of this hung the weight. He fixed the lengths of the steel and copper rods, which expand unequally, in such a way that the steel carried the copper down exactly as much as the copper carried the weight up; and thus the centre of the weight was still kept at the same distance from the real point of suspension. Harrison's pendulum is generally seen in somewhat the form of a gridiron, because many parallel bars of copper and steel are used in its construction, for the sake of rendering it firm and unyielding in all its parts.

MAGIC IN INDIA.

A CORRESPONDENT in India tells us that a military friend of his, on returning to England, and finding all astir there about mesmerism, writes to him that he had often had much cause to regret that, during his long residence of more than twenty-eight years in India, he was ignorant of the very name or existence of mesmerism; as he could recall to mind many instances of what he then deemed to be native superstitions, on which he now looked very differently, believing them to be the direct effects of mesmeric influence. These instances are daily and hourly exhibited in Indian dwellings, though either passing without notice, or ascribed to other causes. Children in India, especially European children, seldom go to sleep without being subjected to some such influence, either by the ayahs or the attendant bearers; and our military friend says, that he has himself repeatedly, in a few seconds, been the means of tranquillising a fractious, teething child, and throwing it into a profound sleep by the mere exercise of the will, quite ignorant that he was thus using, though in one of its simplest forms, a power at which he laughed heartily when displayed around him in some of its more hidden ramifications. We give the following in his own words:—

I shall now relate a circumstance, proving that the natives of India apply mesmeric power to the removal of diseases with the utmost success. I had in my establishment at Lucknow a *chuprassie*,* who was a martyr to the most deplorable chronic rheumatism. His hands, wrists, knees, and all his joints, were so greatly enlarged, and in a state so painful, that his duties had gradually become merely nominal. One day, he hobbled up, and begged my permission to remain at home for a few days, for the purpose of being cured of his agonising disease. I said: 'Certainly; get cured of your complaint, and let me see you when you return.' In a very few days, perhaps in four or five, to my great astonishment he returned, smiling

and joyous, with his limbs as pliant and supple as my own.

'What!' said I, 'are you come back already?'

'Yes, sir, by your favour, I am perfectly cured.'

'What! entirely cured?'

'Yes, sir; perfectly cured.'

'Well, then, tell me what medicine you took.'

'I took no medicine; I called in two women, *zadoo walees* (dealers in magic) from the bazaar, and gave them four pice apiece (about twopence each), and they cured me.'

'But how—what did they do?'

'They put me on a *charpasse* (a low bed), and one sat at each side of me, and both passed their hands over my body so (describing long mesmeric passes), and thus they set me to sleep, and I slept soundly: when I awoke, I was free from rheumatism, and am now perfectly well.'

The master made no investigation of the matter; the man was laughed at, and told to return to his duties, which he continued thenceforth to perform with all his former zeal. Now, this was not regarded by the patient or the other servants as a strange thing, for they took it quite as a matter of course; and there is indeed no reason to doubt, that the natives of India frequently have recourse to *jhar phoonk*, or mesmerism, for the cure of rheumatism; but many interesting things are carefully concealed from the English, because we invariably ridicule or sneer at native customs—a mode of treatment peculiarly distasteful to the inhabitants of the East.

But though willing to make use of these mysterious powers in their beneficent and curative forms, there exist all over Hindostan abundant proofs of the dread of 'zadoo,' or witchcraft, among all classes, Moslems as well as Hindoos, when it appears to threaten them with evil. If a cultivator has transplanted his tobacco or other valuable plant, he collects old cracked earthen cooking-pots, and places a spot of limestone whitening on the well-blackened bottom of each. They are then fixed on stakes driven into the ground, so that the white spots may be seen by all passers-by. This ingenious process is meant to neutralise the influence of the 'evil eye' of the envious. The talismans worn by the natives, said to be always the same, consist of an oblong cylinder, with a couple of rings for a string to pass through to fasten them, and would appear to have been originally impregnated with the electric fluid. Children are invariably provided with such amulets to avert the 'evil eye;' and should any one praise their beauty, the parent spits on the ground, and declares them to be perfect frights.

The inhabitants of the mountainous regions east of Bengal—the Bhootecas, and others—accuse all those of Bengal of being great sorcerers; and when seized with fever in the low malarious tracts, which they must pass through on descending from the mountains and entering that province, for the purpose of bathing in the holy Ganges, or visiting one of the numerous shrines in the plains, the disease is invariably imputed to the incantations of the Bengalees.

Nor tree, nor plant

Grows here, but what is fed with magic juice,
All full of human souls.

Our military friend gives two other instances in which the effects produced were really and truly mesmeric, though of course ascribed to magic. He vouches for the facts, but leaves every one to form his own opinion:—

The wife of one of my grooms, a robust woman, and the mother of a large family, all living within my grounds, was bitten by a poisonous serpent, most probably a cobra, or coluber maja, and quickly felt the deadly effects of its venom. When the woman's powers were rapidly sinking, the servants came to my wife, to

* Running-footmen, who attend the carriage or palanquin, go messages, carry books or letters, or any light thing they can take in their hands.

request that the civil surgeon of the station might be called in to save her life. He immediately attended, and exerted his utmost skill, but in vain. In the usual time, the woman appeared to be lifeless, and he therefore left her, acknowledging that he could not be of any further service. On his reaching my bungalow, some of my servants stated, that in the neighbourhood a fakir, or wandering mendicant, resided, who could charm away the bites of snakes; and begged, if the doctor had no objection, that they might be permitted to send for him. He answered: 'Yes, of course: if the poor people would feel any consolation by his coming, they could bring him; but the woman is dead.'

After a considerable lapse of time, the magician arrived, and began his magical incantations. I was not present at the scene, but it occurred in my park, within a couple of hundred yards of my bungalow; and I am quite confident that any attempt to use medicines would have been quite useless, as the woman's powers were utterly exhausted, though her body was still warm. The fakir sat down at her side, and began to wave his arm over her body, at the same time muttering a charm; and he continued this process until she awoke from her insensibility, which was within a quarter of an hour.

The last instance we shall give occurred at Bombay. The writer says: On visiting Bombay in 1822, I was greatly diverted by a circumstance told to me by an old friend in the artillery there. He stated that he had had a *kulashee*, or tent-pitcher, in his service for many years; that he was a most faithful and active man; but that he had all of a sudden, and without any visible cause, become very greatly emaciated, feeble, and ghastly. His master had sent him to the hospital, to have the benefit of the skill of the regimental surgeon; but after the lapse of some time, he was sent back, with the intimation that the surgeon could not discover any specific disease, and that he, therefore, could make nothing of his case. On bringing back this information, my friend began to cross-question his servant, who would not at first acknowledge the cause of his disease; but at last, after much persuasion, he candidly avowed to his master, in confidence, that he was labouring under the effect of witchcraft. 'And do you know,' said my friend, 'that the fellow actually believed it himself!' And we both laughed most heartily. His master continued his examination, until the *kulashee* confessed that a certain Brahmin, officiating at a large tank close to the fortress of Bombay, had threatened him with his revenge, and was now actually eating up his liver, by which process he would shortly be destroyed. 'I will tell you what I did: I no sooner got the Brahmin's name, than I ordered my buggy, and quickly drove down to the tank. On reaching it, I inquired for the magician; and on his arrival, I leaped down, seized him by the arm, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life, now and then roaring out: "I'll teach you to bewitch my *kulashee*, you villain!" "How dare you injure my servant, you rascal?" and so forth. In a very few minutes, the liver-eating Brahmin declared that he would instantly release the *kulashee* from the spell; that, on reaching home, I would find him recovered; and ultimately he was perfectly released. And, believe me,' said my friend laughing, 'that the fellow mended from that hour, and is now a capital servant.'

In a series of interesting papers in the *Dublin University Magazine*, called 'Waren, or the Divine Affilius of the Hindoos,' the writer gives a lengthened description of that strange possession (which he calls *daimonic*, preferring that word to *demonic*—the latter being exclusively evil or devilish, while the former implies a superhuman power for good as well as evil, with all its varied manifestations. This faith, if it may be so called, prevails over the whole of Western India,

its greatest stronghold being the province of Concan, not far from Bombay. There are three kinds of waren: the hereditary or family waren; the transmitted or tribe waren; and that which is summoned by a variety of spells and incantations, called the village waren; the last being, of course, the most widely spread, as almost every village has a temple dedicated to Devee, the frightful goddess who presides over and is consulted on every calamity, giving her responses in the person of some waren selected for the purpose. In the hereditary and tribe waren, the visitation continues at intervals through life in the person once influenced, and it is always regarded as a proof of divine favour, being seldom exercised but for beneficent purposes. Its approach is made known by sundry sudden changes and tremblings, and always by a nodding of the head. After heaving, panting, gurgling, and moanings, composure returns, and the possessed begins his utterances, and always in the name of some divinity or other waren, speaking of himself as a distinct person, by the name of *Majhen Jhad, my tree*, whom he reproves, admonishes, and advises, in such terms as 'My tree has broken such a vow'—'If my tree acta thus,' &c. This phrase has been variously explained, as the spirit of the root-man or family ancestor, speaking of his descendant waren as my tree, or as a simple allusion to his motionless condition.

The hereditary waren is the oracle of the household, as the village waren is of the entire neighbourhood, often usurping the functions of judge and jury, causing sometimes the innocent to suffer for the guilty, but also, by his prophecies, being the means of recovering stolen property. There are many other kinds of waren: a cholera waren, a sanitary waren, a necromantic waren; and so forth. The last named not only discovers the state of affairs of those who die suddenly, or disappear mysteriously, but pretends to raise the dead; and a story is recorded of an impudent impostor, taking advantage of the belief of the people in the identity of the persons thus raised, and personating so well a prince slain in battle some years before, that not only did his brother swear to his identity, but the widow actually threw off her weeds, and went to live with him!

When calamity or pestilence visits a place, the village oracle is consulted as to the cause of the anger of the goddess Devee, and the responses are given forth by her inspired waren, amidst a cloud of incense, strongly reminding us of the oracle of Delphi. When the sins have been pointed out which have caused the particular scourge, some sacrifice is prescribed, chiefly that of goats and cocks; sometimes the inspired waren desires a certain number of goats to be let loose, and driven beyond the boundary, and that he, the incarnation of the evil, will go with them. Of course, the scourge diminishes from that day. Several who have witnessed this practice in India, have been struck with the remarkable analogy it bears to the scape-goat of the Mosaic dispensation, sent into the wilderness burdened with the sins of the congregation.

The word waren signifies a dual possession—the one beneficent, and the other malignant. One curious instance is given of a man speaking in the person of Devee, and of himself as a third person, saying to a Brahmin: 'You are going to the Concan: take this fellow with you. He was happy and pure, performing my worship,' &c. Under the influence of waren, mild persons have become so infuriated as to die under the visitation; and it is related that, during a procession in honour of the flagellating waren, the infection spread, the waren was propagated through the whole multitude, who became so excited by the beating of drums, tom-toms, horns, great brazen trumpets, and other instruments, that, with dishevelled hair, and backs streaming with blood from their own flagellations, they danced forward with a measured convulsive motion,

bellowing out and shaking their heads; and so terrific was the excitement, that a Portuguese servant who was passing began making the same frantic gestures, and could only be recovered after repeated cuts with the horse-whip—the Hindoos, meanwhile, exulting that their goddess had entered into a Christian! That such powers are made a matter of merchandise follows of course; and, like the woman who brought her master much gain by soothsaying, so there are persons who make a trade of going about with some wares, who is consulted on secret affairs, who foretells the future, and whose utterances are sold for money. Extraordinary instances are also recounted of wares of the necromantic class, especially when they have worldly goods, becoming the dupes of those who fill them with their own weapons, that they may be the more readily despoiled. In the Maharratta country, except in the large towns, there are no physicians; and when simple remedies fail, they say: 'Send for the god,' or magician, just as in the case of our correspondent; and besides the sacrifice of goats and cocks, there is, under the name of religious fasts, a much more telling and significant prescription in the way of regimen.

It were impossible, in a space like ours, to give even an outline of the different species of wares and their strange practices, part of which would seem to be akin to what we call mesmerism and clairvoyance, with the addition of spells and sacrifices. We might write volumes, and search every volume that has been written on the subject, and we could explicate nothing else than that from the beginning of the world, and we may say in every country in the world, there has been, under different names and forms, a very general belief in some supernatural power walking abroad on the earth, by which, when presuming on its possession, one man may rule over another to his own hurt or benefit, as the case may be. We have as little sympathy with those who pretend to account for everything, and would solve all mysteries by natural causes, as with those who yield implicit belief, and run after every new thing. If such powers are illusive—in their operations they are certainly not always so—and the illusion be mental; if faith be all that is needed, that strong faith which, if able on the one hand to remove mountains, on the other, causes scales to grow on the eyes of the mind, so that a man loses his identity, and is blindly led about by the will of another; or if the result of bodily disease, hysteria, or some other derangement of the nervous system, there still remains enough of mystery to awaken the solemn inquiry of the physician, the psychologist, the Christian, of every thinking man. Contradictions will meet him at every turn. He will find all theories more than usually fallacious. He will see a strictly matter-of-fact person, in seeming health, and of strong mind, so easily acted on as in a few seconds to present the appearance of a doting idiot; and a highly imaginative person, or one driven about by every wind of doctrine, who cannot be touched. He will see the healthy taken, and the sickly left. If, then, it be disease, and whether mental or bodily; such disease and its causes must be latent indeed; and we confess we look for no 'coming man' who is to solve the mystery.

That this power, which we call mesmerism, was also known to the priests of ancient Egypt, is supposed to be proved by carvings on the temples of priests making the *pashas* with their hands, opposite other figures, to produce the sleep; a circumstance which has been recounted as proving a connection between the ancient religion in Egypt, and some unknown faith formerly prevalent in India, at the time the temples of Elephanta, Kennerly, and others were built. We greatly admire the philanthropic Major Ludlow, who devoted his energies to the abolishing of the suttee; but whose labours met with very partial success, until, by searching their own Shasters, he discovered that there

was a time at which the rite did not exist. A greater than he, however, must arise before the other still more ancient and wide-spread faith can either be explained or abolished.

WHERE DOES LONDON END?

It is not only a well-understood fact, that the Great Metropolis is a sore puzzle to strangers, but even the dwellers therein are wont to give up, in despair, any attempt to define or limit it. What is London? There are two causes, or rather two sets of causes, which throw great doubt on the proper answer to this question. The one is the varying acreage or area comprised under this name, and the other is the natural increase of population over every part of the area. Let us shortly glance at both these groups of disturbing causes.

The original London was the nucleus of that which now constitutes the City of London. The London of the Britons before the Romans landed, is supposed to have been little other than 'a collection of huts set down on a dry spot in the midst of the marshes'; a forest nearly bounded this spot, at no great distance from the Thames; and a lake or fen existed, *outside* London, at or near the site now occupied by Finsbury Square. The area of London, at this early period, is supposed to have been bounded by—to use their modern designation—Tower Hill on the east, Dowgate Hill on the west, Lombard and Fenchurch Streets on the north, and of course the river on the south—a limited area, certainly, not much exceeding half a mile in length by a quarter in breadth. There are indications that brooks bounded this area on the north and west, and a marsh on the east; but there is no reason to believe that the city had walls. The terrible devastation in the time of Boadicea must have nearly destroyed London, destined to be replaced by one of Roman construction.

The Roman London was evidently of larger size. The ancient city-wall is known to have been of Roman substructure, although surmounted by work of later date. It had many turrets or towers, and seven double-gates, supposed to have been Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, and the Tower Postern-gate; and the streets now named from those gates will serve to mark out the included area. Roman London may be said to lie about sixteen feet below *our* London, over all this area; about two feet being the *debris* of the Roman buildings, and the rest being subsequent accumulations of rubbish, at the rate, say, of a foot in a century. In the later Saxon and Norman times, the western portion of the wall was extended so as to include a somewhat larger area, the utmost limit of 'London within the walls' being 370 acres.

But London refused to stay within its walls; it walked forth into the country; and even so far back as 1662, London, beyond these limits, was four times as large as that 'within the walls.' Of this exterior portion, 230 acres constituted the 'city without the walls,' subjected to civic jurisdiction by successive grants; it formed a belt nearly around the portion 'within' the walls. These 600 acres, less than a square mile, have ever since constituted the 'city of London,' divided into two portions—'without' and 'within' the walls. There are ninety-eight parishes in the inner portion, and eleven in the outer; but the London which lay beyond the corporate rule had no social or political bounds placed to its extension. There were the ancient city of Westminster and the village of Charing, on the west; and London marched along the Strand to meet them: there were Kensington and Bayswater in the remoter west, and Piccadilly and Oxford Street became links to join them to London: there were Killurn and Hampstead and Highgate, Newington and Hornsey and Hackney, on the north; and London has travelled along half-a-dozen great roads northward to fraternise with them. So, likewise,

on the east; and so, likewise, crossing the river to the south, do we find this same process to have been active: villages and hamlets have become absorbed into London, by London going to meet them.

If we now ask, Where does London end? it will be found that this ramification perplexes the subject greatly. Who shall say that such or such a hamlet is not in London? Who is to draw the line, and where? It was said ten years ago, that the metropolis is a *hundred and forty times* as large as the city of London 'within the walls;' but even this is vague, unless we know where the limit is placed. One mode of grouping, adopted before the appointment of the Registrar-General of births, &c., depended on the 'London bills of mortality,' or the record of deaths preserved by the parish-clerks. London, in this sense, included the city within the walls, the city without the walls, Westminster, and about forty out-parishes. Southwark was not included in these bills originally, but became a component part afterwards. The Registrar-General, under the improved modern system, gives an immense range to London; it includes the City, Westminster, Southwark, all the out-parishes of the former system, and the villages or hamlets of Bow, Bromley, Brompton, Camberwell, Chelsea, Deptford, Fulham, Greenwich, Hammersmith, Hatcham, Kensington, Brompton, Marylebone, Paddington, Pancras, Highgate, Stoke-Newington, and Woolwich. It is true, he calls all this the 'metropolis;' but the metropolis is in common parlance identical with 'London.'

The population returns are not even a correct test in this matter, for they include different districts at different times. In 1821, of the eighteen villages or hamlets named above, only five were included in the 'metropolis;' and in 1831, there were two additional. The metropolitan population in 1841, in comparison with that of 1831, differs by no less than 200,000 on this mere question of nomenclature alone, independent of real increase on other grounds. The poor-law grouping differs again from that of the Registrar-General; the metropolis, or the 'London division,' does not include so many of the marginal parishes as the Registrar's system. Again, the Post-office arrangement is independent of all the others; for it is based upon taking St Paul's as a centre, and drawing circles around this at a definite number of miles' radius; and the metropolis is thus made expansible on geometrical principles. Then the parliamentary limit is *sui generis*; for the metropolis here comprises the City of London, the city of Westminster, the borough of Southwark, and the five modern boroughs of Marylebone, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Greenwich, and Lambeth—a very capricious limit, truly; for while it includes the far east at Woolwich, it excludes Pimlico, Brompton, and a vast adjoining area. Lastly, to give one more mesh to this net, we find the police metropolis to be the most grasping of all: by the original act of 1829, the metropolis is made to fill a circle twenty-four miles in diameter, having Charing Cross in its centre; while in 1840, this circle was coolly stretched to a diameter of thirty miles.

When a reader, therefore, is told of the vast increase of population in London, let him sober down his astonishment until he knows which (among half-a-dozen different Londons) is the one alluded to. As 'our own country' may be taken to mean England only, or England and Wales, or Great Britain, or the United Kingdom, or the British Empire, in five different degrees of largeness, so may 'our metropolis' have at least as many significations. Tables of metropolitan population have been issued in the following form:—1750, 676,250; 1801, 900,000; 1811, 1,050,000; 1821, 1,274,800; 1831, 1,471,941; 1841, 1,873,676; 1851, about 2,250,000. But this table is subject to the correction above hinted at. Nearly a century ago, Maitland said: 'This ancient city has

engulfed one city, one borough, and forty-three villages.' A formidable addition has since been made to this 'engulfed' family. So enigmatical is this metropolis of ours, that it would be equally true to state that 'London is rapidly increasing in population;' and that 'London is slowly decreasing in population.' The metropolis, as a whole, yearly increases its numbers; but the City, the original London, is less populous now than a century ago, on account of the streets having been widened, and many small dwelling-houses removed, to make way for large commercial establishments, the managers and clerks of which almost all sleep out of London.

If we glance over a map of London, or, still better, take a resolute series of omnibus-rides or foot-rambles, we shall find ourselves as little able as before to settle the question, 'Where does London end?' That huge mass of small streets and poor houses, comprising the borough of the Tower Hamlets, allows us no rest till we get three miles eastward of St Paul's. Beyond this point, there are a few patches of Bow Common yet left; but Poplar and Blackwall, Bromley and Bow, tell us to go yet further eastward to the river Lea; and even West Ham and Stratford, though on the Essex side of the Lea, seem to claim a metropolitan position. Again, passing over Victoria Park—that pleasant oasis in a desert of houses—and bending round towards the north, we may ask where are the fields; and may wait until 'echo answers, Where.' Hackney and Hornerton, Clapton and Dalston, Shacklewell and Newington, not only have the houses ranged themselves closely along the main roads to these villages, but have filled up nearly all the vacant ground between those roads. Is Tottenham to be included in our London; and if not, why not? And at Highgate and Hampstead, as the rows of houses have ascended these hills, and climbed over the hills, why stop there? why not send London still further out of town? Look at the new town springing up around the Camden Station; at the Portland Town westward of Regent's Park; at the Westbourne Town far beyond the Paddington terminus; at the new town west of Kensington; at the vast mass of buildings between Kensington and the Thames—all these are the mere filling up of the districts which had before been marked out by the great roads; and the great roads themselves are carrying out their rows of houses still further into what we may, in courtesy, designate 'the fields.'

So it is on the south side of the river. Of the 18,000 vehicles which cross London Bridge in twelve hours on an average summer day, an immense number is employed in conveying 'City men' to and from their homes on the south of the Thames. Walworth, Camberwell, Kennington, and Brixton were once on the border region between town and country; nay, the city really *did* reach the country there; but now, all these belong to London. A bit of green at Kennington is, by good-luck, to be kept green as a people's park; but nearly all else has become brick and mortar; the City man has to go further to get a pleasant house and a good garden, and we have to go further to ascertain where does London end?

Among many curious proofs of the wide grasp of the all-absorbing metropolis, we may adduce the *hermeneutic* of the Pentonvillians at the proposed new cattle-market. How many years ago is it since Copenhagen fields were almost beyond the regions of civilisation, known only as a prairie lying between London and the Copenhagen Tea-gardens? Let any one, whose knowledge of the district goes back fifteen or twenty years, answer this question. But now, Copenhagen House itself is brought within the limits of London, by rows of goodly houses belting it in on the north; and the gentilities of the new town are shocked at the threatened advent of bullocks and sheep.

If we look into the stupendous *London Directory*, it

does not remove our troubles; it gives us the names of nearly 7000 streets, places, roads, squares, circuses, crescents, quadrants, rows, hills, lanes, yards, buildings, courts, alleys, gardens, greens, mews, terraces, and walks; but it does not tell us how far the suburbs are included, nor what are the principles which determine the inclusion or exclusion.

In short, we began by asking a question, and must end by leaving it unanswered. Although tolerably familiar with London, we cannot tell—'Where does London end?'

EDUCATED SKILL.

It is well known, that in the manufacture or preparation of most articles in the arts, the main cost lies in the judicious application of skilled labour. The value of the raw material is usually of comparative small amount. A pound's worth of iron makes six hundred pounds' worth of penknives; and cotton, which in the state of gingham may be bought at 8d. per yard, is sold for the same weight as gold in threads for Brussels lace.

It is therefore obvious, that the great advantage of cheap raw material is in the rude stages of manufactures, or when our skill in production is not inferior to that possessed by our neighbours. In a manufacture in which the cost of the finished article is several hundred times the price of the materials used to make it, it is skill, and not the original cost of the material, that determines successful competition.

We find that all European nations except England, have accepted this fact as a principle of state, and have founded schools and colleges to train their industrial population in the knowledge of art and science, which are the only true foundations of practical skill in an advanced stage of civilisation. In fact, we in this country have for some years seen this truth, so far as art is involved, and have established Schools of Design; but we have forgotten that art in industry is chiefly used to adorn the productions of science, and have neglected the latter. What circumstances have happened in the last few years in the history of the world, that compel an allusion to this neglect in a speech from the throne?

The marking features of our age are the great economy of time, and the practical abbreviation of space. Coal and iron are now transported by other means than by slow-going trains or coast-hugging luggers. Iron horses, which feed on coal and drink only water, go screaming over the country at a gigantic pace, dragging with them the whole produce of coal-mines and ironworks. Marine monsters, related to these, plough the ocean, and scatter our natural riches over the world, receiving in exchange the produce of other climes. The earth is bound round by chains, which render geographical distribution arbitrary distinctions, and enable thought to be reciprocated without being arrested by distance in space. Blind must be the nation that does not see in all this an alteration of conditions, which introduce new elements into the competition of industry. The changes may be summed up in the remark, that as improved locomotion distributes raw material to all lands at a very slightly increased cost for the transit, manufacturing competition among nations is resolved into a race for intellectual pre-eminence.

This truth is less likely to be speedily acknowledged by us, because if our native science languishes, we have yet capital to import it; and we do not see that this is only accelerating our overthrow. But the relative influence of abundance in raw material, and the application of science to its development, may be seen by an illustration from a barbarous country, in which the former is plentiful, and the latter is beginning to shine on it by means of an enlightened prince.

Siam, as our readers know, is an important kingdom situated between the Burman Empire on the one hand, and Cochinchina on the other. It abounds in natural resources, but exports only sugar, spices, drugs, and lead, and these only in comparatively small quantity; yet it has gold enough to make pavements for the sacred white elephants, and to throw down into the unfathomed abyss in the Cavern of the Sun. Of antimony, there are stores sufficient to render lustrous the eyes of the black-teethed beauties of Siam; while silver, iron, copper, lead, and fuel, are known to abound in these favoured regions. Yet with all these local advantages, it is nearly certain that we could, in spite of the distance, successfully compete with the productions of copper and iron in their own markets, because we have applied science to their extraction and preparation.

Siam, like nations nearer home, is very proud of its own industry, and of its position among the states of the earth; and it may well be, seeing that its king is hereditary lord of the stars, and gives them permission to move in their orbits. The presumptive heir to the stars thought one day he would like to know what Europeans believed of his celestial powers, so he studied mathematics and astronomy from English books, afterwards extending his knowledge to navigation, to the natural sciences, and to English literature. Prince Chow Faa, who has, since April 1851, succeeded his sensual and ignorant brother, under the new appellation of King Somdet Phra Chom Klow, found his knowledge of science thus acquired a prodigious power in the improvement of his future terrestrial kingdom, although his celestial possessions vanished at the same time. Like Prince Henry of Portugal, the Siamese prince believed that the only princely talent worth cultivating, was 'the talent to do good'; and under his mental vigour, this distant kingdom began to develop in a wonderful manner. Like Peter the Great, he founded dockyards, and built ships of war equal to first-class English vessels, navigating them, not by eyes painted in front, as of old, but by chronometers and Greenwich tables. He introduced European discipline into the army, and taught it how to use artillery. He obtained miners of talent to examine into his mines, and the mode of working in them; but in his reforms he awakened the jealousy of the king and of the priesthood, and for the last few years has been obliged to conceal his talents and good designs under the yellow garb of a priest, which he threw off in the April of last year, a few days previous to the opening of our Great Exhibition.

In this case of a semi-barbarous nation, we see clearly that knowledge is power, and more surely is it so with regard to competing civilised nations. We, too, have a prince highly educated in science and in art, who is endeavouring to impress upon his nation the benefits of science. At the same time that the Siamese prince threw off the yellow robe of superstition and ignorance, the prince of this country invited all nations to throw off their robes of prejudice and vanity, and, in his own words, to commence at 'this new starting-point, from which all nations will be able to direct their future exertions.' It was a capital idea to make each nation the judge of its own position, by shewing to what point other states had attained. Our thinking men—our Brewsters, Herschels, Babbages, and a host of others—have declared that our deficiencies arise from neglecting science in its application to industry; and the general feeling of the public has ratified this judgment by their consent. In another article, we will allude to the means of accomplishing this want; but in the meanwhile may conclude by drawing attention to a couple of sentences uttered on a late occasion by Prince Albert:—'Man's reason being created after the image of God, he has to use it to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs his creation, and by making these laws his standard of action, to

conquer nature to his use—himself a divine instrument. Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw matter which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge; art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance with them.'

ENGLAND'S FIRST COLONY.

WHERE did England plant her first colony? 'Why, in North America, to be sure,' says a transatlantic cousin: 'on those shores to which our fathers resorted during the seventeenth century, for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and where they laid the foundation of those States whose wealth and power are now the wonder of the world.' Stay, Cousin Jonathan, not so fast. 'We reckon' that England made an experiment in colonisation some 250 years earlier than that, and one no less demonstrative of the enterprise and hardihood of our ancestors. There was a spot nearer home, the stronghold of a nest of pirates, who were to England such an annoyance as the corsairs of Algiers proved in later times to Southern Europe; and our monarch, provoked by their numerous and daring outrages, and carrying with him the enthusiastic concurrence of his people, resolved to dispossess them. Crossing the water in person, with 738 vessels of war, and a numerous army, he invested the place both by sea and land; and finding that it could not be taken by storm, he sat patiently down for nearly eleven months outside the walls, till the inhabitants were starved into a surrender. But every reader of history is familiar with the siege of Calais, so gallantly prosecuted by the English under Edward III., so gallantly endured by the French under Sir John de Vienne.

As soon as the keys were surrendered, the town was cleared not only of the soldiery, but of all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, the king's determination being to repeople it entirely with English. 'Thus all manner of people,' says a historian of 1688, 'were turned out of the town, except one priest, and two other ancient men, who understood the customs, laws, and ordinances of the place, and how to point out and assign the lands that lay about, as well as the several inheritances, as they had been divided before. And when all things were duly prepared for the king's reception, he mounted his war-horse, and rode into Calais with a triumphant clamour of trumpets, clarions, and tabours; the drum now sounding for the first time on French ground. The great lords, who, with their feudal retinues, had assisted in the siege, were rewarded with gifts of 'many fair houses' and lands, that through their tenantry and retainers they might assist in defending the new colony. Abundant encouragement was also given for the emigration of the stout men of Kent, and the substantial citizens of London, with their families. The streets and principal buildings received English names, and the borough was organised in unison with English feeling, being governed by a mayor and corporation. Thus commenced in August 1347 England's first colony, which in due time was represented in the home parliament by two members of the House of Commons.

The English Pale, as this settlement was called, had a seaboard extending about eight leagues, while it stretched some three leagues into the interior. Within

this space, a considerable population was located, not only much more numerous than in the present day, but including a much greater number of trades-people dealing in articles of luxury, as we infer from some records of Henry VIII.'s expensitum, which include, for instance, dealings with five different jewellers. There is still existing at Calais a curious chart, dated 1460, containing a minute specification of the roads, farm-steads, mills, quarries, and bulwarks, as they then existed. Here are 'English Street,' 'Knight Street,' 'Evelyn's Waye,' 'Ye waye from Marck to St Peter's,' and 'Ye new main Bank.' Many of the larger country dwellings, which are rudely depicted, appear more like rustic fortalices than farmhouses of our day. Numerous towers, marked as 'bulwarks,' seem to have commanded the boundary and other more exposed parts of the Pale. The only road across the 'marishes' on the south and south-west was commanded by Fort Nieulay—then called Newlandbridge—a place of great importance, originally built in an extensive morass, and furnished with sluice-gates to the sea, which enabled its holders to flood the surrounding country at will. Not only the fortifications then existing, but those which succeeded them in later times, are now in ruin; but the curious traveller finds remains enough to repay a stroll among the grass-covered bastions.

In the town, we find Castle Street, Duke Street, Hill Street, Shoe Lane, and Love Lane—names which smack unmistakably of the island home of John Gibbons, Hugh Giles, Richard Gilbert, and other colonial householders, whose names appear on a still existing rent-roll.

Though the English monarch was instigated to the capture and colonisation of Calais mainly with a view to dislodge the pirates, who issued from its fastnesses and harassed our navigation, yet he very soon learned to appreciate the possession of such a frontier port and fortress as a *dépôt* for purposes of aggression, as well as a means of maritime protection. Moreover, it was afterwards perceived, that immense gain would accrue to the Exchequer from the maintenance of this station as a port of *entrée* into the Netherlands for English manufactures; and though at a day when knight-errantry was infinitely more in vogue than commercial enterprise, these interests were carefully studied, so that the conquest of a small piratical town was turned to vastly better account than had been anticipated.

The preservation of a settlement so important, and yet surrounded by an inveterately hostile people, demanded no ordinary vigilance. The keeping of it was accordingly always committed to one of the most trusty of the English barons, with the title of lord-deputy, and the command of a sufficient garrison; while no expense was spared on the works necessary for its maintenance. There were stringent laws for the daily opening and closing of the gates, which were superintended by a knight or master-porter, and a gentleman-porter, with a staff of subordinates. The lord-deputy himself received the keys every evening, and delivered them in the morning to the knight-porter, with orders as to the number of gates to be opened for the day. This was done as soon as the first watch-bell had tolled three times, and the guard turned out. During the time of dinner, which was an hour before noon, the gates were invariably closed, and the keys again delivered to the lord-deputy, 'by whom they were 'hidden in a safe place, known only to himself.' When the meal was ended, and business resumed, they were reopened with the same ceremony as in the morning; and at four o'clock p.m., they were shut for the night. Except by special order of the deputy, none but the Lanthorn Gate was opened during the herring season. There were strict regulations also with regard to strangers lodging in the town; the keepers of hostels and lodging-houses being sworn

to make a daily report of the number and quality of their guests. The French, by the way, have deemed it proper to maintain this custom of the place, despite the lapse of four centuries since its peculiar position rendered such espionage a necessary precaution.

During the 200 years that we boasted the possession of Calais, it was often the scene of courtly festivities on a magnificent scale—oftener, perhaps, than any other spot under English dominion, except the metropolis. We need scarcely remind the reader of the marriage of Richard II. with the youthful Isabella of Valois in the church of St Nicholas, a fête which cost the English monarch 300,000 marks; nor the rendezvous of Henry VIII. and Francis I., called the Field of the Cloth of Gold from the sumptuousness of the royal pavilions, and other accessories, the preparation of which employed above 2000 English artificers. We have before us a collection of annals,* recently published, chiefly from rare and ancient documents, and affording such details of the 'fashionable arrivals' here as give us a high idea of what this our first colony was capable of doing in its palmy days.

There landed, for instance, on the 8th of May 1500, Henry VII., accompanied by his queen, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Surrey and Essex, with several other noblemen. Closely following, came the Earl of Suffolk, with an immense retinue of esquires, gentlemen, and yeomen; the Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Ormond, with seven other noblemen and gentlemen of rank; and in the following month, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Mountjoy, Lord Devonshire, Sir John Wyngfelde, and their retinues, to assist at a magnificent banquet given by Henry to the Archduke Philip of Burgundy. Nothing, as our annalist observes, but numbers, real names, and dates, can effectually enable the reader to form a notion of the state, 350 years ago, of this at present trist and unimportant frontier town. And even with these authentic data before us, it appears surprising how such a host of nobility, with their numerous retainers, should have been adequately lodged within the walls of Calais, on viewing the existing proportions of the town. The banquet was given at St Peter's, just without the walls—for it seems not to have been the mode to invite continental guests to 'walk inside'—the fine old parish church being partitioned off into various apartments for the guests, and richly hung with arras and cloth of gold.

'Our Lady's Chapel was set apart for the archduke's chamber, the walls being hung with arras representing the story of Ahasuerus and Esther, and the floor laid with carpets strewed with roses, lavender, and other sweet herbs. Another compartment of the church was hung with tapestry, representing the siege of Troy; the walls of the choir being covered with blue cloth, emblazoned with *fleurs-de-luce*. The vestry was hung with "red sarsenet, most richly beseen;" whilst the belfry was ordained for the offices of the pantry, confectionary, and cellar. There "lacked neither venison, cream, spice-cakes, strawberries, or wafers," as the chronicler expresses it; an English fat ox was "powdered and lesed;" an immense number of young kids and venison-pasties were consumed, besides "great plenty of divers sorts of wine, and two hogs-heads of hippocrass." Seven horse-loads of cherries were eaten, besides "pypyns, grengenges, and other sugardye." The plenty was such, that the guests and their retainers could not consume all the viands the first day; wherefore the king ordered a second feast for the peasants, on the one following.'

One of the largest of the apartments formed in the church of St Pierre, was appropriated as the guest-chamber, in which Philip dined with Henry and his

queen, the party eating off 'gold and silver vessels of goodlie fashion,' and pledging each other in 'cuppes and flagons of golde, garnysht with perouilles, rosys, and white hearts, in gemmes.' After dinner, the archduke 'daunced with the English ladyes,' then took leave of the king and queen, and rode the same evening to Gravelines.

Among the august personages who sojourned at Calais in days of yore, none excelled the gorgeous priest, Cardinal Wolsey, in the display of pomp, or in the number and quality of his retinue. On the 11th July 1527, his landing *en route* to Boulogne was attended by the Earl of Derby, the Bishops of London and Dublin; the Lords Monteaigle and Harredew, with a staff of knights, secretaries, physicians, gentlemen-ushers, officers of the household, gentlemen of the chapel, and other retainers; the legate's train of attendants alone requiring 900 horses. But at the same time came the pope's nuncios, the French king's ambassadors, and the captain of Boulogne, 'with a goodlie companie,' to welcome him. On the occasion of a previous visit, he brought over 12 chaplains, 50 gentlemen, 238 servants, and 150 horses.

The Harleian and Cottonian Manuscripts are rich in interesting details of another fashionable arrival at Calais—that of Anne of Cleves, on her way to England to be united in marriage to Henry VIII. Her train was composed of 263 persons, including the Earls of Oversteyn and Roussenbergh, with their 'gentlemen, ladies, pages, officers, and servants.' The Lord High Admiral of England came over expressly to take command of the vessel destined to convey the bride across the Channel. Accompanied by the lord-deputy of Calais, and a numerous retinue, he went forth to meet the *fiancée* on her way from Gravelines. His dress, and that of his attendants, is recorded for our gratification:—'For he was appparelled in a coat of purple velvet, cut in cloth of gold, and tied with aigulets and trefoils of gold to the number of four hundred. Baldricwise, he wore a chain of strange fashion, to which was suspended a whistle of gold, set with precious stones of great value. The admiral's train consisted of thirty gentlemen of the king's household, appparelled with massive chains. Besides these, he had a great number of gentlemen of his own suite, in blue velvet and crimson satin, as well as the mariners of his ship, in satin of Bruges (blue), both coats and slops of the same colour—his yeomen being clad in blue damask.' A foul wind detained the lady here for fifteen days, 'during which time, in order to afford her recreation, jousts and banquets were got up by the authorities.' The simplicity with which our gracious Queen travels from the Isle of Wight to Aberdeenshire, or takes a trip across the Channel to see her uncle Leopold, makes us almost forget that such gorgeous state attended every step of royalty in the olden time. Glance we now a moment at the commercial aspect of Calais during the English occupancy.

The Staple-Hall or Wool Staple (now called the Cour de Guise) built by letters-patent from Richard II., dated 1389, was a singular combination of palace and market, exchequer and cloth-hall; the seat alike of royalty and trade; for here our English monarchs often lodged, and within these precincts our ancestors established their seat of custom, beneath the royal eye and roof-tree. Hither were not only the 'merchauntes and occupiers of all manner of wares and merchandizes' in England, but the 'merchauntes straungers' of the Low Countries invited by proclamation to resort and repair, from time to time, there to 'buy and sell, change and rechange, with perfect and equal freedom and immunity;' provided always the traffic or 'feates of merchandizes' were effected according to tariff; 'our dread and sovereigne lord the king mynding the wealth, increase, and enriching of his realm of England, and of this his town of Calais.' In the court of this our

* *Annals and Legends of Calais*. By Robert B. Calton. London: J. R. Smith. 1822.

Calaisian Guildhall, the iron-clad man-at-arms, the gaily-decked esquire, or captain of the guard, used to mingle with the staid wool-staplers, clothiers, cutlers, or weavers, just arrived from our primitive manufacturing districts, laden with bales and hardwares for bartering with their colonial and Flemish customers; whilst the nobles, princes, and at times even the king of England, sat at the upper casements, countenancing if not enjoying the bustle of the mart. Immense fortunes were realised by the merchants of the Staple; they were often in a position to aid the exchequer of the mother-country; and one of them named Fermour was, from some patriotic act in money-matters, raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Pomfret. We are told that a great revenue was derived to the crown from the customs' duty here levied on wool; that which passed into the Netherlands alone amounting to 50,000 crowns per annum—an enormous sum in those days. Modern Vandalism has done for this building what time had failed to effect; and now there is little remains of it to gratify the antiquary, save its metamorphosed contour and a fine old gateway.

That a handful of troops and emigrant residents should have enjoyed for above two centuries the unmolested occupation of a sea-port town, and an extensive adjacent district, in one of the most powerful and warlike kingdoms of Europe, is a singular episode in the history of the two nations. At length, after an almost fabulous retention of the place, the very facility of tenure having led to heedlessness and neglect of proper precaution, the day of reprisal came. In 1558, the Duke of Guise, being put in command of a powerful army, effected its recapture without any signal display of valour on the one hand, or heroism on the other. On its surrender, the lord-deputy, with 50 of his officers, were detained as prisoners of war; the residue of the inhabitants had to turn out, as the French had done before, and were compelled to retire either to England or Flanders. All the property of every description was placed at the disposal of the conqueror, in honour of whom our famous Wool Staple was thenceforth called the Cour de Guise. The booty in gold, silver, and valuable merchandise was enormous, and even the common soldiers, we are told, made fortunes by their share of it. So perished England's first colony!

A FLOATING CITY.

The city of Bang-kok, the capital of Siam, consists of a long, double, and, in some parts, treble row of neatly and tastefully painted wooden cabins, floating on thick bamboo rafts, and linked to each other, in parcels of six or seven houses, by chains; which chains were fastened to huge poles driven into the bed of the river. The whole city rose at once like a magic picture to our admiring gaze. . . . If the air of the 'Fleet Street' of Siam does not agree with Mrs Yowchowfow and her children, or they wish to obtain a more aristocratic footing by being domiciled higher up and nearer to the king's palace, all they have to do, is to wait till the tide serves, and, loosing from their moorings, float gently up towards the spot they wish to occupy. Bang-kok, the modern capital of Siam, and the seat of the Siamese government, was computed, at the period of my residence there, to consist of 70,000 floating houses or shops, and each shop, taking one with another, to contain five individuals, including men, women, and children; making the population amount to 350,000 souls, of which number 70,000 are Chinese, 20,000 Burmese, 20,000 Arabs and Indians; the remainder, or about 240,000, being Siamese. This was the best census we could take, and I believe it to be nearly accurate. The situation is exceedingly picturesque. I was told that, when the Siamese relinquished the ancient capital of Yuthia, and first established the throne at Bang-kok, the houses were built upon the banks of the river itself; but the frequent recurrence of the cholera induced one of the kings to insist upon the inhabitants living upon the water,

on the supposition that their dwellings would be more cleanly, and; consequently, the inmates less subjected to the baneful effects of that scourge of the East—*Nank's Residence in Siam.*

THE TWO PRAYERS.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

I.

It was the hour for evening prayer—there came a goody through
Within that dim cathedral church to join the vesper song;
And *she* was there amid the crowd, and on the altar stair,
As if she were alone she knelt in the depth of her despair.

She did not heed the many eyes upon her beauty turned;
One vision still oppressed her soul, one grief within her burned.

The tones of holy minstrelsy, the solemn anthem strain,
They were like voices in a dream—as meaningless and vain.

Strange tumult reigned within her soul—there came a gush
of tears,
Deep, wild, as if it bore along the passion-flood of years;
And 'Mary! Mary!' was her prayer, and 'Mary!' still she
prays,
'O give me back the love of old—the light of other
days.'

A deeper gloom o'erspread the aisles—the altar-lamp grew
dim,
And fainter still the echoes came from the dying vesper
hymn;
She listened for an answering voice—but no response was
given:
The marble steps were cold as death, and silence was in
heaven.

II.

Within that dim cathedral church once more she stood
alone,
When from her cheek, and brow, and eye, youth's loveliness
had flown;
She wandered down the gloomy aisles—no worshippers
were there;
And on the altar steps she knelt in the depth of her
despair.

The sunset's parting gleam came down to kiss the pictured
pane;
Upon the marble stone it flung full many a crimson stain.
There was a hush within the air—no holy chant arose
To fill the aisles with joy, and break the spirit-like repose.

A broken reed, she lowly bent—*Her's passion dream was*
o'er,
And there were tears—repentant tears—not like to those
of yore;
And murmurs of a nobler faith fixed on the sacred shrine,
'O human love so false, so vain! O love that is dis-
turb'

Fair shone the symbol of the cross—the altar-lamp grew
bright;
There came a gleam like trembling stars attendant her
spirit's night;
She listened for an answering voice—the peace of God was
given:
The marble steps were cold as death, but gladness was in
heaven!

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A SWIM EXTRAORDINARY.

I HAVE been all my life a sort of amphibious animal, having, like many an old Roman, learned to swim long before I had learned to read. The bounding backs of the billows were my only rocking-horse when I was a child, and dearly I loved to ride them when a fresh breeze was blowing. I rarely tired in the water, where I often amused myself for hours together. I grew up with such a liking for the exercise, that I have never been able to forego the opportunity for a swim when it offered; and a daily bath has been for a long course of years as necessary to me as my daily food. The exercise of swimming has been through life my chief pleasure and my only medicine—a never-failing restorative from weakness and weariness, and, what may appear strange to some readers, from the effects of irritation, anxiety, and mortification as well.

This accomplishment, however, once led me into a strange adventure. I was engaged in a rather extensive commercial tour through the central kingdoms of Europe. I had crossed the Hungarian frontier about the middle of the day, after being much annoyed and chafed by a multiplicity of delays and extortions; and at length, hot and wearied, arrived at B—late in the evening. As soon as I caught sight of the Danube in the distance, I resolved that the first thing I would do after getting housed and refreshed by a few hours' sleep, should be to enjoy the luxury of a leisurely swim in that noble river. With this view, passing through the town, I put up at a small but decent *gasthof* which stood upon a patch of rising ground close upon the margin of the stream; and having first seen to the comfort of my horse, which was well-nigh knocked up with the day's journey, and next attended to my own, I retired to rest at an early hour, without descending to the common room and joining in the beery orgies of the evening. I rose next morning, as was my custom, a full half hour before the sun; and finding no one stirring in the house, proceeded to the stables, the back of which overlooked the water. Here I found a middle-aged tatterdemalion, whose flesh and costume were all of one colour, and that the precise hue of the dunghheap from which he had just arisen, and from which one might have imagined him to have been engendered. He was in the act of cleaning out the stable, as well as the task could be accomplished, with his bare feet and a shovel, the blade of which was not much bigger than his hand. With some trouble, and with the aid of a small coin, I contrived to make him understand my purpose; and he led me, up stairs, to a loft, in which I might undress and deposit my clothes, and pointed to a rude flight of wooden steps, leading from the window to the water's

edge, and from which I might plunge in from any height I chose.

In a few minutes, I had left my clothes upon a truss of odorous clover, and plunging in head-foremost from the top of the ladder, I rose to the surface at a few yards' distance from the bank, and struck out vigorously to enjoy my swim. The sensation was deliciously cool and pleasant. Keeping my eyes fixed upon the opposite shore, I made towards it, feeling all the while as light as a cork and as strong as a colt. How long I revelled in the first exquisite sense of enjoyment I have not, nor had I then, any very distinct idea. Turning, however, upon my back, just to vary my position, my head, of course, faced the shore I had left, from which, to my great surprise, the good town I had left had vanished entirely, and I became aware that the rapid current of the river, upon which, in my eagerness for a bath, I had not bestowed a single thought, had already carried me some mile or two in its progress towards the Black Sea. Not being victualled for so long a voyage, I began to look around me, and to curse the headlong haste which had brought me into such a dilemma. I found that I was as nearly as possible in the centre of the stream, and immediately put all my vigour in requisition to regain the shore I had left. This, to my no small dismay, I soon discovered was not to be accomplished, the current setting strong towards the opposite side. I made an experiment of my strength by means of a small chip of wood which floated by: I could judge what prospect I had of regaining the northern bank of the river by the distance at which I could leave the chip behind me, while swimming in a contrary direction; but it was of no use: in a quarter of an hour's hard struggling I had not gained twenty yards, while I had floated more than a mile further down the stream. Nothing remained for it but to make for the shore, towards which I was drifting at anyrate, and that must be done as fast as possible; for being now really alarmed, I felt, or fancied that I felt my strength deserting me. Under this impression, I struck out more furiously, and thus fatigued myself the more; and it was with no small difficulty I at last reached the opposite bank, up which I climbed, with sensations almost as forlorn and hopeless as those of the shipwrecked mariner whom the tempest casts ashore.

In fact, I would have given a round sum for the rags of the shipwrecked mariner to cover me. Here I was in the condition of a primeval savage, on a desert spot, without a dwelling in sight, and prevented, by the want of clothing, from seeking out the habitations of men. I ran to the highest ground in the neighbourhood, and that was close to the water's edge, and looked around me in every direction. On

the shore which I had left, I could see what appeared the dim outline of buildings at a great distance; but on the side of the river on which I was standing, nothing but a vast tract of low land was visible, which, from its swampy condition, it was plain was overflowed by the river in times of flood. I hallooed for some minutes with all the strength of my lungs; but the only response was the rising of a few moorfowl from the marsh, which wheeled cackling above my head, as though wondering what my business might be, and then settled down again in the reedy pool from whence they had arisen at my cry. I sat down upon a stone, and feeling that I was fast going into a state of distraction, tried to collect my faculties, and to consider what was best to be done, or, indeed, if anything could be done. With the sense of my desperate condition came also a horrible sense of the ludicrous. What would my principals in London think of their continental agent shivering, without a rag on, upon the desolate banks of the Danube? Here was I, a man well known upon 'Change, with four thousand pounds in the three-and-a-half per cents, the idea of which had been a comfort to me for many a long year, ready to forfeit the whole sum in exchange for the raggedest pair of pantaloons that ever dangled from a scarecrow, and ready, too, to go down upon my bare knees to any ministering angel of an old Jew who would propose the bargain. I grinned a despairing laugh at the thought of such an absurd compact, and then groaned aloud as the conviction overcame me, that in my present circumstances it would be a prudent one.

Relapsing into grim and savage silence, I glared gloomily at a sharp jagged stone which lay at my feet, and at length, taking it in my hand, walked mechanically into a stagnant pool, where a group of willow sprigs were growing on a few old stumps barely emerging from the water. I contrived to sever a dozen or two of the twigs by hacking at them with the flint—and, carrying them to dry ground, was soon busy in rehearsing over again the toilet of Adam in Paradise. Tying their ends together, I crossed a couple of them over my shoulders in the manner of a shooting-belt, and from these I managed to suspend a kind of frock of green leaves, which effectually transformed my appearance from that of the rude savage of the wild to the civilised Jack-in-the-Green of May-day in London. I may declare without reserve, that I never felt more proud or pleased with any exploit of my whole life than I now did at the completion of my toilet. My spirits, which had before been villainously depressed, rose all at once, and I no longer despaired of restoration to society. I walked majestically up and down, keeping a careful look-out both upon the water and the land. A boat passed at the distance of half a mile from the shore, but I tried in vain to attract the notice of the crew. My voice could not be heard so far, and if by accident they saw me, they must have mistaken me for a bush. I now turned my back to the river in disgust, and commenced a severe and careful scrutiny upon the land-side, to see if I could possibly in any direction make out any signs of life. Five or six hours must have elapsed since the moment when I plunged headlong from the ladder; the sun was now nearly at his meridian; the blue mist which had covered everything, and veiled the distance from my view in the morning when I emerged from the water and crawled up the muddy bank, had now entirely

rolled away, and the vast level tract of marsh-land was open to my inspection to a distance at least of some five or six English miles, at the extremity of which it was bounded by a rising ground sparsely wooded. I imagined that I could distinguish the mud-walls of a row of small cottages, partly concealed by a group of trees, though I was by no means sure that it was not a bank of earth or the face of a rock. I looked anxiously round for other indications of life; and after a close and protracted scrutiny, had the satisfaction of distinctly perceiving a thin column of white smoke winding up the dark background of the distant hill. I resolved now, in case no means of escape should turn up on the river, to attempt the passage of the marsh in another hour at latest—though, from former experience, I well knew the difficulty of the attempt, and the little probability there was that a perfect stranger would succeed in getting across. I saw, too, that if I would make the attempt at all, I must not defer it much longer, since to be overtaken by darkness in the midst of the bog would be certain destruction.

I passed another half-hour in surveying the river, in which, about four miles below the point on which I stood, I now for the first time discovered several small islands, overgrown with reeds or underwood; but they manifested no signs of any human inhabitants, so far as I could distinguish, and I adhered to my resolution of crossing the marsh. Delaying no longer, I descended from my post of observation, intending to travel in a straight line to the point where I could still see the smoke ascending. I had not, however, proceeded 100 yards, before I found that my idea of journeying in a straight line was utterly impracticable. I could walk over the firm soil, and I could swim the pools; but through the deep masses of soft bog I could neither walk nor swim; and after a narrow escape from smothering in one of them, I came to a stand-still. I found, too, that now I was down in the swamp, I could not see the distant hill which was the object of my journey, though it was plain, that from any part of the marsh I might see the little mound on the river's brink which I had just left. I returned to the mound, and, by the aid of a number of loose stones which were lying about, contrived to erect a couple of small fagots of willow-branches, at a distance of about ten feet from each other, to serve as direction-posts, arranging them so that while I could see but one of them, I might know that I was in the right track. Thus I was left at liberty to take a straight course in search of firm ground, as, by making an observation by my telegraph, I could at any time regain the right path.

It is my decided opinion, that had I been left alone, and suffered to continue my journey, I should have accomplished the undertaking, arduous as it was. I had already walked and waded, and swam and staggered, and floundered along for more than a mile, when I suddenly caught sight of a ragged, bare-headed figure about half a mile in advance of me, who was stooping over a stagnant pool, and groping in the water for something, perhaps leeches, of which he was in search. Without reflecting for a moment what might be the effect of my sudden apparition upon the mind of an ignorant boor alone in such a solitude, and too much overjoyed to think of anything but the overwhelming

hastened towards him with all the speed of which I was capable—now clearing a route among reeds and rushes, and now sinking up to my neck in a pool. In less than half an hour, I had arrived, panting for breath, to within a few yards of the pond over the margin of which he was still bending, with his eyes fixed in the water. Pausing for one moment to recover my wind, I raised myself to my full height, and hailed him at the top of my voice with a 'Holla! Mein Herr,' which, like an electric shock, brought him to his feet in an instant. I saw in a moment that I had committed a fatal blunder. The poor wretch stood aghast, horrified beyond the power of description; his white hair stood on end; his bloodshot eyes were bursting from their sockets; his mouth yawned like a cavern, and emitted a faint, gurgling sound, and every limb shook with the agony of fear. I saw that it was necessary to reassure him; and seeing no other way of approaching him than by swimming the pond, I entered the water, and, staff in hand, made towards him. Before I had lessened the distance between us one-half, he had so far recovered himself as to be able to give utterance to one wild yell of terror, and to take madly to his heels. When I had swum the pool, and ascended to the spot which he had left, I saw him running at the top of his speed, and following a winding route, with which he was evidently familiar, as he avoided the water and the bogs, and kept on firm ground. I made an attempt to come up with him; but in my haste trod upon a piece of loose shale, which, sliding beneath me, threw me upon the ground, and badly wounded my right foot, so that for the moment I could proceed no further.

As I sat upon the ground, endeavouring to stanch the fast-flowing blood from my instep by winding round it some long flags from the marsh, I watched the poor fellow till he was no longer in sight, and marked that he never relaxed his pace till he disappeared under the cluster of trees above which I had first noticed the white smoke ascending. To cross the marsh without a guide, was now out of the question; and choosing a dry and mossy spot, I lay down and rested till the afternoon was far advanced, having made up my mind, if no succour came from the hamlet, which I now felt assured was not far from the edge of the marsh, that I would return to the river before it was dark, and make a last and vigorous attempt to swim to the group of islands which I had observed in the distance, in one or other of which I might hope to find human inhabitants. I kept my telescope in sight, and, the sun being now low in the horizon, was thinking of retracing my steps towards it, when, in the act of rising to do so, I saw a party of men, of whom I distinctly counted fourteen, threading their well-known way through the marsh, and rapidly advancing towards the spot where I lay. They had already measured half the distance, and I might have seen them long before had I happened to look in that direction. I now congratulated myself that my troubles were over, and was pondering how I could best shew my gratitude to my deliverers, when the doubt was suggested to my mind whether they would prove deliverers or not! I kept my eye steadfastly fixed upon their movements, and, as they drew nearer, beheld with dismay that they were all armed, two of them, who led the van, with old muskets, and the rest with staves, cythes, and bludgeons. It was plain that the old fool who had frightened away had described me to his countrymen as some savage monster, and this valiant band had come out against me, to hunt me to the death. I moved at once to be sure of their object before they came to a disagreeable proximity; and with this view, started suddenly to my feet, and shouted as loud as I could.

My fears were but too well founded. At the first sound of my voice, the leaders recoiled a few steps upon the main body, who stood still for a few minutes, apparently

in consultation, the result of which was, that the fire-arms changed owners, and two bold fellows stepped to the front, and, levelling their pieces, kept my naked body covered with their muzzles, and only refrained from pulling triggers until they should have arrived within killing distance. It was plain I had no time to lose if I would once more try the river, the only chance now remaining to me. I turned and hobbled away as fast as my wounded limb would let me, plunged into the nearest pool, sprawled through the next bog, crashed through the rushes, hopped along the dry ground upon one foot, and scrambled helter-skelter towards the river, expecting every moment to hear the report of the fire-arms, and to feel a handful of slugs in my body. Never shall I forget the horrors of that chase. I distanced my pursuers, however, and arrived at the margin of the stream without having once presented a fair target to their aim. I did not pause long upon the brink of the flood. They were now yelling like blood-hounds, and their cries rung in my ears as I gained the very spot where I had landed in the morning, and where I again took to the water like a hunted deer, or rather like a hunted duck, for I dived under, with as gentle a splash as possible, and keeping beneath the surface as long as I could hold breath, rose at length a good fifty yards from the shore, and full two hundred yards lower down.

I had no great cause for congratulation at my escape. The sun was setting, night coming on, and here was I in the middle of the broad stream of the Danube, sweeping on at the rate of five or six miles an hour, with no other prospect in view than that of becoming food for fishes in a very few hours at furthest, unless I could succeed in making one of the islands I had seen in the morning. It was a strange thing that I felt no fatigue, even after swimming an hour. I had passed several small islands, but the rapid stream which they breasted broke away so furiously from their sides, that I had not strength to get near them. In their wake, I could see that the water was calm and tranquil enough, but that tranquil water I could not reach. By and by, as the darkness fell, I passed several islands much larger, and was about attempting to land upon one, when I caught sight of a glimmering light at a distance in the centre of the stream. I directed my course towards this in preference; and I perceived as I approached that it proceeded from a raft, moored off one of the islands, upon which the crew were probably cooking their evening meal. I knew that if I approached this raft in front, I should inevitably be sucked under, and never see the light again; at the same time, if I gave it too wide a berth, I should as surely be carried past it, in which case I felt pretty certain that my last chance would be gone. I made a desperate effort at the very nick of time, and happily succeeded in laying hold of a rope, which was hanging in the water, by means of which I was swung round to the stern of the raft, upon which, in a small timber-hut, I could see the crew discussing their supper.

Now that the struggle was over, and my safety secure, all my courage and strength too vanished at once: I felt as weak as a child, and as pusillanimous as a woman, and the hot tears ran down my cheeks like rain. It was as much as I could do to hail the men, who sat laughing and chatting over their porridge not three yards from me, as I clutched the rope with the energy of a drowning man. They started up at the sound of my cry, and in an instant lifted me on board. They were Germans, fortunately; and I gave them to understand in a few words, that I had been bathing, and having been carried away by the stream, had narrowly escaped drowning. I was in no humour to put them in possession of my whole miserable adventure, which it is more than probable they would not have credited if I had. Having rubbed myself dry, one of them lent me a blouse, and offered me food, which, plain as it was, I

was but too glad to accept; but before I had eaten a mouthful, an old man made his appearance, bearing shippers, cloak, and cap, and invited me to follow him to his house upon the island, where I might pass the night, and cross over to the mainland in the morning. I followed him across a plank, and beneath the shadow of some willow-trees, to his humble dwelling. He told me that he and his family were the sole inhabitants of the island, and that he united the three professions of fisherman, innkeeper, and ropemaker, and thus managed to make a livelihood. His guests were almost exclusively the navigators on the river, who frequently moored for the night off his island, and partook of such entertainment as he could supply. He sent his fish to market when he caught more than he could consume, and he and his children made ropes and cordage, for which also he had a ready sale on the river. Pending this communication, he prepared me a substantial supper, to which I did ample justice, and then shewed me, at my request, to a small, neat chamber, where I sought and found the repose I so much needed.

I sank into a profound slumber, heavy and dreamless, within a minute after I lay down—the result, no doubt, of the utter exhaustion of every faculty, both of body and mind. Possessing a vigorous constitution, and a perfectly healthy frame, I escaped the reaction of nervous excitement, which most persons in similar circumstances would have undergone, and which in many would have terminated in fever and delirium, and perhaps death. But I did not escape altogether. After I had lain in total forgetfulness for some hours, my imagination woke up and plagued me with dreams of indescribable terror and alarm. I was swimming for whole days and nights together in a shoreless sea, tossed by storms, and swarming with monsters, one or other of which was continually seizing me by the foot, and dragging me down; while over my head foul birds of prey, each and all with the terrified face of the poor wretch whom I had frightened in the marsh, and clutching firearms in their semi-human claws, were firing at my head, and swooping to devour me. To avoid their beaks, I dived madly into the depths below, where I had to do battle in the dark with the grim and shapeless monsters of the deep. Then, bursting with the retention of my breath, I rose again to the surface, and enjoyed a moment's pause, until the screaming harpies again gathered around me, and, convulsed with fear, I dived again as the vivid flash from their firearms dazzled my eyes. While performing one of these violent feats, occasioned by a flash which appeared to blaze over the whole sky, I woke suddenly. My landlord, the old fisherman, was standing by my bedside; he had drawn aside the curtains of my bed, and let the sunshine in upon my face, the hot gleam of which was doubtless the blazing flash of my dream. I laughed aloud when I found myself snug in bed, and proceeded to dress in the old man's best holiday suit, which he placed at my service. My wounded foot had well-nigh healed in the night, and I could walk comfortably. During breakfast, I gave the old man and his daughter the real history of my case, to their unspeakable astonishment, and consulted them as to my future operations. The fisherman volunteered to land me at a small village a few miles below, from whence he would proceed with me to K—, where, upon representing my case to the magistrates, I should be furnished with the means of getting back to B—, and recovering my property.

This, in fact, was the only thing I could do. I engaged the fisherman to accompany me through the whole route; and as he had naturally no desire to lose sight of me, he made no objection. I had slept thirteen hours; and it was ten o'clock in the day, when the old man and I, and his two lads, embarked in the boat for the nearest village. We arrived there before noon, and

he hired a conveyance in which we both proceeded to the place he had mentioned, a distance of some twenty miles, which we reached about three in the afternoon. But my companion had no more of either money or credit, and I was compelled to apply to the chief magistrate of the town, whom, by good-fortune, we found at his private residence. He proved a good-natured but rather fussy old gentleman; and when he had heard my story, which he interrupted with a thousand demonstrations of horror, alarm, and sympathy, insisted upon my sharing the hospitality of his house for the night, assuring me that it would be impossible to proceed that day. I gave a reluctant consent, upon his promising that he would put me in a condition to start at an early hour in the morning. Hereupon, consigning my companion to the charge of a servant, he ushered me into a saloon adjoining his study, and introduced me to his family, consisting of two grown-up sons, three daughters, and their mother, to whom I had to tell my luckless adventures over again. That, however, was not the worst of it. As the hour of dinner drew near, the house began to fill with visitors: it was plain that my arrival, and the circumstances connected with it, had been regularly advertised through the town, and all the world was flocking to see the new 'lion' which the river had turned up. And certainly a lion I was, as the play-bills have it, 'for that night only.' I had to tell my story ten times over, and to submit to questionings and cross-questionings without number. All this, perhaps, was but natural enough, considering the circumstances; but it occasioned me no small annoyance; and feigning excessive fatigue, for which I had but too good excuse, I retired early to rest, leaving the assembled guests to pump the old fisherman, which they did to their hearts' content, and to talk over my adventures at leisure.

A servant awoke me before dawn. A carriage and post-horses stood at the door, and after I had made a hearty breakfast, my worthy host put into my hand a letter of introduction to his brother magistrate at B—. I bade him farewell with many sincere and hearty thanks, entered the carriage with my companion, and drove off. The distance we had to go may have been about fifty English miles; but the roads were in such wretched condition, and the cattle, which we changed seven times, of such an abominable breed, that night had fallen upon the town of B— before we entered it. I drove at once to the little *gasthof*, where, three days before, at the same hour, I had put up upon my arrival. The landlord bustled out to receive me as the carriage stopped at the door; but though I identified him immediately, he shewed not the slightest symptoms of recognising me. I told the driver to wait, and beckoning the old fisherman to follow, demanded to be shewn into a private room, and to be favoured with the landlord's company. He obeyed with the utmost alacrity, and taking a lamp from the hand of an attendant, led the way to a small room on the first floor.

'Well, Herr Bernstein,' I said, 'are you not glad to see me back again?'

'Most happy to see you, gracious sir,' said he, 'but have not the honour to recollect your gracious person.'

'Indeed! An Englishman, on a black horse, passing here three days ago at this hour—surely you recollect that?'

'Ah, too well I recollect that. Poor English gentleman—a countryman of yours, perhaps a friend—dear God! drowned—unhappy man—carried away by the river in the morning before any of us were awake. Here he wrung his hands in evident sorrow at that stupid Grute! why did he let the gentleman down in the Danube?'

'Stop!' said I; 'let me put an end to your remarks on that Englishman!'

"You—you!" cried he, as he staggered back into a seat. "But it cannot be—it is impossible. I do not recollect you: you are deceiving me! Sir, it is a cruel jest."

"It is no jest," said I; "Heaven be praised. Where is Grute, as you call him? He will tell you whether it is a jest."

Grute was the filthy stableman; and the landlord, half-dreaming, ran off to fetch him—a most unfortunate circumstance, as it put the rogue upon his guard, and prepared him for the part which it was necessary for his safety that he should play. The landlord returned in two minutes, dragging Grute in with him. I saw by the sudden pallor of the fellow's countenance, and the quivering of his lip, that he recognised me on the instant; but he looked doggedly around him, without manifesting any surprise; and when his master pointed me out as the Englishman supposed to have been drowned, the fellow laughed brutally, and said the attempt wouldn't do, as I was too tall by half a head. I perceived the truth at once. He had made free with the contents of my pockets, in which I had left a few gold pieces, and for his character's sake he could not afford to admit my identity. The landlord plainly mistrusted my tale, now that he had heard the evidence of the stableman, and began to assume a very different tone, and to talk cavalierly of a reference to a magistrate. This reminded me of the letter in my pocket, and I insisted that he should immediately accompany me to the house of the chief-magistrate, who should judge between us. He shewed himself provokingly willing to comply with my demand, and, following me down stairs, entered the carriage. As we drove along, I inquired as to the fate of my valise, my clothes, and my horse; which latter, especially, I described in a way that appeared to stagger him. They were all, he said, in the magistrate's custody, and I should hear more of them, and doubtless recover them, if they were mine, when my claim was decided on. We found the important functionary at supper. I requested a private interview, which was granted, when I presented the letter of my host at K—, and waited to see the effect of its perusal. I had to wait a long while, for my hospitable friend had indulged in a long-winded account of the whole adventure, which it took a good half-hour to get through. The effect of the narrative was, however, all that I could have desired: the worthy magistrate asked me a few questions, as he was pleased to observe, for form's sake, relative to the contents of the valise, which he had himself inspected, and I replied satisfactorily. He shook me heartily by the hand, congratulated me on my miraculous and providential escape, not forgetting my marvellous prowess as a swimmer; and, calling in the landlord of the inn and the old fisherman, wrote out in their presence an order for the restoration of my property, and a warrant for the apprehension of Grute, who, it appeared, had helped himself to all my loose cash, with the exception of a single dollar.

There was racing and chasing after Grute during the whole night, but he had had the wit to take himself out of the way. My valise had luckily not been tampered with; the contents were all as I left them; and I had the happiness of rewarding the honest fisherman for the pains he had taken in my behalf, and the confidence he had reposed in me. My poor horse had not been treated so well. In accordance with some old statute, of which I know nothing, he had been classified by the commandant of a small military force stationed in the place, and had been compelled to commence a course of training, under a heavy dragoon, for the military service. As he had received but one or two lessons, which consisted almost exclusively of an unlimited allowance of whip, he had not profited much by instruction. In fact, he had lost his temper without gaining anything in discipline, and I was

eventually obliged to part with him, from the impossibility of bearing with his strange antics. He had cost me fifty guineas in London, and I sold him for fewer thalers to a German dealer, who, no doubt, speedily found him a berth in some barrack, where he completed his education for the army. Altogether, my extraordinary swim, taking expenses out of pocket and loss of time into account, cost me something over a hundred guineas, and all I got in exchange for them, was the reputation of a Munchausen whenever I dared to open my mouth on the subject, and a perennial liability to nightmare, with the repetition and aggravation of all the worst horrors of that miserable day.*

WOOL FROM PINE-TREES.

INTERESTING accounts have recently appeared in foreign journals of a novel branch of industry carried on in Silesia, combining so much of ingenuity and utility, as to render a summary of the information very acceptable to those who are seeking for new sources of employment or of profit. It appears that in the neighbourhood of Breslau, on a domain known as Humboldt Mead, there are two establishments alike remarkable: one is a factory for converting the leaves or spines of the pine-tree into a sort of cotton or wool; in the other, the water which has served in the manufacture of this vegetable wool, is made use of as salutary baths for invalids. They were both erected under the direction of Herr von Pannewitz, one of the chief forest-inspectors, and the inventor of a chemical process, by means of which a fine filamentous substance can be obtained from the long and slender leaves of the pine. This substance has been called *Holz wolle*, wood-wool, from a similarity in its quality to that of ordinary wool; it may be curled, felted, or spun in the same way.

The *Pinus sylvestris*, or Scotch fir, from which this new product is derived, has been long esteemed in Germany for its many valuable qualities; and instead of being left to its natural growth, is cultivated in plantations of forest-like extent. In this way, many parts of a vast, dreary, sandy surface are turned to good account, for the tree grows rapidly on a light soil, imparting to it solidity and consistency, and affords shelter to the oak, which, under such favourable circumstances, acquires such vigour of development as to outgrow its protector. About the fortieth year of its growth, the pine yields considerable quantities of resin; and the value of the wood for building purposes, and for constructions immersed in water, are well known. Mr Pannewitz has, however, added another to its list of useful applications; and if the leaves can be employed as described, the *Pinus sylvestris* may become an object of culture in countries where it is now neglected.

The acicular leaves of firs, pines, and conifers in general, are composed of a bundle, or fasciculus, as a botanist would say, of extremely fine and tenacious fibres, which are surrounded and held together by thin pellicles of a resinous substance. If this substance be dissolved by a process of coction, and the employment of certain chemical reagents, the fibres can then be easily separated, washed, and cleansed from all foreign matter. According to the mode of treatment, the woolly substance is fine or coarse, and is employed as wadding in the one case, and in the other as stuffing for mattresses. Such, in a few words, is an explanation

* Let our readers should suppose this curious narrative to be merely an invention of some desperate romancer, it may be proper to state, that the facts are literally true. The hero of the adventure, when a young man, about the close of the last century, was driven abroad by political persecution, and not only realised a fortune, but acquired most of the continental languages. On returning to England, where he became acquainted with our contributor, he devoted himself for the rest of his life to acts of private beneficence, keeping up at the same time a correspondence in Latin with the learned men of other countries.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

of Mr Pannewitz's discovery. He has preferred the *Pinus sylvestris* to other species because of the greater length of its spines; but there is reason to believe, that it is not the only kind which may be worked with advantage.

There is said to be no danger in stripping the trees, even while young, as they only need the whorl of spines to be left at the extremity of each branch, in order to continue their growth; all the other leaves may be removed without damage. The gathering should take place while they are in their green state, for at no other time can the woolly substance be extracted. This operation, which takes place but once in two years, affords employment and pretty good wages to a number of poor people, some of whom will collect two hundred pounds in a day. The yield from a branch of the thickness of the finger is estimated at one pound, and a beginner will strip thirty such branches in a day. In the case of felled trees, the work proceeds with great rapidity.

The first use made of the filamentous matter, was to substitute it for the wadding used in quilted counterpanes. In 1842, five hundred counterpanes so prepared were purchased for the use of the hospital at Vienna; and, after an experience of several years, the purchase has been renewed. It was remarked, among other things, that the influence of the wood-wool prevented parasitic insects from lodging in the beds, and the aromatic odour arising from it had been found as beneficial as it was agreeable. Shortly afterwards, the Penitentiary at Vienna was provided with the same kind of quilts; and they have since been adopted—as well as mattresses filled with the same wool—in the Hospital de la Charité at Berlin, and in the Maternity Hospital and barracks at Breslau. A trial of five years in these different establishments has proved, that the wood-wool can be very suitably employed for counterpanes, and for stuffed or quilted articles of furniture, and that it is very durable.

It was found that, at the end of the five years, a wood-wool mattress had cost less than one made of straw, as the latter requires an addition of two pounds of new straw every year. In comparison with horse-hair, it is three times cheaper; it is safe from the attack of moth, and in a finished sofa no upholsterer would be able to distinguish between wood-wool and hair-stuffing.

It has been further ascertained that this wool can be spun and woven. The finest gives a thread similar to that of hemp, and quite as strong. When spun, woven, and combed, a cloth is produced which has been used for carpets, horse-cloths, &c.; while, mixed with a canvas warp, it will serve for quilts, instead of being employed in the form of wadding.

In the preparation of this wool, an etherised oil is formed, of an agreeable odour, and green in colour, but which an exposure to the light changes to a yellowish-orange tint, and which resumes its original colour on the light being again excluded. Under the rectifying process, it becomes colourless as water, and is found to differ from the essence of turpentine extracted from the stem of the same tree. Its employment has proved most salutary in gouty and rheumatic affections, and when applied to wounds as a balsam; as also in certain cases of worm disease and cutaneous tumours. In the rectified state, it has been successfully used in the preparation of lacs for the best kinds of varnish; in lamps it burns as well as olive-oil; and it dissolves caoutchouc completely and speedily. Already the perfumers of Paris make large use of this pine-oil.

With respect to the baths: it having been discovered that a beneficial result attended the external application of the liquor left after the coction of the leaves, a bathing establishment was added to the factory. This liquor is of a greenish-brown tint; and, according to the process, is either gelatinous and balsamic, or acid;

formic acid having been produced in the latter case. When an increase in the efficacy of the baths is desired, a quantity of extract obtained by the distillation of the etherised oil above mentioned, which also contains formic acid, is poured into the liquor. Besides which, the liquid itself is thickened by concentration, and sent out in sealed jars to those who wish to have baths at home, thus constituting a profitable article of trade.

We understand that these baths have been in operation for nine years, with a continual increase of reputation and number of visitors. That the facts are not exaggerated, would appear from medals having been awarded to M. Weiss, the proprietor and manager, by societies in Berlin and Altenburg, for the extraordinary results produced. As likely to lead to a new development of industry, the processes are especially worthy of attention.

The catalogue of utilities is, however, not yet exhausted; there is one more with which we bring our notice to a close. After the washing of the fibre, a great quantity of refuse membranous substance is obtained by filtration. This being moulded into the form of bricks, and dried, becomes excellent fuel, and gives off so much gas from the resin which it contains, that it may be used for lighting as well as heating. The making of a thousand hundredweights of the wool leaves a mass of fuel equal in value to sixty cubic yards of pine-wood.

CHAMBERS'S LIFE AND WORKS OF BURNS.

BEHELD in his life-time as a singular example of the genius rising from the humbler shades of life, Burns is now ranked as a classic among the poets of his country. The interest originally felt in his personal character and unhappy fate, has been deepened as the high absolute rank of the poet became appreciated. These changes might be said to call for a more searching inquiry into his life than was at first deemed necessary; and the task was undertaken by one, of whom we may at least be permitted to say, that he possessed the requisite zeal and love of the subject. For obvious reasons, we are not to be expected to say more, in commendation or discommendation, of the work now under our attention; but we may be allowed to advert to its peculiar plan, and some of the new details which it brings before the world.

The leading feature of the work is the assumption on which it proceeds—that the writings of Burns are in a great measure expressive of his personal feelings, and descriptive of the scenery and circumstances of his own existence, and therefore ought to be involved in his biography. Each poem, song, and letter, known as his, has therefore been assigned its chronological place in his memoirs, thus at once lending its own biographical light to the general narrative, and deriving thence some illustration in return. The consequence is, that, with the help of much fresh biographical matter drawn from authentic sources, the life of the bard, as he loved to call himself, is now given comparatively in detail. We can trace him from day to day, and see the ups and downs of his prospects and his feelings, his strangely mingled scenes of happiness and misery. We obtain a much closer and more distinct view of his domestic existence than we ever had before. The real extent of his aberrations, such as they were, is more exactly ascertained. Some unexpected particulars emerge; as, for instance, that

notwithstanding his poverty, he occasionally accommodated his friends with money and credit, and almost to the last was able to be their host as well as their guest. But perhaps the most important result is what we learn of the wonderful versatility of Burns's feelings and emotions. He is found writing a pensive, semi-religious letter one day, and the next indulging in some outburst of extravagant merriment. One day, he indulges in a strain of melancholy recollection regarding a deceased mistress, commemorating her in an elegy which hardly any one has ever since been able to read without tears; and within four-and-twenty hours, he is again strutting on the comic lyre. A deep mortification falls upon him in the shape of a censure from the Board of Excise, a pain in which we are peculiarly disposed to sympathise; but let us not be too eager to suppose that Burns was permanently affected by any such mark of moral bondage. A week or two after, he is found keeping a couple of friends in drink and merriment at his table for a whole night. It is eminently the poet that is thus brought before us—a being of keen sensibility, but whose gusts of feeling are as quick in passing as they are violent while they last.

Beyond these few sentences, limited to a description of the structure of this work, we can only propose to give one or two extracts.

Burns, it clearly appears, while degraded by the humble office assigned to him, did his best, by performing its duties well, to elevate it. He acted humanely towards poor people, but was the conscientious servant of the government in protecting the revenue in essential matters. The editor has been fortunate enough to discover some documents which set his character as a man of affairs in a favourable light.

'The first is a petition of T. J., farmer at Mirecleugh, addressed to the justices of peace for Dumfriesshire, reclaiming against a fine of L.5 which Collector Mitchell had imposed on him for "making fifty-four bushels of malt, without entry, notice, or licence." J. stated that he had been in the habit of making malt for forty years without making entry of his kiln or pond, which he deemed unnecessary, because the malting was always effected at one operation, and not till notice had been given to the proper officer. With respect to "notice" on this occasion—having inquired of Mr Burns which was the best way of sending it to him, he had been informed that a letter might be sent to "John Kellock's," in Thornhill, whence it might be forwarded by post. He had brought Mrs Kellock to swear that such a letter had been sent to her by J.'s son for Mr Burns, but had been mislaid. He offered to swear that he had sent the notice to Thornhill in good time, and had had no intention to defraud the revenue. With respect to "licence," J. averred that he had only been prevented from renewing it as usual this year because Mr Mitchell, on his applying for it, had put him off to another time, on the score of being too busy at the time to grant it to him.

'In respect of J.'s petition, the justices, Mr Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and Captain Riddel, ordered the collector to stop proceedings until they should have had an opportunity of inquiring into the truth of what it set forth. Then came Burns's "Answers to the Petition of T. J. :—

* 1. Whether the petitioner has been in use formerly

to malt all his grain at one operation, is foreign to the purpose: this last season he certainly malted his crop at four or five operations; but be that as it may, Mr J. ought to have known that by express act of parliament no malt, however small the quantity, can be legally manufactured until previous entry be made in writing of all the ponds, barns, floors, &c., so as to be used before the grain can be put to steep. In the Excise entry-books for the division there is not a syllable of T. J.'s name for a number of years bygone.

"2. True it is that Mr Burns, on his first ride, in answer to Mr J.'s question anent the conveying of the notices, among other ways pointed out the sending it by post as the most eligible method, but at the same time added this express clause, and to which Mr Burns is willing to make faith: 'At the same time, remember, Mr J., that the notice is at your risk until it reach me.' Further, when Mr Burns came to the petitioner's kiln, there was a servant belonging to Mr J. ploughing at a very considerable distance from the kiln, who left his plough and three horses without a driver, and came into the kiln, which Mr B. thought was rather a suspicious circumstance, as there was nothing extraordinary in an Excise-officer going into a legal malt-floor so as to [induce a man to] leave three horses yoked to a plough in the distant middle of a moor. This servant, on being repeatedly questioned by Mr Burns, could not tell when the malt was put to steep, when it was taken out, &c.—in short, was determined to be entirely ignorant of the affair. By and by, Mr J.'s son came in, and on being questioned as to the steeping, taking out of the grain, &c., Mr J., junior, referred me to this said servant, this ploughman, who, he said, must remember it best, as having been the principal actor in the business. The lad *then*, having gotten his cue, circumstantially recollected all about it.

"All this time, though I was telling the son and servant the nature of the premunire they had incurred, though they pleaded for mercy keenly, the affair of the notice having been sent never once occurred to them, not even the son, who is said to have been the bearer. This was a stroke reserved for, and worthy of the gentleman himself. As to Mrs Kellock's oath, it proves nothing. She did indeed depone to a line being left for me at her house, which said line miscarried. It was a sealed letter; she could not tell whether it was a malt-notice or not; she could not even condescend on the month, nor so much as the season of the year. The truth is, T. J. and his family being Seceders, and consequently coming every Sunday to Thornhill Meeting-house, they were a good conveyance for the several maltsters and traders in their neighbourhood to transmit to post their notices, permits, &c.

"But why all this tergiversation? It was put to the petitioner in open court, after a full investigation of the cause: 'Was he willing to swear that he meant no fraud in the matter?' And the justices told him that if he swore he would be absolved [absolved], otherwise he should be fined; still the petitioner, after ten minutes' consideration, found his conscience unequal to the task, and declined the oath.

"Now, indeed, he says he is willing to swear: he has been exercising his conscience in private, and will perhaps stretch a point. But the fact to which he is to swear was equally and in all parts known to him on that day when he refused to swear as to-day: nothing can give him further light as to the intention of his

mind, respecting his meaning or not meaning a fraud in the affair. *No time can cast further light on the present resolves of the mind; but time will reconcile, and has reconciled many a man to that iniquity which he at first abhorred.*"

No one can fail to see, even in this piece of business, something of the extraordinary mental energy of Burns.

The daily life of Burns, in his latter years at Dumfries, is described in the following terms:—"He has daily duties in stamping leather, gauging malt-vats, noting the manufacture of candles, and granting licences for the transport of spirits. These duties he performs with fidelity to the king and not too much rigour to the subject. As he goes about them in the forenoon, in his respectable suit of dark clothes, and with his little boy Robert perhaps holding by his hand and conversing with him on his school-exercises, he is beheld by the general public with respect, as a person in some authority, the head of a family, and also as a man of literary note; and people are heard addressing him deferentially as *Mr Burns*—a form of his name which is still prevalent in Dumfries. At a leisure hour before dinner, he will call at some house where there is a piano—such as Mr Newall, the writer's—and there have some young miss to touch over for him one or two of his favourite Scotch airs, such as, the *Sutor's Daughter*, in order that he may accommodate to it some stanzas that have been humming through his brain for the last few days. For another half hour, he will be seen standing at the head of some cross street with two or three young fellows, bankers' clerks, or "writer-chiefs" commencing business, whom he is regaling with sallies of his bright but not always innocent wit—indulging there, indeed, in a strain of conversation so different from what had passed in the respectable elderly writer's mansion, that, though he were not the same man, it could not have been more different. Later in the day, he takes a solitary walk along the Dock Green by the river side, or to Lincluden, and composes the most part of a new song; or he spends a couple of hours at his folding-down desk, between the fire and window in his parlour, transcribing in his bold round hand the remarks which occur to him on Mr Thomson's last letter, together with some of his own recently composed songs. As a possible variation upon this routine, he has been seen passing along the old bridge of Devorgilla Balliol, about three o'clock, with his sword-cane in his hand, and his black beard unusually well shaven, being on his way to dine with John Syme at Ryedale, where young Mr Oswald of Auchincruive is to be of the party—or maybe in the opposite direction, to partake of the luxuries of John Bushby, at Tinwald Downs. But we presume a day when no such attraction invades. The evening is passing quietly at home, and pleasant-natured Jean has made herself neat, and come in at six o'clock to give him his tea—a meal he always takes. At this period, however, there is something remarkably exciting in the proceedings of the French army under Pichegru; or Fox, Adam, or Sheridan, is expected to make an onslaught upon the ministry in the House of Commons. The post comes into Dumfries at eight o'clock at night. There is always a group of gentlemen on the street, eager to hear the news. Burns saunters out to the High Street, and waits amongst the rest. The intelligence of the evening is very interesting. The Convention has decreed the annexation of the Netherlands—or the new treason-bill has passed the House of Lords, with only the feeble protest of Bedford, Derby, and Lauderdale. These things merit some discussion. The trades-lads go off to strong ale in the closes; the gentlemen slide in little groups into the King's Arms Hotel or the George. As for Burns, he will just have a single glass and a half-hour's chat beside John Hyslop's fire, and then go quietly home.

So he is quickly absorbed in the little narrow close where that vintner maintains his state. There, however, one or two friends have already established themselves, all with precisely the same virtuous intent. They heartily greet the bard. Meg or John bustles about to give him his accustomed place, which no one ever disputes. And, somehow, the debate on the news of the evening leads on to other chat of an interesting kind. Then Burns becomes brilliant, and his friends give him the applause of their laughter. One jug succeeds another—mirth abounds—and it is not till Mrs Hyslop has declared that they are going beyond all bounds, and she positively will not give them another drop of hot water, that our bard at length bethinks him of returning home, where Bonnie Jean has been lost in peaceful slumber for three hours, after vainly wondering "what can be keeping Robert out so late the night." Burns gets to bed a little excited and worn out, but not in a state to provoke much remark from his amiable partner, in whom nothing can abate the veneration with which she has all along regarded him. And though he beds at a latish hour, most likely he is up next morning between seven and eight, to hear little Robert his day's lesson in *Cæsar*, or, if the season invites, to take a half-hour's stroll before breakfast along the favourite Dock Green.

Whenever a female of any rank secured the goodwill of Burns, he was sure to compliment her in verse, and it was always by putting her into the light of an adored mistress. In his latter days, when declining in health, an amiable young girl, sister of one of his brother officers, obtained his friendly regard by endeavouring to lighten the labours of housekeeping to his wife, then also in a delicate state. The lady, who still lives, relates that, one morning she had a call from the poet, when he offered, if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, to gratify her in her wish to the best of his ability. She placed herself at the pianoforte, and played over several times the air of an old song beginning with the words—

The robin cam to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in:
O weel's me on your auld pow!
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
Ye'se ne'er get leave to lie without,
And I within, and I within,
As lang's I hae an auld clout,
To row ye in, to row ye in.

'As soon as his ear got accustomed to the melody, Burns sat down, and in a very few minutes he produced the beautiful song:

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow, around thee blow,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there,
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

'The anecdote is a trivial one in itself; but we feel that the circumstances—the deadly illness of the poet, the beneficent worth of Miss Lewars, and the reason

for his grateful desire of obliging her—give it a value. It is curious, and something more, to connect it with the subsequent musical fate of the song, for many years after, when Burns had become a star in memory's galaxy, and Jessy Lewars was spending her quiet years of widowhood over her book or her knitting in a little parlour in Maxwelltown, the verses attracted the regard of Felix Mendelssohn, who seems to have divined the peculiar feeling beyond all common love which Burns breathed through them. By that admirable artist, so like our great bard in a too early death, they were married to an air of exquisite pathos, "such as the meeting soul may pierce." Burns, Jessy Lewars, Felix Mendelssohn—genius, goodness, and tragic melancholy, all combined in one solemn and profoundly affecting association!

In numberless instances, the hitherto loosely stated facts of Burns's life are corrected in the present work, partly through the accuracy of a strictly historical arrangement, and partly by direct reference to written documents. On account of the value of dates in placing the facts and compositions in that order which gives so much illustration to the character of the poet, the editor has taken what might appear in other circumstances a pedantic degree of pains on that score. Of this we have an example in regard to the chronology of Burns's attachment to Highland Mary. To fix that affair as occurring in the summer of 1786—an episode in the connection of the poet with the young woman who ultimately became his wife—it is necessary to establish the death of Mary as occurring about the 20th of October that year. This is done partly by reference to a register of burial sites in a church-yard, and partly by a chain of curious evidence respecting the day which Burns celebrated three years after as the anniversary of the event. He composed on that day his beautiful address *To Mary in Heaven*, beginning—

Thou lingering star with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn, &c.

Mrs Burns had a recollection of the day, which, she said, was in September, at the end of harvest, and which, she added, he spent in his usual duties, though labouring under a cold. As the twilight deepened, he grew sad about something, and wandered out into the barn-yard, to which she followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. She finally found him there stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, which shone like another moon. He was engaged at that moment in apostrophising the soul of Mary. Out of this anecdote, the editor of the present work contrives to obtain evidence as to the true date in the following manner:—

'In the first place, the harvest was late that year. We find in the Scottish newspapers of the time, that, in the middle of October, a great deal of grain was still *cut* even in the favoured district around Falkirk; while a letter from Sanguhar (Burns's neighbourhood), dated the 21st, states that "while much was cut, *very little was yet got in*, owing to the bad weather." It appears that harvest was commenced by the 8th of September in some districts, but was interrupted by rains, and was not concluded till near the end of the ensuing month. Consequently, the incident *might* take place in the latter part of October, and *still be connected with harvest operations*. The second portion of our evidence on the subject, is from one of the exact sciences, and appears to us at once to settle the time of the day—the month—and almost the day of the month.

'It fully appears that the planet Venus is the one referred to by the poet, for the description applies only to it. Now Venus was in conjunction with the sun, May 30, 1789, and after that became visible as the *evening-star* towards the end of the summer, reaching its greatest brilliancy in winter. It is therefore certain

that the star which "loves to greet the early morn" did not at this time "usher in the day," and consequently, so far as the time of day alluded to in the poem is concerned, a poetical liberty was taken with truth. On the 21st of September the sun set at six o'clock, and Venus forty-four minutes thereafter. The planet was consequently not to be seen at that time except faintly in the twilight. But on the 21st of October the sun set in the latitude of Ellisland at 4h 58m, and Venus 1h 3m afterwards. Consequently, Venus would then have begun to assume a brilliant appearance during a short interval after sunset. On that day the moon was four days old, and within eight diameters of Venus. The planet would then of course be beginning to be dimmed by the moonlight, and this effect would go on increasing till the moon had passed the full—that is, early in November. If, then, we are to set aside the possibility of a later month than October, and keeping in view the all but certainty that Mary was not buried till some time after the 12th of that month, it seems reasonable to conclude, that the barn-yard musings of Burns took place between five and six o'clock of the evening of some day about the 10th or 20th of October, and consequently a very short time after the merry-meeting for the Whistle-contest at Friars' Carse.

'That a month later than October could have been the date of the incident will, I presume, scarcely be argued for. The moon was at the full on Tuesday the 2d of November, and it could not be till after that day that the first hour of the night would be "starry," with Venus in full blaze. By that time, as far as we can gather from the chronicles of the time, the harvest was past. Besides, Mrs Burns might easily mistake September for October, but scarcely for November, a month of such different associations. On this point the temperature of the time might throw some light, if we could be sure of the exact meaning to be attached to the phrase—"the frost had set in." It chances that the temperature of October that year was unusually high, the average at eight o'clock in the evening in Edinburgh being 45½° Fahrenheit. The *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 80th October speaks of apple-trees and bean-stalks renewing their blossoms in consequence of the extraordinary mildness. On the 19th of October, at eight o'clock in the evening, the thermometer indicated in Edinburgh 51°; on the 20th, at the same hour, 59°; on the 21st, 51° again. The only approach to frost was on the 30th and 31st, when, at eight in the evening, the thermometer was respectively at 33° and 37°. After this, it rose to a more temperate point. Hence it becomes evident that *literal frost* did not then exist at any such period of the day. Probably Mrs Burns merely thought the evening was beginning to be comparatively chilly. If we can admit of this construction being put upon her words, I would be disposed to pitch upon the *warmest evening* of the little period within which we are confined—for unless the poet had been in a peculiarly excited state, so as to be insensible to external circumstances, which is obviously a different thing from being in a merely pensive state, we must suppose him as not likely to lie down in the open air after sunset, except under favour of some uncommon amount of "ethereal mildness." Seeing, on the other hand, how positively inviting to such a procedure would be a temperature of 59°, I leave the subject with scarcely a doubt that the composition of *To Mary in Heaven* took place on Tuesday the 20th of October, and that this was consequently the date of the death of the heroine.'

This, no doubt, seems a great muster of evidence about so small a matter; but to judge of the rationality of its being entered upon, the reader must keep in mind the relation of the incident to others. If it only proved that the comic drinking-song *The Whistle*, and *To Mary in Heaven*, were written within three days of each other, it might be not altogether labour lost, for it would

establish an exceedingly curious literary anecdote. But the bearing it has on the whole affair of Highland Mary—one of the most deeply interesting passages of Burns's life—is such as, in our opinion, to make every other justification superfluous.

VISIT TO THE COPPER-WORKS OF SWANSEA.

Our first glimpse of the copper-works was obtained in the 'gloaming' of a lovely night in August last year, as we rattled over the Landore viaduct of the South Wales Railway. On each side of us, we could behold, given out by the chimneys, innumerable flashes of lurid flame, which rose like meteors into the atmosphere, and scattered around a brilliant light, that was seen in the distance to blend with the waters of Swansea Bay. The scene was very beautiful, and singularly picturesque: we could have wished our enjoyment of it prolonged; but soon the shrill whistle, the escape-valve, and the lamps of the station, admonished us that our journey had come to an end.

Our principal object in visiting Swansea, was to obtain some information concerning the important business of copper-smelting, for which this port has now become so celebrated. Few of our readers, who have not enjoyed our opportunities of seeing them, can form any accurate conception of the vast extent and great economical value and importance of the Swansea copper-works. Indeed, the copper trade is far from being popularly known; and the reason is obvious. Iron, which is very widely distributed in the British islands, is invariably smelted wherever it occurs. Copper, on the contrary, is only mined in one or two localities; and it is never manufactured on the spot. This process is performed almost exclusively at Swansea; and hence the copper trade of the country is confined to a few individual houses, and these are in a locality alike remote and unfrequented by the everyday tourist.

At the period when the first copper-work was established on the banks of the Tawy, about a century ago, Swansea was comparatively an insignificant village. It is therefore to this branch of industry the town and port are chiefly indebted for their remarkable rise and progress. The population in 1801 was only about 6000; while in 1851, if we include the copper-smelting district, it had already reached the number of 40,000. The original cause of Swansea being selected as the great seat of the copper trade, we may very briefly explain. It was early discovered that, from the non-existence of coal in the mining districts of Cornwall and Devonshire, copper, although raised in vast abundance, could not be profitably smelted there. In fact, it was not until a considerable time after copper-mining was properly pursued in Cornwall, that the minerals could be turned to a profitable account. It became apparent at length, however, both from the large quantity of coal necessary for the reduction of copper-ores, and the great expense of the transport, that instead of carrying coal to Cornwall to smelt the ores—the greater quantity to the less—an opposite course must be pursued, and the ores carried to the coal districts, and there smelted.

Now South Wales, poor in copper, is exceedingly rich in coal. Vast beds of the finest bituminous and anthracite coal exist in rich profusion in its inexhaustible coal-fields. From its geographical position and excellent harbour, Swansea was at once selected as the best port on the Welsh coast in which to establish the copper-works; and accordingly, the Swansea valley was soon planted with chimneys, furnaces, roasters, refiners, and, in short, all the necessary and costly enginery which belongs to the vast and intricate processes of smelting copper. With such propriety has the selection of a locality been made, that even now, out of the twenty copper-smelting works of which the country can boast, seventeen are

situated on the navigable rivers of Swansea and its neighbourhood.

But this was not the only advantage the Cornish miners derived from this judicious step. The ships employed to transport the ore to South Wales came back laden with coal to feed their enormous engines; and thus a system of traffic, mutually advantageous, was originated, and has continued to exist without interruption down to the present time, and will continue to exist so long as copper is mined in Cornwall and smelted at Swansea.*

Within the last twenty years, the importation of foreign ores has become a remarkable feature in the trade and commerce of this place. Not only is Swansea the seat of the copper trade of this country, but it may with equal propriety be styled the copper mart of the world. Large and valuable cargoes of ore are continually arriving at the Swansea Docks from every country in the world where copper-mining is pursued. In 1814, there were only four vessels which traded with foreign ports; in 1849, this number had increased to 771; the greater proportion of them being directly engaged in the copper trade.

The Cornish ores are sold, as we have seen, in the locality in which they are produced; but all these foreign ores, from whatever quarter they may come, are disposed of to the smelters in Swansea by public ticketing. This ticketing is a curious and characteristic feature of the trade. The cargoes are usually consigned to a particular class of brokers, indigenes to Swansea, and known as 'copper-ore agents.' The ore is by them deposited in large yards, where it is crushed to a certain fineness, for the purpose of obtaining a proper admixture of the 'heap.' Notice is then given to the different smelting-houses, who procure samples of the lot, and assay it. Meetings are held once a fortnight at the Mackworth Arms Hotel; and on these days the agents for the ore and those for the smelter take their seats around a table. A chairman is appointed, who announces the different lots for sale. Having previously made up their minds what to offer—for there is nothing like a saleroom competition—the smelters hand up a folded slip to the chairman, who announces the highest offer and the purchaser's name. With such expedition does this proceed, that different cargoes of copper-ore, to the value perhaps of £50,000, will often be quietly disposed of in a single hour!

It is very remarkable how closely each offer approximates to the intrinsic value of the ore. A lot of Chili or Australian ore, containing a large quantity of metal, may bring £50 per ton, while at the same time a poor ore may be sold for a tenth part of the money. But however variable the offers may be in this respect, they never vary much in regard to a single lot. Out of the return of the twenty assayers of the different smelters, probably not a half per cent. of difference will be found in their estimates of the produce. The smelters having thus become possessed of the ore, it is transferred to their own yards, sometimes by means of lighters on the river, but more frequently by the canal which communicates with Swansea and the smelting-works.

Leaving the town, and pursuing our way northwards for two miles towards Neath, we reach the copper-works. The scene is widely different in appearance from that which was presented at night. There is no beauty now, and little of the picturesque. The first impression, indeed, the mind is apt to receive, is that of a sense of painful weariness. Hundreds of chimneys—we speak literally—are vomiting forth that white, peculiar-looking, and unmistakable vapour called copper-smoke. Enormous masses of that ugly, black, silicious refuse, known in the smelting vocabulary as 'slag,' is piled above and around in such quantity as to change even the physical appearance of the country.

* See for some interesting information on the system of Cornish Mining, an article in No. 43 of the present series.

But this is not all. The noxious gases—which we see and feel around us—evolved in the reduction of copper, have not played so long on the surrounding atmosphere without doing their work. Everywhere within their influence, the perennial vegetation is meagre and stunted. The hills, particularly to the south-east of the copper-works, are barren in the extreme. Not one spark of green, not one solitary lichen, can withstand the ravages of the poison. Time was, we were told by an old inhabitant, when these hills produced the earliest and finest corn in the principality; but now they only resemble enormous piles of sandy gravel, unbroken but by the rugged angles on the face of the rock. In the year 1822, the inhabitants of Swansea took legal steps to abate the nuisance. A reward of £1,000 was likewise offered for the discovery of a successful means of neutralising the effect of the vapour. The Messrs Vivian of the Hafod Works spent the princely sum of £14,000 in experiments, some of which were partially successful, and are still adopted; but after all, it must be confessed that the fumes of sulphurous acid, and of numerous other acids alike poisonous in their character, still taint the atmosphere of the Swansea valley, and still leave the indelible traces of their blasting properties.

The Hafod Works are the largest in South Wales. Situated on the north side of the river, they cover a superficial extent of about twenty acres. The number of furnaces, chimneys, and other brick erections contained in the works, was far beyond our computation; and we can speak feelingly of the devious ways and labyrinth of bypaths with which they are intersected, since, on more than one occasion, we became bewildered in their mazes.

Here was a group of workmen, half-naked, pouring out of a furnace the liquid copper at a white heat; there was another group with a red-hot copper-plate of colossal weight and dimensions, which they crushed like cheese between the huge rollers of the copper-mill: on one hand, there was an old furnace, that had done good duty in times past, in the process of being dismantled; on the other, was one about being rebuilt; and again there was still another, that had, from long service, become so impregnated with copper, that it was actually being built over by a larger one, to be melted in its turn!

We shall avail ourselves of the valuable services of Mr Morgan, the manager for Messrs Vivian, in our walks round the works, although it is not our intention to give a technical description of copper-smelting.* Such a course would be alike uninteresting to the reader and unsatisfactory to ourselves. A consecutive description, however brief, of what we saw, would, in like manner, carry us far beyond our limits; and we therefore purposely confine ourselves to whatever is popularly interesting and instructive in the process.

First in order, then, we proceed to the ore-yard, which presents a very motley appearance. Under its capacious roof there were tons upon tons of every variety of ore—native and foreign, blue and red, green and yellow, and all intermediate colours—indiscriminately piled around. There was the beautiful green malachite from Australia, the gray sulphuret from Algiers, the phosphate from Chili, and the hydrous-carbonate from Spain. There was the glistening yellow sulphuret from Cuba, the silicate from Brazil, the bright-blue carbonate from the sunny regions of the south, and the dark-brown oxide from the colder regions of the north. There was regulus from New Zealand, and

the good old pyrites from the Cornish mines; some compounds with arsenic, antimony, and numerous other substances; and last, though in one sense not least, there was a solitary specimen of ore from Ireland.

These ores were all in the form of a coarse powder. The regulus we have mentioned is simply the sulphuret deprived, by a preliminary operation, of its extraneous earthy matters; and this is frequently effected in the localities where it is produced, such as New Zealand and Chili, the expense of transport from these places being very considerable.

'And what is this?' we inquired, looking at a black earthy substance the workmen at that moment were discharging from a vessel.

'Ah!' said our friend, 'that is a commodity which, I suspect, you know something about. It is a waste product from certain foundries and chemical works—from Scotland in this case—and it contains a small per cent. of copper. We don't care much about it; we seldom have it; but it is sold at the ticketings regularly. For want of a better name, we term it *slag*; but it is not slag, properly so called, which you see all around you. A better denomination is that employed in designating it in the Journal—namely, *rubbiash*.*'

'You make no kind of distinction in the ore-yard,' we continued. 'Is that unnecessary?'

'Well, practically it is. As these heaps lie, you can perceive that a vertical slice from top to bottom will give us a tolerably even admixture of the different ores. This is always desirable to a certain extent, since the ores being of different constitution, the one materially assists in the reduction of the other. Thus an ore containing a large proportion of fluor-spar may with great advantage be employed to flux another containing felspar or quartz, which substances are almost infusible alone. Indeed, the judicious admixture of ores constitutes the most important vocation of the smelter; and it is to this that the copper-houses of Swansea are indebted for one of their advantages over the proprietors of mines, who, possessing only one kind of ore—rich, probably, but intractable—can never bring it into the state of a metal with any satisfactory profit.'

'What is the value of these ores?'

'That varies much. This gray sulphuret contains about 70 per cent. of copper, and is worth £85 per ton. This yellow sulphuret, from being mixed with a large quantity of iron and silicious earth, contains only about 12 or 14 per cent. Some malachites contain so much as 50 per cent., and others less pure, 30 to 40 per cent. of copper. But the greater mass of the ores we melt have a far less produce than this. That Cornish ore you see there, for example, contains only 4½ per cent. of metal. The average produce, however, of all the British and foreign ores smelted at Swansea may be given at about 12 per cent. Previous to the great increase of foreign importation, it was much lower.'

We now come to the process of smelting. The theory of reducing metallic ores, of whatever constitution, is to bring them to the state of oxides; and then, by the addition of charcoal, and with the aid of heat, to expel the oxygen in the form of carbonic acid; after which the pure metal is left. In practice, the reduction of copper-ores is slightly different. Here the object is to separate, first, the earthy matters and extraneous metals, by forming them into oxides by calcination: these are subsequently obtained as waste products in the form of slag; while the copper is left in combination with sulphur, which is then dispelled at one operation. According to Mr Vivian, copper undergoes eight, and sometimes nine, distinct operations in its progress from the ore to the ingot; and these consist of alternate calcinations and fusions, extending over a period of from

* On this point, we refer all who are desirous of pursuing the subject, to a valuable memoir in the *Annals of Philosophy*, by John Henry Vivian, Esq., F.R.S., the proprietor of the Hafod Works. This paper, we may add, is the standard authority on the subject; and is, with some modification, copied by Drs Ure and Lardner, and by most popular works upon metallurgy.

* The production of this curious substance is explained in an article on the 'Value of Rubbiash,' No. 365.

100 to 120 hours. As, however, some of these are simple repetitions, we may, for convenience' sake, illustrate the process under its three most important steps.

1. *Calcination of the Ore.*—Having arranged a proper mixture of ores in the yard, it is weighed out in boxes to the calcining-men. This is drawn up an inclined plane over the tops of the furnaces, and from thence emptied through hoppers, $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons at a time, into the large calcining furnace. Here it is roasted for a period ranging from twelve to twenty-four hours, after which it is drawn into the ash-pit, where it remains to cool. In this state, the ore is a black, amorphous substance, and is termed *calcined ore*. The object of this process is to oxidise the extraneous metals, and also to reduce the quantity of sulphur, by driving it off in the form of vapour. It is, therefore, in this and the analogous processes of roasting, that the sulphurous and arsenous vapours are so profusely given off.

We stood upon one occasion beside a furnace, when the charge was in the act of being withdrawn; but we took especial care never to do the like again. The sensation resembled what one might expect to feel on holding a lighted lucifer-match under each nostril. It is surprising how the workmen stand it. For the greater part of their lives, these poor Welshmen exist habitually in an atmosphere so charged with the above-mentioned abominable gases, that it is difficult to understand from whence their lungs receive the necessary supply of pure oxygen.* Sulphurous acid, we may add, is the predominant smell in a copper-work; but arsenic acid, hydrofluoric acid, and even arseniuretted hydrogen, are not at all unfrequent.

2. *Melting the Calcined Ore.*—This is a totally different operation from the last: in place of roasting, it is one of fusion. The calcined ore is put into the furnace much in the same manner as before; a quantity of the slag from a subsequent process is added to assist in the fusion, and the heat is increased till the whole mass becomes liquid. The object is to separate the earthy matter, which, from being specifically lighter, rises to the surface of the liquid mass in the form of slag, and is drawn off. After two or three charges, the furnace becomes quite filled, and an aperture is then opened in it, through which the red-hot liquid flows into an adjoining pit filled with water. It is by this means granulated, and is now termed 'coarse metal,' or 'regulus;' and is, in fact, an admixture of the sulphurets of iron and copper, containing about 30 per cent. of the latter.

But it is to the earthy impurities here given off that we especially wish to direct attention. This slag, as it is termed, when drawn from the furnace, is run into oblong sand-moulds, from which, when cold, it is taken outside to the 'slag-bank,' as it is called—'slag-mountain,' we prefer saying; and an ugly mountain it is!—where it is broken into small pieces, examined to see whether it still contains metal, and if not, is left to accumulate. It consists essentially of silicon, oxygen, iron; or, to speak more correctly, it is a silicate of the protoxide of iron. It is, in fact, a true *igneous rock*. Portions of quartz and silica still remaining unfused, are often contained in the masses, which give to them, when broken, a true porphyritic appearance, while, from the great preponderance of the protoxide of iron, it is invariably black.

So hard, solid, and indurated do these slags, in process of time, become, that a very tall chimney, the most conspicuous object in the works, is built on the top of a slag-bank. And this beautiful commodity is not without its use in the arts. Part of it is

occasionally cast into iron moulds, shaped like old Gothic arches, only uglier; and the casts are applied in great quantity as coping-stones to the walls and fences in the regions of the copper-works. Although not a very tasteful, it is yet a very useful, and, at the same time, a very characteristic application. We may add here, that the aggregate produce of the substance of the different Swansea works may be estimated at about 260,000 tons a year. Our readers may judge for themselves of the ultimate change this is calculated to bring about in the Carboniferous System, and of the learned controversies that are likely to arise among future geologists with respect to the character and constitution of these carefully disintegrated rocks!

To return to the smelting process. The last product—the regulus—is again calcined, with the view of bringing the iron to the state of an oxide. It is again melted, slagged, and run into pigs. In this last operation, the whole iron is driven out in the slag, and the remainder—'white metal,' as it is called—is almost a pure sulphuret of copper. The sulphur, having all along preserved its combination with the copper—a fine illustration of the theory of chemical attraction—must now at length be expelled. This is effected by the last process of roasting. When in a state of fusion in the furnace, the charge is exposed to a stream of air, in which case a double action ensues. Part of the oxygen enters into combination with the sulphur, producing sulphurous acid, which is expelled in the form of vapour, and part of it combines with the copper remaining in the furnace; this is again run out into the form of pigs, and in this state it is termed 'blistered copper.' To produce the finer kind of copper, another process has yet to be gone through; but for ordinary *tough copper*, it is at once transferred to what we may describe as the last stage, and that is—

3. *Refining.*—We quote Mr Vivian:—'The pigs from the roasters are filled into the furnace through a large door in the side: the heat is at first moderate, so as to complete the roasting or oxidising process; after the charge is run down, and there is a good heat on the furnace, the front door is taken down, and the slag skimmed off. An assay is then taken out by the refiner with a small ladle, and broken in the vice; and from the general appearance of the metal in and out of the furnace, the state of the fire, &c., he judges whether the toughening process may be proceeded with, and can form some opinion as to the quantity of *poles* and charcoal that will be required to render it malleable, or, as it is termed, to bring it to the *proper pitch*. The copper in this state is what is termed *dry*: it is brittle, of a deep-red colour, inclining to purple, an open grain, and crystalline structure. In the process of toughening, the surface of the metal in the furnace is first well covered with charcoal; a pole, commonly of birch, is then held into the liquid metal, which causes considerable ebullition, owing to the evolution of gaseous matter; and this operation of *poling* is continued, until, from the assays which the refiner from time to time takes, he perceives that the grain, which gradually becomes finer, is perfectly closed.' After some further manipulation of a similar kind, the refiner is at length satisfied of its malleability, and that the copper is now in its *proper place*, as he terms it. It is then poured out by means of iron ladles, coated with clay, into ingots or moulds of the different sizes required by the manufacture.

This process of refining or toughening copper, is a delicate operation, requiring great care and attention on the part of the refiner to keep the metal in the malleable state. It is also, beyond comparison, the most beautiful sight in the copper-works. At one particular stage of the process, we saw the mass of molten copper in the furnace—some five or six tons—assume the most beautiful and resplendent appearance it was possible to imagine. It was like a sea of 'burnished gold;' and, indeed, were it not

* Notwithstanding this, we were assured by a gentleman connected with the copper-works, that there is no specific disease arising from copper-smelting, as in the case of lead. Asthma, rheumatism, and colds, are the prevailing affections among the men; and even these are in a great measure due to their own carelessness.

for the first time; heat, the red-hot ladles of the workmen, and other little circumstances of the kind, the stranger would have some difficulty in believing that he did not look upon a beautifully polished mirror.

We have now come to the end of the smelting process, and have left ourselves no room to describe the transformation into sheets, bars, bolts, and boiler-plates which the metal undergoes in the next department of the works. These, however, are a better understood series of operations, consisting, as they do, of the usual and ordinary processes of rolling the hot metal between powerful iron rollers. Nor have we space to allude even to the vastly numerous and varied applications of the metal; although we may take the opportunity of briefly advertizing to the recently discovered process of smelting copper by electricity, and of inquiring into the probability of its ever becoming an economical application.

It will be seen, in the first place, that the present mode of smelting copper, though simple in theory, appears in practice extremely complex. For this reason, within the last twenty-five years there have, we believe, been as many patents taken out to simplify and hasten the operation. Without exception, these have been proved to be altogether inapplicable. Let us see how this is explained.

Out of these numerous improvements, we select two that appear peculiarly attractive. The first is the method of precipitating the copper, in our second process, from the fused silicates containing it, by the action of the electric current—the negative pole of the battery terminating in an iron plate, which replaces the copper in the liquid mass. The second method is an improvement on this. From some experiments made at the School of Mines in Paris, it was shewn that metallic iron alone, without the aid of the battery, was capable of precipitating copper from the silicates in a state of fusion, just as it does in saline solutions at ordinary temperatures. But in applying this last method to practice—for the electricity was obviously rendered unnecessary by the discovery—it was found that the expenditure of iron was so great, that it could not be profitably applied except as a means of assisting the reduction.

‘Still,’ said Mr Morgan, when commenting on these methods, ‘this, in point of fact, is precisely what we do. We add, as you have seen, a great proportion of slag to the melting of the calcined ore, which consists chiefly of the oxide of iron; while at the same time we derive the additional advantage of employing an excellent flux—an advantage which metallic iron does not possess. But, irrespective of these considerations, the plain fact of the matter is, that *it will not pay to smelt copper expeditiously*. We don’t wish to do so. It is quite a matter of choice with us those continued operations; and their great advantage lies in this, that we are enabled to extract every particle of copper from the ore. By any of these other methods—very philosophical they are, I admit—we could not accomplish this. The slags would all contain more or less metal; and when I inform you, that we can afford to remelt those slags if they contain only a half per cent. of copper, you will perhaps understand our reasons for still adhering to our venerable system.’

Thus we discovered that the smelting of copper by electricity, and of reducing it with metallic iron, would not pay.

Our statistics are short, but they are heavy: about 300,000 tons of copper-ore are annually smelted at Swansea; 28,000 tons of copper are annually produced; and 600,000 tons of coal are annually burned. The value of the ore is about £2,000,000; of the copper, £2,600,000; of the coal, we have no correct means of ascertaining. Of the population of Swansea, about one-fourth are dependent on the smelting-works; and of these, about 3500 are directly engaged in the

business. The probable amount of wages paid by the smelters is about £135,000; and the current expenditure of the copper-works in the aggregate exceeds £500,000 a year.

The last thing we did was to visit the Hafod Schools. These excellent schools—one for boys, one for girls, and one for infants—were erected about six years ago, and are still maintained at the expense of the Messrs Vivian. At the time of our visit, there were 600 of the rising population of the place doing their utmost to unlearn the Welsh idiom, and to acquire the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety. We regret that we cannot dwell on this the most gratifying circumstance of our visit. Messrs Vivian & Sons are unquestionably great copper-smelters, but, in our humble opinion, the greatest action they ever did, and what must ever commend them to all good minds, was the establishment of these schools.

To us it was a change, a relief inexpressibly delightful, to emerge from the Stygian regions of the copper-works, where for the last five or six days we had wandered like an ‘unshriven spirit,’ and to find ourselves in contemplation of the happy faces of the scholars, and to hear the hopeful, encouraging tones of their intelligent teachers. The popular song of *Children go, to and fro*, was being sung in the infant school at the moment we took our leave, and we shall never forget the impression. It struck upon our senses, to use an appropriate metaphor, like the crystal stream of the desert—like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

THERE are few of our countrymen who have travelled in France but must frequently have heard proverbial allusion made to a certain monarch of Yvetot; and still fewer must be those who, having the slightest knowledge of French literature, are unacquainted with Béranger’s happy lyric—

There reigned a monarch in Yvetot
But little known in story,
Who, stranger all to grief and wo,
Slept soundly without glory;
His night-cap tied by Jenny’s care
(The only crown this king would wear),
He’d mooze!

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

His jolly court he held each day,
’Neath humble roof of rushes green;
And on a donkey riding gay,
Through all his kingdom might be seen:
A happy soul, and thinking well,
His only guard was—sooth to tell—
His dog!

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

No harsh exacting lord was he,
To grasp more than his folks could give;
But, mild howe’er a king may be,
His majesty, you know, must live;
And no man e’er a bumper filled,
Until the jovial prince had swilled

His share!
Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

He ne’er sought to enlarge his states,
But was a neighbour just and kind;
A pattern to all potentates,
Would they his bright example mind.

The only tears he e'er caused fall,
Fell when he died—which you'll not call
His fault.

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

It is well known that Béranger's song, from which we have extracted the preceding four verses, as translated by Anderson, was a friendly, though rather satirical remonstrance with Napoleon—of course we mean the Napoleon—touching his ambitious and belligerent policy. But it is not so well known, that there really was a kingdom of Yvetot, and that its several dynasties reigned peacefully for upwards of eleven centuries. Anderson, in a note to the song, says: 'Yvetot, a district in the north of France, possesses a monarch of its own, a sort of burlesque personage, whose royal charger is a donkey; his guard, a dog; his crown, a night-cap; and his revenue, a gratuitous draught of wine at the ale houses of his liege subjects!' Young, another translator of Béranger, not any better informed, tells us that 'the Lords of Yvetot claimed and exercised, in the olden time, some such fantastical privileges as are here alluded to.'

The translators have some excuse for their ignorance regarding the king of Yvetot; for few Frenchmen of the present day, with the exception of antiquaries, consider him to have been anything else than a popular myth. Be it our task, then, to jot down some authentic notices of that ancient, and now extinct monarchy.

Yvetot, a town and commune of ancient Normandy (Pays de Caux), in the department of Seine-Inférieure, now traversed by the railway leading from Havre de Grâce to Rouen, was, in the sixth century, the seignior of one Vauthier, chamberlain to Clotaire I., the royal son of Clovis and Clotilda. Nothing whatever is known of the earlier part of Vauthier's history, more than that he held the fief of Yvetot from Clotaire by the feudal tenure of military service. An able and trustworthy statesman in the council-chamber, a valiant and skilful commander in the battle-field, the chamberlain lived on terms of the most intimate familiarity with his king, who ever lent a ready ear to his sage suggestions. This high honour, however, being not at all agreeable to the other followers of the court, they entered into a conspiracy to ruin the favourite chamberlain. Taking advantage of his absence, they perfidiously vilified him to the king. The chroniclers do not state what were the exact charges brought against him, but they must have been weighty and artfully insinuated, for the rude and truculent Clotaire swore that he would, with his own hand, slay the Sieur of Yvetot, when and wherever he should chance to meet with him. The reader must not be surprised at such a vow: in those days, sovereigns frequently indulged in a plurality of offices, and could upon occasion perform the duty of the executioner as well as that of the judge. Vauthier happened to have a friend at court, who sent him timely warning of this state of affairs; and not thinking it by any means prudent to expose himself to the lethal fury of a king who had unscrupulously killed his own nephews, he left the country, and joined the army of the north, then fighting against the Thuringian pagans, the enemies of Clotaire and his religion, such as it was.

After ten years of arduous service and heroic exploits, Vauthier, crowned with glory, and hoping that time had mollified the malignant feelings of the king, turned his face once more towards his native country. But at that period bad passions were not so easily effaced; besides, the accusers of Vauthier were now doubly interested in keeping him at a distance. The Lord of Yvetot, hearing how matters stood, to make sure of a favourable reception, proceeded, in the first instance, to Rome, where he made a friend of Pope Agapet, who sent him with letters to Clotaire, in the capacity of an

envoy. Under the shield of so sacred a function, Vauthier had no hesitation in repairing to Soissons, and presenting himself before the king; yet, to be still more secure, he chose for that occasion the solemnities of Good Friday—the anniversary of the great day of Christian mercy. Clotaire was at the high altar of the cathedral, celebrating the holiest rites of the church before a crucifix veiled in mourning, when Vauthier made his presence known. Throwing himself on his knees in humble supplication, he presented the letters of the sovereign pontiff, and implored pardon, if he had been guilty, by the merits of Him who, on the same day, had so freely shed his blood for the salvation of all mankind. The ferocious and implacable king recognised the suppliant, and, without regard to the sanctity of either the place or the day, drew his sword, and, with one blow, struck the unfortunate chamberlain dead on the stone pavement, at the very steps of the altar.

Violent passions have, generally speaking, rapid revulsions. Scarcely was Vauthier's body cold, when the king repented his hasty deed. The clergy read to him the letters from Pope Agapet, which attested the innocence of his former favourite; and they represented to him, that he had committed the grossest description of sacrilege, the sin from which the sovereign pontiff alone could absolve. In a short time the barbarous Clotaire passed from a state of rabid fury to one of the most abject despair, so that he required little persuasion from the clergy ere he sent a messenger to Rome, bearing rich presents, to beg for absolution from the pope. The messenger arrived at Rome just as Agapet was at the point of death; yet the business being urgent, and the presents valuable, he was ushered into the sick-chamber of the dying head of the Christian church. Supported by attendants, the pope proceeded to pronounce, in a feeble voice, the penitential discipline of Clotaire. He said that the king could not expect pardon unless he gave the highest possible satisfaction to the heirs of the murdered man: but here a fit of coughing attacked and carried off his holiness, so that whatever penance he intended to inflict was never known. Clotaire, however, determined to expiate his crime, long pondered upon the meaning of the pope's dying words, and at last concluded that, as there was nothing higher than a king, the words 'highest satisfaction' meant that he should raise the heir of Vauthier to the royal dignity. Accordingly, he by charter erected the seignior of Yvetot into a kingdom—an act in perfect consonance with the ancient French feudal law, which enfranchised the family of the vassal from all homage and duty, if his lord laid violent hands upon him.

From that time until the latter part of the eighteenth century, the descendants of Vauthier reigned as independent sovereigns of their little kingdom of Yvetot, owing neither tribute, service, nor allegiance to any other power. Consequently, until the great Revolution, which, like the bursting of a pent-up deluge, changed the features of the whole country, the inhabitants of Yvetot paid no taxes to the government of France.

Historians and juriconsults have written many grave and learned dissertations on the curious position of this little kingdom shut up in a greater one; and, though they differ in some trifling respects, they all coincide in concluding, that the king of Yvetot, being independent of any other potentate, was never obliged to engage in quarrels which did not concern him, and accordingly lived in peace with his neighbours, whom he never pretended to frighten. Moreover, in spite of courtiers and counsellors, statecraft and politics were unknown in Yvetot; thus the king remained neuter during the various wars that raged around him, though he could bring an army of one hundred and twenty royal troops into the field. The seriousness of these disquisitions has been occasionally enlivened by a spice of pleasantries. We are told how the king of Yvetot kept his own seals, and was his own minister of finance;

that his court consisted of a bishop, a dean, and four canons, not one of whom ranked higher in the church than a parish curé; four notaries, dignified by the title of judges, representing the states of the kingdom, formed the senate, and composed his majesty's privy-council; four of the best-looking of the tenants' daughters were ladies of the bed-chamber and maids of honour to the queen; four stalwart body-guards attended on all occasions of ceremony—at other times, they worked as agricultural labourers on the royal farm; a footman performed the duty of chamberlain, and, when necessary, that of herald; a groom was master of the horse; a gardener superintended the woods and forests. This, however, is only a traditional account of the court of Yvetot; and, lest the reader should think it all a joke, we shall specify some of the documentary evidence still extant respecting that little kingdom.

A decree of the Court of Exchequer of Normandy, executed in the year 1392, mentions the king of Yvetot; and various letters-patent, granted by monarchs of France in 1404, 1450, and 1464, acknowledge and confirm the title. In the early part of the fifteenth century, when Normandy was under English rule, one John Holland, an Englishman, claimed, in the name of his master Henry VI., certain taxes and feudal duties from the kingdom of Yvetot. Strange to say, in those semi-barbarous days, the case was tried in a court of law, and the issue given against Holland, the court fully recognising the Lord of Yvetot as an independent king. A letter of Francis I., addressed to the queen of Yvetot, is still in existence. In one of the many episodes of the wars of the League, it happened that Henry IV., compelled to retreat, found himself in Yvetot, and determined not to recede further, he cheered his troops by jocularly saying: 'If we lose France, we must take possession of this fair kingdom of Yvetot.' At the coronation of his second wife, Mary de Medici, the same monarch rebuked the grand chamberlain for not assigning to Martin du Belley, then king of Yvetot, a position suitable to his regal dignity. The Belley dynasty reigned in Yvetot for 332 years. The last king of that petty kingdom was D'Albon St Marcel, who, when at the court of Louis XVI., modestly assumed no higher rank than that of a prince. The Revolution, as we have already intimated, swept away the ancient crown, and the King of Yvetot is now nothing more than the title of a song, with its burden—

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

RELATIONSHIPS.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

THE relationship of a master and servant—or, to use the modern phrase, employer and employed—is properly constituted by the agreement of one individual to perform certain duties to another; that is, instead of being guided solely by his own will, to submit himself to perform in certain matters the will of another.

The extent of duty which is embraced in the contract may vary very much. It may be only for the performance of one single act, or it may be for almost the whole range of daily avocations and duties. There is often a vagueness about the limit of duties, and we often find the master inclined to exact more than the servant is inclined to give. There are very good reasons why masters should not consider themselves as having a right to a full command and power over their servants in all things; nay, that in things not within the contract, they should be inclined to admit a certain equality in the two parties. Masters are too apt to regard themselves as the lords of their servants in all respects and at all times. They exercise an authority and assume a superiority in matters beyond the contract.

On their side, servants often grudgingly perform the duties they have undertaken. These two causes of discontent produce the worst results.

The practical remedy seems to be, that masters ought more generally to recognise and act on the principle, that the lordship they bargain for is not of the whole man, but only in certain respects and duties; and that it is only as regards those duties they can expect their servant to surrender his will to the guidance of his master's: while it should be equally impressed on the servant, that in those respects in which he has agreed to submit to and execute the will of his master, that submission and surrender of his will should be absolute, and without the least reserve or limitation. Perfect obedience is a beautiful fulfilment of duty, and defensible on the grounds of common-sense; for as no one can serve two masters—that is, in the performance of any particular duty—so no man can both obey his own inclination and submit himself to his master's will in the performance of the same act.

On moral grounds, it is improper that any one should attempt to execute in all things the will of any earthly master; for there is a power, and, in most cases, several powers, superior to both master and servant, to whom both owe duties; and therefore the servant cannot legally, nor without failure in his higher duties, enter into any contract which may hinder the performance of those duties. In matters of the law, it is held that such a contract is not binding; and thus, in the case of a moral law being contravened by a contract, a door of escape is open to those who have entered into such contract, it being in opposition to the will of a higher authority.

When a servant, therefore, is in duty bound to execute the will of his master, his obedience should be perfect. All hesitation or murmuring is a violation of his contract—a breaking of his promise and agreement.

But the master and servant should equally learn, that in other respects, and at other times, the parties are not necessarily in the state of superior and inferior; but, unless from some other cause, are to be regarded as on a footing of equality; and this is the true interpretation of the doctrine of fraternity and equality, which has, from not being properly understood, played such wild work among some neighbouring nations. In this sense, however, it is safe and useful.

Not only, however, may the individuals who sometimes and in some respects are master and servant, be at other times and in other respects regarded as on a level, but they may with propriety, and often do, change places. The servant becomes of right the master. For if he should employ that master as his physician or lawyer, no matter what may be considered the respective ranks of the parties, the physician or lawyer must, to perform his duty, become the servant, and submit his will in the business he is employed in to that of his employer.

This way of regarding servitude is not a degrading one, but the reverse. Nothing is so pleasant to a reasonable and truly noble mind as to pay obedience to those to whom it is due; and if the adaptability of the same individual to be both master and servant was more practically carried out, our civilisation would work more smoothly, and we should probably approach more to that desirable state in which no one would have a stigma attached to him from his birth or occupation, but only from the manner in which he performed his duty.

It would help considerably towards a proper understanding of the relationship between employers and employed, if the employed would, for their own sake, maintain that degree of self-respect which would induce others to respect them. On this point we would speak kindly, yet frankly, and cannot do better than quote a passage from a small treatise on Political Economy, just published.* 'The true relationship between

* *Political Economy*: Chambers's Educational Course.

employers and employed is that subsisting between a purchaser and a seller. The employer buys; the employed sells; and the thing sold is labour. Attaining a clear conviction on this point, the connection between the two parties is that of mutual independence. Thrown much together, however, a spirit of courtesy and good-fellowship ought to temper the intercourse, and it will be the better for all parties if this spirit prevails. In some situations, however, there is shewn a disposition on the part of workmen to ask favours of employers—as, for example, seeking to absent themselves on holidays without a corresponding reduction in the amount of wages. This seems to be as wrong as it would be for the employer to ask his workmen to labour certain days for nothing. The rights and obligations are distinctly mutual. One has no right to encroach on the other; and, indeed, there can be no encroachment, no favour asked, on either side, without a certain loss of independence. This feeling of independence should be carefully cultivated and preserved, along with those habits of courtesy which soften the general intercourse of society.

We are happy to add, that, to all appearance, a great advance in all these respects has been made within these few years—disagreements respecting wages and other circumstances between employers and employed, being conducted and finally adjusted in a spirit very different from what used to be manifested a quarter of a century ago.

THIRST IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay the insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used, and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes; but his good sense and firm resolutions are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel and convey it into his parching mouth. He has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing; he is perspiring profusely, and feels quite hot and oppressed. At length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect; in less than ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity; and in half an hour he has a gum-stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it has melted away. But his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire. The melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red-hot coals, which, like a fire-eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addition of saliva. He is in despair; but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin. . . . I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low.—*Sutherland's Journal.*

AN AUSTRALIAN MISS.

The precocity of the Australian youth, to be properly understood and believed, can only be fully appreciated by being an eye-witness to some of these very extraordinary young creatures. I have seen a girl of ten years of age possess all the manner of an old lady of sixty: she would flirt with three men at a time, and have a ready answer for them when teasing her; would move like an accomplished actress, manipulate gracefully, play whist, chess, and other games, and talk about getting married. This child, for such I must call her, was a greater mental giant than O'Brien, with his moving mountain of flesh, and far more entertaining than twenty Tom Thumbs.—*Shaw's Tramp to the Diggings.*

THE DAY OF REST.

Rest, rest! it is the Day of Rest—there needs no book to tell

The truth that every thoughtful eye, each heart can read so well;

Rest, rest! it is the Sabbath morn, a quiet fills the air,
Whose whispered voice of peace repeats that rest is every-where.

O weary heart! O heart of woe! raise up thy toil-worn brow;

The fields, the trees, the very breeze—they all are resting now:

The air is still, there is no sound, save that unceasing hum,

That insect song of summer-time that from the woods doth come.

And even that seems fainter now, like voices far away,
As though they only sang of rest, and laboured not to-day:

The hum of bees seems softer, too, from out the clear blue heaven,

As if the lowliest creatures knew this day for rest was given.

The spacious tracts of meadow-land, of bean-fields, and of wheat,

And all the glebe, are undisturbed by sound of Labour's feet;

The cotter in his Sunday garb, with peace within his breast,

Roams idly by the garden-side, and feels himself at rest.

The streams, the trees, the woods, the breeze, the bird, and roving bee,

Seem all to breathe a softer sound, a holier melody;

Yon little church, too, tells of rest, to all the summer air,
For the bell long since has ceased to peal that called to

praise and prayer.

But while I stand 'mid these tall elms, a sound comes creeping near,

That falls like music heard in dreams upon my charmed ear;

Like music heard in dreams of heaven, that sacred sound doth steal

From where the old church aisles repeat the organ's solemn peal.

Now Heaven be praised! a gracious boon is this sweet rest to me—

How many shall this truth repeat to-day on bended knee!

How many a weary heart it cheers, how many an aching breast:

Now Heaven be praised, a gracious boon is this sweet Day of Rest!

TOURNEY.

'THE DIRKBECK MAGAZINE.'

Some numbers have been sent to us of a cheap London periodical with this title. Its peculiarity is, that the promoters and contributors are young men, members of the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings, who intend throwing open their columns to unknown writers connected in a similar way with the other Mutual Improvement Societies. A considerable circulation might be secured by this plan; and perhaps such a work may be so well calculated to elevate the aspirations, and excite the emulation, as the productions of more practiced pens.

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THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

WE all know that there are certain conventional laws by which our social doings and seemings are regulated; but what is the power which compels the observance of these laws? There is no company police to keep people moving on, no fines or other penalties; nobody but the very outrageous need fear being turned out of the room; we have every one of us strong inclinations and strong will: then, how comes it that we get on so smoothly? Why are there no outbreaks of individual character? How is it that we seem dovetailed into each other, as if we formed a homogeneous mass? What is the influence which keeps up the weak and keeps down the strong, and spreads itself like oil upon the boiling sea of human passion? We have a notion of our own, that all this is the work of an individual of the female sex; and, indeed, even the most unconscious and unreflecting would appear to assign to that individual her true position and authority, in naming her the Woman of the World.

Society could never exist in a state of civilisation without the woman of the world. The man of the world has his own department, his own *métier*; but she it is who keeps up the general equilibrium. She is a calm, quiet, lady-like person, not obtrusive, and not easily put out of the way. You do not know by external observation that she is in the room; you feel it instinctively. The atmosphere she brings with her is peculiar, you cannot tell how. It is neither warm nor chill, neither moist nor dry; but it is repressive. You do not move in it with natural freedom, although you feel nothing that could be called *gêne*. Her manner is generally sweet, sometimes even caressing, and you feel flattered and elevated as you meet her approving eye. But you cannot get into it. There is a glassy surface, beautiful but hard, of which you can make nothing, and presently you feel a kind of strangeness come over you, as if you were not looking into the eye of a creature of your own kind. What you miss is sympathy.

If it is to her want of sympathy the woman of the world owes her position. The same deficiency is indispensable in the other individuals—such as a great monarch, or a great general—who rule the fate of mankind; but with this difference, that in them it is partial and limited, and in her universal. In them, it bears relation to their trade or mission; in her, it is a peculiarity of her general nature. She is accused of inhumanity; of sporting with the feelings of those about her, and rending, when they interfere with her plans, the strings of the heart as ruthlessly as if they were fiddlestrings. But all that is nonsense. She does

not, it is true, ignore the existence of strings and feelings; on the contrary, they are in her eyes a great fact, without which she could do nothing. But her theory is, that they are merely a superficial network surrounding the character, the growth of education and other circumstances, and that they may be twisted, broken, and fastened anew at pleasure by skilful fingers. No, she is not inhumane. She works for others' good and her own greatness. Sighs and tears may be the result of her operations; but so are they of the operations of the beneficent surgeon. She dislikes giving pain, and comforts and sustains the patient to the best of her power; but at the most, she knows sighs are but wind, and tears but water, and so she does her duty.

Although without sympathy, the woman of the world has great sensitiveness. She sits in the room like a spider, with her web fitting as closely to the whole area as the carpet; and she feels the slightest touch upon the slightest filament. So do the company: not understandingly like her, but instinctively and unconsciously, like a fly who only knows that somehow or other he is not at freedom. The thing that holds him is as soft and glossy and thin and small as silk; but even while dallying with its smoothness and pleasantness, a misty, indefinite sensation of impending danger creeps over him. Be quiet, little fly! Gently—gently: slip away if you can—but no defiance, no tugging, no floundering, or you are lost!

A mythic story is told of the woman of the world: how in early life she was crossed in love; how she lost faith in feelings that seemed to exist exceptionally only in her own solitary bosom; and how a certain glassy hardness gathered upon her heart, as she sat waiting and waiting for a response to the inner voices she had suffered to burst forth—

The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again!

But this is a fable. The woman of the world was never young—not while playing with her doll. She grew just as you see her, and will suffer no change till the dissolution of the elements of her body. Love-passages she has indeed had like other women; but the love was all on one side, and that side not hers. It is curious to observe the passion thus lavished in vain. It reminds one of the German story of the Cave of Mirrors, where a fairy damsel, with beckoning hand and beseeching eyes, was reflected from a thousand angles. The pursuing lover, endeavouring to clasp his mistress, flung himself from one illusory image to another, finding only the sharp, polished, glittering glass in his embrace, till faint, breathless, and bleeding, he sank upon the ground.

The woman of the world, though a dangerous mistress, is an agreeable friend. She is partial to the everyday married lady, when presentable in point of dress and manners, and overwhelms her with little condescending kindnesses and caresses. This good lady, on her part, thinks her patroness a remarkably clever woman; not that she understands her, or knows exactly what she is about; but somehow or other she is *sure* she is prodigiously clever. As for the everyday young lady, who has a genius for reverence, she reveres her; and these two, with their male congeners, are the dress-figures the woman of the world places about her rooms like ivory pieces on a chess-board.

This admirable lady is sometimes a mother, and she is devotedly fond of her children, in their future. She may be seen gazing in their faces by the hour; but the picture that is before her mind's eye is the fulfilment of their present promise. An ordinary woman would dawdle away her time in admiring their soft eyes, and curly hair, and full warm cheeks; but the woman of the world sees the bud grown into the expanded flower, and the small cradle is metamorphosed into the boudoir by the magic of her maternal love. And verily, she has her reward: for death sometimes comes, to wither the bud, and disperse the dream in empty air. On such an occasion, her grief, as we may readily suppose, is neither deep nor lasting, for its object is twined round her imagination, not her heart. She regrets her wasted hopes and fruitless speculations; but the baby having never been present in its own entity, is now as that which has never been. The unthinking call her an unnatural mother, for they make no distinction. They do not know that death is with her a perfectly arranged funeral; a marble tablet, a darkened room, an attitude of woe, a perfumed handkerchief. They do not consider that when she lies down to rest, her eyes, in consequence of over-mental exertion, are too heavy with sleep to have room for tears. They do not reflect that in the morning she breaks into a new consciousness of reality from the clinging dreams of her maternal ambition, and not from the small visionary arms, the fragrant kiss, the angel whisper of her lost babe. They do not feel that in opening upon the light, her eyes part with the fading gleam of gems and satin, and kneeling coronets, and red right hands extending wedding-rings, and not with a winged and baby form, soaring into the light by which it is gradually absorbed, while distant hymns melt and die upon her ear.

The woman of the world is sometimes prosperous in her reign over society, and sometimes otherwise. Even she submits, although usually with sweetness and dignity, to the caprices of fortune. Occasionally, the threads of her management break in such a way, that, with all her dexterity, she is unable to reunite them: occasionally, the strings and feelings are too strong to rend; and occasionally, in rending, the whole system falls to pieces. Her daughter elopes, her son marries the governess, her husband loses his seat in parliament; but there are other daughters to marry, other sons to direct, other honours to win; and so this excellent woman runs her busy and meritorious career. But years come on at last, although she lingers as long as she can in middle life; and, with her usual graceful dignity, she settles down into the reward the world bestows on its veterans, an old age of cards.

Even now, she sometimes turns round her head to look at the things and persons around her, and to exult in the reputation she has earned, and the passive influence her name still exercises over society; but, as a rule, the kings and queens and knaves take the place of human beings with this woman of genius; the deepest arcana of her art are brought into play for the odd trick, and her pride and ambition are abundantly gratified by the circumvention of a half-crown.

The woman of the world at length dies: and what then? Why, then, nothing—nothing but a funeral, a tablet, dust, and oblivion. This is reasonable, for, great as she was, she had to do only with the external forms of life. Her existence was only a material game, and her men and women were only court and common cards; diamonds and hearts were alike to her, their value depending on what was trumps. She saw keenly and far, but not deeper than the superficial net-work of the heart, not higher than the coiling of the drawing-room. Her enjoyments, therefore, were limited in their range; her nature, though perfect in its kind, was small and narrow; and her occupation, though so interesting to those concerned, was in itself mean and frivolous. This is always her misfortune, the misfortune of this envied woman. She lives in a material world, blind and deaf to the influences that thrill the bosoms of others. No noble thought ever fires her soul, no generous sympathy ever melts her heart. Her share of that current of human nature which has welled forth from its fountain in the earthly paradise is dammed up, and cut off from the general stream that overflows the world. None of those minute and invisible ducts connects it with the common waters which make one feel instinctively, lovingly, yearningly, that he is not alone upon the earth, but a member of the great human family. And so, having played her part, she dies, this woman of the world, leaving no sign to tell that an immortal spirit has passed: nothing above the ground but a tablet, and below, only a handful of rotting bones and crumbling dust.

MARIE DE LA TOUR.

THE basement front of No. 12 Rue St Antoine, a narrow street in Rouen, leading from the Place de la Pucelle, was opened by Madame de la Tour, in the millinery business, in 1817, and tastefully arranged, so far as scant materials permitted the exercise of decorative genius. She was the widow of a once flourishing *courtier maritime* (ship-broker), who, in consequence of some unfortunate speculations, had recently died in insolvent circumstances. At about the same time, Clément Derville, her late husband's confidential clerk, a steady, persevering, clever person, took possession of the deceased ship-broker's business premises on the quay, the precious savings of fifteen years of industrious frugality enabling him to install himself in the vacant commercial niche before the considerable connection attached to the well-known establishment was broken up and distributed amongst rival *courtiers*. Such vicissitudes, frequent in all trading communities, excite but a passing interest; and after the customary commonplaces commiserative of the fallen fortunes of the still youthful widow, and gratulatory good-wishes for the prosperity of the *ci-devant* clerk, the matter gradually faded from the minds of the sympathisers, save when the rapidly rising fortunes of Derville, in contrast with the daily lowlier ones of Madame de la Tour, suggested some tritely sentimental reflection upon the precariousness and instability of all mundane things. For a time, it was surmised by some of the fair widow's friends, if not by herself, that the considerable services Derville had rendered her were prompted by a warmer feeling than the ostensible one of respect for the relic of his old and liberal employer; and there is no doubt that the gentle, graceful manners, the mild, starlit face of Madame de la Tour, had made a deep impression upon Derville, although the hope or expectation founded thereon vanished with the passing time. Close, money-loving, business-absorbed as he might be, Clément Derville was a man of vehement impulse and extreme susceptibility of female charm—weaknesses over which he had again and again resolved to maintain vigilant control, as else fatal obstacles to his hopes of realising a large competence, if not a handsome

fortunes. He succeeded in doing so; and as year after year glided away, leaving him richer and richer, Madame de la Tour poorer and poorer, as well as less and less personally attractive, he grew to marvel that the bent form, the clouded eyes, the sorrow-sharpened features of the woman he occasionally met hastening along the streets, could be those by which he had been once so powerfully agitated and impressed.

He did not, however, form any new attachment; was still a bachelor at forty-five; and had for some years almost lost sight of, and forgotten, Madame de la Tour, when a communication from Jeanne Favart, an old servant who had lived with the De la Tours in the days of their prosperity, vividly recalled old and fading memories. She announced that Madame de la Tour had been for many weeks confined to her bed by illness, and was, moreover, in great pecuniary distress.

'*Diable!*' exclaimed Derville, a quicker and stronger pulse than usual tingling his sallow cheek as he spoke. 'That is a pity. Who, then, has been minding the business for her?'

'Her daughter Marie, a gentle, pious child, who seldom goes out except to church, and,' added Jeanne, with a keen look in her master's countenance, 'the very image of the Madame de la Tour we knew some twenty years ago.'

'Ha!' M. Derville was evidently disturbed, but not so much so as to forget to ask with some asperity if 'dinner was not ready?'

'In five minutes,' said Jeanne, but still holding the half-opened door in her hand. 'They are very, very badly off, monsieur, those unfortunate De la Tours,' she persisted. 'A *huissier* this morning seized their furniture and trade-stock for rent, and if the sum is not made up by sunset, they will be utterly ruined.'

M. Clément Derville took several hasty turns about the room, and the audible play of his fingers amongst the Napoleons in his pockets inspired Jeanne with a hope that he was about to draw forth a sufficient number for the relief of the cruel necessities of her former mistress. She was mistaken. Perhaps the touch of his beloved gold stilled for a time the agitation that had momentarily stirred his heart.

'It is a pity,' he murmured; and then briskly drawing out his watch, added sharply: 'But pray let us have dinner. Do you know that it is full seven minutes past the time that it should be served?'

Jeanne disappeared, and M. Derville was very soon seated at table. But although the sad tidings he had just heard had not been able to effectually loosen his purse-strings, they had at least power utterly to destroy his appetite, albeit the *poulet* was done to a turn. Jeanne made no remark on this, as she removed the almost untasted meal, nor on the quite as unusual fact, that the wine *carafe* was already half emptied, and her master himself restless, dreamy, and preoccupied. Concluding, however, from these symptoms, that a fierce struggle between generosity and avarice was going on in M. Derville's breast, she quietly determined on bringing an auxiliary to the aid of generosity, that would, her woman's instinct taught her, at once decide the conflict.

No doubt the prosperous ship-broker was unusually agitated. The old woman's news had touched a chord which, though dulled and slackened by the heat and dust of seventeen years of busy, anxious life, still vibrated strongly, and awakened memories that had long slept in the chambers of his brain, especially one pale Madonna face, with its soft, tear-trembling eyes that—'*Ciel!*' he suddenly exclaimed, as the door opened and gave to view the very form his fancy had conjured up: '*Ciel!* can it be—Pshaw!' he added, as he fell back into the chair from which he had leaped up; 'you must suppose me crazed, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de la Tour, I am quite certain.'

It was indeed Marie de la Tour whom Jeanne Favart

had, with much difficulty, persuaded to make a personal appeal to M. Derville. She was a good deal agitated, and gladly accepted that gentleman's gestured invitation to be seated, and take a glass of wine. Her errand was briefly, yet touchingly told, but not apparently listened to by Derville, so abstracted and intense was the burning gaze with which he regarded the confused and blushing petitioner. Jeanne, however, knew whom he recognised in those flushed and interesting features, and had no doubt of the successful result of the application.

M. Clément Derville had heard and comprehended what was said, for he broke an embarrassing silence of some duration by saying, in a pleased and respectful tone: 'Twelve Napoleons, you say, mademoiselle. It is nothing: here are twenty. No thanks, I beg of you. I hope to have an opportunity of rendering you—of rendering Madame de la Tour, I mean, some real and lasting service.'

Poor Marie was profoundly affected by this generosity, and the charming blushfulness, the sweet-toned trembling words that expressed her modest gratitude, were, it should seem, strangely interpreted by the excited ship-broker. The interview was not prolonged, and Marie de la Tour hastened with joy-lightened steps to her home.

Four days afterwards, M. Derville called at the Rue St Antoine, only to hear that Madame de la Tour had died a few hours previously. He seemed much shocked; and after a confused offer of further pecuniary assistance, respectfully declined by the weeping daughter, took a hurried leave.

There is no question that, from the moment of his first interview with her, M. Derville had conceived an ardent passion for Mademoiselle de la Tour—so ardent and bewildering as not only to blind him to the great disparity of age between himself and her—which he might have thought the much greater disparity of fortune in his favour would balance and reconcile—but to the very important fact, that Hector Bertrand, a young *menuisier* (carpenter), who had recently commenced business on his own account, and whom he so frequently met at the charming *modiste's* shop, was her accepted, affianced lover. An *éclaircissement*, accompanied by mortifying circumstances, was not, however, long delayed.

It occurred one fine evening in July. M. Derville, in passing through the *marché aux fleurs*, had selected a brilliant bouquet for presentation to Mademoiselle de la Tour; and never to him had she appeared more attractive, more fascinating, than when accepting, with hesitating, blushing reluctance, the proffered flowers. She stepped with them into the little sitting-room behind the shop; M. Derville followed; and the last remnant of discretion and common-sense that had hitherto restrained him giving way at once, he burst out with a vehement declaration of the passion which was, he said, consuming him, accompanied, of course, by the offer of his hand and fortune in marriage. Marie de la Tour's first impulse was to laugh in the face of a man who, old enough to be her father, addressed her in such terms; but one glance at the pale face and burning eyes of the speaker, convinced her that levity would be ill-timed—possibly dangerous. Even the few civil and serious words of discouragement and refusal with which she replied to his ardent protestations, were oil cast upon flame. He threw himself at the young girl's feet, and clasped her knees in passionate entreaty, at the very moment that Hector Bertrand, with one De Beaune, entered the room. Marie de la Tour's exclamation of alarm, and effort to disengage her dress from Derville's grasp, in order to interpose between him and the new-comers, were simultaneous with several heavy blows from Bertrand's cane across the shoulders of the kneeling man, who instantly leaped to his feet, and sprang upon his assailant with the yell and spring of a

madman. Fortunately for Bertrand, who was no match in personal strength for the man he had assaulted, his friend De Beaune promptly took part in the encounter; and after a desperate scuffle, during which Mademoiselle de la Tour's remonstrances and entreaties were unheard or disregarded, M. Derville was thrust with inexcusable violence into the street.

According to Jeanne Favart, her master reached home with his face all bloody and discoloured, his clothes nearly torn from his back, and in a state of frenzied excitement. He rushed past her up stairs, shut himself into his bedroom, and there remained unseen by any one for several days, partially opening the door only to receive food and other necessities from her hands. When he did at last leave his room, the impassive calmness of manner habitual to him was quite restored, and he wrote a note in answer to one that had been sent by Mademoiselle de la Tour, expressive of her extreme regret for what had occurred, and enclosing a very respectful apology from Hector Bertrand. M. Derville said, that he was grateful for her sympathy and kind wishes; and as to M. Bertrand, he frankly accepted his excuses, and should think no more of the matter.

This mask of philosophic indifference or resignation was not so carefully worn but that it slipped occasionally aside, and revealed glimpses of the volcanic passion that raged beneath. Jeanne was not for a moment deceived; and Marie de la Tour, the first time she again saw him, perceived with woman's intuitive quickness through all his assumed frigidity of speech and demeanour, that his sentiments towards her, so far from being subdued by the mortifying repulse they had met with, were more vehemently passionate than ever! He was a man, she felt, to be feared and shunned; and very earnestly did she warn Bertrand to avoid meeting, or, at all events, all possible chance of collision with his exasperated, and, she was sure, merciless and vindictive rival.

Bertrand said he would do so; and kept his promise as long as there was no temptation to break it. About six weeks after his encounter with M. Derville, he obtained a considerable contract for the carpentry work of a large house belonging to a M. Mangier—a fantastic, Gothic-looking place, as persons acquainted with Rouen will remember, next door but one to Blaise's banking-house. Bertrand had but little capital, and he was terribly puzzled for means to purchase the requisite materials, of which the principal item was Baltic timber. He essayed his credit with a person of the name of Dufour, on the quay, and was refused. Two hours afterwards, he again sought the merchant, for the purpose of proposing his friend De Beaune as security. Dufour and Derville were talking together in front of the office; and when they separated on Bertrand's approach, the young man fancied that Derville saluted him with unusual friendliness. De Beaune's security was declined by the cautious trader; and as Bertrand was leaving, Dufour said, half-jestingly no doubt: 'Why don't you apply to your friend Derville? He has timber on commission that will suit you, I know; and he seemed very friendly just now.' Bertrand made no reply, and walked off, thinking probably that he might as well ask the statue of the 'Pucelle' for assistance as M. Derville. He was, naturally enough, exceedingly put out, and vexed; and unhappily betook himself to a neighbouring tavern for 'spirituous' solacement—a very rare thing, let me add, for him to do. He remained there till about eight o'clock, and by that time was in such a state of confused elation from the unusual potations he had imbibed, that Dufour's suggestion assumed a sort of drunken likelihood; and he resolved on applying—there could not, he thought, be any wonderful harm, if no good, in that—to the ship-broker. M. Derville was not at home, and the office was closed; but Jeanne

Favart, understanding Bertrand to say that he had important business to transact with her master—she supposed by appointment—shewed him into M. Derville's private business-rooms, and left him there. Bertrand seated himself, fell asleep after awhile, woke up about ten o'clock considerably sobered, and quite alive to the absurd impropriety of the application he had tipsily determined on, and was about to leave the place, when M. Derville arrived. The ship-broker's surprise and anger at finding Hector Bertrand in his house were extreme, and his only reply to the intruder's stammering explanation, was a contemptuous order to leave the place immediately. Bertrand slunk away sheepishly enough; and slowly as he sauntered along, had nearly reached home, when M. Derville overtook him.

'One word, Monsieur Bertrand,' said Derville. 'This way, if you please.'

Bertrand, greatly surprised, followed the ship-broker to a lane close by—a dark, solitary locality, which suggested an unpleasant misgiving, very pleasantly relieved by Derville's first words.

'Monsieur Bertrand,' he said, 'I was hasty and ill-tempered just now; but I am not a man to cherish malice, and for the sake of—of Marie—of Mademoiselle de la Tour, I am disposed to assist you, although I should not, as you will easily understand, like to have any public or known dealings with you. Seven or eight hundred francs, I understood you to say, the timber you required would amount to?'

'Certainly not more than that, monsieur,' Bertrand contrived to answer, taken away as his breath nearly was by astonishment.

'Here, then, is a note of the Bank of France for one thousand francs.'

'Monsieur!—monsieur!' gasped the astounded recipient.

'You will repay me,' continued Derville, 'when your contract is completed; and you will please to bear strictly in mind, that the condition of any future favour of a like kind is, that you keep this one scrupulously secret.' He then hurried off, leaving Bertrand in a state of utter amazement. This feeling, however, slowly subsided, especially after assuring himself, by the aid of his chamber-lamp, that the note was a genuine one, and not, as he had half feared, a valueless deception. 'This Monsieur Derville,' drowsily murmured Bertrand as he ensconced himself in the bed-clothes, 'is a *bon enfant*, after all—a generous, magnanimous prince, if ever there was one. But then, to be sure, he wishes to do Marie a service by secretly assisting her *fiancé* on in life. *Sapristie!* It is quite simple, after all, this generosity; for undoubtedly Marie is the most charming—charm—cha'—'

Hector Bertrand went to Dufour's timber-yard at about noon the next day, selected what he required, and pompously tendered the thousand-franc note in payment. 'Whe-e-e-e-w!' whistled Dufour, 'the deuce!' at the same time looking with keen scrutiny in his customer's face.

'I received it from Monsieur Mangier in advance,' said Hector in hasty reply to that look, blurring out in some degree inadvertently the assertion which he had been thinking would be the most feasible solution of his sudden riches, since he had been so peremptorily forbidden to mention M. Derville's name.

'It is very generous of Monsieur Mangier,' said Dufour; 'and he is not famous for that virtue either. But let us go to Blaise's bank: I have not sufficient change in the house, and I darsay we shall get silver for it there.'

As often happens in France, a daughter of the banker was the cashier of the establishment; and it was with an accent of womanly commiseration that she said, after minutely examining the note: 'From whom, Monsieur Bertrand, did you obtain possession of this note?'

Bertrand hesitated. A vague feeling of alarm was beating at his heart, and he confusedly bethought him, that it might be better not to repeat the falsehood he had told M. Dufour. Before, however, he could decide what to say, Dufour answered for him: 'He says from Monsieur Mangier, just by.'

'Strange!' said Mademoiselle Blaise. 'A clerk of Monsieur Derville's has been taken into custody this very morning on suspicion of having stolen this very note.'

Poor Bertrand! He felt as if seized with vertigo; and a stunned, chaotic sense of mortal peril shot through his brain, as Marie's solemn warning with respect to Derville rose up like a spectre before him.

'I have heard of that circumstance,' said Dufour. And then, as Bertrand did not, or could not speak, he added: 'You had better, perhaps, mademoiselle, send for Monsieur Derville.'

This proposition elicited a wild, desperate cry from the bewildered young man, who rushed distractedly out of the banking-house, and hastened with frantic speed towards the Rue St Antoine—for the moment unpursued.

Half an hour afterwards, Dufour and a bank-clerk arrived at Mademoiselle de la Tour's. They found Bertrand and Marie together, and both in a state of high nervous excitement. 'Monsieur Derville,' said the clerk, 'is now at the bank; and Monsieur Blaise requests your presence there, so that whatever misapprehension exists may be cleared up without the intervention of the agents of the public force.'

'And pray, monsieur,' said Marie, in a much firmer tone than, from her pale aspect, one would have expected, 'what does Monsieur Derville himself say of this strange affair?'

'That the note in question, mademoiselle, must have been stolen from his desk last evening. He was absent from home from half-past seven till ten, and unfortunately left the key in the lock.'

'I was sure he would say so,' gasped Bertrand. 'He is a demon, and I am lost.'

A bright, almost disdainful expression shone in Marie's fine eyes. 'Go with these gentlemen, Hector,' she said; 'I will follow almost immediately; and remember'—What else she said was delivered in a quick, low whisper; and the only words she permitted to be heard were: 'Pas un mot, si tu m'aime' (Not a word, if thou lovest me).

Bertrand found Messieurs Derville, Blaise, and Mangier in a private room; and he remarked, with a nervous shudder, that two gendarmes were stationed in the passage. Derville, though very pale, sustained Bertrand's glance of rage and astonishment without flinching. It was plain that he had steeled himself to carry through the diabolical device his revenge had planned, and the fluttering hope with which Marie had inspired Bertrand died within him. Derville repeated slowly and firmly what the clerk had previously stated; adding, that no one save Bertrand, Jeanne Favart, and the clerk whom he first suspected, had been in the room after he left it. The note now produced was the one that had been stolen, and was safe in his desk at half-past seven the previous evening. M. Mangier said: 'The assertion of Bertrand, that I advanced him this note, or any other, is entirely false.'

'What have you to say in reply to these grave suspicions?' said M. Blaise. 'Your father was an honest man; and you, I hear, have hitherto borne an irreproachable character,' he added, on finding that the accused did not speak. 'Explain to us, then, how you came into possession of this note; if you do not, and satisfactorily—though, after what we have heard, that seems scarcely possible—we have no alternative but to give you into custody.'

'I have nothing to say at present—nothing,' muttered Bertrand, whose impatient furtive looks were every instant turned towards the door.

'Nothing to say!' exclaimed the banker; 'why, this is a tacit admission of guilt. We had better call in the gendarmes at once.'

'I think,' said Dufour, 'the young man's refusal to speak is owing to the entreaties of Mademoiselle de la Tour, whom we overheard implore him, for her sake, or as he loved her, not to say a word.'

'What do you say?' exclaimed Derville, with quick interrogation, 'for the sake of Mademoiselle de la Tour! Bah! you could not have heard aright.'

'Pardon, monsieur,' said the clerk who had accompanied Dufour: 'I also distinctly heard her so express herself—but here is the lady herself.'

The entrance of Marie, accompanied by Jeanne Favart, greatly surprised and startled M. Derville; he glanced sharply in her face, but unable to encounter the indignant expression he met there, quickly averted his look, whilst a hot flush glowed perceptibly out of his pale features. At her request, seconded by M. Blaise, Derville repeated his previous story; but his voice had lost its firmness, his manner its cold impassibility.

'I wish Monsieur Derville would look me in the face,' said Marie, when Derville had ceased speaking. 'I am here as a suppliant to him for mercy.'

'A suppliant for mercy!' murmured Derville, partially confronting her.

'Yes; if only for the sake of the orphan daughter of the Monsieur de la Tour who first helped you on in life, and for whom you not long since professed regard.'

Derville seemed to recover his firmness at these words: 'No,' he said; 'not even for your sake, Marie, will I consent to the escape of such a daring criminal from justice.'

'If that be your final resolve, monsieur,' continued Marie, with kindling, impressive earnestness, 'it becomes necessary that, at whatever sacrifice, the true criminal—whom assuredly Hector Bertrand is not—should be denounced.'

Various exclamations of surprise and interest greeted these words, and the agitation of Derville was again plainly visible.

'You have been surprised, messieurs,' she went on, 'at Hector's refusal to afford any explanation as to how he became possessed of the purloined note. You will presently comprehend the generous motive of that silence. Monsieur Derville has said, that he left the note safe in his desk at half-past seven last evening. Hector, it is recognised, did not enter the house till nearly an hour afterwards; and now, Jeanne Favart will inform you *who* it was that called on her in the interim, and remained in the room where the desk was placed for upwards of a quarter of an hour, and part of that time alone.'

As the young girl spoke, Derville's dilated gaze rested with fascinated intensity upon her excited countenance, and he hardly seemed to breathe.

'It was you, mademoiselle,' said Jeanne, 'who called on me, and remained as you describe.'

A fierce exclamation partially escaped Derville, forcibly suppressed as Marie resumed: 'Yes; and now, messieurs, hear me solemnly declare, that as truly as the note was stolen, I, not Hector, was the thief.'

'Tis false!' shrieked Derville, surprised out of all self-possession; 'a lie! It was not then the note was taken; not till—not till!'

'Not till when, Monsieur Derville?' said the excited girl, stepping close to the shrinking, guilty man, and still holding him with her flashing, triumphant eyes, as she placed her hand upon his shoulder: 'not till *when* was the note taken from the desk, monsieur?'

He did not, could not reply, and presently sank, utterly subdued, nerveless, panic-stricken, into a chair, with his white face buried in his hands.

'This is indeed a painful affair,' said M. Blaise, after an expectant silence of some minutes, 'if it be, as this

young person appeared to admit; and almost equally so, Monsieur Derville, if, as I more than suspect, the conclusion indicated by the expression that has escaped you should be the true one.'

The banker's voice appeared to break the spell that enchained the faculties of Derville. He rose up, encountered the stern looks of the men by one as fierce as theirs, and said hoarsely: 'I withdraw the accusation! The young woman's story is a fabrication. I—I lent, gave the fellow the note myself.'

A storm of execration—'*Coquin! voleur! scélérat!*'—burst forth at this confession, received by Derville with a defiant scowl, as he stalked out of the apartment.

I do not know that any law-proceedings were afterwards taken against him for defamation of character. Hector kept the note, as indeed he had a good right to do, and Monsieur and Madame Bertrand are still prosperous and respected inhabitants of Rouen, from which city Derville disappeared very soon after the incidents just related.

CHEAP MINOR RAILWAYS.

'On the day that our preamble was proved, we had all a famous dinner at three guineas a head—never saw such a splendid set-out in my life! each of us had a printed bill of fare laid beside his plate; and I brought it home as quite a curiosity in the way of eating! Such was the account lately given us by a railway projector of that memorable year of frenzy, 1845. A party of committee-men, agents, engineers, and solicitors, had, in their exuberance of cash, dined at a cost of some sixty guineas—a trifle added to the general bill of charges, and of course not worth thinking of by the shareholders.

These days of dining at three guineas a head for the good of railway undertakings are pretty well gone; and agents and counsel may well sigh over the recollection of doings probably never to return.

'The truth is, we were all mad in those times,' added the individual who owned so candidly to the three-guinea dinner. And this is the only feasible way of accounting for the wild speculations of seven years ago. There was a universal craze. All hastened to be rich on the convenient principle of overreaching their neighbours. There was robbery throughout. Engineers, landholders, law-agents, and jobbers, pocketed their respective booties, and it is needless to say who were left to suffer.

Looking at the catastrophe, the subject of railway mismanagement is somewhat too serious for a joke, and we have only drawn attention for an instant to the errors of the past in order to draw a warning for the future. It must ever be lamented that the introduction of so stupendous and useful a thing as locomotion by rail, should have become the occasion of such widespread cupidity and folly; for scarcely ever had science offered a more gracious boon to mankind. It is charitable to think that the foundation of the great error that was committed, lay in a miscalculation as to the relation between expenditure and returns. We can suppose that there was a certain faith in the potency of money. To spend so much, was to bring back so much; and it became an agreeable delusion, that the more was spent, the greater was to be the revenue. Unfortunately, it does not seem to have occurred to any one of the parties concerned, that all depends on how money is spent. There are tradesmen, we imagine, who know to their cost, that it is quite within the bounds of possibility to have the whole of their profits swept away by rent and taxes. Curious, that this plain and unpleasant and very possible result did not dawn on the minds of the great railway interests. And yet, how grave and calculating the mighty dons of the new system of locomotion—men who passed themselves off as up to anything!

Wonderfully acute secretaries; highly-polished chairmen; directors disdainful of ordinary ways of transacting business. A mystery made of the most common-place affairs! We may be thankful that the world has at last seen through these pretenders to superhuman sagacity. With but remarkably few exceptions, the great railway men of the time have committed the grossest blunders; and the stupidest blunder of all, has been the confounding of proper and improper expenditure; just as if a shopkeeper were to fall into the unhappy error of imagining that his returns were to be in the ratio, not of the business he was to do, but of his private and unauthorised expenses.

The instructive fact gathered from railway experience is, that there is an expenditure which *pays*, and an expenditure that is totally wasteful. Directors have made the discovery, that costly litigation, costly and fine stations, fine porticos and pillars, fine bridges, and finery in various other things, contribute really nothing to returns, but, on the contrary, hang a dead weight on the concern. No doubt, fine architecture is a good and proper thing in itself; but a railway company is not instituted for the purpose of embellishing towns with classic buildings. Its function is to carry people from one place to another on reasonable terms, with a due regard to the welfare of those who undertake the transaction. How carriages may be run well and cheaply, yet profitably, is the sole question for determination; and everything else is either subordinate or positively useless. A suitable degree of knowledge on these points would, we think, tend materially to restore confidence in railway property. Could there be anything more cheering than the well-ascertained fact, that *no railway has ever failed for want of traffic*? In every instance, the traffic would have yielded an ample remuneration to the shareholders, had there been no extravagant expenditure. Had the outlays been confined to paying for the land required, the making of the line, the laying down of rails, the buying locomotives and carriages, and working the same, all would have gone on splendidly; and eight, ten, twenty, and even a higher per cent., would in many instances have been realised. At the present moment, the lines that are paying best are not those on which there is the greatest amount of traffic, but those on which there was the most prudent expenditure. In order to judge whether any proposed railway will pay, it is only necessary to inquire at what cost per mile, all expenses included, it is to be produced. If the charge be anything under £5000 per mile, there is a certainty of its doing well, even if the line be carried through a poorly-populated district; and up to £20,000 per mile is allowable in great thoroughfares; but when the outlay reaches £30,000 or £100,000 per mile, as it has done in some instances, scarcely any amount of traffic will be remunerative. In a variety of cases, the expenditure per mile has been so enormous, that remunerative traffic becomes a physical impossibility. In plain terms, if the whole of these lines, from end to end, were covered with loaded carriages from morning to night, and night to morning, without intermission of a single moment, they would still be carried on at a loss! Gold may be bought too dearly, and so may railways.

As there seems to be an appearance of a revival in railway undertakings, it will be of the greatest importance to keep these principles in view; and we are glad to observe that, taking lessons from the past, the promoters of railway schemes are confining their attention mainly to plans of a simple and economical class. Hitherto, railways have, for the most part, been adapted to leading thoroughfares, by which certain districts have been overcrowded with lines, leaving others destitute. Branch single lines of rail appear, therefore, to be particularly desirable for these forgotten localities. These branch-lines may prove exceedingly serviceable, not only as regards the ordinary demands of trade and

agriculture, but those of social convenience. Among the prominent needs of our time, is ready access for the toiling multitudes to places rendered interesting by physical beauty and romantic association—fit objects for holiday excursions. The excursion train, suddenly discharging its hundreds of strangers at some antique town or castle, or in the neighbourhood of some lovely natural scenery, is one of the wonders of the day—and one, we think, of truly good omen, considering the importance that seems to be connected with the innocent amusements of the people. We rejoice in every movement which tends to increase the number of places to which these holiday-parties may resort, as we thoroughly believe, that the more of them we have, our people will be the more virtuous, refined, and happy.

We lately had much pleasure in examining and learning some particulars of a short branch-railway which has added the ancient university city of St Andrews, with its many curious objects, to the number of those places which may become the termini of excursion trains. We find from Lord Jeffrey's Life, that in this town, fifty years ago, only one newspaper was received; a number (if it can be called a number) which we are assured, on the best authority, is now increased to *fifteen hundred per week!* Parallel with this fact, is that of its having, ten years ago, a single coach *per diem* to Edinburgh, carrying six or seven persons, while now it has three trains each day, transporting their scores, not merely to the capital, but to Perth and Dundee besides. Conceiving that there is a value in such circumstances on account of the light which they throw on the progress of the country, we shall enter into a few particulars.

The St Andrews Railway is a branch of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, and extends somewhat less than five miles. Formed with a single line only, over ground presenting scarcely any engineering difficulties, and with favour rather than opposition from the proprietors of the land, it has cost only £25,000, or about £5000 per mile. The main line agrees to work it, and before receiving payment, to allow the shareholders $\frac{4}{5}$ per cent. for their money; all further profits to be divided between the two companies, after paying working expenses. It was opened on the 1st July last, and hitherto the appearances of success have been most remarkable. On an assumption that the traffic inwards was equal to that outwards, the receipts for passengers during each of the first six weeks averaged £52, 14s. This was exclusive of excursion trains, of which one carried 500 persons, another between 500 and 600, a third 1500; and so on. It was also exclusive of goods and mineral traffic, which are expected to give at least £1000 per annum. The result is, that this railway appears likely to draw not much under £4000 a year—a sum sufficient, after expenses are paid, to yield what would at almost any time be a high rate of percentage to the shareholders, while, in the present state of the money-market, it will be an unusually ample remuneration.

We have instanced this economically-constructed line, because we have seen it in operation, and can place reliance on the facts connected with its financial affairs. Other lines, however, more or less advanced, seem to have prospects equally hopeful. A similar branch is about to be made from the same main line to the town of Leven. One is projected to branch from the Eskbank station of the North British line to Peebles—a pretty town on the Tweed, which, up till the present time, has been secluded from general intercourse, and will now, for the first time, have its beautiful environs laid open to public observation. The entire cost of this line, rather more than 18 miles in length, is to be only £70,000, or about £3600 per mile. Another branch from the same line is projected to go to Lauder. One, of the same cheap class, is to connect Aberdeen with Banchory on the Dec.

Another will be constructed between Blairgowrie and a point on the Scottish Midland. For such adventures, St Andrews is a model.*

The time is probably not far distant when single branch-lines will radiate over the country, developing local resources, as well as uniting the whole people in friendly and profitable intercourse. To be done rightly, however, rational foresight and the plain principles of commerce must inspire the projectors. It will be necessary to avoid all parliamentary contests; to do nothing without a general movement of the district in favour of the line, so that no parties may be sacrificed for the benefit of others; to hold rigorously to an economical principle of construction; to launch out into no extravagant plans in connection with the main object contemplated. These being attended to, we can imagine that, in a few years hence, there will be a set of modest little railways which will be the envy of all the great lines, simply because they enjoy the distinction denied to their grander brethren, of *paying*, and which will not only serve important purposes in the industrial economy of the country, but vastly promote the moral wellbeing of the community, in furnishing a means of harmless amusement to those classes whose lot it is to spend most of their days in confinement and toil.

THE HUMOUR OF SOUTHEY.

SOME of the critics of 'Robert the Rhymer, who lived at the lakes,' seem to be of opinion, that his 'humour' is to be classed with such nonentities as the philosopher's stone, pigeon's milk, and other apocryphal myths and unknown quantities. In analysing the character of his intellect, they would assign to the 'humorous' attribute some such place as Van Troil did to the snaky tribe in his work on Iceland, wherein the title of chapter xv. runs thus: 'Concerning Snakes in Iceland;' and the chapter itself thus: 'There are no snakes in Iceland.' Accordingly, were they to have the composition of this article, they would abbreviate it to the one terse sentence: 'Robert Southey had no humour.' Now, we have no inclination to claim for the Keswick bard any prodigious or pre-eminent powers of fun, or to give him place beside the rollicking jesters and genial merry-makers, whose humour gives English literature a distinctive character among the nations. But that he is so void of the comic faculty as certain potent authorities allege, we persistently doubt. Mr Macaulay affirms that Southey may be always read with pleasure, except when he tries to be droll; that a more insufferable jester never existed; and that, often as he attempts to be humorous, he in no single occasion has succeeded further than to be quaintly and flippantly dull. Another reviewer warned the author of the *Doctor*, that there is no greater mistake than that which a grave person falls into, when he fancies himself humorous; adding, as a consolatory corollary to this proposition, that unquestionably the doctor himself was in this predicament. But Southey was not so rigorously grave a person as his graver writings might seem to imply. 'I am quite as noisy as ever I was,' he writes to an old Oxford chum, when in sober manhood. 'Oh, dear Lightfoot, what a blessing it is to have a boy's heart! it is as great a blessing in carrying one through this world, as to have a child's spirit will in fitting us for the next.' On account of this boyish-heartedness, he is compared by Justice Talford to Charles Lamb himself: 'In a certain primness of style, bounding in the rich humour which overflowed it, they were nearly akin; both alike

* Since the materials of this brief paper were obtained, another short line has been opened, extending between Elgin and Lossiemouth. It is said to have also enjoyed in its first few weeks an amount of traffic far beyond the calculations of the shareholders.

reverenced childhood, and both had preserved its best attributes unspoiled from the world.' In the fifty-fifth year of his age, he characterised himself as a man

by nature merry,
Somewhat Tom-folish, and comical, very;
Who has gone through the world, not unmindful of pelf,
Upon easy terms, thank Heaven, with himself,
Along bypaths, and in pleasant ways,
Caring as little for censure as praise;
Having some friends, whom he loves dearly,
And no lack of foes, whom he laughs at sincerely;
And never for great, nor for little things,
Has he fretted his guts* to fiddle-strings.
He might have made them by such folly
Most musical, most melancholy.

No one can dip into the *Doctor* without being convinced of this buoyancy of spirit, quickness of fancy, and blitheness of heart. It even vents its exuberance in bubbles of levity and elaborate trifling, so that all but the very light-hearted are fain to say: Something too much of this. Compared with our standard humorists—the peerage, or Upper House, who sit sublimely aloft, like 'Jove in his chair, of the sky my lord mayor'—Southey may be but a dull commoner, one of the third or fourth estate. But for all that, he has a comfortable fund of the *vis comica*, upon which he rubs along pleasantly enough, hospitably entertaining not a few congenial spirits who can put up with him as they find him, relish his simple and often racy fare, and enjoy a decent quantum of jokes of his own growing, without pining after the brilliant banquets of comedy spread by opulent barons of the realm.

To support this apology for the worthy doctor by plenary proof, would involve a larger expenditure of space and letter-press than befits the economy of a discreet hebdomadal journal. We can but allude, and hint, and suggest, and illustrate our position in an 'off-at-a-tangent' sort of way. Look, for instance, at his ingenious quaintness in the matter of *onomatology*. What a name, he would say, is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a tailor; Big for a lean or little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abominous in the van; Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels barely elevate him to the height of five; Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face, or a foxy complexion; Younghusband for an old bachelor; Merryweather for any one in November or February, a black spring, a cold summer, or a wet autumn; Goodenough for a person no better than he should be; Toogood for any human creature; and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured. Amusing, too, are the doctor's reasons for using the customary *alias* of female Christian names—never calling any woman Mary, for example, though *Mire*, being the sea, was, he said, too emblematic of the sex; but using a synonyme of better omen, and Molly therefore was to be preferred as being soft. 'If he accosted a vixen of that name in her worst mood, he mollified her. Martha he called Patty, because it came pat to the tongue. Dorothy remained Dorothy, because it was neither fitting that women should be made Dolls nor Idols. Susan with him was always Sue, because women were to be sued; and Winifred Winny, because they were to be won. Or refer to that pleasant bit of erudite trifling upon the habits of rats, beginning with the remark, that where-soever Man goes Rat follows or accompanies him, town or country being equally agreeable to him; entering upon your house as a tenant-at-will—his own, not yours—working out for himself a covered-way in your walls, ascending by it from one storey to another, and

leaving you the larger apartments, while he takes possession of the space between floor and ceiling, as an *entresol* for himself. 'There he has his parties; and his revels, and his gallopadies—merry ones they are—when you would be asleep, if it were not for the spirit with which the youth and belles of Rat-land keep up the ball over your head. And you are more fastidious than most of your neighbours, if he does not prepare for himself a mausoleum behind your chimney-piece or under your hearthstone, retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in the odour of sanctity. You have then the additional comfort of knowing, that the spot so appropriated will thenceforth be used as a common cemetery or a family-vault.' In the same vein, homage is paid to Rat's imitation of human enterprise: shewing how, when the adventurous merchant ships a cargo for some foreign port, Rat goes with it; how, when Great Britain plants a colony at the antipodes, Rat takes the opportunity of colonising also; how, when ships are sent out on a voyage of discovery, Rat embarks as a volunteer; doubling the stormy Cape with Dina, arriving at Malabar with Gama, discovering the New World with Columbus, and taking possession of it at the same time, and circumnavigating the globe with Magellan, and Drake, and Cook.

Few that have once read will forget the Doctor's philological contributions towards an amended system of English orthography. Assuming the propriety of discarding all reference to the *etymology* of words, when engaged in spelling them, and desirous, as a philological reformer, to establish a truly British language, he proposes introducing a distinction of genders, in which the language has hitherto been defective. Thus, in anglicising the orthography of *chemise*, he resolves that foreign substantive into the home-grown neologisms, masculine and feminine, of *Hemise* and *Shemise*. Again, in letter-writing every person, he remarks, is aware that male and female letters have a distinct sexual character; they should, therefore, be generally distinguished thus—*Hepistle* and *Shepistle*. And as there is the same marked difference in the writing of the two sexes, he proposes *Parmaniship* and *Penwomanship*. Erroneous opinions in religion being promulgated in this country by women as well as men, the teachers of such false doctrines he would divide into *Heresiarchs* and *Sheresiarchs*. That troublesome affection of the diaphragm, which every person has experienced, is, upon the same principle, to be called, according to the sex of the patient, *Hiccups* and *Shcups*; which, upon the above principle of making our language truly British, is better than the more classical form of *Hiccups* and *Hiccups*; and then in its objective use we have *Hiscups* and *Hiccups*; and in like manner *Histerics* should be altered into *Herterics*, the complaint never being masculine.

None but a 'humorist' would have announced the decease of a cat in such mingled terms and tones of jest and earnest as the following:—'Alas! Grosvenor, writes Southey to his friend Mr Bedford (1823), 'this day poor old Rumpel was found dead, after a long and happy life as cat could wish for, if cats form wisdom on that subject. His full titles were:—The Most Noble the Archduke Rumpelstiltschken, Earl Tumbelmagne,* Baron Raticide, Warwhaler, and Skanatch. There should be a court mourning in Goshland and the Dragon [a cat of Mr Bedford's], wear a black ribbon round his neck, or a band of crape 2 1/2 inches round one of the fore-paws, it will be but a becoming

* Southey was no purist in his phraseology at times. The not very refined monosyllable in the text may, however, be tolerated as having a technical relation to the fiddle-strings by hypothesis.

* This patrician Bawdrons is not forgotten in Southey's reply, thus—

Our good old cat, Earl Tumbelmagne,
Is sometimes sent to play,
Even like a kitten at its sport,
Upon a warm spring-day.

mark of respect. . . . I believe we are, each and all, servants included, more sorry for this loss than any of us would like to confess. I should not have written to you at present had it not been to notify this event. The notification of such events, in print too, appears to some thinkers too absurd. Others find a special interest in these 'trifles light as air,' because presenting 'confirmation strong' of the kindly nature of the man, taking no unamiable or affected part in the presentment of *Every Man in His Humour*. His correspondence is, indeed, rich in traits of quiet humour, if by that word we understand a 'humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence'—the very 'juice of the mind oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilising wherever it falls'—and seldom far removed from its kindred spirit, pathos, with which, however, it is not too closely akin to marry; for pathos is bound up in mysterious ties with humour—bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh.

Nor can we assent to the assertion, that in his ballads, metrical tales, and rhyming *jeux-d'esprit*, Southey's essay to be comic results in merely 'quaint and flippant dulness.' Smarmily enough he tells the story of the Well of St Keyne, whereof the legend is, that if the husband manage to secure a draught before his good dame, 'a happy man henceforth is he, for he shall be master for life.' But if the wife should drink of it first—'God help the husband then!' The traveller to whom a Cornishman narrates the tradition, compliments him with the assumption that he has profited by it in his matrimonial experience:—

'You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,
He to the Cornishman said;
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.
'I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But, I faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.'

And with all their extravagances of expression and questionable taste, the numerous stories which Southey delighted to versify on themes demoniac and diabolical, from the *Devil's Walk* to the *True Ballad of St Antidius*, are fraught with farcical import, and have an individual ludicrousness all their own. That he could succeed tolerably in the mock-heroic vein, may be seen in his parody on Pindar's *ariston men hyder*, entitled *Gooseberry Pie*, and in some of the occasional pieces called *Nondescripts*. Nor do we know any one of superior ingenuity in that overwhelming profusion of epithets and crowded creation of rhymes, which so tickle the ear and the fancy in some of his verses, and of which we have specimens almost unrivalled in the celebrated description of the cataract of Lodore, and the vivaciously ridiculous chronicle of Napoleon's march to Moscow.

TRACKS OF ANCIENT ANIMALS IN SANDSTONE.

MANY of our readers must have heard of the interest excited a few years ago by the discovery, that certain marks on the surface of slabs of sandstone, raised from a quarry in Dumfriesshire, were the memorials of extinct races of animals. The amiable and intelligent Dr Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, who had conferred on society the blessing of savings-banks for the industrious poor, was the first to describe to the world these singular chronicles of ancient life. The subject was afterwards brought forward in a more popular style by Dr Buckland, in his lively book, the *Bridge-water Treatise on Geology*. Since then, examples of similar markings have been found in several other parts of Europe, and a still greater number in America.

Dumfriesshire is still the principal locality of these curious objects in our island; and they are found not only in the original spot—the quarry of Corncockle Muir, but in another quarry at Craigs, near the town of Dumfries. Ample collections of them have been made by Sir William Jardine, the famed naturalist, who happens to be proprietor of Corncockle Quarry, and by Mr Robert Harkness of Dumfries, a young geologist, who seems destined to do not a little for the illustration of this and kindred subjects. Meanwhile, Sir William Jardine has published an elegant book, containing a series of drawings, in which the slabs of Corncockle are truthfully represented.*

The Annandale footmarks are impressed on slabs of the New Red Sandstone—a formation not long subsequent to the coal, and remarkable for its comparative deficiency of fossils, as if there had been something in its constitution unfavourable to the preservation of animal remains. It is curious to find that, while this is the case, it has been favourable to the preservation of what appears at first sight a much more accidental and shadowy memorial of life—the mere impression which an animal makes on a soft substance with its foot. Yet such fully appears to be the fact. The sandstone slabs of Corncockle, lying in their original place with a dip of about 33 degrees to the westward, and separating with great cleanness and smoothness, present impressions of such liveliness, that there is no possibility of doubt as to their being animal foot-tracks, and those of the tortoise family. A thin layer of unctuous clay between the beds has proved favourable to their separation; and it is upon this intervening substance that the marks are best preserved. Slab after slab is raised from the quarry—sometimes a foot thick, sometimes only a few inches—and upon almost every one of them are impressions found. What is very remarkable, the tracks or series of footprints pass, almost without exception, in a direction from west to east, or upwards against the dip of the strata. It is surmised that the strata were part of a beach, inclining, however, at a much lower angle, from which the tide receded in a westerly direction. The animals, walking down from the land at recess of tide, passed over sand too soft to retain the impressions they left upon it; but when they subsequently returned to land, the beach had undergone a certain degree of hardening sufficient to receive and retain impressions, 'though these,' says Sir William, 'gradually grow fainter and less distinct as they reach the top of the beds, which would be the margin of drier sands nearer the land.' He adds: 'In several instances, the tracks on one slab which we consider to have been impressed at the same time, are numerous, and left by different animals travelling together. They have walked generally in a straight line, but sometimes turn and wind in several directions. This is the case in a large extent of surface, where we have tracks of above thirty feet in length uncovered, and where one animal had crossed the path of a neighbour of a different species. The tracks of two animals are also met with, as if they had run side by side.'

With regard to the nature of the evidence in question, Dr Buckland has very justly remarked, that we are accustomed to it in our ordinary life. 'The thief is identified by the impression which his shoe has made near the scene of his depredations. The American savage not only identifies the elk and bison by the impression of their hoofs, but ascertains also the time that has elapsed since the animal had passed. From the camel's track upon the sand, the Arab can determine whether it was heavily or lightly laden, or whether it was lame.' When, therefore, we see upon surfaces

* *Ichthyology of Annandale*. Lizars, Edinburgh. 1851.

which we know to have been laid down in a soft state, in a remote era of the world's history, clear impressions like those made by tortoises of our own time, it seems a legitimate inference, that these impressions were made by animals of the tortoise kind, and, consequently, such animals were among those which then existed, albeit no other relic of them may have been found. From minute peculiarities, it is further inferred, that they were tortoises of different species from any now existing. Viewing such important results, we cannot but enter into the feeling with which Dr Buckland penned the following remarks:—"The historian or the antiquary," he says, 'may have traversed the fields of ancient or of modern battles; and may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof, of the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible. No history has recorded their creation or destruction; their very bones are found no more among the fossil relics of a former world. Centuries and thousands of years may have rolled away between the time in which those foot-steps were impressed by tortoises upon the sands of their native Scotland, and the hour when they were again laid bare and exposed to our curious and admiring eyes. Yet we behold them, stamped upon the rock, distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow; as if to shew that thousands of years are but as nothing amidst eternity—and, as it were, in mockery of the fleeting, perishable course of the mightiest potentates among mankind.'

The formation of the slabs, and the preservation of the footprints, are processes which the geologist can easily explain. A beach on which animals have left the marks of their feet, becomes sufficiently hardened to retain the impressions; another layer of sand or mud is laid down by perhaps the next tide, covering up the first, and protecting it from all subsequent injury. Thousands of years after, the quarryman breaks up the layers, and finds on the one surface the impression of the animal, while the lower face of the superincumbent layer presents a cast of that impression, thus giving us in fact a double memorial of one event. At Wolfville, on the Bay of Fundy, Sir Charles Lyell some years ago observed a number of marks on the surface of a red marly mud which was gradually hardening on the sea-shore. They were the footprints of the sand-piper, a bird of which he saw flights daily running along the water's edge, and often leaving thirty or more similar impressions in a straight line, parallel to the borders of the estuary. He picked up some slabs of this dried mud, and splitting one of them up, found a surface within which bore two lines of the same kind of footprints. Here is an example before our living eyes, of the processes concerned in producing and preserving the fossil footprints of the New Red Sandstone.

Some years after the Annandale footprints had attracted attention, some slab surfaces of the same formation in Saxony and England were found bearing an impression of a more arresting character. It resembled the impression that would be made by the palm and extended fingers and thumb of the human hand, but a hand much thicker and flabbier than is commonly seen. The appropriate name of *Cheirotherium* was proposed for the unknown extinct animal which had produced these marks. The dimensions in the several examples were various; but 'in all cases the prints of what appear to have been the hind-feet are considerably larger than those of the fore-feet; so much so, indeed, that in one well-preserved slab containing

several impressions, the former measures eight inches by five, and the latter not more than four inches by three. In this specimen, the print of the fore-foot is not more than an inch and a half in advance of that of the hinder one, although the distance between the two successive positions of the same foot, or the length of a pace of the animal, is fourteen inches. It therefore appears, that the animal must have had its posterior extremities both much larger and much longer than the anterior; but this peculiarity it possessed in common with many existing species, such as the frog, the kangaroo, &c.; and beyond this and certain appearances in the sandstone, as if a tail had been dragged behind the animal, in some sets of footsteps, but not in others, there is nothing to suggest to the comparative anatomist any idea of even the class of Vertebrata to which the animal should be referred.* Soon after, some teeth and fragments of bones were discovered, by which Professor Owen was able to indicate an animal of the frog-family (*Batrachia*), but with certain affinities to the saurian order (crocodiles, &c.), and which must have been about the size of a large pig. It has been pretty generally concluded, that this colossal frog was the animal which impressed the hand-like foot-prints.

At a later period, footprints of birds were discovered upon the surfaces of a thin-bedded sandstone belonging to the New Red formation on the banks of the Connecticut River, in North America. The birds, according to Sir Charles Lyell, must have been of various sizes; some as small as the sand-piper, and others as large as the ostrich, the width of the stride being in proportion to the size of the foot. There is one set, in which the foot is nineteen inches long, and the stride between four and five feet, indicating a bird nearly twice the size of the African ostrich. So great a magnitude was at first a cause of incredulity; but the subsequent discovery of the bones of the *Moa* or *Dinornis* of New Zealand, proved that, at a much later time, there had been feathered bipeds of even larger bulk, and the credibility of the *Ornithichnites Giganteus* has accordingly been established. Sir Charles Lyell, when he visited the scene of the footprints on the Connecticut River, saw a slab marked with a row of the footsteps of the huge bird pointed to under this term, being nine in number, turning alternately right and left, and separated from each other by a space of about five feet. 'At one spot, there was a space several yards square, where the entire surface of the shale was irregular and jagged, owing to the number of the footsteps, not one of which could be distinctly traced, as when a flock of sheep have passed over a muddy road; but on withdrawing from this area, the confusion gradually ceased, and the tracks became more and more distinct.'† Professor Hitchcock had, up to that time, observed footprints of thirty species of birds on these surfaces. The formation, it may be remarked, is one considerably earlier than any in which fossil bones or other indications of birds have been detected in Europe.

In the coal-field of Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, there were discovered in 1844, slabs marked with footprints bearing a considerable resemblance to those of the *Cheirotherium*, and believed to have been impressed by an animal of the same family, though with some important points of distinction. The hind-foot are not so much larger than the fore; and the two on each side, instead of coming nearly into one row, as in the European *Cheirotherium*, stand widely apart. The impressions look such as would be made by a raddle-shaped human hand, with short fingers held much apart; there is some appearance as if the fingers had had nails; and a protuberance like the end of a sixth finger appears at the side. This was the first

* *Asiatic's Introduction to Geology*, I. 288.
† *Lyell's Travels in North America*, I. 284.

indication of reptile life so early as the time of the coal-formation; but as the fossil remains of a reptile have now been found in Old Red Sandstone, at Elgin, in Scotland, the original importance of the discovery in this respect may be regarded as lessened.

Last year, some slabs from Potsdam, in Canada, were brought to England, and deposited in the museum of the Geological Society. Belonging as these slabs do to a formation coeval with those in which the earliest fossils were hitherto found, it was startling to find them marked with numerous foot-tracks of what appeared to have been reptiles. It seemed to shew, that the inhabitants of the world in that early age were not quite so low in the scale of being as had previously been assumed from the facts known; and that all attempts to describe, from positive knowledge, anything like a progression of being on the face of our globe, were at least premature. Professor Owen had, at first, scarcely any hesitation in pronouncing the footprints to be those of tortoises; but he afterwards changed his views, and expressed his belief that the impressions had been produced by small crustacean animals. Thus the views previously entertained regarding the invertebrate character of the *fauna* of the Silurian epoch, have ultimately remained unaffected, so far as these Potsdam slabs are concerned.

Slabs of sandstone and shale often retain what is called the ripple-mark—that is, the corrugation of surface produced by the gentle agitation of shallow water over sand or mud. We can see these appearances beneath our feet, as we walk over the pavement of almost any of our cities. Such slabs are also occasionally marked by irregular protuberances, being the casts of hollows or cracks produced in ancient tide-beaches by shrinkage. In many instances, the footprints of animals are marked by such lines passing through them, shewing how the beach had dried and cracked in the sun after the animals had walked over it. In the quarries at Stourton, in Cheshire, some years ago, a gentleman named Cunningham observed slab surfaces mottled in a curious manner with little circular and oval hollows, and these were finally determined to be the impressions produced by rain—the rain of the ancient time, long prior to the existence of human beings, when the strata were formed! Since then, many similar markings have been observed on slabs raised from other quarries, both in Europe and America; and fossil rain-drops are now among the settled facts of geology. Very fine examples have been obtained from quarries of the New Red Sandstone at Newark and Pompton, in New Jersey. Sir Charles Lyell has examined these with care, and compared them with the effects of modern rain on soft surfaces of similar materials. He says, they present 'every gradation from transient rain, where a moderate number of drops are well preserved, to a pelting shower, which, by its continuance, has almost obliterated the circular form of the cavities. In the more perfectly preserved examples, smaller drops are often seen to have fallen into cavities previously made by larger ones, and to have modified their shape. In some cases of partial interference, the last drop has obliterated part of the annular margin of a former one; but in others it has not done so, for the two circles are seen to intersect each other. Most of the impressions are elliptical, having their more prominent rims at the deeper end [a consequence of the rain falling in a slanting direction]. We often see on the under side of some of these slabs, which are about half an inch thick, casts of the rain-drops of a previous shower, which had evidently fallen when the direction of the wind was not the same. Mr Redfield, by carefully examining the obliquity of the imprints in the Pompton quarries, ascertained that most of them implied the blowing of a strong westerly wind in the triassic period at that place.' A certain class of the impressions at Pompton are thought to be attributable to hail, 'being deeper

and much more angular and jagged than the rain-prints, and having the wall at the deeper end more perpendicular, and occasionally overhanging.'

AITON'S TRAVELS.

A WORK in any department of general literature rarely appears from the pen of a clergyman in the Church of Scotland, and therefore that to which we are about to refer, under the title noted beneath,† is in some respects a curiosity. The writer, a minister settled in a mountainous parish in Lanarkshire, may be said to have made a remarkable escapade for one in his obscure situation and reverend calling. With an immense and unclerical flow of animal spirits, evidently as fond of travelling as old William Lithgow, and as garrulous as Rae Wilson, of whose class he is a surviving type, Dr Aiton is quite the man to take a journey to the Holy Land; for no difficulty in the way of toil, heat, hunger, creeping or winged insects, wild beasts, or still wilder savages, disturbs his equanimity. He also never hesitates to use any expression that comes uppermost. He explicitly observes, that 'no man with the capacity of a hen,' should fail to contribute such information as he possesses on the sacred regions he has traversed. Alluding to some circumstances in the voyage of St Paul, he says he has 'no desire to cook the facts.' He talks of a supposition being 'checkmated.' And in going along the coast of Spain, he mentions that he took care to have 'a passing squint at Cape St Vincent.' Many similar oddities break out in the course of the narrative; not that we care much about them one way or other; it is only to be regretted that the author has by this looseness of expression, and his loquacious dragging in of passages from Scripture on all occasions, also by his inveterate love of anecdotic illustration, done what he could to keep down a really clever book to an inferior standard of taste. We would hope, however, that candid readers will have a kindly consideration of the author's intentions, and pass over much that is prosy and ridiculous for the sake of what is original and interesting. Traversing lands that have been described a hundred times before, it might be supposed that little was left for Dr Aiton to pick up; yet every traveller has his own method of observation. In justice to the doctor, it must be acknowledged that he made a judicious use of time during his travels in the East, and has told us many amusing particulars of what he saw. There is, at least, always a certain graphic painting in his off-hand descriptions; as, for instance, his notice of an incident that occurred on his arrival in Egypt.

'On landing at Alexandria I saw a ship unloading, and box by box were being handed to the lighter, according to the number each respectively bore. Some mistake, more or less important, had apparently been made by one of the native operatives on the occasion. Instantly two sticks were laid on his head with dreadful effect. The poor fellow seemed to be stunned and stupefied for a time. On this account it probably happened, that he fell into a second similar blunder, when a stick was thrown, not horizontally, but perpendicularly, and so aimed that it struck the socket of the eye. In one moment he lost the sight of it, and the ball hung by a ligament on his cheek. He uttered a hideous yell, and staggered; notwithstanding of which other two cudgels were applied to his arm while he had the power to hold it up in protection of his head. Horror of horrors! I thought, verily in the fulfilment of prophecy, God has been pleased to curse this garden and granary of the world, and to permit foreigners terribly to tyrannise over its degraded people.' Proceeding onward to Cairo: 'What a hurry-scurry

* *Quarterly Journal of Geological Society*, April, 1851.

† *The Lives of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope, as Visited in 1851*. By John Aiton, D.D., Minister of Dolphinton. Fullarton & Co. 1852.

there was in the dark in getting into the vans at the hotel-door to be conveyed to the Malmoudie Canal! When I arrived, I found the barge in which we were to be conveyed both very confined and dirty. But it proceeded at tolerable speed, drawn by horses which were pursued by well-mounted Arabs yelling, lashing, and cracking with their whips. We all passed a fearful night of suffocation and jamming, fasting and feasted on by millions. Some red-coated bedlamites, unfortunately infatuated with wine, had to be held from jumping overboard. The ramping and stamping, and roaring and scrambling for room to sit or lie, was horrible. At last the day dawned, when matters were not quite so bad; but we moved over our fifty miles of ditch-water to Atfeh in a manner the most uncomfortable any poor sinners ever suffered.

The account given of his entry to Cairo is also strikingly faithful. 'When I landed at Boulac, another Oriental scene of novelty was presented. Crowds of men and women, all in their shirts only—lazy looking—on watermen calling for employment, porters packing luggage on the camels, donkey-boys, little active urchins, offering their asses, crying: "Here him best donkey!"—"you Engleese no walk!"—"him kick highest!"—"him fine jackass!"—"me take you to Cairo." There were also plenty of custom-house folks demanding fees to which they had no right, and sturdy rascals seeking buckshish, and miserable beggars imploring alms. Walking through this promiscuous crowd, with all the dignity they could muster, there were venerable sheiks, or Egyptian oolema, with white turbans, and long silvery beards, and tawny sinister faces. And there were passengers not a few, with a carpet-bag in the one hand and a lady hanging on the other arm, crowding from the deck to the shore.

'The moment I mounted the stair at the pier of Boulac, I found myself in the red dusky haze of an Egyptian atmosphere. It was near noon, and the rays of the hot sun trembled over the boundless Valley of the Nile on to the minarets of Cairo, and further still to the sombre Pyramids. Now, indeed, the scene before me presented a superb illusion of beauty. The bold range of the Mokattam Mountains, its craggy summits cut clearly out in the sky, seemed to run like a promontory into a sea of the richest verdure; here, wavy with breezy plantations of olives; there, darkened with acacia groves. Just where the mountain sinks upon the plain, the citadel stands on its last eminence, and widely spread beneath lies the city—a forest of minarets, with palm-trees intermingled, and the domes of innumerable mosques rising and glittering over the sea of houses. Here and there, green gardens are islanded within that ocean, and the whole is girt round with picturesque towers, and ramparts occasionally revealed through vistas of the wood of sycamores and fig-trees that surround it. From Boulac I was conveyed to the British Hotel at Cairo, the Englishman's home in Egypt, conducted by Mr Shepherd, the Englishman's friend in the East. The approach to Grand Cairo is charming and cheering, and altogether as fanciful as if I had been carried with Aladin's lamp in my hand through a fairy region to one of the palaces mentioned in the *Arabian Nights of Entertainment*. I passed along a broad level path, full of life and fancy, amid groves and gardens, and villas all glittering in grandeur. At every turn, something more Oriental and magnificent than anything I had yet seen presented itself. Along the level, broad highway, a masquerading-looking crowd was swarming towards Cairo. Ladies, wrapped closely in white veils, were carrying water on their heads. Long rows of dromedaries loaded with luggage were moving stately forward. Donkeys at full canter, one white man riding, and two black men driving and thumping the poor brutes most unmercifully with short thick sticks, were winding their way through the

silk, and veiled up to the eyes, were sitting astride on richly-caparisoned asses, shewing off with pomp a pair of yellow morocco slippers, which appeared on their feet from under their flowing robes. And before these, clearing the way, there were eunuch slaves crying: "Darak ya Khowaga-riglak! sheinlak!" which probably may mean: "Stand back, and let her ladyship pass!" There were walkers and water-carriers, with goat-skins full on their back; and fruit-sellers and orange-girls; and ourselves and others driving at full gallop, regardless of all the Copts, Abyssinians, Greeks, Turks, Parsees, Nubians, and Jews; which crowded the path. But curiosity of this sort is soon satisfied, and these novelties are passed, when I find myself in the midst of the city, more full of mud and misery, dark, dirty twisting lanes, arched almost over by verandas, and wretchedly paved or not paved at all, full of smells and disgusting sights—such as lean, mangy dogs, and ragged beggars quivering with lice, and poverty-stricken people; all this more than the whole world can produce anywhere else, not excepting even the Jewish city of Prague; which astonished me beyond comparison till I saw the poorer portions of Cairo.'

During his stay in Cairo, the doctor visited the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, the short journey being performed early in the morning, and with a guide. The toils and pleasures of the excursion are fairly described. 'I had read so much of the bulk of the Pyramids, and they now appeared so positively insignificant in their dimensions, that I felt mortified; but I remembered that I had the same impression many years ago when first approaching the Alps; and I began to consider, that as the extreme clearness of the atmosphere gave them the appearance of proximity in the far distance, so it would also partly account for the diminutive aspect they persisted in presenting. I dismounted, and scrambled up the bold ledge of rock, and found myself already a hundred feet above the level of the Nile. Here my Arab guide produced cold fowl, bread, wine, and Nile water in plenty at the foot of this mountain of stone, which now began to indicate its colossal magnitude. Standing beside the pyramid, and looking from the base to the top, and especially examining the vast dimensions of each separate stone, I thus obtained an adequate impression of the magnitude of its dimensions, which produced a calm and speechless but elevated feeling of awe. The Arabs, men, women, and children, came crowding around me; but they seemed kind and inoffensive. I was advised to mount up to the top before the sun gained strength; and, skipping like chamois on a mountain, two Arabs took hold of me by each wrist, and a third lifted me up from behind, and thus I began, with resolution and courage, to ascend the countless layers of huge stones which tower and taper to the top. Every step was three feet up at a bound; and, really, a perpendicular hop-step-and-jump of this sort was no joke, move after move continuing as if for ever. I found that the Arabs did not work so smoothly as I expected, and that one seemed at a time to be holding back, while another was dragging me up; and this soon became very tiresome. Perceiving that they changed their method, and I was directed to put my foot on the knee of one Arab, and another pulled me up by both hands, while a third pushed me behind, and thus I bounded on in my tread-mill of tedious and very tiresome exertion. I paused half-way to the top, and rested at the cave. I looked up and down with a feeling of awe, and now I felt the force of Warburton's remark, when he calls it the greatest wonder in the world. But in the midst of these common-place reflections, a fit of sickness came over me. Everything turned dark before me; and now for a moment my courage failed me; and when looking at my three savage companions—for my guide and his friend were sitting below finishing the fragments of my

breakfast, and the donkeys were munching beans—I felt myself alike destitute of comfort and protection; and when they put forth their hands to lift my body, I verily thought myself a murdered man. When I came out of my faint, I found that they had gently turned me on my belly, with my head flat upon the rock, and that they had been sprinkling my face and breast with water. A profuse perspiration broke out, and I felt myself relieved. I rested ten or fifteen minutes, and hesitated for a moment whether to go up or down; but I had determined that I should reach the top, if I should perish in the attempt. I resumed, therefore, the ascent, but with more time and caution than before; and fearing to look either up or down, or to any portion of the frightful aspect around, I fixed my eye entirely on each individual step before me, as if there had been no other object in the world besides. To encourage me by diverting my attention, the Arabs chanted their monotonous songs, mainly in their own language, interspersed with expressions about buckshish, "Englese good to Arabs," and making signs to me every now and then how near we were getting to the top. After a second *duam*, a rest and a draught of water prepared me for another effort at ascending; and now, as I advanced, my ideas began to expand to something commensurate with the grandeur and novelty of the scene. When I reached the top, I found myself on a broad area of about ten yards in every way of massive stone-blocks broken and displaced. Exhausted and overheated, I laid me down, panting like a greyhound after a severe chase. I bathed my temples, and drank a deep, cool draught of Nile water. After inhaling for a few minutes the fresh, elastic breeze blowing up the river, I felt that I was myself again. I rose, and gazed with avidity in fixed silence, north and south, east and west. And now I felt it very exhilarating to the spirit, when thus standing on a small, unprotected pavement so many hundred feet above the earth, and so many thousand miles from home, to be alone, surrounded only by three wild and ferocious-like savages. The Arabs knew as well as I did that my life and property were in their power; but they were kind, and proud of the confidence I had in them. They tapped me gently on the back, patted my head, kissed my hand, and then with a low, laughing, sinister growl, they asked me for buckshish, which I firmly refused; then they laughed, and sang and chatted as before. In calmly looking around me, one idea filled and fixed my mind, which I expressed at the time in one word—*magnificence!* I remained long at the top of the pyramid, and naturally felt elevated by the sublimity of the scenery around, and also by the thought, that I had conquered every difficulty, and accomplished my every purpose. The breeze was still cool, although the sun was now high in the sky. I laughed and talked with the Arabs; and advanced with them holding my two hands, to the very edge, and looked down the awful precipice. Here again, with a push, or a kick, or probably by withdrawing their hands, my days would have been finished; and I would have been buried in the Desert, among the ancient kings, or more likely worried up by hungry hyenas. I looked around at my leisure, and began carefully to read the names cut out on the stones, anxious to catch one from my own country, or of my acquaintance, but in this I did not succeed. Seeing me thus occupied, one of the Arabs drew from his pocket a large murderous-looking gully, and when he advanced towards me with it in his hand, had I believed the tenth part of what I had heard or read, I might have been afraid of my life. But with a laughing squeal, he pointed to a stone, as if to intimate that I should cut out my name upon it. Then very modestly he held out his hand for buckshish, and I thought him entitled to two or three piasters. . . . In coming down, I felt timid and giddy for awhile, and was afraid that I might meet the fate of the poor

officer from India, who, on a similar occasion, happened to miss his foot, and went bouncing from one ledge of stone to another, towards the bottom, like a ball, and that long after life was beaten out of him. Seeing this, the Arabs renewed their demand for buckshish, and with more perseverance than ever; but I was equally firm in my determination that more money they should not have till I reached the bottom. At last they took me by both hands as before, and conducted me carefully from step to step. By and by I jumped down from one ledge to another without their assistance, till I reached the mouth of the entrance to the interior. I descended this inlet somewhat after the manner of a sweep going down a chimney, but not quite so comfortable, I believe. In this narrow inclined plane, I not only had to encounter sand-flies, and every variety of vermin in Egypt, but I was afraid of serpents. The confined pass was filled, too, with warm dust, and the heat and smoke of the lights we carried increased the stifling sensation. In these circumstances, I felt anxious only to go as far as would enable me to fire a pistol with effect in one of the vaults. This is well worth while, inasmuch as the sound of the explosion was louder than the roar of a cannon. In fact, it almost rent the drum of my ears, and rolled on like thunder through the interior of the pyramid, multiplied and magnified as it was by a thousand echoes. The sound seemed to sink, and mount from cavity to cavity—to rebound and to divide—and at length to die in a good old age. The flash and the smoke produced, too, a momentary feeling of terror. Having performed this marvellous feat, I was nowise ambitious to qualify myself further for giving a description of the interior.

After visiting Suez, the author returned to Cairo, descended to the coast of the Levant, and took shipping for Jaffa, on the route to Jerusalem. Every point of interest in the holy city is described as minutely as could be desired. Next, there was a visit to the Dead Sea, regarding which there occur some sagacious remarks. The doctor repudiates the ordinary belief, that the waters of this famed lake are carried off by exhalation. Six million tons of water are discharged every day by the Jordan into the Dead Sea; and to suppose that this vast increase is wholly exhaled, seems to him absurd. He deems it more likely that the lake issues by subterranean passages into the Red Sea. The only remark that occurs to us on this point is, that the saltness of the lake must be held as a proof that there is at least a large exhalation from the surface.

Dr Aiton also visited Bethlehem, where he saw much to interest him; and had the satisfaction of being hospitably entertained by the fathers of the Greek convent. 'I left the convent,' he says, 'soothed and satisfied much with all that I had seen, and went round to take a parting and more particular view of the plain where the shepherds heard the angels proclaim: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!" The plain is still mainly under pasture, fertile and well watered, and there I saw shepherds still tending their flocks. These shepherds have great influence over their sheep. Many of them have no dogs. Their flocks are docile and domestic, and not as the black-faced breed of sheep in Scotland, scouring the hills like cavalry. The shepherd's word spoken at any time is sufficient to make them understand and obey him. He sleeps among them at night, and in the morning he leadeth them forth to drink by the still waters, and feedeth them by the green pastures. He walks before them slow and stately; and so accustomed are the sheep to be guided by him, that every few bites they take they look up with earnestness to see that he is there. When he rests during the heat of the day in a shady place, they lie around him chewing the cud. He has generally two or three favourite lambs which don't mix with the flock, but frisk and fondle at his heel. There is a

tender intimacy between the Ishmaelite and his flock. They know his voice, and follow him, and he careth for the sheep. He gathereth his lambs, and seeketh out his flock among the sheep, and gently leadeth them that are with young, and carrieth the lambs in his bosom. In returning back to Jerusalem, I halted on a rugged height to survey more particularly, and enjoy the scene where Ruth went to glean the ears of corn in the field of her kinsman Boaz. Hither she came for the beginning of barley harvest, because she would not leave Naomi in her sorrow. "Entreat me not to leave thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." How simple and tender! Here, when looking around me, honoured I felt for ever be her memory, not only for these touching sentiments, worthy of our race even before the fall, and when the image of God was not yet effaced; but also in respect that she who uttered these words was the great-grandmother of David, and as of the generation of Jesus. Here also I looked back to the city of Bethlehem with lingering regret, uttering a common-place farewell to the scene, but never to its hallowed recollections.

We may conclude our extracts with a passage descriptive of the doctor's departure from the Holy Land, from which it will be seen that he was not indisposed to keep his part when necessity demanded. 'The steamer *Levant* was ordered to sail at midnight on the day it arrived at Jaffa, and there was a vast crowd and great confusion at the embarkation. All the villainy of the Arab watermen was in active operation. With the assistance of Dr Kiat's Italian servant, an arrangement had been made that I and my friend were to be taken out to the steamer for a stipulated sum; but while all the boats of the natives were going off, ours was still detained at the pier under a variety of flimsy pretences. Then a proposal was made to carry the luggage back to the shore, and to take away the boat somewhere else, a promise being given by the Arabs that they would return with it in plenty of time to take us on board before midnight. By this time, I was too old a traveller amid ruffians of this sort to permit so simple a fraud to be perpetrated. The crew insisted on taking hold of the oars, and my friend and I persisted in preventing them. We soon saw that nothing but determined courage would carry the day. I therefore did not hesitate to grasp the skipper firmly by the throat till I almost choked him, threatening to toss him headlong into the sea. We also threatened loudly to go back to the English consul, and to have them punished for their conduct. Awed a little, and seeing that we were not to be so easily done as they expected, notwithstanding that we had been so simple as to pay our fare before we started, they did at last push off the boat; but it was only after a fashion of their own. Every forty yards their oars struck work, and they demanded more money. The sea was rough even beyond the breakers, and the gravestone which I had seen in the garden at Jaffa was enough to convince me, that the guiding of a boat by savages in the dark, through the neck of such a harbour, with whirling currents and terrifying waves, was a matter of considerable danger. There was no remedy for it, but continuing to set the crew at defiance, knowing that they could not upset the boat without endangering their own lives as well as ours. They wetted us, however, purposely, with the spray, and did their best to frighten us, by rocking the boat like a cradle. First one piaster (about twopence-halfpenny) was given to the skipper, then the boat was advanced about a hundred yards, when the oars were laid down once more. Another row was the consequence, at the end of which another piaster was doled out to him, and forward we moved

till we were fairly within cry of the ship, when I called out for assistance, and they pushed as directly alongside, behind the paddle-box. Here again they detained the luggage, and demanded more buckshish; but I laid hold of the rope hanging down from the rails of the steamer, and crying to my companion to sit still and watch our property, I ran up the side of the ship and called for the master, knowing that the captain was on shore. Looking down upon them, he threatened to sink them in the ocean if they did not bring everything on deck in a minute. When I saw the portmanteaus brought up, and my friend and I safely on board, I thought that all was well enough, although we had got a ducking in the surf; but in a little, my friend found that he had been robbed of his purse, containing two sovereigns and some small money; but nobody could tell whether this had been done in the crowd on the pier, or when he was in the boat, or when helped up the side of the ship. The anchor was weighed about midnight, and we steamed along the coast of Samaria, towards the once famous city and seaport of Herod.'

Having taken the liberty to be jocular on the doctor's oddities of expression, we beg to say, that notwithstanding these and other eccentricities, the work he has produced is well worthy of perusal, and of finding a place in all respectable libraries.

GLEANNING IN SCOTLAND.

BY A PRACTITIONER.

LIKE most other ubiquitous customs, corn-gleaning has been frequently described by the painter and the poet, yet I much question whether in any case the picture is true to nature. A certain amount of idealism is infused into all the sketches—indeed, in the experience of numbers of readers, this is the sole feature in most of them. Such a defect is easily accounted for. Those who have depicted the custom were practically unacquainted with its details, and invariably made the sacred story the model of their picture, without taking into consideration the changes induced by time or local peculiarity. Even the beautiful and glowing description of English corn-gleaning given by Thomson, is felt by practical observers to be greatly too much of the Oriental hue, too redolent of the fragrance of a fanciful Arcadia. It is a pity that this interesting custom is not more faithfully transcribed into our national poetry; and it is with the hope that a future Burns may make the attempt, that the writer of this article ventures to give a short history of his gleaning-days, believing the subject to be interesting enough to engage the attention of the general reader.

Though born amid the grandeur and sublimity of Highland scenery, I was, at a very early age, brought to reside in a small village on the east coast—small now, but once the most famous and important town in that part of Scotland. Among the scenes of their times, none stand out more vividly than the 'gathering days'—the harvest of the year's enjoyment—the time when a whole twelvemonth's happiness was concentrated in the six weeks' vacation of the village school. I do not recollect the time when I began to glean—or *gather*, as it is locally termed—probably I would, when very young, follow the others to the near farms, and gradually become, as I grew older, a regular gleaner. At that time the parishes of our district were divided into two gangs or parties. One of these was headed by four old women, whose shearing-days were past; and as they were very peaceable, decent bodies, it was considered an honour to get attached to their band. The other was composed of the wilder spirits of the place, who thought nothing of jumping dikes, breaking hedges, stealing turnips, and committing other depredations on the farms which they visited. Fortunately, my quiet

disposition, and supposed good character, procured my admittance into the more respectable gang; and I had the honour of sharing its fortunes during the five or six years I continued a gleaner. I was surprised to see one of these old ladies toddling about the village only a few weeks ago, though her gathering-days are long since past. She is the last survivor of the quorum, and is now fast fading into dotage.

Although the two gleanings-parties never assumed a positive antagonism, they took care to conceal their movements from each other as well as possible. When one of our party received information of a field being 'ready,' the fact was secretly conveyed to all the members, with an injunction to be 'in such a place at such an hour' on the following morning; and the result generally was, that we had a considerable portion of the field gleaned before the other gang arrived. But we did not always act on previous information. Many a morning we departed on the search, and frequently wandered all day without 'lifting a head.' These were the best times for us young ones, whose hearts were too light to care for more than the fun of the thing, as we then had a glorious opportunity of getting a feast of bramble-berries and wild raspberries in the woods and moors; but to the older members of our party the disappointment was anything but pleasant.

I have spoken of a field being *ready*. Now, to some readers, this may convey a very erroneous idea. We learn that in early times not only were the gleaners admitted among the sheaves, or allowed to 'follow the shearers,' as the privilege is now termed, but, in a certain instance, the reapers were commanded to leave a handful now and then for the gleaner. Now, that custom is entirely changed: the sheaves are all taken away from the field; and instead of the reapers leaving handfuls expressly for the gleaners, the farmer endeavours by raking to secure as much as possible of what they accidentally leave on the stubble. I am not inclined to quarrel with the condition that requires the stooks to be removed ere the gleaners gain admittance; because many would be tempted to pilfer, and besides, the ground on which they stand could not be reached. But there is no doubt that the custom of gleaning was originally a public enactment; while the fact that it has spread over the whole earth, and descended to the present time, shews that it still exists on the statute-book of justice, in all the length and breadth of its original signification; and it amounts almost to a virtual abrogation of the privilege when the stubble is thus cleaned. At all events, if these sentiments are not in consonance with the new lights of the day, let them be pardoned in a *ci-devant* gleaner.

Upon arriving at a field, our first object was to choose a locality. If we were first on the ground, we took a careful survey of its geographical position, and acted accordingly. When the field was level, and equally exposed, it mattered little to what part we went; but in the event of its being hilly, or situated near a wood, we had to consider where the best soil lay, and where the sun had shone most. It was in the discovery of these important points that the sagacity and experience of our aged leaders were most brilliantly displayed, and gave to our party an immense superiority over the other, whose science was much more scanty; it therefore happened that we had generally the largest quantity and best quality of grain. These preliminaries being settled—and they generally took less time than I have done to write—we began work, commencing, of course, at the end of the field by which we entered, and travelling up or down the rigs.

The process of gleanng may be generally considered a very simple one; but in this, as in everything else, some knowledge is necessary, and no better proof of

this could be had, than in the quantities gathered by different persons in the same space of time. A careless or inexperienced gatherer could easily be detected by the size and *shape* of his single. The usual method practised by a good gleaner was as follows:—Placing the left hand upon the knee, or behind the back, the right was used to lift the ears, care being taken to grasp them close by the 'neck.' When the right hand had gathered perhaps twenty or thirty ears, these were changed into the left hand; the right was again replenished from the ground; and this process was continued till the left was full, or rather till the gleaner heard one of his or her party exclaim: 'Tie!' when the single was obliged to be completed. Thus it is clear that a good eye and a quick hand are essential to a good gleaner.

Whenever one of the members of the party found that the left hand was quite full, he or she could compel the others to finish their singles whether their hand was full or not, by simply crying the aforementioned word 'Tie!' At this sound, the whole band proceeded to fasten their bundles, and deposit them on the rig chosen for their reception. The process of 'tying' it is impossible to explain on paper; but I can assure my readers it afforded great scope for taste and ingenuity. Few, indeed, could do it properly, though the singles of some were very neat. The best 'tyer' in our party, and indeed in the district, was a little, middle-aged woman, who was a diligent, rapid gatherer, and generally the first to finish her handful. Her singles were perfectly round, and as flat at the top as if laid with a plummet. Having finished tying, we laid down our singles according to order, so that no difficulty might be felt in collecting them again, and so proceeded with our labour.

When we got to the end of the field, the custom was, to finish our handfuls there, and retrace our steps for the purpose of collecting the deposits, when each of us tied up our collected bundles at the place from which we originally started. To the lover of the picturesque, the scene while we sat resting by the hedge-side, was one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. Spread over the field in every direction were the gleaners, busily engaged in their cheerful task; while the hum of their conversation, mingling with the melody of the insect world, the music of the feathery tribes, and the ripple of the adjoining burn, combined to form a strain which I still hear in the pangs of life.

On our homeward road from a successful day's gathering, how merry we all were, in spite of our tired limbs and the load upon our heads! Indeed it was the load itself that made us glad; and we should have been still merrier if that had been heavier. How sweet it was to feel the weight of our industry—no burden could possibly be more grateful; and I question much whether that was not the happiest moment in Ruth's first gleanng-day, when she trudged home to her mother-in-law with the ephah of barley, the produce of her unflagging toil.

When harvest was over, and the chill winds swept over cleared and gleaned fields, our bond of union was dissolved, each retired to his respective habitation, and, like Ruth, 'beat out that he had gleaned.' In many cases, the result was a sufficient supply of bread to the family for the ensuing winter. It was singular that, during the rest of the year, little or no intercourse was maintained between those who were thus associated during harvest. They lived together in the same degree of friendship as is common among villagers, but I could never observe any of that peculiar intimacy which it was natural to suppose such an annual combination would create. They generally returned to their ordinary occupations, and continued thus till the sickle was again heard among the yellow corn, and the *stacks* were growing in the barn-yard.

Then, as if by instinct, the members of the various bands, and the independent stragglers, left their monotonous tasks, and eagerly entered on the joys and pleasures of the gathering-days.

I might add many reminiscences of the few seasons I spent in this manner; but I am afraid that, however interesting they might prove in rural districts, they are too simple to interest the general reader. Let me observe, however, before concluding, that the great majority of the farmers at the present day are decidedly unfavourable to gleaming, although the veneration that is generally entertained for what is ancient, and the traditionary sacredness which surrounds this particular custom, prevent them from openly forbidding its continuance. They have introduced, however, laws and rules which infringe sadly its original proportions, and which, in many instances, are made the instruments of oppression.

WOMEN IN SAVAGE LIFE.

The division of labour between the man and wife in Indian life is not so unequal, while they live in the pure hunter state, as many suppose. The large part of a hunter's time, which is spent in seeking game, leaves the wife in the wigwam, with a great deal of time on her hands; for it must be remembered that there is no spinning, weaving, or preparing children for school—no butter or cheese making, or a thousand other cares which are inseparable from the agricultural state, to occupy her skill and industry. Even the art of the seamstress is only practised by the Indian woman on a few things. She devotes much of her time to making moccasins and quill-work. Her husband's leggins are carefully ornamented with beads; his shot-pouch and knife-sheath are worked with quills; the hunting-cap is garnished with ribbons; his garters of cloth are adorned with a profusion of small white beads, and coloured worsted tassels are prepared for his leggins. In the spring, the corn-field is planted by her and the youngsters, in a vein of gaiety and frolic. It is done in a few hours, and taken care of in the same spirit. It is perfectly voluntary labour, and she would not be scolded for omitting it; for all labour with Indians is voluntary.—*Schoolcraft's Indian Tribes.*

LANGUAGE OF THE LAW.

If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, 'I give you that orange,' which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology 'an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein,' the phrase would run thus:—'I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and as effectually as I, the said A. B., am now inclined to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, or pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding;' with much more to the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

CHANCES OF LIFE IN AMERICA.

10,268 infants are born on the same day and enter upon life simultaneously. Of these, 1243 never reach the anniversary of their birth; 9025 commence the second year; but the proportion of deaths still continues so great, that at the end of the third only 8183, or about four-fifths of the original number, survive. But during the fourth year the system seems to acquire more strength, and the number of deaths rapidly decreases. It goes on decreasing until twenty-one, the commencement of maturity and the

period of highest health. 7134 enter upon the activities and responsibilities of life—more than two-thirds of the original number. Thirty-five comes, the meridian of manhood, 6302 have reached it. Twenty years more, and the ranks are thinned. Only 4727, or less than half of those who entered life fifty-five years ago, are left. And now death comes more frequently. Every year the ratio of mortality steadily increases, and at seventy there are not 1600 survivors. A scattered few live on to the close of the century, and at the age of one hundred and six the drama is ended; the last man is dead.—*Albany Journal.*

A SONG.

THE little white moon goes climbing
Over the dusky cloud,
Kissing its fringes softly,
With a love-light, pale as shroud—
Where walks this moon to-night, Annie?
Over the waters bright, Annie?
Does she smile on your face as you lift it, proud!
God look on thee—look on thee, Annie!
For I shall look never more!

The little white star stands watching
Ever beside the moon;
Hid in the mists that shroud her,
And hid in her light's mid-noon:
Yet the star follows all heaven through, Annie,
As my soul follows after you, Annie,
At moon-rise and moon-set, late and soon:
Oh, God watch thee, God watch thee, Annie,
For I can watch never more!

The purple-black sky folds loving,
Over far sea, far land;
The thunder-clouds, looming eastward,
Like a chain of mountains stand.
Under this July sky, Annie,
Do you hear waves lapping by, Annie?
Do you walk, with the hills on either hand?
Oh, God love thee, God love thee, Annie,
For I love thee evermore!

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS.

Quakerism is favourable to longevity, it seems. According to late English census returns, the average age attained by members of this peaceful sect in Great Britain is fifty-one years, two months, and twenty-one days. Half of the population of the country, as is seen by the same returns, die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of human life the world over is but thirty-three years; Quakers, therefore, live a third longer than the rest of us. The reasons are obvious enough. Quakers are temperate and practical, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. Quakers, in the very midst of the week's business—on Wednesday morning—retire from the world, and spend an hour or two in silent meditation at the meeting-house. Quakers are diligent; they help one another, and the fear of want does not corrode their minds. The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensity, but preserve a composed demeanour always. Is it surprising that their days should be long in the land?—*National Intelligencer.*

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PRESERVED MEATS AND MEAT-BISCUITS.

THE many-headed public look out for 'nine days' wonders,' and speedily allow one wonder to obliterate the remembrance of that which preceded it. So it is with all newspaper topics, and so it has been in respect to the preserved-meat question. We all know how great was the excitement at the commencement of the present year on this matter. Ships' accounts overhauled; arctic stores re-examined; canisters opened and rejected; contracts inquired into; statements and counter-statements published; questionings of Admiralty officials in the two Houses of Parliament; reports published by committees; recommendations offered for future guidance; descriptions of the preserving processes at different establishments: all went the round of the newspapers, and then the topic was forgotten. It deserves to be held in remembrance, however, for the subject-matter is really important and valuable, in respect not only to the stores for shipping, but to the provisioning of large or small bodies of men under various exceptional circumstances.

A few of the simple laws of organic chemistry suffice to account for the speedy decay of dead animal substances, and for the methods whereby this decay is retarded or prevented. In organized substances, the chemical atoms combine in a very complex but unstable way; several such atoms group together to form a proximate principle, such as gluten, albumen, fibrin, &c.; and several of these combine to form a complete organic substance. The chemical rank-and-file, so to speak, forms a battalion, and two or more battalions form the chemical army. But it is a law in chemistry, that the more complex a substance becomes, the less stable is its constitution, or the sooner is it affected by disturbing influences. Hence organic substances are more readily decomposed than inorganic. How striking, for instance, are the changes easily wrought in a few grains of barley. They contain a kind of starch or fecula; this starch, in the process of malting, becomes converted into a kind of sugar; and from this malt-sugar or transformed starch, may be obtained ale or beer, gin or whiskey, and vinegar, by various processes of fermenting and distilling. The complex substance breaks up through very slight causes, and the simple elements readjust themselves into new groupings. The same occurs in animal as in vegetable substances, but still more rapidly, as the former are more intricate in composition than the latter, and are held together by a weaker tie.

What the 'vital principle' may be, neither chemists nor physiologists can tell us with any great degree of clearness; but it is this vital principle, whatever it

may be, which prevents decay in a living organic substance, however complex. When life departs, the onslaught begins; the defender has been removed, and a number of assailants make their appearance. Air, heat, and moisture are the principal of these; they attack the dead organism, and gradually convert it into wholly different and inorganic compounds, such as water, carbonic acid, ammonia, phosphuretted hydrogen, and many others. What, then, would result if these disturbers could be warded off, one or all? It is now pretty well ascertained, that if any one of the three—air, heat, moisture—be absent, the decay is either greatly retarded or indefinitely postponed; and we shall find that in all antiseptic or preserving processes, the fundamental principle has simply such an object in view.

Sometimes the operation of natural causes leads to the preservation of dead animal substances for a great length of time, by excluding one out of the above three disturbing influences. If heat be so deficient that the animal juices become wholly frozen up, the substance is almost proof against decay. Thus, about seventy years ago, a huge animal was found imbedded in the ice in Siberia: from a comparison of its skeleton with those of existing species, Cuvier inferred that this animal must have been antediluvian; and yet, so completely had the cold prevented putrefaction, that dogs willingly ate of the still existing flesh. At St Petersburg, when winter is approaching, the fish in the markets become almost like blocks of ice, so completely are they frozen; and in this state they will remain sound for a lengthened period. Dead poultry, and other articles of animal food, are similarly kept fresh throughout the winter in many rigorous climates, simply by the powerlessness of the attacking agents, when heat is not one of the number. And that which nature effects on a large scale, may reasonably be imitated by man on a more limited one. It is customary to pack many kinds of provisions in ice or snow, either for keeping them in storehouses, or for sending them to market. Thus it is with the tubs of poultry, of veal, and of other kinds of meat, which, killed in the country districts of Russia in autumn, are packed in snow to keep cool till sold at market; and thus it is with much of the salmon sent from Scotland to London. Since the supply of excellent ice from Wenham Lake, commenced about nineteen years ago, has become so abundant and so cheap, it is worth a thought whether the preservative powers of cold might not advantageously be made more available in this country than they have yet been. In the United States, housewives use very convenient refrigerators or ice-boxes, provided with perforated shelves, under which ice is set, and upon

which various provisions are placed: a large uncooked joint of meat is sometimes kept in one of these boxes for weeks. Among the celebrities of the Crystal Palace, many will recollect Masters's elegant ice-making machine, in which, by combining chemical action with centrifugal motion, ice can be made in a few minutes, let the heat of the weather be what it may. This machine, and the portable refrigerators manufactured by the Wenham Company, together with our familiar, old-fashioned ice-houses, might supply us with much more preservative power, in respect to articles of food, than we have hitherto practically adopted.

If, instead of watching the effects produced by abstraction of heat, we direct attention to the abstraction of moisture, we shall find that antiseptic or preservative results are easily obtainable. All kinds of bacon and smoked meats belong to the class here indicated. The watery particles are nearly or quite driven out from the meat, and thus one of the three decomposing agents is rendered of no effect. In some cases, the drying is not sufficient to produce the result, without the aid of the remarkable antiseptic properties of salt; because decomposition may commence before the moisture is quite expelled. In many parts of the country, hams are hung within a wide-spreading chimney, over or near a turf-fire, and where a free current of air, as well as a warm temperature, may act upon them; but the juices become dissipated by this rude process. Simple drying, without the addition of salt or any condiment, is perhaps more effectual with vegetable than with animal substances.

But it is under the third point of view that the preservative process is more important and interesting, inasmuch as it admits of a far more extensive application. We speak of the abstraction of air. Atmospheric air affects dead organic matter chiefly through the agency of the oxygen which forms one of its constituents; and it is principally to insure the expulsion of oxygen that air is excluded. The examples which illustrate the resulting effects are numerous and varied. Eggs have been varnished so as to exclude air, and have retained the vital principle in the chick for years; and it is a familiar domestic practice, to butter the outside of eggs as a means of keeping them. The canisters of preserved provisions, however, are the most direct and valuable result of the antiseptic action by exclusion of air. The Exhibition Jury on Class 3, in their Report on this subject, speak thus warmly thereupon:—'It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of these preparations. The invention of the process by which animal and vegetable food is preserved in a fresh and sweet state for an indefinite period, has only been applied practically during the last twenty-five years, and is intimately connected with the annals of arctic discovery. The active measures taken to discover a north-west passage, and to prosecute scientific research, in all but inaccessible regions, first created a demand for this sort of food; and the Admiralty stimulated the manufacturers to great perfection in the art. As soon as the value of these preparations in cold climates became generally admitted, their use was extended to hot ones, and for the sick on board ship under all circumstances. Hitherto they had been employed only as a substitute for salt beef or pork at sea, and if eaten on shore, it was at first as a curiosity merely. Their utility in hot climates, however, speedily became evident; especially in India, where European families are scattered, and where, consequently, on the slaughter of a large animal, more is wasted than can be consumed by a family of the ordinary number.'

Whatever improvements may have been introduced by later manufacturers, the principle involved in the meat-preserving processes is nearly as M. Appert established it forty years ago. His plan consisted in removing the bones from the meat; boiling it to

nearly as great a degree as if intended for immediate consumption; putting it into jars; filling up the jars completely with a broth or jelly prepared from portions of the same meat; corking the jars closely; incasing the corks with a luting formed of quicksilver and cheese; placing the corked jars in a boiler of cold water; boiling the water and its contents for an hour; and then allowing the cooling process to supervene very gradually.

Until the recent disclosures concerning the preserved meats in the government depôts, the extent of the manufacture, or rather preparation, was very little known to the general public. In the last week of 1851, an examination, consequent on certain suspicions which had been entertained, was commenced at the victualling establishment at Gosport. The canisters—for since Appert's time stone jars have been generally superseded by tin canisters—contain on an average about 10 pounds each; and out of 643 of these which were opened on the first day's examination, no fewer than 573 were condemned as being utterly unfit for food. On the next day, 734 were condemned out of 779; and by the fourth day, the number examined had risen to 2707, of which only 197 were deemed fit for food. Such wretched offal had been packed in the canisters, instead of good meat, that the stench arising from the decomposing mass was most revolting; the examiners were compelled to use Sir William Burnett's disinfecting fluid abundantly, and even to suspend their labours for two or three days under fear of infection. The canisters formed part of a supply sent in by a contractor in November 1850, under a warrant that the contents would remain good for five years; the filling of the canisters was understood to have been effected at Galatz, in Moldavia, but the contractor was in England. The supply amounted to 6000 canisters, all of which had to be examined, and out of which only a few hundred were found to contain substances fit for food. Instead of good meat, or in addition to a small quantity of good meat, the examiners found lung, liver, heart, tongue, kidney, tendon, ligament, palate, fat, tallow, coagulated blood, and even a piece of leather—all in a state of such loathsome putridity as to render the office of the examiners a terrible one.

Of course nothing can be predicated from such atrocities as these against the wholesomeness of preserved food; they prove only the necessity of caution in making the government contracts, and in accepting the supplies. The Admiralty shewed, during subsequent discussions, that large supplies had been received from various quarters for several years, for use on ship-board in long voyages and on arctic expeditions; that these had turned out well; and that the contractor who was disgraced in the present instance, was among those who had before fulfilled his contracts properly. Fortunately, there is no evidence that serious evil had resulted from the supply of the canisters to ships; the discovery was made in time to serve as a useful lesson in future to government officials and to unprincipled contractors.

The jury report before adverted to, points out how cheap and economical these preserved meats really are, from the circumstance, that all that is eatable is so well brought into use. It is affirmed by the manufacturers, that meat in this form supplies troops and ships with a cheaper animal diet than salt provisions, by avoiding the expense of casks, leakage, lime, bone, shrinkage, stowage, &c., which are all heavy items, and entail great waste and expenditure; and by a canister of the former being so much smaller than a cask of the latter, in the event of one bad piece of meat tainting the whole contents. The contents of all the cases, when opened, are found to have lost much of the freshness in taste and flavour peculiar to newly-killed meat; they are always soft, and eat as if overdone. As a matter of choice, therefore, few or no

persons would prefer meat in this state to the ordinary unpacked and recently-cooked state. But the important fact to bear in mind is, that the nutritious principles are preserved; as nutriment, they are unexceptionable, and they are often pleasantly seasoned and flavoured.

In the ordinary processes of preparation, as carried on in London and other places, the tin canisters have a minute hole, through which the air may be expelled, while the meat is simmering or boiling within; and in the case of poultry being preserved whole, extra precautions are necessary, to insure the expulsion of the air from the hollow bones of the birds. Soups are more easily prepared than solid meat, on account of the greater facility for getting rid of the confined air. The minute air-hole in the canister is soldered down when the process is completed.

M. Alexis Soyer, who has a notoriety in London as the prince of cooks, and a very ingenious man—a sort of Paxton of the kitchen—wrote to the daily journals, about the time of the disclosure at Gosport, to offer a few suggestions. He said: 'No canister ought to contain more than about six pounds of meat, the same to be very slightly seasoned with bay-salt, pepper, and aromatic herbs in powder, such as bay-thyme and bay-leaf, a small quantity of which would not be objectionable even for invalids. No jelly should be added to the meat; the meat, and the meat alone, should produce its own jelly. With the bones and trimmings of the above, a good stock should be made without vegetables, well reduced and skimmed, to form a very strong transparent demi-glaze; six-pound canisters should be filled with the same, bearing a special mark, and one of these allowed to every dozen of the others. This demi-glaze, when diluted in water, would make six gallons of very good broth, with which any kind of soup could be made in a very short time.' He also points out how the condition of the preserved meat may be guessed by the external appearance of the canister. If either the top or bottom of the canister be convex, like the upper surface of a watch-glass, the contents are in a state of decomposition; the bulging being occasioned by the gases generated during the chemical changes. If the contents of the canister be sound, the top and bottom will be either quite flat, or slightly concave.

The Jury on Food, at the Great Exhibition, had quite an *embarras des richesses*; they were surrounded by hundreds of canisters of preserved provisions, all of which they were invited to open and taste. They say, or their reporter says, that the merits of the contributions 'were tested by a selection from each; the cases were opened in the presence of the jury, and tasted by themselves, and, where advisable, by associates. The majority are of English manufacture, especially the more substantial viands; France and Germany exhibiting chiefly made-dishes, game, and delicacies—of meat, fish, soups, and vegetables.' It is an important fact for our colonies, that viands of this description are as well prepared in Australia, Van Diemen's Land, Canada, and the Cape of Good Hope, as in the mother-country. 'Animal food is most abundant and cheap in some of those colonies. In Australia, especially, during seasons of drought, it is wasted in extraordinary quantities; flocks are slaughtered for the tallow alone, and herds, for their bones and hides. Were the meat on these occasions preserved, it cannot be doubted that it could be imported into England, and sold at a cheaper rate than fresh meat in our metropolitan markets, to the great benefit of the lower-classes.' This is a statement well worth being borne in mind by some of those who are at present dazzled with gold-digging wonders.

In respect to the preserved meats at the Great Exhibition, many were merely cured or dried meats. From Canada, for instance, they comprised hams, bacon, tongues, and barrels of beef and pork. Among the miscellaneous contributions were grated beef, canisters

of fresh salmon, 'admirable boiled mutton in tin cases,' dried mullets, '*mouton rôti*,' fish, meats preserved in a fresh state by simple drying—on a plan practised in Switzerland—and preserved larks. Not the least remarkable was a preserved pig, which reclined in all its glory on the floor of the south-west gallery, and was a successful example of curing on a large scale. Still more striking than this, was the large partridge-pie, placed somewhat out of general notice in the 'Netherlands' department; a formidable pie it truly was, for it contained 150 partridges, with truffles, and weighed 250 pounds: it had been made a year before it was forwarded to London. But among the contributions more immediately relating to our present subject, may be mentioned those of Mr Gamble, which comprised, among others, a canister of preserved boiled mutton, which had been prepared for the arctic expedition in 1824; many such canisters were landed at Fury Beach in Prince Regent's Inlet; they were found by Sir John Ross at that spot in 1833 in a perfect state, and again by Sir James Ross in 1849, the meat being as sweet and wholesome as when prepared a quarter of a century before.

The range of these preserving processes is singularly wide and varied. If we take the trade-list of one of the manufacturers, such as that of Messrs Hogarth of Aberdeen, and glance through it, we shall find ample evidence of this. There are nearly twenty kinds of soups selling at about 2s. per quart-canister. There is the concentrated essence of beef, much more expensive, because containing the nutriment of so much more meat; and there are, for invalids, concentrated broths of intermediate price. There are about a dozen kinds of fish, some fresh and some dried. There are various kinds of poultry, roast and boiled; hare, roast and jugged; and venison, hashed and minced. There are beef, veal, and mutton, all dressed in various ways, and some having the requisite vegetables canistered with them, at prices varying from 10d. to 15d. per pound. There are tongues, hams, bacon, kidneys, tripe, and marrow; and there are cream, milk, and marmalade. Lastly, there are such vegetables as peas, beans, carrots, turnips, cabbage, and beet, at 6d. to 1s. per pound-canister. The canisters for all these various provisions contain from one pound to six pounds each. It was Messrs Hogarth, we believe, who supplied the preserved meats and vegetables to the arctic ships under Sir E. Belcher which sailed in the spring of 1852.

M. Brocchière, a French manufacturer, has lately extended these economical processes so far, as to attempt to produce concentrated food from the blood of cattle. He dries up the liquid or serous portions of the blood, and forms into a cake, with admixture of other substances, the coagulable portion, which contains fibrin, the source of flesh and muscle. Unless a more delicate name could be given to this preparation, prejudice would have some influence in depriving it of the chance of fair play. The dry blood is in some cases combined with a small portion of flour, and made into light dry masses, like loaves or cakes, to be used as the basis of soups; while in other cases it is combined with sugar, to make sweet biscuits and bon-bons. Another kind of preserved animal fluid is the *osmazome*, prepared by Messrs Warriner and Soyer. This consists of the nutritious matter or juice of meat, set free during the operation of boiling down fat for tallow in Australia; it is afterwards concentrated, and preserved in the form of sausages. A great amount of nutriment is thus obtained in a portable form; when boiled with gelatine, it forms a palatable diet, and it is also used to form a gravy for meat.

Masson's method of preserving vegetables seems to be very effective, as applied to white and red cabbages, turnips, Brussels sprouts, and such like. The process, as conducted in France, is very simple. The vegetables

are dried at a certain temperature (104 to 118 degrees Fahrenheit), sufficient to expel the moisture without imparting a burnt taste; and in this operation they lose nearly seven-eighths of their original weight. The vegetables are then pressed forcibly into the form of cakes, and are kept in tinfoil till required for use. These vegetables require, when about to be eaten, rather more boiling than those in the ordinary state. Some of the French ships of war are supplied with them, much to the satisfaction of the crews. Dr Lindley has stated, on the authority of a distinguished officer in the antarctic expedition under Sir James Ross, that although all the preserved meats used on that occasion were excellent, and there was not the slightest ground for any complaint of their quality, the crew became tired of the meat, but never of the vegetables. 'This should shew us,' says Dr Lindley, 'that it is not sufficient to supply ships' crews with preserved meats, but that they should be supplied with vegetables also, the means of doing which is now afforded.' Generally speaking, the flavour of preserved vegetables, whether prepared on Masson's or on any other process, is fresher than that of the meats—especially in the case of those which abound in the saccharine principle, as beet, carrot, turnips, &c. The more farinaceous vegetables, such as green peas, do not preserve so well.

One of the most remarkable, and perhaps valuable recent introductions, in respect to preserved food, is the American *meat-biscuit*, prepared by Mr Borden. A *biscuit-beef* is prepared by a Frenchman, M. Du Liscoet, resembling an ordinary coarse ship-biscuit; but this is said to have 'an animal, salt, and not very agreeable taste.' The American meat-biscuit, however, is prepared in a way which renders its qualities easily intelligible. It contains in a concentrated form all the nutriment of meat, combined with flour. The best wheaten flour is employed, with the nutriment of the best beef, and the result is presented for use as food in the form of a dry, inodorous, flat, brittle cake, which will keep when dry for an unlimited period. When required for use, it is dissolved in hot water, boiled, and seasoned at pleasure, forming a soup about the consistence of sago. One pound of the biscuit contains the nutritive matter—fat excepted—of five pounds of prime beef, mixed with half a pound of wheaten flour. One ounce of the biscuit, grated and boiled in a pint of water, suffices to form the soup. It can also be used in puddings and sauces. The manufacture of the meat-biscuit is located at Galveston, in Texas, which abounds in excellent cattle at a very low price. It is said that the meat-biscuit is not liable to heating or moulding, like corn and flour, nor subject to be attacked by insects. The meat-biscuit was largely used by the United States' army during the Mexican campaign; the nutriment of 500 pounds of beef, with 70 pounds of flour, was packed in a twenty-two-gallon cask.

Dr Lindley, as one of the jurors for the Great Exhibition, and as a lecturer on the subject at the Society of Arts, commends the meat-biscuit in the very highest terms. 'I think I am justified in looking upon it,' he says, 'as one of the most important substances which this Exhibition has brought to our knowledge. When we consider that by this method, in such places as Buenos Ayres, animals which are there of little or no value, instead of being destroyed, as they often are, for their bones, may be boiled down and mixed with the flour which all such countries produce, and so converted into a substance of such durability that it may be preserved with the greatest ease, and sent to distant countries; it seems as if a new means of subsistence was actually offered to us. Take the Argentine Republic, take Australia, and consider what they do with their meat there in times of drought, when they cannot get rid of it while it is fresh; they may boil it down, and mix the essence

with flour—and we know they have the finest in the world—and so prepare a substance that can be preserved for times when food is not so plentiful, or sent to countries where it is always more difficult to procure food. Is not this a very great gain?' A pertinent question, which intelligent emigrants would do well to bear in mind.

THE BUYER OF SOULS:

A RUSSIAN STORY.

ALL over the world, the essential elements of human nature are the same. And it is very fortunate for me that they are so, else I should find myself in considerable difficulty in endeavouring to place before my readers a correct picture of the little, out-of-the-way town of Nikolsk. Making due allowances for the differences in national manners and customs; for Nikolsk being under the dominion of his autocratic majesty the emperor of all the Russias, instead of the mild, constitutional government of Queen Victoria, there is no great discrepancy between Nikolsk and any equally out-of-the-way town in England. It has the same dearth of excitement, the same monotonous uniformity of life; it lives in the same profound ignorance of the great incidents that the drama of human existence is developing on the theatre of the world at large; it has its priest, its doctor, its lawyer, its post-office where a seal is not so sacred as it might be, or rather where the problem of getting at the news, without breaking the wax, has been successfully solved; it has the same thirst for scandal, the same intense interest for the most contemptible trivialities, the same constantly impending danger of suicide from ennui, did not human nature adapt itself to its environments, and sink into pettiness as naturally as though there were no such things as towns and cities, and enlarged views of man and nature in the world: all these it has the same as any British Little Piddington. Then it has its circles of social intercourse, as rigidly defined and as intensely venerated as the rules of court precedence. The difference in the social scale between a landowner, a tenant, a member of the professions, a tradesman, a publican, a sweep, and a beggar, is accurately prescribed and religiously observed—with this addition, however, that in Nikolsk the owners of land are also owners of the serfs upon the land, and that the numerous representatives of that most centralised of all governments cut an important figure in the snobberies of the place. In fine, there is one little English word that describes Nikolsk completely, and that is—*dull*. It is dull—beyond comprehension dull. No town in the universe can be duller; because, from its quintessential dullness, there is but one step to total inanition.

Thus, in Nikolsk, the ancient saying, that there is nothing new under the sun, was daily and hourly verified. Week after week, and year after year, the governor pillaged the people; the inspector of churches pillaged the charities; the inspector of nuisances notoriously avoided inspecting at all, lest, by removing the need for his services should cease; the highway ground down the serfs; the tax-assessor ground down the landowners; and everybody, in return for the favour of a paternal government showered upon them by its immaculate representatives, cheated and deceived that government with a persistency and persistence approaching the sublime. Mothers of daughters in despair, for in Nikolsk there were no 'nice young men' no eligible matches; fathers of sons in despair, for as everybody robbed everybody, and the government robbed the robbers, there were no heirs; the fashions of 1820 in 1840, under the impression that they were the newest from Paris; the portion of the community were just beginning to read of Voltaire as a promising writer; and the

public laboured under the fixed idea, that somewhere or other Napoleon was still prosecuting his leviathan campaigns, happily *not* in Russia. The only thing that ever broke the monotony of existence was the prevalence of cholera, or the governor essaying some loftier flight of tyranny than usual by hanging up a score of defaulters to the revenue, or knouting a bevy of ladies whose tongues outran their prudence.

Such being the state of affairs in Nikolsk, it will be easily imagined, that when mine host of the Black Eagle, in a very important and mysterious manner, announced to a select few that a singular and eccentric stranger, rolling in money, had arrived at his hostelry, with the intention of staying some time in Nikolsk, the news flew like a telegraphic message, or a piece of scandal among a community of old maids, through the place; and that in a few hours after his arrival, nobody, from governor to serf, thought or spoke of anything or anybody else than the mysterious stranger, who, under the name of Tchitchikof, occupied the best suite of apartments in the Black Eagle, and, as the landlord affirmed on oath, was eccentric to a degree, and revelled in untold gold.

Now, whatever had been the station in society of M. Tchitchikof, his means or his idiosyncrasy, the mere fact of his being a stranger had been enough to make the good people of Nikolsk pounce down upon him like a hawk on its quarry, and morally tear him to pieces with rapacious analysis to satiate their ravenous curiosity. But as to the fact of his being a stranger, was added the piquancy of a reputation for eccentricity, and the irresistible recommendation of wealth, the Tchitchikof mania spread over all ranks of society, and raged with the fury of a tornado by the evening of the very day upon which the host of the Eagle first delighted them with the news. In fact, so intense was the rage regarding him, that the landlord of that hostelry reaped a fortune from the constant drain upon his potables by inquisitive callers, and would have assuredly ceased to dispense strong drinks for evermore, had not the governor, in his vexation at the sequel of Tchitchikof's visit, found some pretext to despoil him of his gains, and a good round sum to boot. Various were the speculations as to the occupations and antecedents of Tchitchikof, and the business that had called him to Nikolsk. Enterprising mothers of families hoped that he was a Cossack Cælebs in search of a wife, and began, on the strength of the surmise, to lay plots for ensnaring him, justly considering that a fool with money is preferable to a sage without; landowners trembled at the idea of his being a government assessor, come to examine into the state of the properties, and assess accordingly; while government employes, knowing too well that a paternal government does not tolerate plundering in subordinates, shuddered, conscience-stricken, at the idea that he must be a St Petersburg inspector, come to Nikolsk with powers of scrutiny, and equally unlimited powers of knouting. Every class, therefore, received with joy the assurance, that he was simply a private gentleman of fortune, travelling over Russia at his own sweet will. This mine host positively stated that he had heard Tchitchikof say with his own lips. This announcement delighted the officials and landowners, by removing their fears of the knout and taxes, and equally delighted the enterprising mammas, by increasing the probability of his visit being intimately connected with matrimonial intentions. It being thus definitely settled that there was nothing to be feared from Tchitchikof, the good folks of Nikolsk naturally took up the next position—that, being a stranger, and rich and eccentric, there was something to be gained from him. The leading passions of the Nikolskians being curiosity and avarice, their dealings with strangers were generally twofold—to scatter their ennui for a few days, by discovering their histories and affairs, and, where facts failed,

calling in the aid of fancy; and when there was nothing more to be discovered or invented, to lighten their money-chests by all the tyranny that power dare venture on, or the effrontery that cunning could devise and execute. Their curiosity regarding Tchitchikof was soon baffled, by discovering, like Socrates, that all they knew was, that nothing could be known. In vain did mine host essay to pump him: with a show of the most voluble confidence, Tchitchikof contrived always virtually to tell nothing. In vain the postmaster looked among the letters with a lynx eye; not one word of writing ever came to Tchitchikof through the medium of the post. Their knowledge of him speedily resolved itself into this: that he was a dashing, handsome young man, of most refined and polished manners, eminently gifted with that self-possession which is the never-failing accompaniment of good-breeding and intercourse with what is termed good society, elegant in dress, and, as the host of the Eagle announced, decidedly eccentric. This eccentricity manifested itself in one way, and one only, and that altogether incomprehensible to the greedy Nikolskians—namely, a morbid desire to part with his money. If Tchitchikof met a serf on the highway, he would offer him a ruble for a stick, a cap, or any other article he wore, intrinsically not worth a handful of corn; and when the bewildered serf hesitated, would manifest the utmost anger and impatience until he had gained possession of the coveted article. With possession, his value for it ceased, and the dear purchase was generally consigned to the fire a few minutes after it was bought. However varied his freaks might be in detail, in spirit they were ever essentially the same; they ever consisted in making some worthless piece of lumber an excuse for lightening his purse of a ruble or two.

The priest of the place was the first to find a solution of Tchitchikof's conduct. He asserted that Tchitchikof, in his love for money, had committed some fraud or some misdeed to obtain it, and that his conscience smiting him, he had sought ghostly solace from some minister, by whom he had been ordered, as adequate penance, to get off a certain portion per annum in bad bargains—thus at once doing good to the sellers and torturing the avaricious spirit of the penitential purchaser. To this the governor objected, with much force, that, money being the end of human existence, the gaining of it, by any means short of murder, must be laudable, and could sit heavily on no sane man's conscience; but being warned by the priest, that such arguments bordered on heresy, he shifted his ground, and maintained that Tchitchikof was much too young and too far from death to dream of penitence, even if he had committed such a crime; though he was evidently too reckless and devil-may-care to leave any dash of the miser in his composition. But the inspector of highways effectually knocked the clerical argument on the head, by saying, that had any priest thought it necessary, for the good of Tchitchikof's soul, that he should part with his money, he would have taken due care that, instead of it being squandered in Nikolsk, it had all gone to swell the revenues of Mother Church. The inspector of the hospital finally settled it to the satisfaction of all parties, by shewing, from attentive observation of Tchitchikof's conduct at the hospital, that he must be a monomaniac, whose particular insanity took the form of philanthropy; but that, believing that a gift debases the recipient, he dexterously contrived to give his assistance under the cloak of a purchase. Although his companions could not see how any man could be so insane as to fancy a serf could be debased, this opinion was unanimously adopted, and the whole community set their wits to work to make themselves objects of charity for the nonce, and so obtain a share in the plunder.

Space will not permit, neither would the end of our story be advanced by, a detail of the numerous and

adroit dodges the Nikolskians invented in order to work upon Tchitchikof's supposed philanthropy. Suffice it to say, that they were not in the least degree successful. It seemed as though you had only to appeal directly to Tchitchikof's charity to close up his bowels of compassion, and render him at once callous and niggardly. Perhaps, too, as some thought, he was as acute as he was eccentric, and could distinguish between real and feigned distress. However it might be, it was soon remarkably clear that Tchitchikof, madman though he was, was not to be done; and the baffled conspirators did not hesitate to say, that, after all, he was no such remarkable friend of his species; that he kept a keen eye on the main chance; and if it were his gratification to do good, he made a little go as far as it could, and was singularly blind to meritorious poverty. Accordingly, Tchitchikof having now been a fortnight in Nikolsk, was fast ceasing to be an object of interest, when his eccentricity broke out in a fresh place, and there seemed some likelihood of the children of Nikolsk, in the end, spoiling that Egyptian.

It so happened, that at that time the landowners, or rather serf-owners, constituted the most depressed 'interest' in that portion of the Russian Empire. Not that they were suffering from free-trade of any kind, or clamouring for open or disguised protection: the cause of their depression was the prevalence of a deadly epidemic, which reduced the number of their serfs with remorseless vigour—combined with the tax which a paternal government levied on them, as a consideration for its maintaining them in their humane and Christian property. One of the principles of Russian taxation is this: that as every individual in the empire, European or Asiatic, is the child of the czar, owes him fealty and obedience, and receives protection, light, and glory from him, as from a central sun, so every individual owes in return a direct contribution to the fund by which the czar-father supports that light and glory. This is the theory of Russian taxation; but against its actual carrying out in fact, is opposed the old difficulty, that from him who has nothing, nothing can possibly be extracted; and as the poor serfs have no more means of paying taxes than the hogs and cattle their fellow-slaves, a considerate paternal government drops its theory, and makes the landowner pay the poll-tax for the slaves he possesses, much as an English gentleman pays taxes for his horses and dogs, horses and dogs being as little able to pay tax themselves as the Russian serf. Now, in a kind of deep irony, a serf is called a *soul*. M. K—— or M. T—— owns so many *souls*, Miss L——'s marriage-portion was so many *souls*, Madame B——'s dowry was a hundred *souls*; and this word *soul* only applies to the male serfs—women and children being given in, or there being only one *soul* per family among serfs. Well, a landowner paying so much per *soul* to the government, and it being a work of much time and trouble to take a census of *souls* every year, an estimate is made at long intervals—say ten or twenty years—and the landowner is compelled to pay accordingly till the period expires, whether the number of his serfs increase or diminish. It is therefore self-evident, that if the former occur—that if his serfs propagate their species with due rapidity—the serf-owner is a clear gainer during the interval between the *soul*-censuses, as he will be paying tax for a given number, while he is actually reaping the profit of the labour of treble or quadruple that number; while, if cholera, fever, or any other of the ills that flesh, and especially serf-flesh, is heir to, come and slay their thousands, the exact converse obtains, and he will be paying tax for a certain number, while he only reaps the profit of a third. In the latter case were the landowners of Nikolsk. Cholera had more than decimated the serfs; the impoverished owners regarded their un-reaped fields and untilled lands and impoverished exchequers with a sigh—a sigh which deepened into

a shudder, when they reflected how soon the collector would arrive with his inexorable demand for *soul*-tax. The landed interest is in no country, we believe, celebrated for bearing reverses with dignified composure; and the depressed condition of the serf-owning interest was as much noised abroad in that district, as a certain professedly depressed interest connected with the soil has been, and is, in another country we know of much nearer home.

About a dozen miles from Nikolsk there dwelt a widow, Madame Korobotchka by name, who lived on her late husband's estate, and had suffered more than her neighbours by the prevalent serf mortality. Late one evening, when a violent storm was raging without, a stranger, who had been surprised in the storm, demanded the shelter of Madame Korobotchka's chateau till the morning; and as hospitality is a sacred duty in Russia, his demand was not only granted, but in a few minutes the stranger was seated as her *vis-à-vis* at the best repast her impoverished condition could afford.

'You appear to have a nice property here, *matouchka*,' said the stranger, by way of opening a conversation. 'How many peasants have you?'

'Peasants, *batiouchka*! At present, about eighty; but these are awful times. This year, we have had a frightful loss of them. Providence have pity on us!'

'Nevertheless, your men look well enough, and—But, pardon me—allow me to inquire to whom I am indebted for this hospitality? I am quite confused—arrived so suddenly and so late—I—'

'My name is Korobotchka—my paternal name Nastasie Petrovna.'

'Nastasie Petrovna! Beautiful name.'

'And you, sir?' inquired Nastasie. And then added, palpitating with terror: 'Are you—surely not—are you—an assessor?'

'O no!' was the reply. 'My name is Tchitchikof. I am no assessor; I travel on purely private business.'

'I see: you have come to buy. How annoying! I've just sold all my money to those thieves of merchants.'

'It is of no consequence. I do not buy honey.'

'Indeed! hemp, then? Dear me, and I have next to none.'

'Never mind, *matouchka*,' said Tchitchikof. 'My business in these parts is different. You were mentioning that you have had many deaths here?'

'Alas, yes! eighteen *souls*,' said Nastasie, sighing; 'and such fine fellows: and the worst is, I shall have to pay for them. The assessor arrives, you must pay what he demands—pay to a *soul*. Eighteen die—it is all one—you pay the same. They are frightful, they are ruinous, these deaths!'

'Ah, Nastasie,' said Tchitchikof, 'it is the will of God: we must not murmur against Providence! But tell me—will you let me have them?'

'Let you have what?'

'Your dead *souls*.'

'How can I let you have them?'

'Nothing easier. Sell them to me: I will give you money for them.'

'How! what! Do you want to disinter them?'

'Disinter them! what nonsense; no!' cried Tchitchikof. 'You hand them over to me by a regular conveyance, and I pay you whatever we agree upon for them.'

'And what will you do with them?' asked Nastasie in great surprise.

'That is my business,' said Tchitchikof.

'But you see they are dead.'

'And who, in the name of goodness, said they were living?' cried he. 'It's a misfortune for you that they are dead, isn't it? You pay the tax for them, don't you?—and that'll half-ruin you, you say. Well, I clear you of the tax for these eighteen dead ones—do you understand?—not only clear you of the tax, but give fifteen rubles into the bargain. Is that clear, or is it not?'

'No—yes—I can't tell what to say. You see, I have never sold *dead* peasants before, and'—

'It would be queer if you had,' cried Tchitchikof. 'Who'd buy them, do you think? It's my humour, my whim, to have them. I gain nothing by them—how can I?—and you gain everything. Cannot you see that?'

'Yes—but—really I don't know what to say. What puzzles me is, that they are dead.'

'She hasn't the brains of a bullock,' exclaimed Tchitchikof indignantly. 'Listen, *matouchka*. Pay attention. You pay for them as if they were living: that will ruin you.'

'Ah, that is true indeed, *batiouchka*. In three months, I must pay one hundred and fifty rubles, and bribe the assessor to boot.'

'Well, then, I save you all that trouble. I pay for these eighteen—I, not you. When you sign the contract, I hand over the money. Do you understand now?'

As Nastasie's cupidity excelled her stupidity, she did begin to understand; and after a little more hesitation and explanation, Tchitchikof drew up a formal conveyance of the eighteen souls, precisely as though they were bodies and souls, inserting their names, however, as a guarantee against his claiming any of Nastasie's living stock. Nastasie signed it, Tchitchikof paid the money, and, after a good night's rest, departed for Nikolsk, with the title-deed of the dead souls safely in his possession.

Of course this new freak of Tchitchikof's was soon noised abroad, and in the eyes of the Nikolskians proved two things:—1st, That he was unmistakably mad, or philanthropic to a high degree; 2d, That there was now a prospect of gaining something by said madness or philanthropy. Accordingly, all the serf-owners made it their business to drop in upon Tchitchikof in a purely casual manner; and contrived, after more or less higgling, to depart with a larger quantity of the current coin of Russia in their possession than they possessed on first seeking the interview. In a few days, Tchitchikof found himself possessed of 2000 souls, at the moderate cost of 19,500 rubles. Dead souls were getting quite a scarce article; and, on the true principles of supply and demand, some enterprising Nikolskians were about to import some defunct souls from a distance, when suddenly, one morning, the host of the Eagle announced, that at dead of the previous night, Tchitchikof had departed, bag and baggage and souls.

This sudden departure created a great sensation. All the old theories about Tchitchikof revived; and the general opinion seemed to be, that it was all a deep-laid scheme of some irresponsible man in authority, the end whereof was to be suffering in some shape or other to the good people of Nikolsk; until the inspector of the hospital, the Nikolsk Socrates, proved clearly, by unassailable argumentation, that Tchitchikof was mad; that his exit was in exact keeping with his conduct during his sojourn; and that they might repose in the peace of easy consciences, proud that they had made the most of his insanity.

Now for the *dénouement*. At St Petersburg is or was a bank established by a paternal government for this most laudable purpose: what with deaths, taxes, and the natural extravagance that seems to accompany the possession of land in all countries, the Russian landowners are often embarrassed, and were driven, before this bank was established, to seek assistance from usurious Jews, the end of which was frequently total ruin, and a Hebraicising of the race of landowners, not pleasant to a Russian and a Christian czar. Therefore this bank was established to lend money to distressed members of the landed interest; compelled by its charter to lend 200 rubles per soul, at a given interest and time, to every landowner who should deposit his title-deeds with the bank. On a certain day very soon after Tchitchikof's abrupt exit from

Nikolsk, a solicitor applies at this bank for a loan of 400,000 rubles on the security of 2000 souls. The title-deeds are examined—found correct; the money is paid; and in a few days afterwards M. Tchitchikof and the money are both out of the jurisdiction of the czar.

The time for repayment arrives. The bank hears nothing of M. Tchitchikof. A letter is sent to Nikolsk: no reply. Another of a threatening nature: still no reply. Finally, a special agent is despatched, and finds neither Tchitchikof nor security; but gradually collects the particulars of his visit, as narrated above, and returns to report progress, or no progress, to his superiors. There is nothing for it, one would think, but to write off the 400,000 rubles as a clear loss, and think no more of it. But a paternal government knows better than that. It adjudges that the Nikolskians are virtually accessories to the fraud; apportions the loan among the sellers of the souls, and compels repayment. So that the Nikolskians have to conclude, in reflecting on M. Tchitchikof, not without acerbity and a certain uncharitableness of spirit, that if he were a friend of his species, he limited his species to himself; and if he were mad, there was a very clear and profitable method in his madness.

Meantime the principal actor in this little Russian episode, as the Baron von Rabenstein, captivates the hearts of our English ladies at the ball-room, and empties the pockets of our English gentlemen at the *rouge et noir* table in the fashionable German watering-place of Lugundrugbad. And without disparaging his patriotism, or natural love of country, we believe we speak advisedly when we state, that he has not the slightest idea of returning, within anything like a limited period, to the territories of his autocratic majesty.

SPELLING-BOOK VERSUS HORN-BOOK.

Nothing is considered a more shocking mark of defective education than *false spelling*, or *bad spelling*, or *mis-spelling*—all which terms are used to express one's spelling a word in some way which the critic does not approve; that is, does not consider the right way. But this is plainly assuming that there is but one right way. Begging his pardon, is he quite certain that there must be true and false, good and bad, right and wrong ways of spelling every word in every language, or even in our own? It seems very doubtful. At all events, we must, I think, let the critic to his own particular period, and not let him range up and down at his pleasure, condemning the past and legislating for the future.

No doubt there is at this time a common and usual way of spelling most words, which may claim to be called the right way, or *orthography*. It is equally certain, that for any individual writer to depart from that way, is anything but a mark of wisdom. At the same time, it would not be difficult to specify a considerable number of words, of which the spelling has only recently been made what it is, and about which, even now, doubts may be raised.

But this is hardly worth mentioning, for it is clear that there is, generally speaking, a mode of spelling the English language which is followed by all well-educated persons; and as, according to Quintilian, the *consensus eruditorum* forms the *consuetudo sermonis*, so this usage of spelling, adopted by general consent of the learned, becomes a law in the republic of literature. My object is not to insist on what is so plain and notorious, but rather to call attention to a fact which many readers do not know, and many others do not duly consider. I mean this fact—that three or four hundred years ago there was no such settled rule. Not that a different mode was recognised, but that there was no recognised mode. There was no idea in the minds of persons who had occasion to write, that any such thing existed, for in fact it did not exist; and the adoption of this or that

mode was a matter of taste or accident, rather than of duty or propriety. Thus it was that the writer who spelt (or spelled, for we have some varieties still) a word variously in different parts of the same book or document, and even the printer whose own name appeared one way on the title-page and another on the colophon, was not contradicting his contemporaries or himself: he was not breaking the law, for there was none to break—or, at least, none that could be broken in that way. He would, perhaps, have said to the same effect, though not so elegantly as Quintilian: 'For my part, except where there is any established custom to the contrary, I think everything should be written as it is sounded; for the use of letters is to preserve sounds, and render them, as things which they have been holding in trust, to the reader.' In short, the people of England, in these old times, had a law of their own, though it did not manifest itself in a fixed mode of spelling, but differed from ours, and, indeed, was based on a very different principle. Perhaps I might say, that they were brought up, not to the Spelling-book, but the Horn-book.

By this, I mean that the critic of modern times has been no doubt well drilled in the spelling-book, soundly rated if he was guilty of a misspelling, and made to understand that it was next to impossible for him to commit a more disgusting barbarism; while his many-times-great-grandfather (the scholar of Lily, perhaps we might almost say of Busby) went through no such discipline. He was, as I have said, brought up on the horn-book.

Now, I grant that, generally, the major includes the minor; and a man's being able to read is *prima facie* evidence that he knows his letters; yet it is possible that the modern many-times-great-grandson may indulge in as much laxity respecting letters, as his ancestor did with regard to words. Just try the experiment. Go round to half-a-dozen printers, and ask them to print for you the first letter of the alphabet. They will understand you, and you will understand me, without my puzzling the workman who is to print this—if it is printed—by naming the letter here. Apply to them, I say, successively to print this letter for you. It is not likely that any one of them will ask you: 'What shape will you have it?' because that is not a technical mode of expression among printers; but if any one should do so, you would perhaps answer with some surprise: 'Why, the right shape to be sure. Do not you know your letters, and are not your first, second, and third letters, and all through the alphabet, of the right shape? Only take care that you do not make this first one in the shape of the second, or third, or any of those which follow, for the whole set are distinguished from one another simply and purely by their shape.'

As I have said, however, if you applied to a practical man, he would not put the question in this form. At the same time, he certainly would put it in another. He would perhaps say: 'What type will you have? Shall it be Roman, Italic, Black-letter, Script, or any of the grotesque inventions of modern fancy?' You immediately become aware that your order is too indefinite to be acted on without some further specification. As, however, it is immaterial to you in a matter of mere experiment, you say at once 'Roman.' Does that settle it?—not at all: the question of form and shape is as wide open as ever. The Upper Case and Lower Case in a printing-office differ as much as the Upper House and Lower House in parliament or convocation. Is it to be a great 'A,' or a little 'a?' A great 'A,' I need not tell you, though quite the same in sound and value, is no more like a little 'a,' than a great 'B' is like a little 'b.'

As to writing also, as well as printing—set half-a-dozen critics separately and apart to write a capital 'A,' and see how far the letters which they will produce

agree in form and shape—I do not say with any in the printer's stock, for not one will do that, we may be certain, but with each other. One scribe will probably make something like an inverted cornucopia, or wire-drawn extinguisher; and one will cross it with a dash, and another with a loop; while another will make a letter wholly different—something that shall look like a pudding leaning against a trencher set on edge—something that is only a great 'A' by courtesy, being in fact nothing but an overgrown little 'a'; bearing the same proportion to a common 'a' as an alderman does to a common man, and looking as if it had been invented by some municipal scribe or official whose eye was familiar with the outline of recumbent obesity.

But notwithstanding these and many other variations, you freely allow that each of your friends has made a capital 'A.' You do not dream of saying that one is right, and all the rest are wrong. The taste and the skill of their penmanship may be various, and the judgment of good and bad goes so far, but it knows better than to go further. Your toleration on this point is unbounded. If you can but make it out, you say, without the least emotion of resentment or contempt: 'Mr A. always makes his Bs in this way; and Mrs C. always makes her Ds in that way.' Their Bs and Ds forsooth! Yes: 'every man his own alphabet-maker.' Why not, if you do but understand him? Right or wrong, the fact is that, come in what shape it may, you take what stands for 'A' to be 'A,' with all the rights and qualities annexed to that letter. Except so far as taste is concerned, you do not think of rebuking the self-complacent type-founder, who prides himself on having produced a new form which all the world will admit to be a genuine 'A,' as soon as they make out that it was meant for one.

I have thought it worth while to say all this about letters, because I believe that it will illustrate what was once upon a time nearly true as to words. The principle of those who had occasion to write in those early times was, so far as circumstances allowed, just opposite to that of the modern critics who find fault with their practice. They made that which, notwithstanding its fluctuations, we may call 'the constant quantity' to be the sound, exactly as we do with the multiform As and Bs just noticed. On the other hand, modern purists consider, not altogether incorrectly as to the fact, that the notation has somehow been settled and fixed, and they are disposed to force the sound into conformity. 'B, y, spells by,' said Lord Byron; and what he settled for himself, the spelling-book has settled for the rest of the world and all the worlds in it.

The circumstances of those who wrote English some centuries ago, may be considered as bearing some analogy to those of modern English authors who have occasion to write down Oriental words in English letters, and who are therefore obliged to make the characters which we use represent sounds which we do not utter. Of course there can only be an approximation. Writers feel that there is a discretion, and use it freely. It is easy for one after another to imagine that he has improved on the spelling of his predecessors. How many variegations and transmogrifications has the name of one unhappy Eastern tongue undergone since the days when Athanasius Kircher disapproved of the Hanscreeet tongue of the Brahmins? I am almost afraid to write the name of Vishnoo; for I do not remember to have seen it in any book published within these five years; and what it may have come to by this time, I cannot guess. To a certain point, I think, this progressive purification of the mode of representing Eastern sounds has been acceptable to the world of letters; but the reading-public have shewn that there is a point at which they may lose patience. They not long ago decided that Haroun Alraschid, and Gassim, and Mesrour, and even the Princess Badroulboudour,

and the fair slave Nouzhatoul-aouadat, had all 'proper names,' and refused to part with the friends of their youth for a more correctly named set of persons never before heard of.

This by the way, however; for the main object of these remarks is to convey and impress the idea, that what naturally seems to us the strange and uncouth spelling of former times, was not a proof of the gross, untaught ignorance which it would now indicate. The purpose of the writer in those days was, not to spell accurately words which there was no strict rule for spelling, but to note down words in such a way as to enable those who had not heard them to reproduce them, and to impart their sense through the eye to those who should only see them. One of the finest proofs and specimens of this which we possess, is to be found in a sort of historical drama, now about three hundred years old, written by Bishop Bale, one of the most learned men of his time, and still existing, partly in his hand-writing, and partly in another hand, with his autograph corrections.* Certainly the prelate and the scribe between them did, as we should consider it, most atrociously murder the king and queen's English—for I suppose it would be hard to say how much of it belonged to Edward, and how much to Elizabeth; and there is something quite surprising in the prolific ingenuity with which they evade what we should consider the obvious and natural spelling. For instance, one of the *dramatis personæ*, and a very important one, is an allegorical person called 'Civil Order;' but I believe that the word 'civil' thus spelled never occurs in the whole work, though seven other modes of spelling it are to be found there. What then? You know what the writer means by *cyvill*, *cyvyll*, *cyvyle*, *syvyl*, *syvill*, *syvile*, and *syvyle*. Only say it out, and don't be afraid. It is mere nervousness that hinders people from reading old spelling. Clear your throat, and set off at full speed, and the top of your voice, with the following paragraph. Do not stop to think; take the rasps without looking at them, and you will find that you get over the ground wonderfully:—

'The suttile munkyth rewlars in furdewhodes rewled the pepell with suttlyll rewles. But some of the pepyll were sedycyows scysmatyckes, and did pulysh the them for dysgysyd ipocryts, full of desseyvabyle gylle and covytous hydolatrie of luker. And these sysmatykes could in no wyse indewter that lords, nowther dewks, nor yet the kings mageste, nor even the empowr, should ponnysch any vylayn. Because, say they, peples in general, as well as pepys in particular (that is, yche man and his ayers), hath an aunchant and ondwoghted right to do his desseyer attonys. "Yea sewer," said a myrry fallawe (for such as be myrie will make myrye jests)—"even as good right as a pertre to yield peres, and praty pygys to eat them."

It is, of course, only for the spelling, or various spellings, of these words that the bishop is responsible, they being here arbitrarily brought together from various parts of his work merely to form a specimen. There can be no doubt that he would have pronounced the words 'people' and 'merry' in one uniform manner wherever they occur; but it is curious to consider how little we can judge respecting the pronunciation of our forefathers. Their *litera scripta manet*; but how they vocalised it, we cannot always decide. If the reader takes up any edition of Sternhold and Hopkins, printed less than a hundred years ago, he may, I believe, read in Psalm lxxix—

O God, the Gentiles do invade,
thine heritage to spoil:
Jerusalem an heap is made—
thy temple they defile.

* *Kyngs Johan*, a Play in Two Parts. By John Bale. Edited for the Camden Society by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., from the Manuscript of the Author in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire. 1838.

Any one who is aware how many of what are called 'vulgarisms' in pronunciation are in fact 'archaisms,' will naturally think that the ancient pronunciation of 'spoil,' like the modern vulgar one, was 'spile.' But if he goes to one old black letter—say that printed by John Windet for the assignees of Richard Day in 1593—he will find in the fourth line 'defoile;' and if he goes to another edition he may find 'defoyle;' and he will learn that in speculating on such matters, he must be on his guard against modernisers, and go to originals. Even then the rhymes of our ancestors teach us much less of their pronunciation than we might expect; and the curious glimpses which we sometimes get from them, and from other sources, are only enough to make us wish for more. Take, for instance, Master Holofernes's vituperation of Don Adrian de Armado in *Love's Labour Lost*, and see what you can make of it: 'I abhor such phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as to speak *dout* fine, when he should say *doubt*; *det*, when he should pronounce *debt*; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t; he clepeth a calf, *cauf*; half, *hauf*; neighbour vocatur *nebour*; neigh. abbreviated *ne*: this is abominable, which we would call *abhominal*.' Such a passage is curious, coming from one of whom it was asked: 'Monsieur, are you not lettered?' and answered: 'Yes, yes; he teaches boys the Horn-book.'

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ROOMS AND THEIR ORNAMENTS.

THE sun shines brightly to-day, and his beams glance lovingly from the flowers without to those within the room, and rest upon the 'Eve' that stands among them; the light is toned into softness by this green drapery, and reminds us of the leaves and tracery which peep in at the windows. We find, in the effect of the whole, such a delicate reflex of the nature outside, that we live with a half-conscious perception that but a tent-like division exists between us and the birds and blossoms in the garden. We love this room as we do few others, not for the evidences of wealth in it, though these exist, but because the idea regulating its arrangement is predominant through all its details. Affection and love of beauty were present at its creation for home-life, and worked it into harmony. All rooms might have this kind of beauty, subject only to slight modifications from position and wealth.

Character, in reality, has everything to do with it. Rooms tell us much of their inhabitants. No one will doubt who remembers the stiff, formal arrangement of the drawing-room 'at school,' where the chairs stood in the primmest rows and couples, and the whole place breathed such an air of strict propriety, that we doubted whether a hearty laugh would not be unbecoming in it; or the uncomfortable, seldom used, conventional drawing-room, which has such fine-looking, unreadable books on its polished tables; or the cheerful tiny room of the friend who has very little money, but very much taste, and who hangs an engraving there, and puts flowers here, and makes a shrine out of an ordinary garret. In some rooms, we see that life is respectably got through in a routine of eating, sleeping, comfort-loving; in others, that it glances to the stars, and lives with the flowers; in others, again, that it finds out good in shady nooks or crowded cities, and is filled with affection and intelligence.

There are very few rooms, except among the poorest and most degraded, that have not in them some indications of the love of beauty, which is so universal in human nature. Influenced by the same feeling, the cottager's wife scours her tins, arranges her little cupboard of cups and saucers, buys barbarous delineations of 'Noah in the Ark,' or 'Christ with the Elders,' from

the pedler; and the nobleman collects around him all he thinks precious in bronze or painting. Cleanliness and order are certainly the simplest manifestations of the love of the beautiful in the household—the germ, which the feeling in its highest development must include; but too many among us remain satisfied with the lower form, and from some reason or other, fail to see the further gratification that is possible to all. Nature, however, stimulates and satisfies this love everywhere, and society in many directions is following in her footsteps. Let us see what can be done in the matter. After all, rooms must still retain the impress of the character of their inhabitants. Yes; but there are certain general rules which all who do arrange them would do well to remember. In the first place, they should be well lighted, and as thoroughly ventilated as they can be made; the eye should be pleased with their general effect; no detail of colouring or furniture should mar it; they should be filled with gentle relief, not uniformity of colour; and there should be as many waving lines, instead of angles, as possible. They should contain all things necessary to their several characters, but nothing very superfluous; and their whole arrangement should indicate, and be subservient to, the idea that prompted it. Above all, they should have in them some thing, or things, to soothe the thoughts, stimulate the fancy, and suggest something higher than the ordinary uses which they serve. Human beings, even in the life of a day, experience many fluctuations of mood, of joy or sadness; and there should be some thing, if not person, in their homes, that would suggest to them mute sympathy and comfort.

Are we sad? It is winter now, and these hyacinth bulbs are unsightly, but spring will bring flowers to them, as time and patience will to us. Are we glad? These roses and geraniums glow in the sunbeams, and we rejoice together. Are we dull? That beautiful Greek form rouses us into activity again. Are we weary of climbing, and dissatisfied with our want of success? Turn to that Raphael, and let us remember, that all who faint not by the way, and aspire worthily, shall at length be transfigured in the light of truth and beauty. There are few if any rooms that need be without some such suggestion and comfort. Nature offers them lavishly to all who care to seek them; and first, and most generously, her loveliest of treasures, flowers, which are the brightest of drawing-room accessories, as well as the sweetest of cottage adornments. Sea-weed, too—which is more difficult to get, but when arranged with taste, is so exquisite in colour—is a sweet remembrance of sea-side beaches and the odour of the spray. Bits of pine-bark and fir-cones are beautiful as to colour, and bring back to us pictures of woods gleaming in the western light, and well-known landscapes seen through vistas of tall stems; sprays of clematis and bryony, a group of ivy-leaves, or bunch of ripe corn, require nothing but a little graceful arrangement to throw a light of beauty over many a dull corner. But some of these ornaments are perishable, and can but delight us for awhile. We must have something more permanent. Ah, then, there are shells which still echo faintly the delicious murmur of the waves, and reflect all the colours of sea and sky together; one or two of them we must secure: the graceful nautilus, from whose mouth shall hang in summer some pendent blossoms; and that Venus's ear, which glitters in the sunbeams as it lies upon the table, and bears the impress of spirits' wings upon its inner surface. Bronzes, marbles, and paintings can be purchased only by the wealthy, so we will not speak of them; we will see them as often as we can in public galleries, and meanwhile rejoice that such fine substitutes in plaster and engraving may become ours. These are yearly becoming more common among us; and treasures of antique and modern art,

Grecian gods, and Italian Madonnas, may be our own household delights by the expenditure of a few shillings. Of course, to the taste and requirements of each individual must be left the selection of the kind and character of the beauty he desires to have around him.

Some subjects in art are best suited for enjoyment in rooms destined for solitary use, others for those of general resort—some touch us peculiarly in one mood, some are welcome to us in all. Of this last character 'St Catherine borne by Angels' is a specimen: the earth sinks beneath them, they fly so swiftly and yet so calmly! we are in the air too with them, and mark how small the world looks, with its burdens of wrong and suffering, as we cleave our way through the fields of ether up towards the stars; and that lovely one the spirits hold so tenderly, how still and calm is every line!—she is at peace after the storm and the agony, and for a space we lie still as she in those angel arms. Of the same class is Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' which is magnificent if we only contemplate the grouping of the figures, but truly sublime in the ideas it suggests. Flaxman's 'Mercury and Pandora' likewise, elegant and graceful in the highest degree, is peculiarly suited for generally used rooms and constant delight. But specimens crowd into our recollection for which we have not space. General sitting-rooms can bear a variety of subject and suggestion—they will have a variety of inhabitants or visitors; and while bearing the impress of a certain unity, they should contain pleasure for all, and stimuli for differing minds. We would not habitually admit in them works of art which rouse too painful a class of emotions. Fuseli's picture of 'Count Ugolino in Prison,' in which the stony fixedness of despair deprives us, as we gaze, almost of the living hope within us, we could not bear to have near us habitually. That wonderfully beautiful marble of Francesca di Rimini and her lover, which appeared in the Great Exhibition last year, would come under the same law of banishment. It realised so perfectly the hopelessness of hell, that at sight of it we swooned in spirit as Dante did in reality. Life has so many stern realities for most of us, that in art we need relief, and generally desire to find renewed hope and faith through delight and gladness.

In rooms where we need care to please only ourselves, we can follow our own tastes more entirely and freely. In them, shall we not have a Madonna whose 'eyes are homes of silent prayer?'—a copy of De la Roche's 'Christ,' so touching in its sad and noble serenity? or some bust or engraving of poet or hero, which shall be to us as a biography, never failing to stimulate us in the best direction? Or shall we have a copy of that fine Mercury, who stands resting lightly on the earth with one foot, and raised, outstretched arms, in the act of ascending from it—the embodiment of aspiration? All these things are symbols of noble thought, and they may belong to us as easily now as a copy of Bacon or Shakespeare. Here is great cause for rejoicing. Fantastic furniture, old china, and such-like things, will one day be superseded in drawing-rooms, just as the old, barbarously-coloured 'Noahs' and 'Abrahams' of the cottage may now easily be by pictures in better perspective and pure taste. Then there will be danger of crowding rooms with good things—a great mistake also: an ornament should have a simple background, should 'show like metal on a sullen ground.' Rooms, from temptations of wealth or taste, should never become mere pretty curiosity-shops. Forbearance and self-control are necessary in this as in all things. 'To gild refined gold' is worse than useless.

Let us not question the need of such thought and care for mere dwelling-places. Are not rooms the nurseries of the young spirits among us, the resting-places of all others on their pilgrimages? And because

everything is important that influences and educates the soul, love and thought shall work together in our homes, and create in all details something akin to the universal harmony they should typify.

INVESTMENTS!

WHAT is to be done with the money which is realised in the ordinary course of affairs, has latterly become a kind of puzzle. There it goes on accumulating as a result of industry; but what then? A person can but eat one dinner in the day; two or three coats are about all he needs for the outer man; he can but live in one house at a time; and, in short, after paying away all he needs to pay, he finds that he has not a little over for—investment. Since our young days, this word investment has come remarkably into use. All are looking for investments; and as supply ordinarily follows demand, up there rise, at periodical intervals, an amazing number of plans for the said investments—in plain English, relieving people of their money. A few years ago, railways were the favourite absorbents. Railways, on a somewhat more honest principle, may possibly again have their day. Meanwhile, the man of money has opened up to him a very comprehensive field for the investment of his cash: he can send it upon any mission he chooses; he may dig turf with it, or he may dig gold; he may catch whales, or he may catch sprats, or do fifty other things; but if he see it again after having relinquished his hold upon it, he must have exercised more discretion than falls to the lot of the majority of Her Majesty's lieges in their helter-skelter steeple-chasing after 20 per cent. Our present business, however, is not with legitimate speculation, but with schemes in which no discretion is exercised, or by which discretion is set to sleep—in a word, with bubble investments; and the history of many of the most promising of these speculations may be read in the following brief and not altogether mythical biography, of an interesting specimen which suddenly fell into a declining way, and is supposed to have lately departed this life.

The Long Range Excavator Rock-Crushing and Gold-Winning Company was born from the brain of Auropphilus Dobrown, Esq., of Smallchange Dell, in the county of Middlesex, between the hours of ten and eleven at night on the 14th of October 1851. It was at first a shapeless and unpromising bantling; but being introduced to the patronage of a conclave of experienced drynurses, it speedily became developed in form and proportion; and before it was ten days old, was formally introduced, with official garniture, to the expectant public, by whom it was received with general approbation and favour. The new company, in a dashing prospectus, held forth a certain prospect of enormous advantages to shareholders, with an entire exemption from responsibility of every sort. The shares were a million in number, at one pound each, without any further call—on the loose-cash principle, and no signing of documents. Auropphilus Dobrown was chairman of the committee of management.

The intentions of the company, as detailed at length in their eloquent prospectus, were to invade the gold regions of the Australian continent with a monster engine, contrived by the indefatigable Cruschcliff, and which, it was confidently expected, would devour the soil of the auriferous district at a rate averaging about three tons per minute. It was furnished, so the engineer averred, with a stomach of 250 tons capacity, supplied with peristaltic grinders of steel of the most obdurate temper, enabling it with ease to digest the hardest granite rocks, to crush the masses of quartz into powder, and to deposit the virgin gold upon a sliding floor underneath. The machine was to be set in motion by the irresistible force of 'the pressure from without,' and 1000 pounds-weight of pure gold

per diem was considered a very low estimate of its powers of production. These reasonable expectations being modestly set forth in circulars and public advertisements, and backed by the august patronage of the respectable and responsible individuals above named, the Long Range Excavator Company speedily grew into vast repute. The starving herd encamped in Stag's Alley, flew at once to pen, ink, and paper, and applications for shares poured in by thousands. Referees were hunted up, or they were not—that is no great matter. Half a million of the shares were duly allotted; and that done, to the supreme delectation of the stags, Mr Stiekemup the broker, in conjunction with his old friend and colleague Mr Knockemoff, fixed the price of shares by an inaugural transaction of considerable amount, at 25 per cent. above par, at which they went off briskly. Now were the stags to be seen flying in every direction, eager to turn a penny before the inevitable hour appointed for payment on the shares. It was curious to observe the gradual wane of covetousness in the cervical mind; how, as the fateful hour approached, their demand for profit grew small by degrees and beautifully less. From 4s. premium per share to 8s.; from 8s. to 2s.; from 2s. to 1s.; and thence to such a thing as 9d., 8d., 7d., and still downwards, till, as the hand of the dial verged upon the closing stroke of the bell, they condescended to resign their Long Range Excavators to the charge of buyers who *could* pay for the shares they held. The company was now fairly afloat. By the aid of

A few clever riggers to put on the pot,
To stir it round gently, and serve while 'twas hot,

the shares rose higher than had been expected. Auropphilus Dobrown sold his 50,000 at a handsome premium, and realised what he was pleased privately to term 'something substantial' by the speculation. The public became enthusiastic on the subject of the Long Range Excavators, and for a few short weeks they were the favourite speculation of the market. By and by, however, a rumour began to be whispered about on the subject of the monster-machine, the stomach of which, it was secretly hinted, was alarmingly out of order, and resisted all the tonics of the engineer. It was currently reported among parties most interested, that from late experiments made, previous to embarkation, it had been ascertained beyond a doubt, that though the peristaltic apparatus digested pints with perfect ease, it yet rejected quarts—a defect which it was but too plain would be fatal to the production of gold. The effect of this rumour was most alarmingly depressing upon the value of the shares. In a few days, they fell 50 per cent. below par, with few buyers even at that. At this juncture, it was discovered that one of the directors was actively bearing the market; but the discovery was not made before that disinterested personage, who had previously disposed of the whole of his original allotment at a handsome premium, had secured above 10,000 new shares at a cost of about half their upset value. A colleague openly accused him of this disgraceful traffic at a general meeting of the directors, and declared that he had not words to express his disgust at one who, for the sake of his own personal profit, could condescend to depreciate the property of his constituents. The accused retorted, and the meeting growing stormy and abusive, ended late at night with closed doors.

A few days after, affairs again began to take a turn upwards. The failure of the engine was declared to be an erroneous and altogether unfounded report. It was boldly asserted, that the small model-engine of one inch to the foot, had actually crushed several masses of Scotch granite, and eliminated seven or eight ounces of pure metal; and these specimens were exhibited under a glass-case in the office of the company, in proof of their triumphant success. Now the shares

rose again as rapidly as they had lately fallen, and honourable gentlemen who had held on, had an opportunity of turning themselves round. It is to be supposed that some of them at least did that to their satisfaction; at anyrate, the respectable and responsible concocters of the Long Range Excavator Rock-Crushing and Gold-Winning Company very soon began to turn their backs upon the public altogether. By degrees, the whole body of directors, trustees, counsel and agents, dwindled down to a solitary clerk paring his nails in a deserted office. Shares at a discount of 60, 70, 80, 90 per cent. attested the decline of the speculation. Honourable gentlemen were reported to have gone upon their travels. The office was at first 'temporarily closed,' and then let to the new company for Bridging the Dardanelles on the Tubular Principle. The engine of the Long Range Excavators, according to the last report, had foundered—but whether in the brain of Crusheliff, the engineer, or on the Scilly Rocks, we could not clearly make out. The only one of the original promoters who has latterly condescended to gratify the gaze of the public, is the Baron Badlihoff, who, a few days ago, made his appearance on the monkey-board of an omnibus, whence he was suddenly escorted by policeman B. 1001, to the presence of a magistrate, who un sympathisingly transferred him to Clerkenwell Jail, for certain paltry threepenny defalcations, due to a lapse of memory which our shameful code persists in regarding as worthy of incarceration and hard labour. He is now an active member of a company legally incorporated under government sanction, for grinding the wind upon the revolving principle. It is not precisely known when the first dividend on the Long Range Excavators will be declared. Sanguine speculators in the L. R. E., and the Thames Conflagration Company, expect to draw both dividends on the same day. In the meantime, the books are safe in the custody of Messrs Holdem Tight and Brass, of Thieves' Inn; and ill-natured people are not wanting, who insinuate that they constitute the only property available for the benefit of the shareholders.

Let us now take a glance at a snug little commercial bubble, blown into being by 'highly respectable men,' a private affair altogether, which never had a name upon 'Change, and was managed—we cannot say to the satisfaction of all parties—by the originating contrivers, without making any noise in the papers, or exciting public attention in any way. We will call it, for the sake of a name, 'The Babel and Lowriver Steam Navigation Company.' Lowriver is a pleasant, genteel little village, which has of late years sprung suddenly into existence on the coast of —shire, and has been growing, for the last seven years, with each succeeding summer, more and more a place of favourite resort with the inhabitants of Babel. Mr Montague Whalebone took an early liking to the place, and built a row of goodly houses by the water-side, and a grand hotel at the end of the few stumps of pitchy stakes dignified by the name of the pier. But the hotel lacked customers, and the houses wanted tenants; and the whole affair threatened to fall a prey to river-fog and mildew, when the Babel and Lowriver Steam Navigation Company came to the rescue, and placed it upon a permanent and expansive footing. Of the original constitution of this snug company, it is not easy to say anything with certainty. All we know is, that, some seven years ago, it was currently spoken of in private circles as a capital investment for money, supposing only that shares could be got: that was the difficult thing. Large dividends were to be realised by building four steamers, and running them between Babel and Lowriver. Upon the neat hot-pressed prospectus, privately and sparingly circulated—it was whispered that it was too good a thing to go a begging—appeared the names of Erebus Carbon, Esq., of Diamond Wharf; of Montague Whalebone, Esq., of Lowriver; of Larboard

Starboard, Esq., ship-builder; and Piston Rodd, Esq., of the firm of Boiler & Rodd, engineers, as directors. The shares were L.20 each, liable to calls, though no calls were anticipated; and it was reckoned an enormous favour to get them. Traffic in shares was discountenanced: the company had no wish to be regarded as a cluster of speculators, but rather as a band of brothers, co-operating together for their common benefit. Of course, the necessary legal formalities were gone through—that could not safely be dispensed with.

In spite of the difficulty of obtaining shares, a pretty large number of them got into the hands of the respectable portion of the public, and the whole were soon taken up. The boats were built by Larboard Starboard, Esq.; and the engines, as a matter of course, were put on board by Messrs Boiler & Rodd; Erebus Carbon, Esq., supplied, at the current rates, the necessary fuel; and at all hours of the day the vessels ran backwards and forwards, carrying customers to Mr Montague Whalebone's hotel, and lodgers to the new tenements, which soon began to rise around it in all directions. Lowriver took amazingly, and rose rapidly in public estimation; the boats filled well, and the speculation promised great things. When, however, after several months of undeviating prosperity, the shareholders began to look for some return for their capital in the shape of a dividend, each one of them was individually surprised by a 'call': L.5 a share was wanted to clear off urgent responsibilities. 'The outfitting costs had been greater than was foreseen,' and the demands upon the shareholders were not likely to be limited to the first call. The victims rushed, as they were invited to do, to the office, to inspect the accounts. The engineer was there to receive them, and, all suavity and politeness, submitted every fact and figure to their investigation. There was nothing to be found fault with—everything was fairly booked; but there was a heavy balance dead against the company. The engineer himself put a long face upon the affair, and shrugged his shoulders, and mumbled something about having burned his own fingers, &c. After this, reports soon got abroad very prejudicial to the value of the investments. Then came the winter, during which few passengers travelled to Lowriver; and with Christmas came another L.5 call. People grew tired of paying 20 per cent. for nothing, and many forfeited their shares by suffering them to be sold to pay the calls. This game went on for nearly three years—all 'calls' and no dividends; until at length it would have been difficult to find five persons out of the original 500 who held shares in the Babel and Lowriver Steam Navigation Company, and there was next to nobody left to call upon.

Years have rolled on since then. Lowriver has grown into a popular and populous marine summer residence. Mr Montague Whalebone, who knew what he was about, having bought and leased the building-ground, has become the owner of a vast property increasing in value every day. Larboard Starboard, Esq., is on the way to become a millionaire, and has several new boats building for the company's service at the present moment. Messrs Boiler & Rodd have quintupled their establishment, and are in a condition to execute government contracts. Erebus Carbon, Esq., has found a market in the company for hundreds of thousands of tons of coal, and, from keeping a solitary wharf, has come to be the owner of a fleet of colliers. At this hour, the company consists of six individuals—the four original projectors, and a couple of old codgers—'knowing flies,' who had the penetration, in the beginning, to see through the 'bearing dodge,' and would not be beaten or frightened off. They paid up every call upon shares, and bought others—and then, by shewing a bold front, asserted a voice in the management, and crushed it to a full and fair share of the profits. They have made

solid fortunes by the speculation; while the original shareholders, whose money brought the company into existence, have reaped nothing but losses and vexation in return for their capital.

But enough, and more than enough, on the score of the delusive farces which, with pretences almost as transparent as the above, are from time to time played off for the purpose of easing the public of their superfluous cash. Let us glance briefly at a speculation of a different kind, no less a bubble as it proved, but one whose tragic issues have already wrought the wreck of many innocent families, and which, at the present moment, under the operation of the Winding-up Act, is darkening with ruin and the fear of ruin a hundred humble abodes. We have good reason to know its history too well; and we shall, in as few words as possible, present the facts most important to be known to the reader's consideration, with the view of inculcating caution by the misfortunes of others, and shewing at the same time how possible it is, under the present law regulating joint-stock partnerships, for an honest man, by the most inadvertent act, to entail misery upon himself, and destitution upon his offspring.

It is some fifteen or twenty years ago, since a company of two or three speculative geniuses issued a plan for establishing, in a delightful glen situated but a few miles from a well-known Welsh port in the Bristol Channel, a brewery upon an extensive scale. The prospectus, as a matter of course, promised to the shareholders the usual golden advantages. The crystal current which meandered through the valley was to be converted into malt-liquor—so great were the natural and artificial advantages which combined to effect that result—at one-half the cost of such a transformation in any other locality; and the liquor produced was to be of such exquisite relish and potency, that all Britain was to compete for its possession. So plausible was everything made to appear, that men of commercially acquired fortune, of the greatest experience, and of long-tryed judgment, invested their capital in the fullest confidence of success. Following their example, tradesmen and employers did the same; and, in imitation of their betters, numbers of persons of the classes of small shopkeepers and labouring-men invested their small savings in shares in the 'Romantic Valley Brewery.' The number of joint-proprietors amounted in all to some hundreds, holding £20 shares in numbers proportioned to their means or their speculative spirit. Not one in fifty of them knew anything of the art of brewing, or had any knowledge of the locality where the scheme was to be carried out; but no doubt was entertained of the speedy and great success which was promised.

The land was bought, the necessary buildings were substantially erected, and the three principal concoctors of the scheme, one of whom was a lawyer, were appointed to manage the concern, and empowered to borrow money in case it should be wanted, to complete the plant, and to work it until the profits came in. They had every advantage for the production of a cheap and superior article: labour, land-carriage, and water-carriage, were all at a low charge in the neighbourhood; and materials, upon the whole, rated rather under than over the average. Year after year, however, passed away, and not a farthing of dividend came to the shareholders; promises only of large profits at some future period—that was all. It happened that none of the shareholders had invested any very large sums, and this was thought a fortunate circumstance, as none of them felt very deeply involved. The rich had speculated with their superfluity, and they could bear to joke on the subject of the Romantic Valley, though they shook their heads when the supposed value of the shares was hinted at. The poor felt it more, and some of the neediest sold their single shares or half-shares at a terrible discount, while they

would yet realise something. As time rolled on, several of the older proprietors died off, and willed away, with the rest of their property, the Romantic Valley Brewery shares to their friends and relatives. A considerable number of them thus passed from the first holders to the hands of others, one and all of whom naturally accepted the legacies devised to them, and gave the necessary signatures to the documents which made the shares their own.

Meanwhile, the managers went on working an unprofitable business, borrowing money on the credit of the joint proprietors; and in the face of all the advantages upon which they plumed themselves, plunged deeper and deeper into debt, until, being forced to borrow at a high rate of interest to pay for the use of former loans, they found their credit, in the thirteenth year of their existence, completely exhausted; and then the bubble burst at once in ruin, utter and complete, overwhelming all who were legally connected with it, either by original purchase, by transfer, or by inheritance. Independent country gentlemen, west-country manufacturers, and merchants of substantial capital, were summarily pounced upon by the fangs of the law, and all simultaneously stripped of everything they possessed in the world. Professional men, the fathers of families genteelly bred and educated, were summarily bereft of every farthing, and condemned in the decline of life to begin the world afresh. Not a few, seized with mortal chagrin at the horrible consummation of an affair which had never been anything but a source of loss and annoyance, sunk at once into the grave. Others—accustomed perhaps for half a century to the appliances of ease and luxury, and who were the owners of hospitable mansions, the centres of genteel resort—at the present moment hide their heads in cottages, and huts, and eleemosynary chambers, where they wither in silence and neglect under the cold breath of alien charity. Some, at threescore, are driven forth from a life of indulgence and inactivity, to earn their daily bread. Young and rising tradesmen, who had had the misfortune to inherit from a relative or a patron but a few shares, or even a single one, saw themselves at once precipitated into bankruptcy. One case, for which we can personally vouch, is beyond measure distressing: a gentleman of good fortune dying, had bequeathed to each of a large family of daughters a handsome provision; shortly before the bursting of the fearful bubble, the mother also died, dividing by will her own fortune among the young ladies, and leaving to each one a few shares in the Romantic Valley Brewery. The transference of these shares to the several children made the whole of them liable to the extent of their entire property; and the whole six unfortunates were actually beggared to the last farthing, and cast upon the world to shift as they might. To detail the domestic desolation caused by this iniquitous affair, would require the space of a large volume. It has wrought nothing but wretchedness and ruin to those to whom it promised unexampled prosperity, and it is yet working still more—nor is it likely to stop, for aught that we can see, so long as it presents a mark for legal cupidity. All that could be got for the creditors has been extorted long ago from the wealthier portion of the victims; but the loans are not yet all liquidated, and the claim yet remaining unsatisfied, is now the pretext under which the lawyers are sucking the life-blood from the hard-working and struggling class of shareholders, who, while industriously striving for a respectable position, are considered worth crushing for the sake of the costs, though they will never yield a penny towards the debt.

Besides the persons who have the settlement of affairs in their hands, the original concoctors of the company are the only persons who have profited from its operations. They indeed ride gloriously aloft above the ruin they have wrought. The process by which they have

managed to extract a lordly independence for themselves, from a scheme which has resulted in the destitution and misery of every other participator, is a mystery we do not pretend to fathom in this case—though it is one of by no means unusual occurrence in connection with bubble-companies of all sorts.

THE OSTRICH.

For the following particulars relative to the habits of the ostrich, and the various modes of taking it, we are indebted to a gentleman who spent many years in Northern Africa, and collected these details from native sportsmen, his principal informant being Abd-el-Kader-Mohammed-ben-Kaddour, a Nimrod of renown throughout the Arab tribes of this region.

The ostrich country, says Ben-Kaddour, may be described as a rectangle, of which the towns of Insalah, Figig, Sidi-Okba, and Warklah form the angles; that is, it comprises the northern skirts of the Saharian desert, where water and herbage are plentiful in comparison with the arid plains of the centre. Throughout this region, ostriches may frequently be seen travelling in pairs, or in companies of four or five couples; but wherever there has been a recent fall of rain, one is almost sure to find them grazing together in large numbers, appearing at a distance like a herd of camels. This is a favourable opportunity for ostrich-hunting, especially if the weather is very warm; for the greater the heat, the less vigour have the birds for prolonging the chase. It is well known, that though the ostrich cannot raise itself into the air, it is nevertheless so swift of foot, that it cannot be fairly run down even by the horses of this region, which, on an emergency, are known to run 180 miles in a single day. An ostrich-hunt is, therefore, undertaken by at least ten horsemen together, who, being apprized of the spot where a large group are feeding, approach with extreme caution, and form a cordon round them. To prevent the birds from escaping from the circle thus formed, is all they attempt, and it requires their utmost dexterity. The terrified creatures run hither and thither; and not managing their breath as they would do in an ordinary pursuit, they at length become exhausted, and betray it by flapping their wings. The sportsmen now fall deliberately upon them, and either lead them away alive, or fell them with a blow on the head. Their first care is to remove the skin, so as to preserve the feathers uninjured; the next is to melt down the fat, and pour it into bags formed of the skin of the thigh and leg, strongly tied at the lower end. The grease of an ostrich in good condition fills both its legs; and as it brings three times the price of common butter, it is considered no despicable part of the game. It is not only eaten with bread, and used in the preparation of kooskoos, and other articles of food, but the Arabs reckon it a valuable remedy in various maladies. In rheumatic attacks, for instance, they rub it on the part affected till it penetrates thoroughly; then lay the patient in the burning sand, with his head carefully protected. A profuse perspiration comes on, and the cure is complete. In bilious disorders, the grease is lightly warmed, mixed with salt, and administered as a potion. It acts thus as a powerful aperient, and causes great emaciation for the time; but the patient, say the Arabs, having been thus relieved from all the bad humours in his body, afterwards acquires robust health, and his sight becomes singularly good. The flesh of the ostriches, dressed with pepper and meal, forms the supper of the sportsmen.

Ostrich-shooting is conducted in quite a different manner, and as it is practised only or chiefly during the period of incubation, it is to it we are principally indebted for the acquaintance which the Arabs have gained with the habits of these singular birds.

The pairing-season is the month of August. The

reumda (female) is generally shy, and the *delim* has often to pursue the object of his choice at full speed for four or five days, during which he neither eats nor drinks. When, however, she has consented to be his, she never again quits him till the young ones are reared; and the bond between them is equally respected by all their companions: there is no fighting about mates, as among some other gregarious species.

The period of incubation begins in the month of November, and presents the best opportunity for shooting the ostrich. At this season, also, the feathers are in the finest condition, though the fat is much less abundant. Five or six sportsmen set out together on horseback, taking with them two camels laden with provisions for a month, besides an abundant supply of powder and ball. They search for places where rain has lately fallen, or where pools of water occur, for in such localities there is likely to be that plentiful herbage which never fails to attract the ostrich. Having discovered its footprints, the sportsmen examine them with care. If they appear only here and there on the bare spots, they indicate that the bird has been here to graze; but if they cross each other in various directions, and the grass is rather trampled down than eaten, the ostrich has certainly made her nest in the neighbourhood, and an active but cautious search for it is commenced. If she is only making her nest, the operation may be detected at a great distance, as it consists simply of pushing out the sand from the centre to the circumference of a circle, so as to form a large hole. The sand rises in dense clouds round the spot, and the bird utters a pining cry all day long. When the nest is finished, she cries only towards three in the afternoon. The female sits on the eggs from morning till noon, while her mate is grazing; at noon, he takes her place, and she goes to the pasture in her turn. When she returns, she places herself facing her mate, and at the distance of five or six paces from the nest, which he occupies all night, in order to defend it from enemies, especially from the jackals, which often lie in ambush, ready to take advantage of an unguarded moment. Hunters often find the carcasses of these animals near ostriches' nests.

In the morning, while the *reumda* is sitting, the sportsmen dig on each side of the nest, and at about twenty paces from it, a hole deep enough to contain a man. In each of these they lodge one of their best marksmen, and cover him up with long grass, allowing only the gun to protrude. One of these is to shoot the male, the other the female. The *reumda*, seeing this operation going forward, becomes terrified, and runs off to join her mate; but he does not believe there is any ground for her terror, and with somewhat ungallant chastisement, forces her to return. If these preparations were made while the *delim* was sitting, he would go after her, and neither would return. The *reumda* having resumed her place, the sportsmen take care not to disturb her; it is the rule to shoot the *delim* first, and they patiently wait his return from the pasture. At noon, he takes his place as usual, sitting with his wings outspread, so as to cover all the eggs. In this position, the thighs are extremely prominent, and the appointed marksman takes aim at them, because, if he succeeds in breaking them, there is no chance of escape, which there would be if almost any other part were wounded. As soon as he falls, the other sportsmen, attracted by the report, run up and bleed him according to the laws of the Koran. They hide the carcass, and cover with soil every trace of the blood that has been shed. When the *reumda* comes home at night, she appears not uneasy at the absence of her mate, but probably concluding that he was hungry, and has gone for some supper, she takes his place on the eggs, and is killed by the second marksman in the same way as the *delim*. The ostrich is often waylaid in a similar manner at its

usual drinking-place, a good shot being concealed in a hole, whence he fires on it. The ostrich drinks nearly every five days when there is water; otherwise it can do without it for a much longer time. Nothing but excessive thirst induces it ever to approach a human habitation, and then it flies as soon as it is satisfied. It has been observed, that whenever the flashing lightning announces an approaching storm, it hastens towards the water. Though single birds may often be shot on these occasions, it is a much less certain sport than killing them on the nest, and less profitable, as in the latter case the eggs form no contemptible part of the spoil.

The nest of an ordinary pair contains from twenty-five to thirty eggs. But it often happens that several couples unite to hatch together: in this case, they form a great circular cavity, the eldest couple lay their eggs in the centre, and the others make a regular disposition of theirs around them. Thus, if there are four younger couples, they occupy the four angles of a square. When the laying is finished, the eggs are pushed towards the centre, but not mixed; and when the eldest delim begins to sit, all the rest take their places where their eggs have been laid, the females observing similar order. These associations are found only where the herbage is very plentiful, and they are understood always to be family groups, the centre couple being the parents of the rest. The younger birds lay fewer and smaller eggs—those of one year old, for instance, have only four or five. The period of incubation is ninety days.

In the case of several couples associated thus in the same nest, the sportsmen do not attempt to destroy any but the old ones; for if they were to set about making as many holes as there were ostriches, the whole company would take fright and decamp. But perhaps it is determined to leave them all in peaceable possession for the present, and rather make a prey of the brood when hatched. The watching of the nests in such cases has led to further observations. The eggs of each pair are disposed in a heap, always surmounted by a conspicuous one, which was the first laid, and has a peculiar destination. When the delim perceives that the moment of hatching has arrived, he breaks the egg which he judges most matured, and at the same time he bores with great care a small hole in the surmounting egg. This serves as the first food of the nestlings; and for this purpose, though open, it continues long without spoiling, which is the more necessary, as the delim does not break all the eggs on the same day, but only three or four, and so on, as he hears the young ones stirring within. This egg is always liquid, but whether by a provision of nature in its original composition, or through the instinct of the parent-birds in avoiding to keep it covered like the rest, is not ascertained. The young ones, having received this their first nourishment, are immediately dried in the sun, and begin to run about; in a few days they follow the parent-birds to the pastures, always returning to shelter under their wings in the nest.

The paternal affection of the delim is remarkable: he never leaves his offspring; he faces every danger, and combats every foe in their defence. The reumda, on the contrary, is easily terrified, and leaves all to secure her own safety; so that it is usual to compare a man who bravely defends his tent to a delim, and a pusillanimous soul to a reumda. The delim finds himself more than a match for the dog, the jackal, the hyena, or the eagle: man is his only invincible foe; yet he dares to wage the unequal war when the young are in danger. If the Arabs desire to make a prey of the ral, as the young ostriches are called, they follow their footmarks, and having nearly overtaken them, they begin to shout; the terrified birds run to their parents, who face about, and stand still to fight for them; so the Arabs lead away the ral before their eyes, in spite of

the bravadoes of the delim, who then manifests the liveliest grief. Sometimes the greyhound is employed in this sport: the delim attacks him, and while they are fighting, the men carry off the young ones, to bring them up in their tents.

The ral are easily tamed; they sleep under the tent, are exceedingly lively, and play with the children and dogs. When the tents are struck for a fitting, the pet ostriches follow the camels, and are never known to make their escape during the migration. If a hare passes, and the men start in pursuit of it, the ostrich darts off in the same direction, and joins the chase. If she meets in the douar (village of tents) a child holding any eatable thing in its hand, she lays him gently on the ground, and robs without hurting him. But the tame ostrich is a great thief, or rather is so voracious, it devours everything it finds—even knives, female trinkets, and pieces of iron. The Arab on whose authority these details are given, relates that a woman had her coral-necklace carried off and swallowed by an ostrich; and an officer in the African army affirms, that one of them tore off and ate the buttons of his surcoat. The ostrich is, at the same time, exceedingly dexterous; so that she will tear a date from a man's mouth without hurting him. The Arabs are distrustful of her, and know where to lay the blame if, on counting their money, they find two or three dollars missing.

It is no uncommon thing to see, at some distance from a douar, a wearied child riding on the back of an ostrich, which carries its burden directly towards the tent, the young Jehu holding on by the pinions. But she would not carry too heavy a load—a man, for instance—but would throw him on the ground with a flap of her wing.

When ostriches are taken to market in Africa, their legs are tied almost close together with a cord, another cord attached to this one being held in the hand.

PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE official statement of the United States' census, published at Washington in December last, furnishes us with the means of knowing what our American brethren have been doing in the ten years from 1840 to 1850. In that decennial period, the whole territory had increased from 2,055,163 to 3,221,695 square miles, exclusive of the great lakes in the interior, and deeply-indenting bays on the coast. The gross population in June 1850, numbered 23,246,201; an increase from June 1840 of 6,176,848. Of these, 19,619,366 were whites; 3,198,298 were slaves; and free blacks, 428,637; the increase having been respectively, 5,423,371—711,085—42,392. The whole increase was equivalent to 3½ per cent.; while in Europe, it is not more than 1½ per cent.; and if it continue as at present, the population will, forty years hence, exceed that of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Switzerland put together. The deaths in the last of the ten years were 320,194, being 1 to each 72·6, or 10 to each 726 of the inhabitants; this return is, however, supposed to involve an error, as the mortality is less in proportion than in the most favoured parts of Europe; whereas the reverse is generally considered to be the fact. In the same year, 1467 slaves were manumitted, and 1011 escaped. The number of emigrants from foreign countries during the 10 years was 1,542,850.

Among the individual states, the most populous are New York, which numbers 3,097,394 inhabitants; Pennsylvania, 2,311,786; Ohio, 1,980,408; Virginia, 1,421,661; Massachusetts, 994,499; Indiana, 988,416; Kentucky, 982,405; Georgia, 905,999. Taking the whole 31 states, the proportion of inhabitants is 15·48 to the square mile: the free states comprise 13,605,630, and the slave states, 9,491,759 of population.

To supply this population, there are 2800 newspapers: 424 in the New England states; 876 in the

middle states; 716 in the southern states; and 784 in the western states. Three hundred and fifty are *dailies*, 150 three times a week, 125 twice a week, 2000 weekly, 50 fortnightly, 100 monthly, and 25 quarterly: the aggregate circulation being 422,600,000 yearly. There is 1 periodical for every 7161 free inhabitants.

The capital invested in manufactures, excluding the establishments under 500 dollars of annual value, amounted to 530,000,000 dollars; the value of raw material was 550,000,000; the amount paid for labour (in one year we presume), 240,000,000; value of articles manufactured, 1,020,300,000; persons employed, 1,050,000. There were 1094 cotton 'establishments' in operation, which produced 763,678,407 yards of sheeting; 1559 woollen establishments, which produced 82,206,652 yards of cloth; 2190 iron establishments, which produced 1,165,544 tons of iron of various kinds.

Of improved lands, there were 112,042,000 acres; of wheat, 104,799,230 bushels were grown in the last year; 591,586,053 bushels of Indian corn; 199,532,494 pounds of tobacco; 18,605,384 tons of hay; 32,759,263 pounds of maple-sugar were made; 314,644 hogsheads of cane-sugar of 1000 pounds each; 312,202,286 pounds of butter; and 103,184,585 pounds of cheese.

EFFECT OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION ON LOCOMOTION.

The following is from *Herapath's Journal* on the effect of the earth's rotation on locomotion: 'Mr Uriah Clarke, of Leicester, has called our attention to an article in the *Mechanic's Magazine*, by himself, on the influence of the earth's rotation on locomotion. It is well known, that as the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours, from west to east, the velocity of any point on its surface is greater nearer the equator, and less further from it, in the ratio of the cosine of the latitude. Mr Clarke says: "Some rather important conclusions in relation to railway travelling arise out of the view now taken. The difference between the rotative velocity of the earth in surface-motion at London and at Liverpool is about twenty-eight miles per hour; and this amount of lateral movement is to be gained or lost, as respects the locomotion in each journey, according to the direction we are travelling in from the one place to the other; and in proportion to the speed will be the pressure against the side of the rails, which, at a high velocity, will give the engine a tendency to climb the right-hand rail in each direction. Could the journey be performed in two hours between London and Liverpool, this lateral movement, or rotative velocity of the locomotive, would have to be increased or diminished at the rate of nearly one-quarter of a mile per minute, and that entirely by side-pressure on the rail, which, if not sufficient to cause the engine to leave the line, would be quite sufficient to produce violent and dangerous oscillation. It may be observed, in conclusion, that as the cause above alluded to will be inoperative while we travel along the parallels of latitude, it clearly follows, that a higher degree of speed may be attained with safety on a railway running east and west than on one which runs north and south." There is no doubt of the tendency Mr Clarke speaks of on the right-hand rail, but we do not think it will be found to be so dangerous as he says. It will be greatest on the Great Northern and Berwick lines, and least on the Great Western.'

FOREST SCENERY OF AMERICA.

The forests between Lake Superior and the Mississippi, where the country is very flat and wet, are composed almost entirely of black cypress; they grow so thick that the tops get intermixed and interlaced, and form almost a matting overhead, through which the sun scarcely ever penetrates. The trees are covered with unwholesome-looking mosses, which exhale a damp earthy smell, like a cellar. The ground is so covered with a rank growth of elder and other shrubs, many of them with thorns an inch long, and with fallen and decayed trunks of trees, that it is impossible to take a step without breaking one's shins. Not a bird or animal of any kind is to be seen, and a

deathlike silence reigns through the forest, which is only now and then interrupted by the rattle of the rattlesnake (like a clock going down), and the chirrup of the chickadee, or squirrel. The sombre colour of the foliage, the absence of all sun even at mid-day, and the vault-like darkness one feels when entering a cypress swamp, is far from cheering; and I don't know any position so likely to give one the horrors as being lost in one; or where one could so well realise what a desolate loneliness is. The wasps, whose nests like great gourds hang from the trees about the level of one's face; the mosquitoes in millions; the little black flies, and venomous snakes, all add their 'little possible' to render a tramp through a cypress swamp agreeable. — *Sullivan's Rambles*.

THE BETTER THOUGHT.

THE Better Thought! how oft in days
When youthful passion fired my breast,
And drove me into devious ways,
Didst thou my wandering steps arrest,
And, whispering gently in mine ear
Thine angel-message, fraught with love,
Check for the time my mad career,
And melt the heart naught else could move!

Thine was no stern and harsh rebuke;
No 'friend's advice,' so true, so cold;
No message wise, such as in book,
Or by the teacher oft is told,
Which, like the pointless arrow, falls,
And rings perhaps with hollow sound,
But ne'er the wanderer recalls,
And ne'er inflicts the healing wound.

Thy voice was gentle, winning, mild;
Thy words told thou wert from above,
Like those with which the wayward child
Is wooed by a fond mother's love;
Or like a strain of music stealing
Across the calm and moonlit seas,
Which moves the heart of sternest soldier,
And wakes its deeper harmonies.

Sweet was thy presence, welcomed guest;
And I, responsive to thy call,
Arose, and felt within my breast
A power that made the fetters fall
From off my long enthralled soul,
And woke, as with a magic spell,
Griefs which yet owned the soft control
Of hopes that all might still be well.

But ah, thou wast an injured guest!
How soon departed, soon forgot,
Were all the hopes of coming rest
That clustered round the Better Thought—
The tender griefs, the firm resolves,
The yearnings after better days,
Like transient sunlight which dissolves,
And leaves no traces of its rays!

Yet I despair not—through the night
That long has reigned with tyrant sway,
E'en now I see the opening light,
The harbinger of coming day;
To Heaven I now direct my prayer—
O God of love, forsake me not!
Grant that my waywardness may ne'er
Quench the returning Better Thought!

GARVALD.

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THE SLAVER.

On the 18th day of February 1850, Her Majesty's steamship *Rattler* was lying at anchor about twenty miles to the northward of Ambriz, a slave depôt situated on the western coast of Africa. Week after week had passed away in dull uniformity; while the oppressive heat, the gentle breeze which scarcely ruffled the surface of the deep, and the lazy motion of the vessel as it rolled on the long unceasing swell that ever sets on that rocky shore, lulled the senses of all into a sleepy apathy. The only music that ever reached our ears was the eternal roar of that monotonous surf, as it licked the rugged beach with its snowy tongue.

A few miles off, a range of low brown hills, covered with a stunted vegetation, runs parallel with the shore—along their undulating sides, angular spires of granite project through the parched and scanty soil; while on their highest brow one solitary giant stands, resembling an obelisk, from which the anchorage derives its name, 'The Granite Pillar.' No appearance of human life or labour exists around; the whole is a desert, over which these columnar formations—resembling a city of the Titans, crumbling slowly into dust—hold an empire of solitude and death. The imagination is oppressed with a sense of utter desolation that withers every mental effort.

This day was passing like so many before it; the sun was low on the horizon, and its yellow beams were throwing a brassy tint over the sea and sky; the sailors were engaged, some fishing with patient assiduity, others, grouped into small knots, listening to prosy yarns; while a few were prostrated round the decks in attitudes of perfect abandonment or sleep. The officers were leaning over the taffrail, trying, with a sportsman-like anxiety worthy of better prey, to hook a shark, which was slowly meandering under the stern; or looking contemplatively into the dark-brown waves, either watching the many forms of animal life which floated by, or recalling to memory the dear objects of distant lands. The officer of the watch, with his spy-glass under his arm, was pacing languidly his narrow round, when 'Sail ho!' in clear and piercing tones, resounded from the mast-head, and with electric speed filled the dreamers with life and energy.

'Point to her,' cried the officer of the watch; while all eyes were directed to the look-out aloft, whose glass was immediately stretched to the north. Speculation now sits in every vacant eye, and conjecture on every silent tongue. The captain was at his post with vigilant alacrity. 'How is she standing? what sail is she under?' was soon answered, and the orders, 'Get the steam up, lower the propeller,' echoed round

the decks, mingled with the shrill pipes of the boat-swain's mates.

The men flew to their posts; and whilst the cumbersome screw was descending slowly into the water, the stokers had roused the smouldering embers into life.

'All hands up anchor!' The capstan revolves and creaks, as one and all of these willing men strain their starting muscles at the bars. The anchor reluctantly leaves its oozy bed; but the chinking of the cable, as it steadily ascends, reveals no change, until it swings at the bow.

'Go on ahead!' The steam whistles through its silent chambers, like sweet music, calling into life that ponderous mechanism, until it appears to dance with joy.

'Helm a-port—steady so!' The waves rise high on either bow as we dash through the foaming waters. Our distance from the object rapidly diminishes, while eager eyes are directed ahead, until it is seen from the deck. Hope fills the breast of the sanguine, despair that of the gloomy and desponding. Sure eyes and good telescopes soon descry the Yankee ensign floating aloft in lazy folds; and as we come still nearer, those accustomed to observe the shape of sails and set of masts, detect the peculiarities of an old acquaintance. It is the *Lucy Ann*, an American vessel of a very suspicious character, which has been frequently boarded by our cruisers, but has ever been protected by the flag of her apparent country.

We are soon alongside, and our captain boards her, to examine her 'papers' once again, and to insure, if possible, our wily enemy. On his return, we continue our course towards the Congo, whither they have been persuaded we are going for water. No sooner, however, do the shades of evening protect our movements from observation, than we change our course, and proceed directly out to sea a hundred miles or so, to prevent her passing us in the dark should she take her slaves on board this night, as it is suspected she will do.

Daylight comes next morning, and the best telescopes from aloft sweep the horizon, but not a speck can be seen on that desert sea. The sails are stripped from the vessel's masts, and she lies like a dead log, round which, at the unwonted spectacle, shoals of dolphins and porpoises come to gambol. It was pleasant to have something like life near us, and though it belonged to another element, it seemed a connecting-link with the rest of the animated creation. One long hour after another had passed away, and the most hopeful began to despair, while the expressions of the desponding grew more energetic against the propriety of lying thus inactive; but Captain Cumming, as patient in biding his time as he is quick in resolving and acting when

the moment arrives, only replied: 'Wait till to-morrow morning!' This arrived like the last, and every eye was turned towards the rising sun as it slowly emerged from the waves, not to gaze on the purple radiance that streamed from its broad disk, but with the expectation of seeing the object of our solicitude revealed by the light of the eastern sky. Each one turned slowly away, disappointed, as soon as he found that he had been looking in vain; but there appeared a sullen pleasure in the eyes of those who had been prophesying evil, as their predictions appeared to be fulfilled.

As a matter of precaution for whatever might happen, the steam was ready; orders were now given to proceed, and we steamed on slowly towards the land. One hour passed away thus, another, and nearly a third, when a negro, perched beside the main truck, sang out with all his lungs: 'Sail ho!' His keen sense of vision, outstripping that of his white comrade, distinguished as a small speck the lofty royals, while the vessel was far below the horizon. A smile of satisfaction wreathed with dimples even the grimest faces, when the object of our pursuit approached us near enough to be recognised. Without faltering, she came on steadily, with every sail set, and her banner proudly waving in the gentle breeze, forbidding search. Each eye eagerly scrutinised her, speculation was busy, and the emotions were various as the temper and habit of each individual mind.

Having arrived alongside, our captain again boarded her in his gig. He was received politely, and without embarrassment, by the Yankee, who immediately offered refreshments, which were declined. Not a slave was to be seen, nor did there exist any smell, so universal a concomitant to indicate their presence. Some forty Brazilians, each with a cigar in his mouth, were loitering round the clean decks, while the crew were busy at the pumps, creating the greatest possible noise, in the accomplishment of which they were assisted by a flock of parrots and love-birds, perched in every direction.

Once more the ship's papers were produced, and carefully scanned, and the absence of one important document was detected. On being demanded, it was positively refused, and the presumption was thus created that it did not exist, and that therefore all were false.

These proceedings occupied a considerable time—a matter of preconcerted importance, as the suspicion was entertained that slaves were concealed below, and that soon the danger of impending suffocation would reveal the fact. Our chief took up a position near the main hatchway, and listened anxiously for the slightest indication. Various manœuvres were tried to get him away without success. The Brazilians were beginning to appear impatient; and on board the *Rattler*, whence, by telescopes, the proceedings were watched with deepest interest, the hopes of even the most sanguine were becoming faint, when Captain Cumming was observed to start, and point to the deck. He had heard the stifled sound of intolerable agony rise from below his feet, like a peal of distant thunder. The slaves were suffocating from want of air, and their dread of their jailers was extinguished in the immediate struggle for life.

In a moment, the American perceived that the game he had been so skilfully playing was lost, and his assumed coolness deserted him. In a voice choked with emotion, he rapidly uttered: 'She is a Brazilian. I am not the captain; this is,' pointing to a tawny Portuguese at his elbow.

'Haul down the flag, and hoist her proper colours.'

Down came that ensign, polluted by the traffic it protected, amid the cheers of our men, which made the welkin ring.

'Don't let the poor devils die,' cried the stout American mate, actuated by the generosity of the race he sprang from, which his degrading employment could not wholly stifle. Assisted by our men, who had jumped out of the boat, the hatches were soon removed, exposing to view a mass of human misery which, being once seen, must remain impressed on the memory for ever—the naked bodies of men, women, and children, writhing in a heap, contorted, gasping for air, sinking from exhaustion, and covered with sweat and foam. The darkness which surrounded them only deepened the shades, without concealing a single feature; whilst the dense and sickening steam which curled heavily up from the reeking mass, made it a picture too horrible to contemplate, and one the minute details of which must be left to haunt the memory of those who were unfortunate enough to witness it.

First one and then another endeavoured to ascend, but with a strength unequal to the task, they fell back into the mephitic abyss. Our men rushed forward to their aid, and catching hold of their imploring hands, placed them upon deck. There, prostrate and indiscriminately huddled together, they gradually recovered from the effects of that terrible confinement, where 547 human beings were, without a breath of fresh air, kept for above two hours crushed together in a space only about three feet in height, and with a superficial extent not equal to that of their bodies, unless in a sitting position! The ordeal proved too much for the vital energy of above twenty, who perished one by one during the next fortnight or three weeks, without having felt the blessing of freedom.

An officer with a few men were immediately placed in charge of the prize, and navigated it to St Helena. The slaves, when there, are declared free, but upon conditions such as render it generally necessary for them to emigrate to the West Indies, to become, let us hope, happy and useful members of a British colony.

The Brazilians and American crew were taken on board the *Rattler*, and conveyed back to Ambria, from thence, in all probability, to return to their horrible trade, in the hope of being more successful on another occasion. The captain was seen a few months afterwards, in another American vessel, returning from the Brazil, prepared, in all likelihood, to play a similar game with better success from the lesson he had received. The opportunity afforded us of observing the character of these men, produced a more favourable feeling towards them than was at first sight entertained. Several pleaded honourable motives for the degraded position in which they felt themselves placed, and nearly all would have done credit to a more respectable calling.

Our gallant chief's calculations were found to have been rigidly correct. That night after we left them, they believed that a boat would be detached to watch their movements; they therefore anchored, and waited for daylight. When that arrived without an enemy in sight, they felt secure.

The slaves, worn out by previous marching and counter-marching to shipping places, where their embarkation was prevented by the vigilance of our cruisers, rendered it almost a matter of necessity that they should now be taken on board. Their bodies had been galled and emaciated by the chains they carried by the slender store of dry farina—the only food provided for them—and by the precarious and scanty supply of water obtainable on the arid plains or in the tangled forests they had traversed. The first cannon-load was taken alongside the ship about four o'clock in the afternoon, and in an hour the whole were on board. This is reckoned the most favourable time for getting under-way, as darkness enables them to leave the land without danger of being observed.

The preceding is a faithful picture of one of the melancholy incidents belonging to the hateful traffic in

slaves. Let us hope that the time has at length nearly arrived which has been so long waited for, when we may say with truth, it is abolished; leaving only the memory of it to darken the page of history, and remain a moral lesson to mankind.

THE 'ADVOCATE' AND ITS AUTHOR.

LITERARY talents and habits are fortunately not always dissociated from world-like conduct and skill in affairs. We have now become familiar with a class of men who, while cultivating even the more flowery fields of the Muses, are not on that account the less distinguished in their professional walks, or by the active part they take in the great practical movements of the age. The public, which does not readily admit of two ideas respecting any one man, is apt to lose sight of the literary in the worldly merit; but the former does not the less exist, and perhaps in time it will be equally acknowledged. We regard Mr Cox, author of the book under notice, as a remarkable example of the union of the man of affairs with the author. We learn, from a local record,* that he rose, about twenty years ago as an attorney in a western town, and took an active part in the fervid political doings of 1830-31. Ambitious of higher professional honours, he removed to London, and entered at the bar. In the course of eight or nine years, he has proceeded from one adventure to another, till he is now one of the most multiform of men. Not merely does he follow a strictly professional course as a barrister, but he conducts several periodical works of a laborious nature—the *Law Times* (newspaper), the *Magistrate*, the *County Courts' Chronicle*, and a series of Criminal Law Cases. For the preparation of these works, he has a printing establishment, the management of which would be a sufficient occupation for most men. It gives work to 250 persons, and 10,000 business accounts are kept in it. As if all these engagements were not enough, Mr Cox has established the well-known literary periodical work (fortnightly) the *Critic*. The conducting of a work designed to report upon the current literature of the day is perhaps one of the most delicate of tasks, for the critics necessarily are themselves authors, are the friends and enemies of authors, and are of course liable to all the usual fallacies which beset human judgment. Hence it is that we see one such work lose credit through its universal benevolence, and another rush to the opposite extreme, of asserting independence by an unvarying tone of rancour and dissatisfaction—obviously a not less unjust course both to literary men and the public, and in the long-run, equally sure to destroy the credit of the men who adopt it. Amidst the difficulties proper to such a task, we believe the *Critic* has hitherto steered a comparatively irreproachable course, keeping mainly in view a faithful and painstaking account of every book submitted to its notice, and neither trading upon the smiles nor the groans of authors. Of a warm and cordial nature, and with an intense love of literature, he seems to have known how to encourage genius, even while pointing to its errors; and, if we may judge by the internal evidence of the work itself, he has succeeded in rallying round him many of the high and generous spirits of the time. The *Critic* is distinguished by a more than usual proportion of thought, and by very little of the small superficial cant of criticism.

It will excite some surprise that Mr Cox has found time, amidst his numberless duties, to prepare a pro-

fessional work of considerable magnitude, and of solid merit and utility. Such, we take leave to say, is the *Advocate*, of which the first volume is now before us.* It is a book which, though intended primarily for young legal aspirants, will also instruct, and indeed entertain the public. It is more than this for those who can pursue the spirit of a work through its details, and see the character of an individual or a class rising palpably out of reasonings, maxims, and material circumstances. Such readers will give a hero to the pages before us, and follow him in his career with more than the interest that waits upon romance. They will observe, in the first place, his natural advantages: 'Has he a healthy frame, capable of enduring long-continued exertion of mind and body, the confinement of the study, the excitement of practice, the crowded court by day, the vigil of thought by night? Can he subsist with a sleep of five hours? Can he, without dyspepsy, endure irregular meals—hasty eatings and long fastings? If he be not blessed by nature with the vigorous constitution that will bear all this, and more, let him not dream of adventuring into the arena of advocacy.' Good lungs and a strong voice are indispensable: strong rather than agreeable—let him even scream or squeak, as some of his brethren do, but scream or squeak with power. His mental qualifications are—keen and rapid perception, sound judgment, power of concentration, and that imagination which paints in words. Of these, the first is the cornerstone of the mental character of the advocate. Of the moral qualities, courage and self-confidence must be combined with caution, and the whole elevated by honesty and truthfulness of nature. At this point the philosophical reader will perhaps demur, and inquire whether those clients who are in the wrong find any difficulty in obtaining the most talented defenders—for a con-si-der-ation. But we will postpone that issue.

In addition to his natural qualifications, the advocate must possess what is called a small pecuniary independence: 'The practical conclusion we would deduce from the review we have taken of the expenses unavoidably attendant upon the profession of advocate, and which amount at the least to L.650 previous to his call, and to L.250 per annum afterwards, is this:—Let no man who values his happiness, or his ultimate success in life, make the bar his profession, unless he has resources, other than his profession, upon which he can rely for a clear income of L.150 per annum at the least. This will still leave L.100 to be provided for by that profession; but that is a risk he may not unreasonably run, if conscious that, in all other respects, he is qualified for ultimate success. With less than that, it would be unwise to incur the hazard. With no resources, as is sometimes seen, it is madness.'

The aspirant to the bar must methodise his time. 'In mapping out the day, make ample allowance for rest and for refreshment. Nothing is gained in the end by unduly abbreviating these. Provided you work without wasting a moment in your working-hours, you can afford to be liberal in your apportionment of time to exercises of the body and relaxations of the mind. Above all, and at whatever sacrifice, begin your allotment by devoting two hours at the least in each day to active bodily exercise, and give one of these to the early morning, and the other to the evening. So with your meals. First consult health, without which your studies will be unproductive, and your hopes of future success blighted. Thus, then, would stand the account for the day:—Exercise, two hours; meals and rest, three; sleep, seven; for study, twelve.' Twelve hours for study would be too long, if he did not make study itself a recreation by means of variety. 'The profound

* *The Advocate, his Training, Practice, Rights, and Duties.* By Edward W. Cox, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Law Times Office. 1862.

* *The Somerset County Gazette.*

should be exchanged for the more superficial; the grave for the gay; such as engage the reasoning powers for those which appeal rather to the perception or the memory. Natural science should take its turn with law; languages with logic; rhetoric with mathematics, and such like—an entire change in the faculties employed being in fact a more perfect relief than entire rest. An hour to the more difficult law-books is enough at a time, but that hour should alternate frequently with lighter studies. Educational and professional studies—physical training—and exercise in the art of speaking, are all of high importance; and it will be found that our author's advice on the subject is worth attending to. The education of the aspirant must be completed in the chambers—first, of a conveyancer; second, of a special pleader (or, if aiming at the equity bar, of an equity draughtsman); and third, of a general practitioner. As for his formal and nominal student-ship in the Inns of Court, that merely serves prescriptively to qualify him for his call to the bar. 'If he purposes to practise as a conveyancer, or at the equity bar, he should enter himself at Lincoln's Inn; but if he designs to practise the common law, either as a special pleader, or immediately as an advocate, his choice lies between the Inner and Middle Temple and Gray's Inn.' The Inner Temple is the most select; the Middle Temple the most varied in its society; and Gray's Inn the most liberal in its table. Having chosen his Inn, 'he must obtain the certificate of two barristers, members of the society, together with that of a benchers, that he is a fit person to be received into it;' and he is admitted, as a matter of course.

Many of our readers, on entering the City, through Temple Bar, have seen a small open gateway on the right hand. It is a quiet, retired-looking place, grave, and somewhat gloomy; and in contrast with Fleet Street, and its torrent of population, is rather striking and remarkable. Yet, hurried away by the living stream, they have doubtless passed on, and perhaps have forgotten to inquire to what that solemn avenue leads. Let them enter, the next opportunity they have, and make use of their own eyes. 'A few paces, and you are beyond the roar of wheels and the tramp of feet. Tall, gloomy, smoke-embrowned buildings, whose uniformity of dullness is not disturbed by windows incrustated with the accumulated dust of a century, hem you in on either side, and oppress your breathing as with the mildewy atmosphere of a vault. The dingy ranks of brick are broken by very narrow alleys; and here and there, peeping under archways, you may espy little paved court-yards, with great pumps scattering continual damp in the midst of them, and enclosed with just such dusky walls and dirty windows as you have already noticed. You are amazed at the silence that prevails in these retreats, so near the living world, and yet so entirely secluded from it. But not less will you be interested by the peculiar appearance of the persons you meet in this place. The majority of them carry packets of written papers tied about with red tape, and folded after a fashion here invariably observed. . . . First, and most abundant, are certain short, thin-visaged, spare-limbed, keen-featured, dapper-looking men, who appear as if they had never been young and would never be old, clothed in habiliments of sober hue, seemingly as unchangeable as themselves. They walk with a hurried step, and a somewhat important swing of the unoccupied arm. A smaller packet of the afore-said tape-tied paper peeps from either pocket; they look right on, and hasten forward as if the fortunes of half the world rested upon their shoulders, and the wisdom in the briefs at their elbow had all been distilled from the skull covered by that napless hat. If you do not move out of the way, you will probably be knocked down and trodden upon by them—unconsciously of course. They are *attorneys' clerks*.

The second species found in this region are more

youthful in aspect, carry themselves with more swagger, wear their hats jauntily, with greasy curls coaxed to project beyond the brim. They affect a sort of second-hand gentility, cultivate great brooches, silver-guard-chains, and whiskers, and have the air of persons claiming vice-royalty in the dominions in which they live and move and have their being. They are *barristers' clerks*.

'The third class are gentlemanly but very shabbily dressed men, who look as if they were thinking of something beside themselves. They are of all ages and statures, and complexions; of feature of all degrees of ugliness in form and beauty of expression. You cannot mistake them; there is a family-likeness running through all of them. They are *barristers*.

'The fourth species are composed of men of busy, bustling aspect, arrayed for the most part in garments of formal cut, and of the fashion of a bygone day. They *always* look as ordinary men do when told on some pressing emergency to "look sharp." Their countenances, motions, and gait express thought and anxiety. They hurry onward, noticing nothing and nobody. They are *attorneys*.

'Lastly, you discern a few wasted forms and haggard faces, on which lines are traced by the icy finger of Disappointment, and garments, growing ragged, ill protect from the keen draughts that play through these passages hearts aching with the sickness of hope deferred. The pockets, though tightly buttoned, are lank and light. They step briskly and eagerly onward, if entering; they creep slowly, if passing out toward the street. They are *clients*.'

This is the Temple, and these are its denizens; but in pursuing your way, as you emerge suddenly from the huge masses of building in which you have been swallowed up, you see with new surprise an open area of green turf, with beds of flowers, rows of trees, and leafy walks, and shady seats; and hear the fit and natural accompaniments of such a scene—the shrill voices of children, and the silvery laugh of ladies as they stroll through the Temple Gardens. Groups of law-students, too, 'are lounging there, laughing and talking; and a few solitary youths, with pale faces and earnest eyes, are poring upon great books in professional bindings, heedless of the attractions of tree or flower, or child or woman.'

Beyond the garden is the great water highway of the metropolis, the princely Thames, with its crowding barges, its flashing skiffs, and sweeping steamers. Among the gloomy buildings there is yet another garden-plot, with a fountain in constant play; and yet another, a smooth-shaven lawn, with paths and flower-beds, on the brink of the river. 'Here, in this garden of the Middle Temple, there is no human presence to disturb the profound quiet of the place, as in the more spacious garden of the Inner Temple which you have lately quitted. Seats are scattered about, and pretty summer-houses invite to study or contemplation, but they are unoccupied by any visible presence. One is inclined to imagine that the Benchers have dedicated this garden to the exclusive occupation of the dead luminaries of the law, as the garden on the other side is devoted to its living oracles. With such a fancy, we always feel disposed to take off our hat to the invisibles, as we pass the tranquil spot where we suppose them to be "doomed for a certain time to walk."

A red building on the right is the magnificent hall of the Middle Temple, with the carved screens of oak taken from the Spanish Armada. This is the hall in which the Templar eats his way to the bar; but if he should have no appetite for such dinners, it is not necessary that he should devour more than three, provided he pays for the whole fourteen. 'Shortly before the hand on the dial over the doorway points to five, crowds of gentlemen may be seen hurrying through

the labyrinthine paths that intersect the Temple in all directions, and concentrating at the yard before the hall, for dinner there waits for no man, and, better still, no man waits for dinner. Gowns are provided for the student in the robing-room, for the use of which a small term-fee is paid, and, thus habited, he is introduced into the Hall. But it is now no longer hushed and sombre, but a scene of brightness and bustle. The tables are spread for dinner in close and orderly array; wax-lights in profusion blaze upon them; a multitude of gowned men are lounging on the seats, or talking in groups, or busily looking out for the most agreeable places, which are secured by simply placing the spoon in the plate. Suddenly a single loud thump is heard at the door. All rush to their seats: it is opened wide; the servants range themselves on either side, and between their bowing ranks behold the benchers enter in procession, and march to the dais allotted to them. The steward strikes the table three times with his hammer to command silence, says a grace before meat, and the feast begins. Gradations of rank are closely observed. 'The benchers' tables are ranged upon the dais, across the hall. The tables in the body of the hall are placed lengthwise, the barristers occupying those nearest to the dais, and the students taking the others indiscriminately. They are laid so as to form messes for four, each mess being provided with distinct dishes, and making a party of itself. The persons who chance to be seated at the same mess need no other introduction; he who sits at the head is called "the captain;" he first carves for himself, and then passes the dishes to the others in due order. The society presents each mess with a bottle of wine—always port—a custom which might be most advantageously violated.

The Temple is not exactly a part of the United Kingdom: it is rather a tributary state. It preserves its own peace, collects its own taxes, and laughs at the City, with whose municipal burthens it has nothing to do. The inhabitants may live in town or country, as they please, for both are within the domain. They may occupy an attic, a first floor, a parlour, an area, just as they like. The Templar seems in constant sanctuary, where no one dares intrude upon him but his landress and his clerk. Both these, as figured by our author, are admirable specimens of the natural history of the Temple; but we have no room to give them entire, and must not spoil them by abridgment. Beside, the aspirant waits: he is not yet called.

The call consists in his proposal by a bencher, the posting of his name in the hall, his arraying himself in a gown and wig, his taking the oath of abjuration, supremacy, and allegiance, his being bowed to by the bench of benchers, and his treating his friends after dinner to as much dessert and wine as they can hold. He is now an Advocate, and selects his circuit. 'To every circuit there belongs a band of gentlemen who were never known to hold a brief, to whom nobody ever dreamed of offering a brief, and who, if it had been offered, would probably have declined it. Yet they travel the entire circuit, are punctual in bowing to the judge at the opening of the court in the morning, sit there with heroic patience all the day through, nor leave until his lordship announces that he will "take no other case after that," when they look delighted, rise like school-boys released, and rush from the court to enjoy half an hour's holiday before dinner.' This is a sad companionship to get into; yet regularity in attending, even an unproductive circuit is necessary to eventual success. The Bar must enter the assize town on the same day, that they may all start fair; they must not live in a hotel, but take lodgings; and they must not, while on the circuit—that is, in their professional character, shake hands with an attorney.

We have now started our hero fairly in his profession, and we must refer to the book itself for his adventures in practice. No less than eleven chapters are devoted

to this part of his life, and yet the volume before us, although separately published, is only the first volume. We have said and quoted enough to shew that Mr Cox possesses in an eminent degree the versatility of talent so necessary in a literary man of the present day; and we lay down the *Advocate* with the conviction, that it possesses much that is new, suggestive, wholesome, and instructive, as well as much that is interesting and entertaining.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I WILL tell you all about an affair—important as it proved to me; but you must not hurry me. I have never been in a hurry since then, and never will. Up till that time inclusive, I was always in a hurry; my actions always preceded my thoughts; experience was of no use; and anybody would have supposed me destined to carry a young head upon old shoulders to the grave. However, I was brought up at last 'with a round turn.' I was allowed a certain space for reflection, and plenty of materials; and if it did not do me good, it's a pity!

My father and mother both died when I was still a great awkward boy; and I, being the only thing they had to bequeath, became the property of a distant relation. I do not know how it happened, but I had no near relations. I was a kind of waif upon the world from the beginning; and I suppose it was owing to my having no family anchorage that I acquired the habit of swaying to and fro, and drifting hither and thither, at the pleasure of wind and tide. Not that my guardian was inattentive or unkind—quite the reverse; but he was indolent and careless, contenting himself with providing abundantly for my schooling and my pocket, and leaving everything else to chance. He would have done the same thing to his own son if he had had one, and he did the same thing to his own daughter. But girls somehow cling wherever they are cast—anything is an anchorage for them; and as Laura grew up, she gave the care she had never found, and was the little mother of the whole house. As for the titular mother, she had not an atom of character of any kind. She might have been a picture, or a vase, or anything else that is useless except to the taste or the affections. But mamma was indispensable. It is a vulgar error to suppose that people who have nothing in them are nobody in a house. Our mamma was the very centre and point of our home feelings; and it was strange to observe the devout care we took of a personage, who had not two ideas in her head.

It is no wonder that I was always in a hurry, for I must have had an instinctive idea that I had my fortune to look for. The governor had nothing more than a genteel independence, and this would be a good deal lessened after his death by the lapse of an annuity. But sister Laura was thus provided for well enough, while I had not a shilling in actual money, although plenty of hypothetical thousands and sundry castles in the air. It was the consciousness of the latter kind of property, no doubt, that gave me so free-and-easy an air, and made me so completely the master of my own actions. How I did worry that blessed old woman! how Laura lectured and scolded! how the governor stormed! and how I was forgiven the next minute, and we were all as happy again as the day was long! But at length the time of separation came. I had grown a great hulking fellow, strong enough to make my bread as a porter if that had been needed; and so a situation

was found for me in a counting-house at Barcelona, and after a lecture and a hearty cry from sister Laura, a blessing and a kiss from mamma, and a great sob kept down by a hurricane laugh from the governor, I went adrift.

Four years passed rapidly away. I had attained my full height, and more than my just share of inches. I already enjoyed a fair modicum of whisker, and had even made some progress in the cultivation of a pair of moustaches, when suddenly the house I was connected with failed. What to do? The governor insisted upon my return to England, where his interest among the mercantile class was considerable; Laura hinted mysteriously that my presence in the house would soon be a matter of great importance to her father; and mamma let out the secret, by writing to me that Laura was going to 'change her condition.' I was glad to hear this, for I knew he would be a model of a fellow who was Laura's husband; and, gulping down my pride, which would fain have persuaded me that it was unmanly to go back again like the ill squire, I set out on my return home.

The family, I knew, had moved to another house; but being well acquainted with the town, I had no difficulty in finding the place. It was a range of handsome buildings which had sprung up in the fashionable outskirts during my absence; and although it was far on in the evening, my accustomed eyes soon descried through the gloom the governor's old-fashioned door-plate. I was just about to knock, really agitated with delight and struggling memories, when a temptation came in my way. One of the area-windows was open, gaping as if for my reception. A quantity of plate lay upon a table close by. Why should I not enter, and appear unannounced in the drawing-room, a sunburnt phantom of five feet eleven? Why should I not present the precise and careful Laura with a handful of her own spoons and forks, left so conveniently at the service of any area-sneak who might chance to pass by? Why? That is only a figure of speech. I asked no question about the matter; the idea was hardly well across my brain when my legs were across the rails. In another moment, I had crept in by the window; and chuckling at my own cleverness, and the great moral lesson I was about to teach, I was stuffing my pockets with the plate.

While thus engaged, the opening of a door in the hall above alarmed me; and afraid of the failure of my plan, I stepped lightly up the stair, which was partially lighted by the hall-lamp. As I was about to emerge at the top, a serving-girl was coming out of a room on the opposite side. She instantly retreated, shut the door with a bang, and I could hear a half-suppressed hysterical cry. I bounded on, sprang up the drawing-room stair, and entered the first door at a venture. All was dark, and I stopped for a moment to listen. Lights were hurrying across the hall; and I heard the rough voice of a man as if scolding and taunting some person. The girl had doubtless given the alarm, although her information must have been very indistinct; for when she saw me I was in the shadow of the stair, and she could have had little more than a vague impression that she beheld a human figure. However this may be, the man's voice appeared to descend the stair to the area-room, and presently I heard a crashing noise, not as if he was counting the plate, but rather thrusting it aside *en masse*. Then I heard the window closed, the shutters bolted, and an alarm-bell hung upon them, and the man reascended the stair, half scolding, half laughing at the girl's superstition. He took care notwithstanding to examine the fastenings of the street-door, and even to lock it, and put the key in his pocket. He then retired into a room, and all was silence.

I began to feel pretty considerably queer. The governor kept no male servant that I knew of, and had

never done so. It was impossible he could have introduced this change into his household without my being informed of it by sister Laura, whose letters were an exact chronicle of everything, down to the health of the cat. This was puzzling. And now that I had time to think, the house was much too large for a family requiring only three sleeping-rooms even when I was at home. It was what is called a double house, with rooms on both sides of the hall; and the apartment on the threshold of which I was still lingering appeared, from the dim light of the windows, to be of very considerable size. I now recollected that the quantity of plate I had seen—a portion of which at this moment felt preternaturally heavy in my pockets—must have been three times greater than any the governor ever possessed, and that various pieces were of a size and massiveness I had never before seen in the establishment. In vain I bethought myself that I had seen and recognised the well-known door-plate, and that the area from which I entered was immediately under; in vain I argued that since Laura was about to be married, the extra quantity of plate might be intended to form a part of her *trousseau*: I could not convince myself. But the course of my thoughts suggested an idea, and pulling hastily from my pocket a tablespoon, I felt, for I could not see, the legend which contained my fate. But my fingers were tremulous: they seemed to have lost sensation—only I fancied I did feel something more than the governor's plain initials. There was still a light in the hall. If I could but bring that spoon within its illumination! All was silent; and I ventured to descend step after step—not as I had bounded up, but with the stealthy pace of a thief, and the plate growing heavier and heavier in my pocket. At length I was near enough to see, in spite of a dimness that had gathered over my eyes; and, with a sensation of absolute faintness, I beheld upon the spoon an engraved crest—the red right hand of a baronet!

I crept back again, holding by the banisters, fancying every now and then that I heard a door open behind me, and yet my feet no more consenting to quicken their motion than if I had been pursued by a murderer in the nightmare. I at length got into the room, groped for a chair, and sat down. No more hurry now. O no! There was plenty of time; and plenty to do in it, for I had to wipe away the perspiration that ran down my face in streams. What was to be done? What *had* I done? Oh, a trifle, a mere trifle. I had only sneaked into a gentleman's house by the area-window, and pocketed his table-spoons; and here I was, locked and barred and belled in, sitting very comfortably, in the dark and alone, in his drawing-room. Very particularly comfortable. What a capital fellow, to be sure! What an amusing personage! Wouldn't the baronet laugh in the morning? Wouldn't he ask me to stay breakfast? And wouldn't I eat heartily out of the spoons I had stolen? But what name is that? Who calls me a housebreaker? Who gives me in charge? Who lugs me off by the neck? I will not stand it. I am innocent, except of breaking into a baronet's house. I am a gentleman, with another gentleman's spoons in my pocket. I claim the protection of the law. Police! police!

My brain was wandering. I pressed my hand upon my wet forehead, to keep down the thick-coming fancies, and determined, for the first time in my life, to hold a deliberate consultation with myself. I was in an awkward predicament—it was impossible to deny the fact; but was there anything really serious in the case? I had unquestionably descended into the wrong area, the right-hand one instead of the left-hand one; but was I not as unquestionably the relation—the distant relation—the very distant relation—of the next-door neighbour? I had been four years absent from his house, and was there anything more natural than that I should desire to pay my next visit, through a

subterranean window? I had appropriated, it is true, a quantity of silver-plate I had found; but with what other intention could I have done this than to present it to my very distant relation's daughter, and reproach her with her carelessness in leaving it next door? Finally, I was snared, caged, trapped—door and window had been bolted upon me without any remonstrance on my part—and I was now some considerable time in the house, unsuspected, yet a prisoner. The position was serious; but come, suppose the worst, that I was actually laid hold of as a malefactor, and commanded to give an account of myself. Well: I was, as aforesaid, a distant relation of the individual next door. I belonged to nobody in the world, if not to him; I bore but an indifferent reputation in regard to steadiness; and after four years' absence in a foreign country, I had returned idle, penniless, and objectless—just in time to find an area-window open in the dusk of the evening, and a heap of plate lying behind it, within view of the street.

This self-examination was not encouraging; the case was decidedly queer; and as I sat thus pondering in the dark, with the spoon in my hand, I am quite sure that no malefactor in a dungeon could have envied my reflections. In fact, the evidence was so dead against me, that I began to doubt my own innocence. What was I here for if my intentions had really been honest? Why should I desire to come into any individual's area-window instead of the door? And how came it that all this silver-plate had found its way into my pockets? I was angry as well as terrified: I was judge and criminal in one; but the instincts of nature got the better of my sense of justice, and I rose suddenly up, to ascertain whether it was not possible to get from the window into the street.

As I moved, however, the horrible booty I had in my pockets moved likewise, appearing to me to shrike, like a score of fiends, 'Police! police!' and the next instant I heard a quick footstep ascending the stair. Now was the fateful moment come! I was on my feet; my eyes glared upon the door; my hands were clenched; the perspiration had dried suddenly upon my skin; and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. But the footstep, accompanied by a gleam of light, passed—passed; and from very weakness I sat down again, with a dreadful indifference to the screams of the plate in my pockets. Presently there were more footsteps along the hall; then voices; then drawing of bolts and creaking of locks; then utter darkness, then silence—lasting, terrible, profound. The house had gone to bed; the house would quickly be asleep; it was time to be up and doing. But first and foremost, I must get rid of the plate. Without that hideous *corpus delicti*, I should have some chance. I must, at all hazards, creep down into the hall, find my way to the lower regions, and replace the accursed thing where I found it. It required nerve to attempt this; but I was thoroughly wound up; and after allowing a reasonable time to elapse, to give my enemies a fair opportunity of falling asleep, I set out upon the adventure. The door creaked as I went out; the plate grated against my very soul as I descended the steps; but slowly, stealthily, I crept along the wall; and at length found myself on the level floor. There was but one door on that side of the hall, the door which led to the area-room—I recollect the fact distinctly—and it was with inexpressible relief I reached it in safety, and grasped the knob in my hand. The knob turned—but the door did not open: it was locked; it was my fate to be a thief; and after a moment of new dismay, I turned again doggedly, reached the stair, and re-entered the apartment I had left.

It was like getting home. It was snug and private. I had a chair there waiting me. I thought to myself, that many a man would take a deal of trouble to break into such a house. I had only sneaked. I wondered how Jack Shepherd felt on such occasions. I had seen

him at the Adelphi in the person of Mrs Keeley, and a daring little dog he was. He would make nothing of getting down into the street from the window, spoons and all. I tried this: the shutters were not even closed, and the sash moving noiselessly, I had no difficulty in raising it. I stepped out into the balcony, and looked over. Nothing was to be seen but a black and yawning gulf beneath, guarded by the imaginary spikes of an invisible railing. Jack would have laughed at this difficulty; but then he had more experience in the craft than I, and was provided with all necessary appliances. As for me, I had stupidly forgotten even my coil of rope. The governor's house, I found, had either no balcony at all, or it was too far apart to be reached. Presently I heard a footstep on the *trottoir*, a little way off. It was approaching with slow and measured pace: the person was walking as calmly and gravely in the night as if it had been broad day. Suppose I hailed this philosophical stranger, and confided to him, in a friendly way, the fact that the baronet, without the slightest provocation, had locked me up in his house, with his silver spoons in my pocket? Perhaps he would advise me what to do in the predicament. Perhaps he would take the trouble of knocking at the door, or crying fire, and when the servants opened, I might rush out, and so make my escape. But while I was looking wistfully down to see if I could not discern the walking figure, which was now under the windows, a sudden glare from the spot dazzled my sight. It was the bull's-eye of a policeman; and with the instinct of a predatory character, I shrunk back trembling, crept into the room, and shut the window.

By this time I was sensible that there was a little confusion in my thoughts, and by way of employing them on practical and useful objects, I determined to make a tour of the room. But first it was necessary to get rid, somehow or other, of my plunder—to plant the property, as we call it; and with that view I laid it carefully, piece by piece, in the corner of a sofa, and concealed it with the cover. This was a great relief. I almost began to feel like the injured party—more like a captive than a robber; and I groped my way through the room, with a sort of vague idea that I might perhaps stumble upon some trap-door, or sliding-panel, which would lead into the open air, or, at worst, into a secret chamber, where I should be safe for any given number of years from my persecutors. But there was nothing of the kind in this stern, prosaic place: nothing but a few cabinets and tables, and couches, and arm-chairs, and common-chairs, and devotional-chairs; and footstools, and lamps, and statuettes, and glass-shades, and knick-knacks; and one elaborate girandole hung round with crystal prisms, which played such an interminable tune against each other when I chanced to move them, that I stumbled away as fast as I could, and subsided into a *fauteuil* so rich, so deep, that I felt myself swallowed up, as it were, in its billows of swan's down.

How long I had been in the house by this time, I cannot tell. It seemed to me, when I looked back, to form a considerable portion of a lifetime. Indeed, I did not very well remember the more distant events of the night; although every now and then the fact occurred to me with startling distinctness, that all I had gone through was only preliminary to something still to happen; that the morning was to come, the family to be astir, and the housebreaker to be apprehended. My reflections were not continuous. It may be that I dozed between whiles. How else can I account for my feeling myself grasped by the throat, to the very brink of suffocation, by a hand without a body? How else can I account for sister Laura standing over me where I reclined, pointing to the stolen plate on the sofa, and lecturing me on my horrible propensities till she grew black in the face, and her voice rose to a wild unearthly scream which pierced through my brain?

When this fancy occurred, I started from my recumbent posture. A voice was actually in my ears, and a living form before my eyes: a lady stood contemplating me, with a half-scream on her lips, and the colour fading from her cheek; and as I moved, she would have fallen to the ground, had I not sprung up and caught her in my arms. I laid her softly down in the *fauteuil*. It was the morning twilight. The silence was profound. The boundaries of the room were still dim and indistinct. Is it any wonder that I was in some considerable degree of perplexity as to whether I was not still in the land of dreams?

'Madam,' said I, 'if you are a vision, it is of no consequence; but if not, I want particularly to get out.'

'Offer no injury,' she replied, in a tremulous voice, 'and no one will molest you. Take what you have come for, and begone.'

'That is sooner said than done. The doors and windows below are locked and bolted; and beneath those of this room the area is deep, and the spikes sharp. I assure you, I have been in very considerable perplexity the whole of last night; and drawing a chair, I sat down in front of her. Whether it was owing to this action, or to my complaining voice, or to the mere fact of her finding herself in a quiet tête-à-tête with a housebreaker, I cannot tell; but the lady broke into a low hysterical laugh.

'How did you break in?' said she.

'I did not break: it is far from being my character, I assure you. But the area-window was open, and so I just thought I would come in.'

'You were attracted by the plate! Take it, for Heaven's sake, desperate man, and go away!'

'I did take some of it, but with no evil intention—only by way of amusement. Here it is; and going to the sofa, I drew off the cover, and shewed her the plant.

'You have been generous,' said she, her voice getting quaverous again; 'for the whole must have been in your power. I will let you out so softly that no one will know. Put up in your pockets what you have risked so much to possess, and follow me.'

'I will follow you with pleasure,' said I, 'were it all the world over; for the increasing light shewed me as lovely a creature as the morning sun ever shone upon; but as for the plunder, you must excuse me there: I never stole anything before, and, please Heaven, I never will again!'

'Surely you are a most extraordinary person,' said the young lady suddenly, for the light seemed to have made a revelation to her likewise: 'you neither look nor talk like a robber.'

'Nor am I. I am not even a robber—I am nothing; and have not property in the world to the value of these articles of plate.'

'Then if you are not a robber, why are you here?—why creep in at the area-window, appropriate other people's spoons, and get locked up all night in their house?'

'For no other reason, than that I was in a hurry. I had come home from Barcelona, and was going in to my guardian's, next door, when your unfortunate area-window caught my eye, with the plate on the table inside. In an instant, I was over the rails and in through the window like a harlequin, with the intention of giving the family a pleasing surprise, and my old mistress, sister Laura, a great moral lesson on the impropriety of her leaving plate about in so careless a way.'

'Then you are Gerald, my dear Laura's cousin, so longingly expected—so beloved by them all—so—' Here the young lady blushed celestial rosy red, and cast down her eyes. What these two girls could have been saying to each other about me, I never found out; but there was a secret, I will go to death upon it.

She let me out so quietly, that neither her father nor the servants ever knew a syllable about the matter.

I need not say how I was received next door. The governor swept down another sob with another guffaw; mamma bestowed upon me another blessing and another kiss; and Laura was so rejoiced, that she gave me another hearty cry, and forgot to give me another lecture. My next four years were spent to more purpose than the last. Being less in a hurry, I took time to build up a flourishing business in partnership with Laura's husband. As for the baronet's daughter—for we must get everybody into the concluding tableau—why there she is—that lady cutting bread and butter for the children, with as matronly an air as Werter's Charlotte: she is my wife; and we laugh to this day at the oddity of that First Interview which led to so happy a *dénouement*.

VISIT TO A CHOCOLATE MANUFACTORY.

BIRMINGHAM, so says the *Times*, is famous for 'lacquered shams; and any one who has sojourned for awhile in the huge, smoky toy-shop will add—for not a few genuine realities! To walk from factory to factory, from workshop to workshop, and view the extraordinary mechanical contrivances, the ingenious adaptations of means to ends, to say nothing of the eager spirit of application manifested by the busy population, produces an impression on the mind of no common character. Besides which, the town itself, so ill-arranged and ugly, is a spectacle; and in the people that inhabit the dismal streets, the visitor may find studies in morality as well as manufactures.

We have something to say about one of the realities alluded to above—not the making of pens, or tea-pots, or papier-maché; but of something in which breakfasts are implicated all over the kingdom—the making of cocoa and chocolate as carried on by Messrs Cadbury, Brothers. These gentlemen having kindly invited us to a sight of their establishment, we took the opportunity of witnessing their processes for converting raw produce into an acceptable article of diet, aided by the ample explanations of one of the partners. Such a manufacture seems out of place among bronze and brass and hardware, but the factory stands away from the fuliginous quarter, on the verge of Edgbaston—that Belgravia of Birmingham—where sunshine and blue sky are not perpetually hidden by smoke. What we saw there is worth the telling, as we hope to shew.

Here, however, we must say a few words concerning the raw material. It appears that the Spaniards were the first Europeans who tasted chocolate; it was part of their spoil in the conquest of Mexico. Bernardo de Castile, who accompanied Cortez, describing one of Montezuma's banquets, says: 'They brought in among the dishes above fifty great jars made of good cacao, with its froth, and drank it, the women serving them with a great deal of respect; and similar jars were served to the guards and attendants to the number of two thousand at least.' The Spaniards enjoyed the rare beverage, and with a slight transformation of the native Mexican term *Chacocatl*, they introduced chocolate, as they named it, into Spain, monopolising the article for a time, and it was only by slow degrees that the knowledge of it spread into other parts of Europe. Gage, an old traveller who had visited the tropics, writing in 1630, remarks: 'Our English and Hollanders make little use of it, when they take a prize at sea, as not knowing the secret virtue and quality of it for the good of the stomach.' In the reign of Charles II., it was so much esteemed in England that Dr Stubbe published a book, entitled *The Indian Nectar, or a Discourse concerning Chocolate, &c.*, giving a history of the article, and many curious notions respecting its 'secret virtue; and recommending his readers to buy it of one Mortimer, an honest, though poor man, who lived in East Cheap, and sold the best kind at 6s. 6d. the pound, and

commoner sorts, for about half that price. Of course, none but the wealthy could drink it; indeed, we find writers of the past century alluding to it as an aristocratic beverage.

Linnaeus was so fond of chocolate, that he called it *food for the gods* in the distinguishing name which he gave to the tree that produces it—*Theobroma cacao*. The tree is a native of tropical America, but is now largely cultivated in other parts of the world. It grows from twelve to sixteen feet high, with evergreen leaves, and fruit of a deep orange colour when ripe, resembling a cucumber in shape, and containing from ten to thirty seeds. These seeds are the cacao-nuts or cocoa-nibs of commerce; in the trade, they are commonly spoken of as cocoa-nuts. The best kind are brought from Trinidad; and such has been the effect of lowering the duty, which was formerly 4s. per pound, to one penny, the present charge, that the quantity imported in the year ending January 5, 1852, amounted to 6,773,960 pounds. Among the colonial produce shewn in the Great Exhibition, cocoa-nuts held a conspicuous place; and it ought to be understood, that from such as these cocoa and chocolate are made—both from the same article.

To return to the factory. We first saw a storehouse filled with bags of nuts or nibs, two hundredweight in each, the only kinds used on the premises being those from Trinidad and Grenada. In an adjoining room, imbedded in a huge mass of brickwork, are four cylindrical ovens rotating slowly over a coke-fire, each containing a hundredweight of nuts, which were undergoing a comfortable process of roasting, as evidenced by an agreeable odour thrown off, and a loss of 10 per cent. in weight at the close of the operation, which lasts half an hour. Thus, in a day of ten hours, the four ovens will roast two tons of nuts, the prime mover being a twenty-horse steam-engine. The sight was one that would have gladdened Count Rumford's heart, for the cylinders and their fittings comprised all the economical principles of his roaster—certainty of effect without waste of fuel.

The next step is to crack or break the nuts in what is called the 'kibbling-mill.' The roasting has made them quite crisp, and with a few turns of the whizzing apparatus, they are divested of their husk, which is driven into a bin by a ceaseless blast from a furious fan; while the kernels, broken into small pieces, fall, perfectly clean, into a separate compartment, where their granulated form and rich glossy colour give them a very tempting appearance. The husk is repacked in the empty bags, and exported to Ireland, where it is sold at a low price to the humbler classes, who extract from it a beverage which has all the flavour of cocoa, if not all its virtues.

Thus prepared, the mass of broken nut is ready for more intimate treatment, which is carried on in a large room where shafts, wheels, and straps keep a number of strange-looking machines in busy movement. Some of these are double-cylinders, highly heated by a flow of steam between the inner and outer cases—an arrangement by which any degree of temperature can be produced in the interior. Inside of each works an armed iron-breaker, which, as soon as a quantity of the cracked nuts is introduced, begins to rotate, and, by the combined influence of heat and pressure, liberates the oil of the cocoa bean, and soon reduces the mass to a liquid which flows, 'thick and slab,' into a pan placed to receive it, leisurely as a stream of half-frozen treacle. In this state it is ready for grinding between the mill-stones, to which it is successively transferred, being poured into 'hoppers' which, like the cylinders, are heated by steam. The cocoa flows rapidly from the stones in a fluid smooth as oil; but it is the best kinds only that are flavoured with the most trituration, the commoner sorts being more summarily dismissed. At the time of our visit, a pair of new stones were in

course of erection, which of themselves will turn off a ton of chocolate per day.

The process, so far, is that employed for all kinds of cocoa and chocolate, the nuts, as before stated, being the basis of all; the variety depends on subsequent admixture, the best kinds being, of course, the purest and most delicately flavoured. Up to this point, we have the cocoa in its native condition, merely altered in form; but now it has come to the stage of sophistication.

A given portion of the cocoa liquid is poured into a pan, and weighed with other ingredients, which consist, in the main, of arrow-root, sago, and refined sugar—the latter reduced to an impalpable powder—besides the flavouring substances. The quality depends entirely on the proportions of these ingredients, and on their unexceptionable character. The unpractised eye may not detect any difference between a cake of genuine chocolate, and another two-thirds composed of red earth and roasted beans. We have seen documentary evidence laid before the Board of Excise, shewing that a certain manufacturer of cocoa used every week a ton of a species of amber for purposes of adulteration; and recent investigations have shewn, that such practices are only too frequent. No wonder that muddy and insoluble grounds are found at the bottom of breakfast-cups! No one pretends that manufactured chocolate or cocoa is unmixed; but it is a satisfaction to know, that the admixture is not only of good quality, but nutritious.

The necessary quantities having been weighed and duly stirred together with a large wooden spoon, are poured into a mould nearly three feet in length, about nine inches wide, and from three to four inches deep; and in from four to five hours the mass is sufficiently solid to bear removal, when it is turned out as a large cake or block, which might very well pass for a huge sun-baked brick from Nineveh. In this way any number of cakes may be produced, those made on one day being finally worked up on the next, by which time they have become somewhat more hardened.

In this final process, the cakes are laid one at a time in what resembles a chaff-cutting machine, except, instead of the ordinary broad knife wielded by grooma, that a wheel, armed with four sharp blades, whirls round at the open end. The block of cocoa, held by machinery, advances with a slow continuous motion, until it touches the blades on the wheel, when immediately a cloud of most delicate shavings or shavings is thrown off, as rapidly as sparks from a knife-grinder's wheel. Cake after cake is thus comminuted, at the rate of a ton per day from a single machine. The shavings are collected as fast as they fall, and passed through a sieve, which reduces them to that coarse powdery form so well known to all consumers of soluble chocolate. It is then put into barrels, and despatched without delay to the packing-room by means of a railway.

That there is something in a name, is as true of cocoa and chocolate as of other things, and the difference of name implies, in most instances, a difference of manufacture. Hence there is a variety of processes going on within the building, the results of which are shewn in 'Cocoa Paste,' 'Rock Cocoa,' 'Eating Vanilla Chocolate,' 'Penny Chocolate,' 'French Bonbons,' 'Flaked Cocoa,' 'Homœopathic,' &c. So numerous are the sorts, that a purchaser is as much puzzled in his choice as an untraveller Cockney with a Parisian bill of fare. The making of the flaked cocoa is peculiarly interesting, and is, we were informed, peculiar to this establishment. To see how the amorphous mass comes from the mill in long curling ribbons, uniform in thickness and texture, is a sight that provokes astonishment, as much by the rapidity of the operation as by the ease with which it appears to be accomplished, but which has only been arrived at by a persevering circumvention of vexatious difficulties.

But however interesting the results, one grows tired at length of the noise and clatter of machinery; and it was with a feeling of relief that we mounted to the packing-room, where all was so light, cheerful, and orderly, as to prove that the good management everywhere perceptible had here put on its pleasantest expression. The most perfect cleanliness prevails. The half-score or more of girls, who work under the superintendence of a forewoman, are all dressed in clean Holland pinafores—an industrial uniform. All were packing as busily as hands could work: one weighed the cocoa; a second placed the paper in the mould, and turned the cocoa into it; a third compressed the contents by means of a machine-moved plunger; while a fourth released the packet, pasted down the loose ends, and laid it aside. This party, by their combined operations, weigh and pack a hundred-weight per hour. Some were wrapping the 'homœopathic' in bright envelopes of tinfoil; others boxing the 'bonbons'; others coating the 'roll' with its distinctive paper; while others helped the forewoman to count and sort the orders—all performing their duties with that celerity which can only be attained by long practice. Finally, the respective orders are packed away in boxes of various sizes, from fourteen pounds to a hundredweight; and to give full effect to the system of cleanliness, none but new boxes are used, so that not the slightest ground is afforded for even a suspicion of uncleanness.

In these professedly enlightened days, commercial progress cannot well be considered apart from moral progress; we want to know not only how work is done, but who and what they are who do it. Are they benefited by the 'mighty developments of commercial enterprise?' We may therefore very properly say a few words respecting the *employés* in the cocoa-factory. No girl is employed who is not of known good moral character. Some at first are found to be good rather passively than actively, but they have example daily before their eyes, and a spirit of emulation gradually develops their better qualities. Their hours of work are from nine A.M. to seven P.M., with an hour off for dinner—tea is supplied to them on the premises. Their earnings range from 5s. to 9s. per week. Once a week, during the summer season, they have a half-holiday for a little excursion to the country, and twice a week they leave work for evening school an hour before the usual time. With few exceptions, these elevating influences are found to tell favourably on their conduct; and besides the direct benefit to themselves, we may be permitted to take into the account, the benefit to the homes and families to which the girls belong. Accustomed to order and cleanliness through the day, they can hardly fail to carry these virtues with them to their dwellings. The men employed exhibit the good effects of proper management not less than the girls. Some have acquired a steady habit of saving, and with nearly all, from the mere force of example, teetotalism is the rule. Instances of misconduct are rare, and when reproof is called for, it is administered by an appeal to the better feelings in preference to angry demonstration. Factories conducted on such a system must be at once schools of morality and industry.

There is one more point which we feel bound to notice in closing our article. While going about the premises, we were asked to look to the top of the tall engine-chimney, where, to our surprise, none but the faintest whiff of vapour was visible. 'There is no need,' said our conductor, 'that any chimney in Birmingham should smoke more than that. I have told the people so over and over again, but to little use, for they will persist in wasting fuel, and blackening the atmosphere. This is Beddington's patent, and you shall see the effect of it.' The fireman was then told to shut off the apparatus from the flue; immediately a

dense black smoke poured from the chimney-top, and when at the murkiest, the order was given: 'Now turn on again.' In five seconds, the smoke had vanished, and the almost imperceptible vapour alone remained. Thus, of the coal consumed daily, not a particle is wasted, and a considerable portion of the atmosphere is saved from deterioration. So perfect an example of what can be done towards the abatement of a nuisance, made us wish to be autocrat for a week—our reign should be signalised by the extinction of smoke!

THE WORKING-CLASSES IN 'THE GOOD OLD TIMES.'

As it has become fashionable in some quarters to hold that the working-classes are ever sinking in position, and that they have lost the comforts, the pleasures, and the freedom of the 'good old times,' it may serve a useful purpose to put together, from authentic sources, some notices of their actual condition among our ancestors. To associate our present working-classes with slavery would seem an insult; and it would be said, that it is a condition to which they could not, under any circumstances, be induced to submit. But although this is true of their present condition, it is equally true, that not only in the rest of Europe, but even in England and Scotland, those who of old held the position of the working-classes, were slaves in the strictest sense of the term. Among our Saxon ancestors, to whose free institutions our historians so often proudly refer, two-thirds of the people—that is, in short, the whole of the working-classes—are computed to have been slaves. Sir Walter Scott, whose descriptions of life and manners are as faithful as they are picturesque, gives an admirable sketch of the slave or thrall of the Saxons in the faithful Gurth, the follower of Ivanhoe. First, we have the account of his close-fitting tunic, made of skin; after which follows that of a part of his dress which, Sir Walter said, was too remarkable to be overlooked. 'It was a brass ring resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed except by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved in Saxon characters—"Gurth, the son of Beowald, the born thrall of Cedric the Saxon."'

For two or three centuries after the Conquest, there is no doubt that the peasantry were liable to be bought and sold as slaves. Even in Magna Charta, there is a prohibition that a guardian shall not 'waste the men or cattle' in the estate of the ward: there is here no consideration for the men who might be 'wasted'; it is all for the property of the ward, which is not to be injured through the cupidity or carelessness of his guardian. Sir Frederic Eden, the historian of the poor-law, adduces many instances in which slaves had been sold—thus in 1283, a slave and his family were sold by the Abbey of Dunstable for 13s. 4d.

The distinguishing feature of Britain at the present day is, that she is in advance of all the other nations of Europe in unting order with freedom. Our ancestors may be said to have led us on to this proud position, by the gradual emancipation of the peasantry from slavery. We soon find, in the contests with European powers, the great distinction between the Briton even of the humblest rank and the Frenchman or German. The great victories gained by the English over the French—Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt—have been supposed almost fabulous, from the inequality of the contending forces—the small number on the victorious side, the vast host conquered by it. But we cease to wonder when we examine the different qualities of the combatants. At Agincourt, the English army, which was completely victorious, amounted to only 9000 men; while that of France, which was routed, amounted to

50,000; at Poitiers, the disproportion was nearly as great; and at Crecy, the conquered force more than doubled that of the conquerors. We have not lately seen, nor are we likely to see, contests with such results in European warfare. But we see it in Oriental conflicts; and the late battles of our troops with the Afghans and Sikhs were somewhat of the same character, from the immense superiority of European over Asiatic discipline. The reason of the superiority of the English over the French in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is plain enough to any one who has studied the history of the people, though it may be incomprehensible to those who have only studied the history of courts and armies. It arose from the growing freedom of the British. Before the introduction of firearms, the great dependence of an army was generally in the men-at-arms, as they were called, or the knights and others who were sheathed in plate armour, mounted on strong horses, and provided with costly weapons. The knight and his horse were like a movable fortification; the peasantry or serfs who went along with them to battle, half-naked and half-fed, with rude and trifling arms, were looked upon as mere dross in comparison with the men-at-arms. One man-at-arms was considered equal to ten or even twenty of them; and when knights were not engaged in encountering each other, it was deemed as a sort of amusement for a few of them, with their heavy horses and armour, to ride down multitudes of these abject serfs.

So it was in the rest of Europe, but not in England. The English Bowman, or billman, who carried a large axe or bill, was a strong, healthy, well-fed man; and though he had not perfect freedom, according to our modern acceptance of the term, he had an existence worth struggling for, and not entirely at the command of an imperious lord. Hence he was sometimes not much inferior, as a combatant, to the mail-clad man-at-arms. Now, at the battle of Crecy, the French, though the wretched serfs were so numerous, had only about 8000 men-at-arms; and though the English had not a third of that number of the higher kind of warriors, yet they had nearly 30,000 sturdy bowmen and billmen. A characteristic illustration of the contempt with which the poor slaves were viewed occurred in that very battle. A party of cross-bowmen hesitated to advance—they felt tired, the fatigue of the march being beyond their strength. On this, the Count of Alençon cried out: 'Kill the lazy scoundrels!' A number of the men-at-arms rushed in among them, to chastise them, and this produced a confusion which assisted the English to their victory.

From these battles, and a multitude of other sources, we can see the great superiority, in freedom and condition of living, of the humbler class in England over that in France; and yet, at the same time, it is difficult in the nineteenth century to believe in the extent of tyranny exercised, down to a comparatively recent period, over the working-classes in Britain. We may judge of the tyrannical interference of the government with the freedom of labour by the Statute of Labourers, passed in 1349. One of the frightful famines of the middle ages had occurred, and labourers were scarce in comparison with the means of employment. It is said that the same phenomenon has now in some measure recurred in Ireland; but there is little chance of our statesmen treating it as those of the fourteenth century did. Justice says, that the labourer is entitled to obtain the value of his labour, be it much or little. Parliament, however, fixed the amount which it thought the reasonable price of labour—the rate at which the members of the legislature desired to have it; and endeavoured, by penalties and persecution, to obtain it at that rate. The statute commences by abusing the labourers for taking advantage of the scarcity of hands to demand high wages—as if there ever were human beings, employed in the ordinary

affairs of life, who would not take what wages or profits they could obtain; and as if labourers were like missionaries, and other devotees, who are not led by any mercenary motive. The statute then enacts, that every person able in body, and under the age of sixty, not having means of maintaining himself, is bound to serve whoever shall be willing to employ him, at the wages which were usually paid during the six years preceeding the plague; and if he refuses, and it is proved by two witnesses before the sheriff, bailiff, lord, or constable of the village where the refusal is given, he is to be committed to jail, and continue there till he finds surety to enter into service in terms of the act.

It is always observable, that laws interfering with freedom of trade go on increasing in strictness, because the confusion which the first attempt creates is always attributed to the deficiency of the law instead of its excess. The Statute of Labourers was of course insufficient to put everything right between employers and employed; and so, two years afterwards, another and stricter Statute of Labourers was passed (23 Ed. III., ch. 1-8.) This statute not only regulated the wages of husbandry, and the times when peasant-labourers were to work, but fixed the precise amount which each kind of artisan was bound to work for. The account given of it by Mr Daines Barrington, in his observations on the statutes, may be quoted as among the clearest and briefest. The reader will of course remember, that the coins mentioned by him bore a much higher value than coins of the same denomination at present. 'The common labourer in the hay-harvest is only to have 1d. a day, except a mower, who, if he mow by the acre, is to have 5d. per acre, or otherwise 5d. a day. A reaper is to have in time of corn-harvest 2d. the first week in August, and 3d. till the end of the month; and they are likewise neither to ask meat nor any other perquisite or indulgence. The law likewise requires that they shall repair to the next town or village, carrying their scythe or sickle openly in their hands, and shall there be hired in some public place. . . . The second chapter directs that no man in harvest—before settled to be in the month of August—shall leave the village in which he lived during the winter, except the inhabitants of Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Craven, and the marches of Wales and Scotland—the occasion of which is, that there are large tracts of mountain or moorland in all these counties and districts, where nothing can be raised but oats, which are not usually ripe till October; and, consequently, if they were not employed in more early harvest, they would be without employment during the months of August and September.'

But the English peasantry and artisans had now acquired too much real independence to submit silently to these arbitrary regulations. The celebrated insurrection of Wat Tyler, which took place thirty years afterwards, was a concentrated embodiment of popular discontent. However turbulent and dangerous might be the form in which the mob demanded redress, the demands themselves were in many respects very reasonable. Thus, the brief statement of them by Hume, the historian, is, that they 'required a general pardon, the abolition of slavery, freedom of commerce in market-towns without toll or impost, and a fixed rent on lands, instead of the services due by villenage'—that is to say, they desired that they should be tenants, paying rent in money or services, and not serfs bound to remain on the soil. The insurrection was crushed, and the insurgents obtained no immediate redress. Parliament, however, considered the whole circumstances before the conclusion of Richard II.'s reign. Wat Tyler's rebellion was nearly contemporary with several other risings throughout Europe of the enslaved working-classes against their tyrants. In France, they formed the dreaded bands of the Jacquerie, who desolated the most fruitful portions

of that fine country. They committed great cruelties; but in the end they were crushed by the chivalry of the upper ranks. In the results of the two insurrections, however, there was a marked difference between England and France. Advance and improvement have ever, fortunately, characterised the legislation of this country. In France, and other parts of the continent, the insurgents were crushed with terrible slaughter, and then they were subjected to stricter and sterner laws, to prevent them from breaking out again—laws so strict and stern, that the French peasantry and working-classes were kept in chain by them till the Revolution of 1788. In England, on the other hand, the parliament which met after Tyler's insurrection was put down, took into consideration the state of the country; and the tyrannical and oppressive laws against the peasantry and working-classes were modified.

Still these classes remained for centuries in a condition so closely bordering on actual slavery, that a close, practical contemplation of it would certainly be sufficiently startling to the workmen of the present day. The celebrated statute of Elizabeth for the relief of the poor, passed in 1597, shews us, in sufficiently distinct terms, the position of the workman at that period. Various kinds of vagrants or impostors are, in the first place, enumerated, much resembling the same class at the present day—such as persons pretending to be shipwrecked sailors, fortune-tellers, players, bear-keepers, musicians, &c. And then we have 'all wandering persons and common labourers, being persons able in body, using loitering and refusing to work for such reasonable wages as is taxed or commonly given in such parts where such persons do or shall happen to dwell or abide, not having living otherwise to maintain themselves.' Among the punishments attached to this offence are, that the offender 'be stripped naked from the middle upward, and shall be openly whipped until his or her body be bloody.' In fact, the whole poor-law legislation which followed this enactment, down to the act of 1834, treated the peasant in a great measure as a slave. Doubtless the workhouse-test, which requires that the able-bodied man who gets relief shall give labour for it, involves slavery within the bounds of the workhouse. But this, fortunately, now only applies to a few. The evil of the old system was, that while it was less stringent in giving relief, and afforded much more assistance to the able-bodied class of workmen, it necessarily established a control over their motions, and this control made an unpleasantly near approach to slavery. Instead of workmen going with the eagerness of energy and hope to the employer who gave them most wages, they too often went to the employer to whom the parish sent them. The degrading spectacle of labourers set up to auction in the parish pound was frequently exhibited. Apart from the poor-law system, the actual feudal serfdom, which gave landowners great powers over the peasantry on their estates, was not abolished until the reign of Charles II.

We have a similar history of matters in Scotland. Thus, not to go further back, an act passed immediately on the restoration of the Stuarts, empowered justices of peace to fix the rate of wages to be paid to labourers, workmen, or servants; and if they refused to work at the legal wages so established, they might be imprisoned and scourged. It was not an uncommon thing, at the commencement of the last century, to see advertisements in the newspapers for the apprehension of runaway servants. The power of the higher over the working-classes was so great, that at one time, before the idea of a traffic in negroes was suggested, young people were kidnapped even in the streets of cities, and sent out as slaves to the plantations. Instances have been given where their parents have seen them driven in herds on board ship, yet dared not interfere. The power which the landholders in Scotland possessed over their vassals, down to the middle of the eighteenth

century, was a condition of things necessary to the two rebellions. The humble clansmen were not properly rebels; they were paying obedience to their chiefs, who possessed power over them almost unlimited. The notorious Lovat had managed to seduce an English servant to the Highlands, and when once there, the poor fellow found that he was a slave, and could not possibly escape. It was not until the present century that two classes of workmen in Scotland were emancipated from a species of slavery—colliers and saltmakers. It is startling to read of them in the work, which is still the principal law authority in Scotland—*Erskine's Institutions*. He speaks of them as 'necessary servants,' and says: 'In this class of necessary servants may be reckoned colliers, coal-bearers, salters, and other workmen necessary for carrying on of collieries and salt-works. These are by law itself, without any paction, bound, merely by their entering upon work, in a colliery or salt-manufactory, to the perpetual service thereof; and if the owner sell or alienate the ground on which the works stand, the right of the service of these colliers, salters, &c., passes over to the purchaser.' What was this but modified slavery?—and the consideration that it actually existed within Great Britain until a recent period, and excited no sort of compassion, should temper any observations we might be inclined to make on the subject of slavery in distant countries.

We cannot but rejoice that in the present day there exists not the slightest relic of serfdom in any part of the United Kingdom. Every man is now his own master, and has his own responsibilities. We say, we are glad of this, because without such liberty of personal action, there can be no social progress. At the same time, it appears undeniable that the legislature, in emancipating the humbler classes, has strangely neglected to go one step further—that is, to make sure of their being educated, and so rendered capable of improving their condition to some purpose. It is in this great shortcoming that a blot rests on our institutions. When is that blot to be removed?

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER IN CHILI.

So little is known of Chili, a country of considerable extent in South America, with a frontage to the Pacific, that latterly a distinguished man of science, Dr Ried of Ratisbon, went on an expedition to explore its physical character. From the notes which were sent by this enlightened traveller to the secretary of the Zoological-mineralogical Society of the above-named city, we are enabled to draw the following account of the wild interior of the Chilian territory:—

The land along the coast is unusually high, the mountains on the sea-board rising about 3000 feet above the water, for the greater part at an angle of 60 to 70 degrees. In their height, there is hardly any perceptible difference; the summits form long tracts of table-land, very uneven, however, and broken up in all directions by chasms, and the dried-up beds of cataracts and rapid rivers. For 400 leagues along the coast, all is one dreary waste. The entrance to this table-land is by the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Such channels, in which not a drop of moisture has been found within the memory of tradition, are everywhere to be seen actually ground away, and polished like the finest marble by the action of water. At the foot of the mountains, traces of the sea are discernible 100 or 150 feet higher up than at present. Huge masses of rock, too, bear traces of having been violently rent, where now there is never a storm.

The best entrance to the desert is from Cobija, where the ascent at once begins, and continues for a distance of about three leagues, including the dried-up bed of a torrent, formed in the steep surface of rock. About

of ten leagues from the coast, and parallel with it, a chain of higher mountains rises to a height of between 7000 and 8000 feet. From the summit of these—and it is no easy task to climb so far—one is enabled to form a slight idea of the desert of Atacama. To the east, you see the majestic Cordilleras, their bright peaks glittering in the distance through a golden mist; while on the north, south, and west, there is an unrelieved expanse without sign of life or hope, but everywhere silence: and what a silence! It is not the stillness of a summer night in the country, nor of a church, nor of a sick-room: it is the silence of death! As you gaze on the scene before you, you are oppressed—almost overwhelmed by its dreary sadness. No insect hum is heard; not even a bird is seen in the still air; the earth, and the atmosphere above it, is one vast region of death. The only link which connects the traveller with humanity, is a long row of the skeletons of mules and horses, which have here left their bones for a guide across the desert. The dead animals lie like mummies, dried and shrivelled; hair, eyes, muscles, all are there. Their appearance presents a remarkable peculiarity. One might suppose, that having been overtaken by death under similar circumstances, the last struggle over, their inanimate bodies would be marked by no characteristic and distinctive difference. But the case is otherwise. Both mule and horse have sunk from hunger, thirst, and exhaustion; yet the position of the two animals in their lifeless state is invariably unlike. The horse lies outstretched, the hoof in a straight line with the knee, the teeth half-closed—a picture of exhaustion and resignation. The mule, on the contrary, has always the limbs drawn up, as if from cramp; the knees are bent, and the hoofs drawn inward towards the body; the head is thrown back, the mouth swayed, and the teeth firmly clenched. As they often lie side by side, this difference is striking. Whence it arises, it is difficult to say; but it would seem to denote, that the sufferings of the mule are more intense, and its tenacity of life greater, than those of the horse.

After traversing a distance of twenty-seven leagues, we arrive at the river. Travellers who are inured to fatigue, always make the journey in one ride. Dr Ried accomplished the whole distance without once dismounting. The stream is called Loa, and has its source in the snows of the mountain-tops. In the neighbourhood of a small Indian village called Chichiu, it is fed by a little volcanic stream, which contains a large quantity of salt in a state of dissolution, besides copper, arsenic, sulphur, and other matters. The quantity of the water is increased by this supply, but its quality by no means improved; yet the abominable mixture tastes on that spot like the choicest champagne! The stream is not perceived till you stand on the very edge. Its bed is between 300 and 400 yards broad, and is about 200 or 300 feet below the average surface of the table-land. The body of water which forms this river is very inconsiderable, and becomes more and more so as it nears the sea. Here Dr Ried saw some mosquitoes, as well as a small lizard; but the presence of the quick, bright-eyed creature in that dreary waste, rather added to the sense of loneliness. Its very name, too (*Musca domestica*), seemed a mockery, dwelling as it did in that vast solitude. In the water, no trace of life was to be found. From the stream, which has its source in the clouds, writes Dr Ried to his friend, 'I took a bottleful, which I send you to analyse, and in order that you may say you have seen water from Atacama. I advise you, however, not to drink it.'

In the desert, it never rains. At the foot of the Cordilleras—and only at the foot—rain falls to a distance of about ten leagues westward, but never further; in Atacama, to a distance of about ten leagues from the mountains; in Chile, to far beyond the coast. Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary phenomenon of this strange land, is the sudden change of temperature which

takes place over the whole desert. The heat at noon is oppressive—from 96 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit; and this continues till four p.m., when it begins to diminish. From ten a.m. till about sunset, there is a strong westerly wind, blowing from the sea towards the Cordilleras. It is always fierce, but sometimes so powerful, that it is impossible to advance against it. When the sun is down, the wind likewise subsides, and till nine or ten o'clock in the evening there is a perfect calm.

Sunset in these regions is a magnificent spectacle. The play of colours in the heavens is quite indescribable. When the moon rises, the same thing occurs. Opposite the orb, a huge pile of vapour rises in shadowy forms, on which the light is thrown, producing the most wonderful effects. In these chromatic displays, red is the colour that predominates. Towards midnight, the wind begins to blow from the east, at first gently, but icy cold, for it comes from the regions of perpetual frost and snow. The radiation of heat from such an extensive and almost glowing surface is naturally very great and rapid, and after midnight it begins to freeze. An hour before sunrise, all stagnant water is frozen over; and the thermometer falls sometimes to 28 degrees Fahrenheit—on an average it is at 32 degrees—to rise again at noon to 90 degrees.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

October 1853.

The death of the great Duke has for a time kept other subjects of conversation in abeyance; but by slow degrees the old hero slides into the past, and the tongues and pens of thousands are busily recalling the words, works, and exploits by which he won for himself 'imperishable renown.' His life presents itself to us in different aspects, wherein the lowliest as well as the loftiest may find something exemplary; and all may learn a lesson in that virtue of virtues—persevering straightforwardness. By and by, we shall have a magnificent funeral; and then, as new events follow, we shall find whether new men are to come capable of meeting them; whether there are to be heroes after Agamemnon as well as before.

The remains of the Great Exhibition building are fast disappearing from Hyde Park, under the busy hands of the troops of workmen engaged in the business of taking down and removal. Heavily-laden wagons are continually departing from each entrance, and every hour the prodigious mass of materials is diminished. The spectacle is a striking one in many respects, and would be a melancholy one were it not for the certainty of restoration. Already the grass is beginning to grow on the ground, worn bare by millions of feet; and before many months are over, the greenward will again cover the site of the world's Temple of Industry.

Among the objects of most interest to be comprised in the new Palace, are galleries of Classic and Mediæval Art, a Nineveh and Egyptian Court, Etruscan Restorations, Hall of the Alhambra, Court of Inventions, besides complete illustrations of the races of Man, to be arranged by Dr Latham, which will afford valuable aid to the student of ethnology; and of natural history and geology, all to be superintended by able professors. Seeing that there is talk of enlarging the British Museum, which is not half large enough for its purpose, might not some of its long-hidden contents be transferred, under proper regulations, to the Palace at Sydenham?

The present year has been as remarkable for storms as the last was for fine weather, and in parts of the world widely separated—the continent of Europe and the United States of America, as well as our own country. Meteorologists say, that the frequent atmospheric disturbances will furnish us with valuable facts for theoretical and practical use. In many places, the

storms have been followed by destructive floods, particularly in France, the effects of which, it is said, are greatly aggravated by the spirit of modern improvement, leading to the cutting down of trees and forests; so that the more the land is cleared, the fiercer become the floods. It would be interesting to test this fact by what takes place under similar circumstances in America, where forest is in excess. The subject has been brought before the Geological Society by Mr Frestwich, as regards the Holmfirth flood, with a view to collect data as to the power of moving water, the height of the flood, the time in which the water ran off, together with exact measurements of the fall of the ground, and the amount of denudation. All these are questions of great scientific value in geology, because arguing from the effects produced by so small a body of water comparatively, we may arrive at satisfactory conclusions concerning the great floods of other ages. In the instance here referred to, from 40,000 to 50,000 tons were carried from the dam by the sudden rush, the greater part of which was deposited within the first 300 feet. Lower down, from one to two feet of deposit was laid over the meadows; rocks, weighing from five to twenty tons, were transported to a considerable distance; and at seven miles from the outbreak, near Huddersfield, a stratum of sand was laid over the fields. The mention of these facts may be of service to those who have had opportunities for observation elsewhere.

The Society have also had their attention called to disturbances of another sort—earthquakes; of which not a few have occurred of late in many parts of the world, our own island among them. The shocks appear to have been most severely felt in the south-west—Cornwall, for instance, and the neighbourhood of Bristol, where they extended over an area of more than thirty miles. The effects have now been accurately described: one of the shocks lasted two seconds; the other, from ten to twelve seconds, accompanied by a rumbling noise. The line of disturbance was from north to south, striking the Mendips, and traversing parts of the shires of Somerset and Gloucester. 'The chief focus of oscillation was at Cheddar, where the hill is said to have waved to and fro during several seconds; and in the alluvial flat or marsh below Cheddar, some houses had the plaster of the ceilings cracked; while in others, the clocks struck, doors slammed, bells rung, &c.' With such commotions taking place in the solid earth, geologists will not fail of sources of interest in their favourite study. There is yet another geological fact worth mentioning—the finding of footprints in what is called Potsdam sandstone, near Montreal, in Canada. This sandstone is the 'lowest member of the lowest Silurian rocks;' and the discovery is good evidence that there were living creatures walking on the land at the very oldest periods hitherto revealed by geology—thus carrying back the appearance of organic life to a time more remote than had been supposed. Professor Owen, who has examined the slabs and casts, says, that no idea of the creature that made the tracks can be formed from any animal at present existing, for instead of the prints being in successive pairs, an odd one is found to intervene. He considers it to have had three legs on each side, and to have been neither tortoise-like nor vertebrate; and after naming it *Proctichnites*, adds: 'I incline to adopt, as the most probable hypothesis, that the creatures which have left their tracks and impressions on the most ancient of known sea-shores, belonged to an articulate and probably crustaceous genus.' The fact is an important one in a scientific point of view, and presents a new standpoint for inquirers.

There is advancement, too, in other quarters. Faraday has been diligently pursuing his investigations into the phenomena of electricity and magnetism through greater part of the dead season, and will be prepared

to make the results public. And Professor Stokes's researches and experiments on light, which have been laid before the British Association and the Royal Society, are regarded by competent judges as the most remarkable and fruitful that have been made for many years. Another means of advance will perhaps be found in the new process for 'illuminating' glass, by which lenses of all sizes, from spectacles to telescopes, may be made so much brighter and more transparent, as to increase their power and utility to an extraordinary degree. We are shortly to have further particulars concerning this improvement, which, if it be such as described, and applicable to microscopes, will perhaps enable Ehrenberg to verify the opinions he has lately formed concerning the atmosphere—namely, that it is not less full of organic and inorganic life than the ocean, or any other part of creation.

Mr Westwood has read a paper before the Zoological Society, 'On the Destructive Species of certain Insects known in Africa,' in which he shews the probability of their having been the insects of the fourth plague recorded in the Pentateuch. Some of them are the *Oestrids*; and one kind known in Africa as *Tsetse*, is so fierce and venomous, that a few of them are sufficient to sting a horse to death: they are the same as the *Zimb*, of which Bruce gives such a striking account. Their presence appears to be mainly determined by the nature of the soil, for they are seldom found away from the black earth peculiar to the Valley of the Nile. Among the carvings on the ancient tombs, this insect is supposed to be represented. With regard to another species of insect, Dr Macgowan states, that the insect-wax of China, of which 400,000 pounds are produced annually, is not, as has long been believed, a 'saliva or excrement,' but 'that the insect undergoes what may be styled a ceraceous degeneration, its whole body being permeated by the peculiar produce in the same manner as the *Coccus cacti* is by carmine.'

The Agricultural Society have announced that they will give £1,000 and a gold medal for the discovery of a manure equal in fertilising properties to the Peruvian guano, and of which an unlimited supply can be furnished to the English farmer at a rate not exceeding £5 per ton. Also, 'fifty sovereigns for the best account of the geographical distribution of guano, with suggestions for the discovery of any new source of supply, accompanied by specimens.' To be adjudged in 1854. They offer, likewise, fifty sovereigns for the best essays on farming in the counties of Hereford, Surrey, and Derby; and thirty sovereigns for the best essays on the 'management of heavy lands'; 'of light lands'; 'on beans and peas'; 'on hereditary diseases and defects in pigs and sheep.' These to be decided in 1853. It is something to see agriculture thus trying to stand on its own legs.

Among minor matters, the wire-lace recently invented at Nottingham has been talked about, and is said to be as tasteful and rich as it is novel, for it admits of being electroplated. Shall we wear metal clothing by and by, as well as live in metal houses? Dr Payerne has been making experiments in submarine steam navigation at Cherbourg, and with such success as to be able to sink his vessel at any moment, to live in it under water, and to propel it in any given direction. Are we to be invaded by a fleet of these artful contrivances, or is it a preparation for the escape of the future emperor from St Helena? There are one or two interesting facts from Australia, although not about gold: the bodies of Dr Leichardt and some of his exploring party, are said to have been discovered near Moreton Bay, where they had been murdered by the natives; and Sir Thomas Mitchell, the well-known surveyor-general, has invented a steam-propeller on the principle of the boomerang, which, when applied to a boat, answered expectation. Further experiments are to be made; meanwhile, the inventor says, 'that the weapon of the

earliest inhabitants of Australia has now led to the determination mathematically of the true form by which alone, on the screw principle, high speed on water can be obtained.' The *Ericsson* caloric ship is launched; but if a new projector is to be believed, the maker may save himself all further trouble, for Mr Burn proposes to build square ships, with the bottoms constructed as double inclined planes, which shall cross from England to America in forty-eight hours! When this scheme is realised, travelling and flying will become synonymous terms. We are to have another electric telegraph across the Channel: it is underground as well as submarine, the wires being laid in wooden tubes under the old turnpike-road from London to Dover, independent of the railway, thus reopening a shorter as well as a competing route. The possibility of an electric telegraph from England to America is again talked about, and will doubtless be talked about until it is accomplished, in the same way that the French, by dint of trying, seem determined to succeed at last in aerial navigation, the latest exploit of that kind having been the turning round of a cylindrical balloon in the air at Paris by means of a small steam-engine, carried up by the apparatus. Meanwhile, Denmark is going to link her states together by wires, which will stretch from Copenhagen to Elsinore and Hamburg, and include Schleswig, Zealand, and Holstein. Loke would stand no chance now in the old Scandinavian land against the thought-flasher. The Swedish exploring expedition is making satisfactory progress in the southern hemisphere, and Captain von Krusenstern is fitting out a vessel at his own cost to explore the coast of Siberia—an enterprise which the Russians have often attempted with but partial success. The Americans, too, are thinking of another expedition, to make such observations and discoveries as may be useful or possible round Java, in the China Sea, as it is called, the Kurile Islands, and Behring Strait. Their state of California is still resorted to by the Chinese, who now number 50,000 in their new country, and conduct themselves as orderly and industrious citizens. There is some talk of introducing tea-culture, for the sake of giving them employment, as their presence at the diggings is scarcely tolerated. We are soon to know more than at present of the geography and people of Borneo, for Madame Ida Pfeiffer has travelled further into that country than any other European, and is preparing a narrative of her adventures. Nearer home, Lieutenant Van de Velde, of the Dutch navy, has been exploring the Holy Land, in a very complete manner, and in some parts heretofore unvisited; and when our Geographical Society meets, we shall doubtless be informed of the chief results of his twelvemonth's toilsome and at times dangerous travel. If Captain Allen's scheme, as laid before the British Association, could be carried out, we should be able to approach the region by another sea as well as the Mediterranean; for he proposes to cut a channel from the head of the Gulf of Akabah to the Valley of the Dead Sea, and allow the water to pour through until the vast basin be filled to the depth of some hundreds of feet, and of course the hollows of the surrounding country, whereby, as the projector states, we should get a new navigable route towards India. He omits to say whether the Arabs would want compensation for loss of territory.

The French consul at Mosul has been making further researches in the Ninevitic ruins, and has discovered, among other curiosities, the wine-cellar of the Assyrian kings, with large jars, in which the royal beverage was once contained, ranged along the sides. They are now filled with dust and rubbish, but on emptying them, a dried purple deposit was found at the bottom of each, thus testifying to their former use. If this deposit is in sufficient quantity to be submitted to chemical analysis, we might learn something respecting the nature of really old wine. Apropos of this matter,

Dr Buist says, that while we are digging up antiquities in Mesopotamia, we are neglecting those, not less valuable, which we have at home, particularly the Runic stones found in Scotland. Two hundred of these are known to exist between Edinburgh and Caithness, but some have been used as gate-posts to a church-yard, or, as near Glammis, rubbing-posts for cattle. Sueno's pillar, in Morayshire, is the finest. The remarkable fact concerning these stones, is the similarity, in numerous instances complete, of the sculptures graven on them to those at Nineveh, as though the hyperborean and the Oriental had a common origin. 'Surely,' adds Dr Buist, 'coincidences such as these can neither be fanciful nor accidental; they carry us far back beyond the ages of those we call the aborigines of Britain, as the pyramids and sculptured stones of Yucatan precede the days of the Red Men whom Cortes found peopling America.'

The Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem have published their prize-list, in which they offer 2000 florins for the most important discovery in natural science which shall be made between the present year and 1856; and they propose sixty-one questions, the successful replies to obtain a gold medal worth 150 florins, and money to the same amount. Among them are:—The best geological description of the principal hot springs of Europe, their position, course, and quality, so as to shew if they have any relation in common, and what relation exists between their changes and the changes caused by earthquakes, volcanoes, &c.—Whether, in any part of the old continents, there are dunes or sandbanks formed, at early geological periods, in the same way as those now existing on the coast of Holland—Whether the sea-level is higher or lower now than formerly with regard to the land-level of the Low Countries—On the wearing of coasts in past and present times, and the means of prevention—Whether a profitable manufacture of iodine may not be attempted on the shores of the Netherlands from certain marine plants and animals—Whether the *cinchona* can be profitably cultivated in the Dutch colonies—On the influence of the nerves in the origin and progress of inflammation—Whether electricity, either static or dynamic, has anything to do with the production of Daguerreotype figures: and one that will interest ethnologists—The Laplanders are said to be the remains of a people who were once numerous over great part of the north, as the Basques are and were in the south; required, a description of the two, with peculiarities and craniological examinations and explanations in full detail. These are important questions, and well worth attention; the treatises may be written in Dutch, French, Latin, German, Italian, or English, so that aspirants to scientific honours in most parts of Europe have now the opportunity to prove their merits.

The forthcoming publishing season promises to be a brisk one: we are to have good books of history, travel, and science, besides something from Carlyle and the Laureate; and in the matter of light literature there will be no lack; Thackeray is again in the field, with three volumes of the old-fashioned sort, so acceptable to novel readers; and Sir Thomas Talfourd has found time for literary as well as legal work. A learned Hindoo, after thirty-five years of labour, has just completed a Sanscrit Encyclopædia—a desirable work for scholars; and the United States' government have published a second volume of the great work on the Indian tribes—a handsome book to look at, but less valuable than it might have been had proper care been bestowed on its contents. The Smithsonian Institution have brought out the third and fourth volumes of their *Contributions to Knowledge*—one of the two being a 'Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language,' the work of missionaries who, eighteen years ago, settled in the Minnesota Valley, to teach and

reclaim the Sioux or Dakotas, who number about 25,000. Among the reasons assigned for the publication of the handsome quarto, they state: 'Our object was to preach the Gospel to the Dakotas in their own language, and to teach them to read and write the same, until their circumstances should be so changed as to enable them to learn the English.' As the Smithsonian Institution distribute their publications to most of the scientific societies of Europe, our learned men will have ample means to avail themselves of their contents, and thus help to promote their object—'the diffusion of knowledge among men.'

THE POET'S POWER.

Ar, scorn the Poet's Power,
Darken with doubt his glory,
Burst thou the spirit-spell he weaveth o'er thee,
Till earthward bowed thine heart in youth's warm hour
Grow hard as sinner hoary,
Scorning the Poet's Power!

Yet know the Poet's song
Recks not thy spirit's spurning,
But soars to Heaven's high throne, and thence returning,
Gladdens the heart to which its strains belong,
A rich reward still earning—
The Poet's sainted song.

Wo when the Poet's word
No more man's soul awaketh,
Nor on his clouded eye faith's vision breaketh!
Wo when the world's cold heart no more is stirred,
Though trumpet-tongued it speaketh—
The Poet's prophet-word!

Welcome the Poet's Power,
Nor deem he idly dreameth:
The light that on his heaven-borne spirit streameth,
Is but a ray of truth from Eden's bower.
When Love this earth redeemeth,
How vast the Poet's Power!

Fritz.

IMPORTANCE OF THE CULTIVATION OF THE SENSES.

How our hearts bound to the spirited strains of martial music! how we thrill to the shout of the multitude! and how many a David has charmed away evil spirits by the melody of beautiful sounds! Neither is it a passing emotion of little moment in our lives we receive from the senses, for they are our perpetual body-guards, surrounding us unceasingly; and these constantly repeated impressions become powerful agents in life; they refine or beautify our souls, they ennoble or degrade them, according to the beautiful or mean objects which surround us. A dirty, slovenly dress will exert an evil moral influence upon the child; it will aid in destroying its self-respect; it will incline it to habits which correspond with such a garment. The beautiful scenes through which a child wanders, playing by the sea-shore, or on the mountain-side, will always be remembered; the treasures of shell and seaweed, brought from wonderful ocean caverns, the soft green moss, where the fairies have danced, and the flowers that have sprung up under their footsteps, will leave a trace of beauty, of mystery, and strange happiness wherever its later life may be cast. The senses mingle powerfully in all the influences of childhood. It is not merely the loving of parents, the purity and truthfulness of the family relations, that make home so precious a recollection; there are visions of winter evenings, with the curtains drawn, the fire blazing, and gay voices or wonderful picture-books; there are summer rambles in the cool evening, when the delicious night-breeze fanned the cheek, and we gazed into the heavens to search out the bright stars. It is, then, most important in educating children to

guard the senses from evil influences, to furnish them with pure and beautiful objects. Each separate sense should preserve its aptitudes of faculty: the eye should not be injured by resting on a vulgar confusion of colours, or clumsy, ill-proportioned forms; the ear should not be falsified by discordant sounds, and harsh, unlovely voices; the nose should not be a receptacle for impure odours; each sense should be preserved in its purity, and the objects supplied to them should be filled with moral suggestion and true sentiment; the house, the dress, the food, may preach to the child through its senses, and aid its growth in quite another way from the protection afforded, or the good blood which feeds its organs.
—Blackwell's *Laws of Life*.

AN AMERICAN NOTION.

In this book-making age, every man rushes to the press with his small morsel of imbecility, his little piece of favourite nonsense, and is not easy till he sees his impertinence stitched in blue covers. Some one possesses the vivacity of a harlequin—he is fuddled with animal spirits, giddy with constitutional joy; in such a state, he must write or burst: a discharge of ink is an evacuation absolutely necessary to avoid fatal and plethoric congestion. A musty and limited pedant yellows himself a little among rolls and records, plunders a few libraries, and, lo! we have an entire new work by the learned Mr Duncie, and that after an incubation of only one month. He is, perhaps, a braggadocio of minuteness, a swaggering chronologer, a man bristling up with small facts, prurient with dates, wantoning in obsolete evidence. No matter; there are plenty of newspapers who are constantly lavishing their praises upon small men and bad books. A mendacious press will puff the book through a brief season, and then it will go to feed the devouring maw of the past.—*New York Chronicle*.

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OR

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THE MANAGING PARTNER.

SHE is neither your partner, nor ours, nor anybody else's in particular. She is in general business, of which matrimony is only a department. How she came to be concerned in so many concerns, is a mystery of nature, like the origin of the Poet—or rather of black Topsy. The latter, you know, was not born at all, she never had no father nor mother, she was not made by nobody—she *grewed*; and so it is with the managing partner, who was a managing partner from her infancy. It is handed down by tradition that she screamed lustily in the nurse's arms when anything went wrong, or as she would not have it; and this gave rise, among superficial observers, to the notion, that Missy was naturally cross. But the fact is, her screams were merely substitutes for words, like the inarticulate cries by which dumb persons express their emotions. When language came, she gave up screaming—but not managing. She did not so much play, as direct the play—distributing the parts to her companions, and remaining herself an abstraction. If she was ever seen cuffing a doll on the side of the head, or shaking it viciously by the arm, this was merely a burst of natural impatience with the stupid thing; but in general, she contented herself with desiring the mother of the offender to bestow the necessary chastisement. Her orders were usually obeyed; for they were seen to proceed from no selfish motive, but from an innate sense of right. This fact was obvious from the very words in which they were conveyed: You *should* be so and so; you *should* do so and so; you *should* say so and so. Her orders were, in fact, a series of moral maxims, which the other partners in the juvenile concern took upon trust.

As she grew up into girlhood, and then into young-womanhood, business multiplied upon her hands. She was never particular as to what business it was. Like Wordsworth, when invited in to lunch, she was perfectly willing to take a hand in 'anything that was going forward;' and that hand was sure to be an important one: she never entered a concern of which she did not at once become the managing partner. In another of these chalk (and water) portraits, we described the Everyday Young Lady as the go-between in numberless love affairs, but never the principal in any. This is precisely the case with the young lady we are now taking off—yet how different are the functions of the two! The former listens, and sighs, and blushes, and sympathises, pressing the secret into the depths of her bosom, turning down her conscious eyes from the world's face, and looking night and day as if she was haunted by a Mystery. She is, in fact, of no use, but as

a reservoir into which her friend may pour her feelings, and come for them again when she chooses, to enjoy and gloat over them at leisure. Her nerves are hardly equal to a message; but a note feels red-hot in her bosom, and when she has one, she looks down every now and then spasmodically, as if to see whether it has singed the muslin. When the affair has been brought to a happy issue, she attends, in an official capacity, the busking of the victim; and when she sees her at length assume the (lace) veil, and prepare to go forth to be actually married—a contingency she had till that moment denied in her secret heart to be within the bounds of possibility—she falls upon her neck as hysterically as a regard for the frocks of both will allow, and indulges in a silent fit of tears, and terror, and triumph.

But, the managing partner is altogether of a more practical character. She no sooner gets an inkling of what is going forward, than she steps into the concern as confidently as if any number of parchments had been signed and sealed. She is not *assumed* as a partner (in the Scottish phrase), but *assumes* to be one, and her assumption is unconsciously submitted to. To the other young lady the bride-expectant goes for sympathy, to this one for advice. And what she receives is advice, and nothing but advice. The Manager does not put her own hand to the business: she dictates what is to be done; she carries neither note nor message, but suggests the purport of both, and the messenger to be employed; she repeats the moral maxims of her childhood—You should be so and so; you should do so and so; you should say so and so. Sometimes she makes a mistake—but what then? she has plenty of other businesses to attend to, and the average is sure to come up well. In philosophy, she is a decided utilitarian; bearing with perfect never-mindingness the misfortunes of individuals, and holding by the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

When the managing partner is herself married, the sphere of her exertions widens, and her perfect unselfishness becomes more and more apparent. She directs the affairs of her husband, of her friends, of her neighbours—everybody's affairs, in short, but her own. She has the most uncomfortable house, the most uncared-for children, the most untidy person in the parish: but how could it be otherwise, since all her thoughts and cares are given to her neighbours? Some people suppose that ambition is at the bottom of all this; but we do not share the opinion. The woman of the world is ambitious, for the aggrandisement of herself or family is the main-spring of all her management; but *our* manager finds in the trouble

she takes its own reward. The other would not stir hand or tongue without some selfish end in view; while she will work morning, noon, and night, without the faintest dream of remuneration. Again, Bottom the weaver is an ambitious character. Not satisfied with playing Pyramus—'An I may hide my face,' says he, 'let me play Thisbe too!' And so likewise, when the lion is mentioned, he would fain play the lion in addition to both, promising to aggravate his voice in such a way as to roar you as gently as any sucking-dove. The managing partner would shrink from this kind of active employment. She would compose the play, distribute the parts, shift the scenes, and snuff the candles; but she would take no part in the performance. This makes her character a difficult study; but though difficult, it is not impossible for those who are gifted in that way to get to the bottom of it. Our theory is, that the fundamental motive of the managing partner is PHILANTHROPY.

In order to understand this, we must remember that she is original and unique only in the length to which she carries a common principle in human nature. Society is full of advisers on a small scale. If you ask your way to such a place in the street, the Mentor you invoke is instantaneously seized with a strong desire to befriend you. He calls after you a supplement to his directions; and if you chance to turn your head, you will observe him watching to see whether you do take the right hand. When the opinions of two advisers, no matter on what subject, clash, mark the heat and obstinacy with which they are defended. Each considers himself in the right; and believing your wellbeing to depend upon the choice you make, is humanely solicitous that you should give the preference to him. The managing partner merely carries out this feeling to a noble, not to say sublime extent, and becomes the philanthropist *par excellence*. Philanthropy is virtue, and virtue, we all know, is its own reward—that is, we all say; for in reality the idea is somewhat obscure. Perhaps we mean that it is the feeling of being virtuous which rewards the act of virtue, and if so, how happy must the managing partner be! Troubled by no vulgar ambition, by no hankering after notoriety, by no yearning to join ostensibly in the game of life, she shrouds herself in obscurity, as the widow Bessie Maclure in *Old Mortality* did in an old red cloak, and directs with a whisper the way of the passer-by. There is a certain awful pride which must swell at times in that woman's bosom, as she thinks of the events which her counsel is now governing, and of the wheels that are now turning and twirling in obedience to the impulse they received from her!

The managing partner manages a great many benevolent societies, but it is unnecessary here to mention more than one. This is the Advice-to-the-poor-and-needy-giving Ladies' Samaritan Association. The business of this admirable institution is carried on by the lady-collectors, who solicit subscriptions, chiefly from the bachelors on their beat; and the lady-missionaries, who visit the lowest dens in the place, to distribute, with a beautiful philanthropy, moral Tracts, and Exhortations to be good, tidy, church-going, and happy, to the ragged and starving inmates. Although these, however, are the functionaries ostensible to the public, it is the managing partner who sets them in motion. She is neither president nor vice-president, nor treasurer nor secretary, nor collector nor missionary; but she is a power over all these, supreme, though nameless. She is likewise the editor (with a sub-editor for work) of the tracts and exhortations; and in the course of this duty she mingles charity with business in a way well worthy of imitation. The productions in question are usually received gratuitously,

for advice of all kinds, as we have remarked, is common and plenty; but sometimes the demand is so great as to require the aid of a purchased pen. On such occasions the individual employed by the managing partner is a broken-down clergyman, who was deprived at once of his sight and his living by the visitation of God, and who writes for the support of a wife and fourteen children. This respectable character is induced, by fear of competition, and the strong necessity of feeding sixteen mouths with something or other, to use his pen for the Association at half-price; while he is compelled by his circumstances to reside in the very midst of the destitution he addresses, where he learns in suffering what he teaches in prose-ing. But, notwithstanding all this beautiful management, her schemes, being of human device, sometimes fail. An example of this is offered by the one she originated on hearing the first terrible cry of Destitution in the Highlands. Under her auspices, the Female Benevolent Trousers Society became extremely popular. Its object, of course, was to supply these garments gratuitously to the perishing mountaineers, in lieu of the cold unseemly kilt. It was discovered, however, after a time, that the Highlanders do not wear kilts at all; and the society was broken up, and its funds handed over, at the suggestion of the institutor, for the Encouragement of the interesting Mieu tribe of Old Christians in Abyssinia. The tenets of this tribe, you are aware, are in several instances wonderfully similar to our own; only, they abjure in their totality the filthy rags of the moral law, which has drawn upon them the bitter persecution of the heathenish Mohammedans in their neighbourhood.

We have observed that the managing partner is impatient of another counsellor. This is a remarkable trait in her character. Even the woman of the world looks with approbation upon the doings of a congener, when they do not come into collision with her own; even the everyday married lady bends her head confidentially towards her double, as they sit side by side, and rises from the tête-à-tête charmed and edified: the managing partner alone is solitary and unsocial. This is demanded by the lofty nature of her duties. Every business, great and small, should have a single head to direct; and she feels satisfied, after dispassionate reflection, that the best head of all is her own. This makes her wish conscientiously that there was only one business on the earth, that all mankind were her clients, and that there was not another individual of her class extant.

In her last moments, and only then, this great-minded woman thinks of herself—if that can be said to be herself which remains in the world after she is defunct. She thinks of what is to become of her body, and feels a melancholy pleasure in arranging the ceremonies of its funeral. Everything must be ordered by herself; and when the last is said, her breath departs in a sigh of satisfaction. But sometimes death is in a hurry, or her voice low and indistinct. It happened in a case of this kind, that a doubt arose in the minds of the bystanders as to the shoulder she intended to be taken by one of the friends. They looked at her; but her voice was irretrievably gone, and they considered that, in so far as this point was concerned, the management had devolved upon them. Not so; the dying woman could not speak; but with a convulsive effort, she moved one of her hands, touched the left shoulder, and expired.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is an excellent maxim; but in concluding this sketch, there can be no harm in at least regretting the imperfection of human nature. If its eminent subject, instead of spending abroad upon the world her great capacity, had been able to concentrate it in some measure upon herself and family, there can be little doubt that she would have been regarded in society with less of the contempt which genius, and

less of the dislike which virtue inspires in the foolish and wicked, and that fewer unreflecting readers would at this moment be whispering to themselves the concluding line of Pope's malignant libel—

Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE CHAIN AND ITS LEGEND.

THE neighbourhood of Gebel Silsilis, or the Mountain of the Chain, is very interesting in many respects. After flowing for some distance through the usual strip of alluvial plain, bordered by not very lofty undulating ground, the Nile suddenly sweeps into a gap between two imposing masses of rock that overhang the stream for above a mile on either hand. The appearance of the precipices thus hemming in and narrowing so puissant a volume of water, covered with eddies and whirlpools, would be picturesque enough in itself; but we have here, in addition, an immense number of caves, grottos, quarries, and rock-temples, dotting the surface of the rock, and suggesting at first sight the idea of a city just half ground down and solidified into a mountain. On the western bank, numerous handsome façades and porticos have indeed been hewn out; and mightily interesting they were to wander through, with their elaborate tablets and cursory inscriptions, their hieroglyphical scrolls, their sculptured gods and symbols, and all the luxury of their architectural ornaments. But the grandest impressions are to be sought for on the other side, whence the materials of whole capital cities must have been removed. There is, in fact, a wilderness of quarries there, approached by deep perpendicular cuts, like streets leading from the river's bank, which must have furnished a wonderful amount of sandstone to those strange old architects who, whilst they sometimes chose to convert a mountain into a temple, generally preferred to build up a temple into a mountain. It takes hours merely to have a glimpse at these mighty excavations, some of which are cavernous, with roofs supported by huge square pillars, but most of which form great squares worked down to an enormous depth.

The rocks on the western bank are not isolated, but seem to be the termination of a range projecting from the interior of the desert; and a minor range, branching off, hugs the river to the northward pretty closely for a great distance; but those on the other side are separated by what may almost be called a plain from the Arabian chain of hills, and might be supposed by the fanciful to have been formerly surrounded by the rapid waters of the Nile. They are admirably placed for the purpose to which they were applied; and although I have not the presumption to fix dates, and say under what dynasty the quarries first began to be worked, there is no rashness in presuming that it must have been at a very early period indeed. The sandstone is excellent for building purposes—far superior to the friable limestone found lower down—and has been removed not only from this one block, but from both sides, here and there, for a considerable distance to the north. Many quarries likewise no doubt remain still undiscovered and unexplored in this neighbourhood. We found the mountains worked more or less down as far as Ramadeh; and inscriptions and sculptures, evidently dating from very ancient times, are met with in many.

The people who inhabit the villages and hamlets of this district are not all Fellahs; indeed, I question whether, properly speaking, any members of that humble race are to be found here. Their place is supplied by Bedawin Arabs of the Abade tribe, who have, to a certain extent, abjured their wandering habits, and settled down on the borders of a narrow piece of land given to them by the Nile. The villages of Rasras and Faras, above the pass on the western bank, and of El-Hammam below, as well as the more extensive and

better-favoured establishment of Silwa, with its little plain, are all peopled by men of the same race. With the exception of El-Hammam, which has a territory only a few feet wide, the cultivable land belonging to each village seems adequate to its support. They have a few small groves of palms; had just harvested some fair-sized dhourra-fields when we were last there; and had some fields of the castor-oil plant. Perhaps cultivation might be extended; a good deal of ground that seemed fitted for spade or plough was overrun with a useless but beautiful shrub called the silk-tree. Its pod, which, when just ripe, has a blush that might rival that on the cheek of a maiden, was beginning to wither and shrivel in the sun, and opening to scatter flakes of a silky substance finer than the thistle's beard, leaving bare the myriad seeds arranged something like a pine-cone.

I have called the plant useless, because vain have been the attempts made to apply its produce to manufacturing purposes; but Arab mothers procure from the stem a poisonous milky substance, with which they sometimes blind their infants, to save them in after-life from the conscription. How strangely love is corrupted in its manifestations by the influence of tyranny! I have seen youths who have exhibited a foot or a hand totally disabled and shrivelled up, and who boasted that their mothers, in passionate tenderness and solicitude for them, had thrust their young limbs into the fire, that they might retain their presence through war, though maimed and rendered almost incapable of work.

Few plants or trees of any value grow here spontaneously. The pretty shrub called el-el droops beneath the rocks of Silsilis over the water, accompanied sometimes by a dwarf willow; and the sandy earth, washed down the gullies on the western bank in winter, produces a plentiful crop of the sakarân—a plant bearing a seed which has intoxicating qualities, as the name imports, and which is said to be used by robbers to poison or stupefy persons whom they wish to rifle at their leisure. Some colocynth is gathered here and there, and dried in the hollows of the rocks.

It is not legal, or rather not allowed in Egypt, to be in possession of arms without a permit; but throughout the whole of the upper country, it is found difficult to enforce such a regulation. Men with spears are often to be met. I saw some parties coming from Silwa armed with long straight swords, with a cross hilt. Most men are provided with a dagger fastened round their arm above the elbow with a thong; others have clubs heavily loaded, or covered at one end with crocodile scales; and guns are not unfrequent, though powder and shot are exceedingly scarce. Our two guides, Ismaeen and Abd-el-Mahjîd, had each a single-barrelled fowling-piece—valued from twenty-five to thirty shillings. They were both expert shots, as we had occasion to witness when we went hare-shooting with them. In fact, with their assistance, we had hare every day for dinner during our stay. They were very chary of their powder, and only fired when pretty sure of success. For catching doves, and other small game, they had ingenious little traps.

During my wanderings one day among the rocks with Ismaeen, who had constituted himself my especial guide, I felt somewhat fatigued at a distance from the boats, and sat down to rest under the shade of a projecting rock. On all sides yawned the openings of quarries, cut sheer down into the heart of the mountain to a depth which I could not fathom from my vantage-ground. I seemed surrounded by abysses. In front, I could see the Nile whirling its rapid current between the overhanging rocks which closed up to the north; in the other direction, spread a desert plain intersected by a ribbon of bright water between two strips of brighter vegetation. Far away to the north-west, a solitary heap of mountains marked the spot where the unvisited ruins of Berjeh are said to lie.

Ismacel sat before me, answering the various questions which the scene suggested. He was a fine open-faced young man, without any of the clownishness of the fellah, and spoke in a free and easy but gentle manner. He told me that he and Abd-el-Mahjid had been sworn friends from infancy; that they scarcely ever separated; that where one went, the other went; and that what one willed, the other willed. They were connected by blood and marriage—the sister of Ismael having become the wife of Abd-el-Mahjid. Both had seen what to them was a good deal of the world. They had driven horses, camels, sheep, goats, donkeys, as far as Keneh, even as far as Siout, for sale; and the desert was familiar to them. The salt sea had rolled its blue waves beneath their eyes; and they had been as far as the Gebel-el-Elbi, that mysterious stronghold of the Bisharee, far to the south, in the wildest region of the desert. Ismael, it is true, did not seem to think much of these wild and romantic journeyings. He laid more stress on having seen the beautiful city of Siout, where I have no doubt he felt the mingled contempt and admiration ascribed to the Yorkshireman when he first visits London.

Having exhausted present topics, our conversation naturally turned to the past; and I began to be inquisitive about the legends of the place. I knew there was a local tradition as to the origin of the name Gebel Silsilie—the Mountain of the Chain—passed over usually with supercilious contempt in guide-books; and I desired much to hear the details. Ismael at first did not seem to attach any importance to the subject, gave me but a cursory answer, and proceeded to relate how he had sold donkeys for sixty piastres at Siout which were only worth thirty at most at Fares; but I returned to the charge, and after looking at me somewhat slyly perhaps, to ascertain if I was not making game of him by affecting an interest in these things, the young Abadde, with the sublime inattention to positive geography and record history characteristic of Eastern narrative, spoke nearly as follows:—

In ancient times, there was a king named Mansoor, who reigned over Upper Egypt and over the Arabs in both deserts. His capital city was at this place (Silsilie), which he fortified; and his name was known and respected as far as the North Sea (the Mediterranean), and in all the countries of the blacks to the south. Kings, and princes, and emperors sent messages and presents to him, so that his pride was exalted, and his satisfaction complete. He reigned a period of fifty years, at the end of which the vigour of his frame was impaired, and his beard flowed white as snow upon his breast; and during all that time, he was different from every other man, in that he had not cared to have children, and had not repined when Heaven forbore to bestow that blessing upon him. One day, however, when he was well-stricken in years, he happened to feel weary in his mind; he yawned, and complained that he knew not what to do for occupation or employment. So his wezeer said to him: 'Let us clothe ourselves in the garments of the common people, and go forth into the city and the country, and hear what is said, and see what is done, and perhaps we may find matter of diversion.' The idea was pleasing to the king; and so they dressed in a humble fashion, and going out by the gate of the garden, entered at once into the streets and the bazaars. On other occasions, the bustle, and the noise, and the jokes they heard, and the accidents that used to happen, were agreeable to King Mansoor; but now he found all things unpleasant, and even became angry when hustled by the porters. He thought all the people he met insolent and ill-bred, and took note of a barber, who splashed him with the contents of his basin as he emptied it into the street, vowing that he would certainly cause him to be hanged next day. So the wezeer, afraid that he might be

irritated into discovering himself, advised him to go forth into the country; and they went forth into a woody district, the king moving moodily on, neither looking to the right hand nor to the left. Suddenly he heard a woman's voice speaking amidst the trees, and thought he distinguished the sound of his own name; so he stepped aside, and, cautiously advancing, beheld a young mother sitting by a fountain of water, dancing an infant on her knees, and singing: 'I have my Ali, I have my child; I am happier than King Mansoor, who has no Ali, no child.' The king frowned as black as thunder, and he understood wherefore he was unhappy: he had no child to play on his knee when care oppressed his heart. As he thought of this, rage increased within him, and drawing a concealed sword, before the wezeer could interpose with his wisdom, he smote the infant, crying: 'Woman, be as miserable as King Mansoor.' Then he dropped the sword, and alarmed by the shrieks of the poor mother, thought that if he was found in that costume, the people might do vengeance on him; so he fled by bypaths, and returned to his palace.

Having been accustomed to deal death around, the murder of the infant did not prey upon his mind; but the words of the mother he never forgot. 'I am miserable, because I am childless,' he repeated every day; and he ordered all the women of his harem to be well beaten. But he was compelled to admit, that there was now little chance of his wishes being fulfilled. However, as a last resort, he consulted a magician, a man of Persian origin, who had recently arrived with merchandise in that country. This magician, after many very intricate calculations, told him that he was destined to have a son by the daughter of an Abyssinian prince, now betrothed to the son of the sultan of Damascus; but that her friends would endeavour to take her secretly down the river in a boat before the year was out, lest he might behold and covet her. The magician also asked him wherefore he had thrown away the 'sword of good-luck,' and explained by saying, that the ancestors of King Mansoor had always been in possession of a sword which brought them prosperity, and that the dynasty was to come to an end if it were lost.

Upon this, the king gave, in the first place, orders to his servants and his guards to search for the sword he had lost; but the woman, who had concealed it, thinking it might afford some clue to the assassin of her child, instantly understood, on hearing these inquiries, that Mansoor was the man. So she vowed vengeance; and being a daughter of the Arabs of the desert, retired to a distant branch of her tribe with the sword, and effectually escaped all pursuit. Her name was Lulu; from that time forth she abjured all feminine pursuits, and became a man; in action, riding a fierce horse, and wielding sword and spear. For Lulu said she, 'when the period is fulfilled, will smite down this king who has slain my child.'

Meanwhile, Mansoor had also given orders to stretch an enormous chain across the river between the two parts of his city, so as to prevent all boats from passing until searched for the daughter of the Abyssinian prince; and this is the origin of the name of these mountains. For a long time, no such person could be discovered; but at length, when the year was nearly out, a woman of surpassing loveliness was found concealed in a small kanja, and being brought before the king, and interrogated, confessed that she was the daughter of Sule-Sale, Prince of Gondar. Mansoor upon this expressed his decrees of Heaven; and although she wept, and said that she was betrothed to the son of the sultan of Damascus, he paid no heed to her, but took her to wife, and in due course of time had a son by her, whom he named Ali, and he would thereafter smile grimly to himself and say: 'I now have an Ali, I now have a child.' The magician, who returned about this time, being

consulted, said that if the boy passed the critical period of fifteen years, he would live, like his father, to a good old age. So Mansoor caused a subterranean palace to be hewn out of the mountain, in the deeper chambers of which, fitted up with all magnificence, he caused Ali to be kept by a faithful nurse; whilst he himself dwelt in the front chambers that overlooked the river, and gave audience to all who came and floated in boats beneath his balconies; but no one was allowed to ascend, except the wezer and a few proved friends. [There, said Ismaeen, pointing to one of the largest excavations on the opposite side, there is the palace of King Mansoor.]

Other things happened meanwhile. The mother of Ali refusing to be comforted, was divorced, and sent to the son of the king of Damascus, who loved her, and who took her to wife. She hated King Mansoor, but she yearned after her first-born, and she endeavoured to persuade her husband to raise an army, and march to Upper Egypt, to slay the one and seize the other. For many years he was not able to comply with her wishes; but at length he collected a vast power, and crossing the desert of Suweh, advanced rapidly towards the dominions of King Mansoor.

It came to pass, that about the same time the fame of a mighty warrior grew among the Arabs, one who scoffed at the king's name, attacked his troops, and plundered his cultivated provinces. All the forces that could be collected, were despatched to reduce this rebel, but in vain. They were easily defeated, almost by the prowess of their chief's unassisted arm; and it became known that the capital itself was to be attacked before long. At this juncture, the intelligence arrived that a hostile army was approaching from the north, and had already reached the Two Mountains (Gebelain); and then, that another army had shewn itself to the south, about the neighbourhood of the Cataracts—the former, under the command of the sultan of Damascus; and the latter, under that of Sala-Solo, his father-in-law, Prince of Gendar. All misfortunes seemed to shower at once upon the unfortunate Mansoor. He made what military preparations he could, although his powers had already been taxed nearly to the utmost to repress the Arabs, and sent ambassadors to soften the wrath of his enemies. They would accept, however, no composition; and continued to close in upon him, one from the north, the other from the south, threatening destruction to the whole country.

The miserable king now began to repent of having wished for a child. But he could not help loving Ali, in spite of all things; indeed, he perhaps loved him the more for the misfortunes he seemed to have brought. At any rate, he spent night and day by his side, saying to himself, that yet a few days, and the fifteen years would be passed, and the boy at least would be safe. He was encouraged to hope by the slow progress of the two armies, which seemed bent more on enjoying themselves, than on performing any feats of arms.

But there was an enemy more terrible than these two—namely, Lulu, the mother of the murdered child Ali, who had thrown aside her woman's garments, and become a mighty warrior, for the sake of her revenge. She wielded the sword of good-luck; and hearing of the approach of the two armies, feared that her projects might be interfered with by them. So she collected her forces, marched down to the city-walls, attacked them at night, was victorious, and before morning entirely possessed the plain, with the exception of the subterranean retreat of King Mansoor, which it seemed almost impossible to take by force. She manned a large number of boats, came beneath the water-wall, and summoned the garrison to surrender; but they remained silent, and looked at the king, who stood upon the terrace, with his long white beard reaching to his knees, offering to parley, in order to gain time. Lulu, however, drawing the sword of good-luck, ordered ladders to

be placed, and mounting to the storied, gained a complete victory—all the garrison being slain, and Mansoor flying to his child in the interior chambers. Here the bereaved mother, hot for vengeance, followed, her flaming weapon in hand, and thrusting the trembling old man aside, smote the youth to the heart, crying: 'King Mansoor, be as miserable as Lulu, the mother of Ali.' He understood who it was, and cried and beat his breast, incapable of other action. Then Lulu slew him likewise, and returning to her followers, who were pillaging the city, related what she had done. The report soon spread abroad, and reached the two hostile armies, both of which were indignant at the death of Ali; so they advanced rapidly, and surrounding the place, attacked and utterly destroyed the followers of Lulu. She herself was taken prisoner, and being led before the queen of Damascus, was condemned by her to a cruel death, which she suffered accordingly. The city afterwards fell gradually to ruin, and the neighbouring country became desert.

This sanguinary story, though containing some of the staple machinery of Eastern fiction, was evidently rather of Bedawin than civilised origin; and, as such, interested me, in spite of the artificial manner in which it was told, the meagre details, and the repulsive incidents. Ismaeen's only qualities as a historian were animation and faith. He had heard the narrative from his father, to whom, likewise, it had been handed down hereditarily. Everybody in the country knew it to be true. I might ask Abd-el-Mahjid. A shot close at hand announced the presence of that worthy, who soon appeared with a fine large hare. On being appealed to, the cunning rogue—perhaps anxious to be thought a philosopher—said that, for his part, though most people certainly believed the story, he really had no decided opinion about the matter.

IRON SHIPS.

As a quarter of a century has not elapsed since the commencement of iron ship-building, its history is soon told. Previous to 1838, it may be said to have had no proper existence, the builders being mere tyros in their profession, and their efforts only experimental. The first specimen made its appearance some twenty years ago on the Clyde—the cradle of steam-navigation. The inconsiderable Cart, however, claims the honour of for ever deciding the contest between iron and timber—a contest which can never be renewed with even a remote chance of success. In the year referred to, and subsequent years, an engineering firm in Paisley, with the aid of scientific oversight and skilful workmen, constructed a fleet of iron vessels upon entirely novel principles, which maintained the sovereignty of the waters for a lengthened period, and whose main features are retained in the most approved models of the present day. Their characteristics were speed, buoyancy, comfort, and elegance—a combination of every requisite for the safe and advantageous prosecution of passenger-traffic on streams and estuaries. About the same period, the Glasgow engineers succeeded in applying somewhat similar principles to the construction of sea-going vessels of large tonnage, and, in spite of deeply-rooted prejudices, have ultimately demonstrated the immense superiority of such constructions over the old wooden vessels. If proof of this were wanting, the removal of the costly, cumbersome steamers formerly engaged in the carrying-traffic between Glasgow and Liverpool, and the substitution in their room of light, capacious iron vessels, equally strong, and manageable with greater ease and at a considerable saving of expense—as likewise the successful establishment of steam communication between the former city and New York, deemed impracticable

under the old system—might serve to remove the doubts of the most incredulous.

Although an infant in years, this new branch of engineering skill has already attained gigantic proportions and mature development. Its triumphs are on every sea, and on many waters never before traversed by the agency of steam. The vessels already afloat are numerically a trifle compared with those in contemplation; and perhaps the most astonishing feature of all, is the almost infinite number of new channels of trade they have opened, and are opening up. Ten years ago, one-half the vessels plying on the Clyde were built of timber, and all the larger ones, with a few solitary exceptions: at the present hour, one could not count ten in a fleet of sixty—the immense majority are of iron. The advertising columns of *one* newspaper gave notice recently, in a single day, of the establishment of *three* several routes of communication with foreign ports hitherto denied the means of direct intercourse with this country, all to be carried on by means of iron vessels. A sailing-vessel, constructed of this material, was announced at Lloyd's a few months ago, as having performed one of the speediest homeward passages from Eastern India yet recorded.

A rough estimate of the extent to which this branch of industrial skill is carried, may be formed from the number of separate establishments in active operation on the Clyde. There are five of these in the neighbourhood of Govan, about two miles below Glasgow Bridge; two at Renfrew; three at Dumbarton, which is, more correctly speaking, on the Leven, but generally falls to be reckoned in common with the other places mentioned as a Clyde port; two below Port Glasgow; and three at Greenock—in all, fifteen establishments, employing between 4000 and 5000 hands in the construction of iron hulls alone. This, of course, does not include the army of labourers dependent for their very existence upon the demand thus created for materials—such as iron-smelters, forgers, rivet-makers, &c.; nor those artisans employed alike on vessels of iron and timber—such as painters, blacksmiths, blockmakers, riggers, and others. As from the laying of a keel to the launching of a ship a longer period than six months rarely elapses, some idea may be formed of the continued press of work necessary to keep these thousands in full employment, as well as the dispatch exercised in the completion of orders. From ten to a dozen ships have been launched from the same building-yard within twelve months; and a vessel exceeding 1000 tons burden has been commenced, completed, and fully equipped for sea in little more than five. On one occasion lately, a passenger-steamer, 160 feet long, 16 feet broad, and capable of accommodating 600 passengers with ease, was made ready for receiving her machinery in twelve working-days. At this rate, one would be inclined to fear that business must necessarily soon come to a dead stop: but there is not the slightest appearance of such result, nor is it even apprehended. In an age of steam and electricity, when time and space are threatened with annihilation, it became necessary to look abroad for some new agent by means of which the sea, the great highway of nations, might be made still more subservient to its legitimate purpose. The agent being found, its use will be commensurate with the growth of commerce, until its fitness is questioned in turn, and some improved method of conveyance drives its services from the field. After all, it may be but a step in the proper direction, an improvement upon the wisdom of our ancestors—another adaptation of the limitless resources placed at our disposal for satisfying the growing wants of a race toiling towards a development as yet unascertained.

The benefits already experienced, and likely still to flow from this large and growing accession to our marine strength, need scarcely be commented on. They are self-evident, and recommend themselves alike to

the merchant, the trader, and the mere man of pastime, all of whom are in some degree participators. Besides the regularity and security attendant on the transmission of all sorts of merchandise, there is an immense saving of time and cost. Travelling by sea has changed entirely the aspect of this kind of transit. With spacious saloons, well-aired sleeping-apartments, roomy promenades protected from the weather, and a steady-going ship, a voyage even to distant lands is now little more than an excursion of pleasure. Eight miles an hour was considered fair work for the steamers of a dozen years ago; the present average rate of steaming on the Clyde is fourteen miles an hour. A very fine vessel, named the *Tourist*, which was exhibited on the Thames during the holding of the 'world's show' last summer, performed seventeen miles with perfect ease. What may be expected next?

How far, as a material in the construction of sailing-bottoms, the use of iron is likely to supersede that of timber, is a question for the speculative. At present, our commercial activity affords ample employment for both. There can be no doubt, however, that in connection with the steam-engine, and that admirable invention of modern date, the screw-propeller, iron ship-building is destined to attain and enjoy an enlarged existence; to the full maturity of which its present condition, healthful and prosperous as it appears, is but a promising adolescence.

We recently set out from Glasgow, to pay a visit to an iron ship-building yard on rather an interesting occasion. On rounding the base of Dumbarton Rock, where the waters of the Clyde and the Leven mingle in loving sisterhood, a scene of the gayest description presented itself. Gaudy banners floated in all directions; the vessels in the harbour and on the stocks were festooned with flaunting drapery, and everything wore a holiday appearance. So impressed were we with the pervading air of joyousness, that on reaching the town, and finding the inhabitants at their ordinary avocations, we could not help feeling disappointed, and we confess to having vented a sigh for grovelling humanity, which dared not venture upon one day of pure abandonment, separate from the counter and its cares. The joyous demonstrations, we learned, were in honour of an intended launch; but this created no stir beyond the circle more immediately interested in its successful accomplishment.

On entering the building-yard, we found the ceremony was not to take place for an hour, and we had therefore time to make acquaintance with the interior of the works. An intelligent foreman acted as cicerone, and performed the duties with very gratifying cheerfulness.

The Model-room of the establishment is first thrown open to the visitor. It is an oblong, well-lighted apartment, in a range of buildings termed the offices. A large flat table, with smooth surface, occupies the entire centre, around which are scattered a few chairs for the accommodation of the draughtsmen when at work. Beyond this, there is no furniture. The objects of interest are the models pegged to the unadorned walls. These are numerous, and kept with almost religious care; attached to each there 'hangs a tale,' which the conductor 'speaks trippingly,' and with no effort or concealment of satisfaction in the recital. A draughtsman's models are the trophies of his personal prowess—his letters of introduction—his true business-card. In the shapely blocks of wood placed for inspection, you are invited to contemplate the man in connection with his creations. He points to his model, distates its beauties, criticises its defects, and leaves you to judge of him from his works.

Crossing from the Model-room, you enter the Moulding-loft—a long, spacious apartment, not lofty but dreadfully spacious, and amazingly airy. Here the draughtsman's lines are extended into working

dimensions, and transferred to wooden moulds, after which they are put into the hands of the carpenter. Proceeding down stairs, you are shewn the joiner's shop, filled with benches, work in an unfinished state, and busy workmen. Underneath this, again, are the saw-pits, where logs are cut into deals of all dimensions—a laborious and painful process when performed by manual labour, as must have been apparent to all who have witnessed it—and who has not? The sawn timber is stowed in 'racks' in the rear of the building.

Proceeding to the centre of the yard, your attention is directed to an enormous furnace, near the mouth of which a score of partly undressed workmen are grouped in attitudes of repose. Around are strewn the implements of labour—large cast-iron blocks, wooden mallets hooped with iron, crowbars, and pincers. But, see! the cavern yawns, and from its glowing recesses the white plates are dragged with huge tongs. Laid on the block, each plate is beaten with the mallets into the requisite shape, and thrown aside to cool. In the meantime, the furnace has been recharged, to vomit forth again when the proper heat has been obtained.

Behind are the cutting and boring machines, to each of which is attached a gang of five or six men. Here the plates, when cool, obtain the desired form, and are bored from corner to corner with two parallel rows of holes for admitting the rivets. They are now in readiness for the rivetter at work upon the ship's side, to whom they are borne on the shoulders of labourers employed for the purpose.

Descending to the water's edge, we were shewn an immense mass of uprights—inverted arches of angle-iron—the framework of a hull intended to float 1500 tons of merchandise. Being in a chrysalis state, it afforded us little enlightenment, so we passed on to an adjoining one of similar dimensions, proceeding rapidly towards completion. Here the secrets of the trade—if there be any—lay patent, as the several branches of skilled labour were seen in thorough working order. 'On 'stages,' as the workmen call them, or temporary wooden galleries passing from stem to stern, and rising tier above tier, were the riveters 'with busy hammers closing rivets up,' and keeping the echoes awake with their ceaseless, and, to unaccustomed ears, painful din. The rivet-boys, alike alarmed and amused us, as they leaped from gallery to gallery with fearless agility, brandishing their red-hot bolts, and replying in imp-like screechings to the hoarse commands of their seniors. The decks were filled with carpenters, the cabins with joiners, the rigging with painters, and all with seeming bluster and confusion: only seeming, however, for on attentive examination everything was found to be working sweetly, and under a superintending vigilance not to be trifled with or deceived with impanity.

The ground-area of these works is of great extent, running parallel with the banks of the river, and flanked by the buildings lately visited. Between 400 and 500 workmen are employed upon the premises; labourers' wages rating 10s. and 12s. weekly; and those of skilled artisans ranging from 16s. to 23s. A small steam-engine, kept in constant motion, contributes to the lightening of toil, and the division of labour is practised wherever it can be done with advantage. With these facilities at command, no time is lost in the execution of orders, nor would present circumstances permit such extravagance, as a contract for 6000 tons of shipping must be fulfilled before midsummer. The vessel about to be launched, 1500 tons burden, had been on the stocks for a period of five months. But this reminds us that the fixed hour has come, the notes of preparation are already dinning in our ears.

The yard was now filled with spectators, who discussed the merits of the vessel, while they watched with evident anxiety, and some measure of curiosity, the train of preparations for loosening her stays, and

committing the monster fabric to her destined element. The shores around were lined with peering faces and a well-attired throng; the bosom of the stream was agreeably dotted with numerous row-boats, freighted with living loads, passing and repassing in a diversity of tracks. The sight, as a whole, was magnificent in its variety; and it was associated with a feeling of satisfaction, which so many happy faces wearing the bright flush of anticipation could alone produce. But, boom! boom! the signal has been given for her release, and with a stately smile and queenly bearing the proud beauty takes her departure, bearing with her the best wishes of a joyous and excited multitude. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' shout the frenzied workmen, as, in token of success, they pelt the unconscious object of their solicitude with missiles of every conceivable size and shape. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' repeat the delighted multitude, as they toss their arms, and wave their hats and handkerchiefs in the air. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' exclaims a voice at my elbow. 'There flies the *Australian* like a shaft from a bow, the first steam-ship, destined to convey Her Britannic Majesty's mail to the Australasian continent. May good fortune attend her!'

SCIENCE OF POLITENESS IN FRANCE.

For ages past, the amenity of foreign manners in general, and French manners in particular, has been the theme of every tongue; and the bold Briton, who would fain look down upon all other nations, cannot deny the superiority of his continental neighbours in this respect at least. Why this should be, it is difficult to say, but there is no doubt that it is so; and even the coarse German is less repulsive in his manner to strangers than the true-born and true-bred English man or woman. The French of all ranks teach their children, from their earliest years, politeness by rule, as they do grammar or geography, or any other branch of a sound education. From *La Civilité Puérile et Honnête*, up to works which treat of the etiquettes of polite society, there are books published for persons of every class in life; and although of late years one sees the same sort of writings advertised in England, they have certainly not as yet produced any apparent effect upon us—perhaps from being written by incompetent people, or perhaps from the author dwelling too exclusively upon usages which change with the fashion of the day, instead of being based upon right and kind feelings, or, at any rate, the appearance of them. I have lately met with a little French book, entitled *Manuel Complet de la Bonne Compagnie, ou Guide de la Politesse, et de la Bien-séance*, which, amid much that is, according to our ideas, unnecessary and almost ridiculous, contains a great deal we should do well to practise.

It begins with treating of the proper behaviour to be observed in churches of all denominations and forms of faith. Keep silence, or at least speak rarely, and in a very low tone of voice, if you positively must make a remark: look grave, walk slowly, and with the head uncovered. Whether it be a Catholic church, a Protestant temple, or a Jewish synagogue, remember that it is a place where men assemble to honour the Creator of the universe, to seek consolation in affliction, and pardon for sin. When you visit a sacred edifice from curiosity only, try to do so at a time when no religious service is going forward; and beware of imitating those Vandals who sully with their obscure and paltry names the monuments of ages. Do not wait to be asked for money by the guides, but give them what you judge a sufficient recompense for their civility, and this without demanding change, with which you should on such occasions always be provided beforehand. Whether you give or refuse your mite to a collection, do so with a polite bow, and never upon any account push or press forward in the house of God, or

show, by your manner that you hold in contempt any unaccustomed ceremony you may happen to witness. Never in conversation ridicule or abuse any form of belief; it grieves the sincerely pious, gives rise to the expression of angry feeling in those more fanatical or prejudiced, and offends even the sceptic as a breach of good manners in any one—but in a woman peculiarly disgusting—even when the listeners are themselves deficient in Christian faith.

In speaking of family duties, persons who have had educational advantages beyond those of their parents, are particularly recommended never to appear sensible of their superior cultivation, and to be even more submissive and respectful. All near relatives, whether by blood or marriage, are directed, whatever their feelings may be, 'to keep up a kindly intercourse by letter, word of mouth, trifling presents, and so forth, treating your husband or wife's connections in company as you do your own, merely introducing a little more ceremony.' Those newly-married couples who go into company to look at, dance with, and talk to each other, are held up to ridicule, and advised to follow the example of the English, who wisely remain secluded for a month, in order to be surfeited with each other's society, and repeat extravagantly fond epithets until they themselves feel the folly of them; and their mothers or maiden aunts—who are now sometimes found at large in France, since the practice of sending poor or plain girls into convents has ceased to be so general—come under reproof. 'Consider, O ye affectionate-hearted women, that others feel no interest in the children who to your eyes seem so perfect, and have no inclination to act as inquisitors over their little talents and accomplishments. Spare your friends the thousand-and-one anecdotes of the extraordinary cleverness, vivacity, or piety of the little people you love so blindly: do not excoriate their ears by making them listen to recitations or the strumming of sonatas; or weary their eyes by requesting them to watch the leaping and kicking of small stick-like legs.' You only render your boys and girls conceited, and make them appear positive pests to your visitors, whose politeness in giving the praise you angle for is seldom sincere; and thus, by committing a fault yourself, you force your friends to do the like in a different way. 'But even this is better than finding fault with either children or servants in the presence of strangers; this is such gross ill-breeding, one feels astonished it should be necessary to take notice of it at all, and to the little ones themselves it is absolutely ruinous; it makes them miserable in the meanwhile, and in the end, careless of appearances, indifferent to shame.

I must leave out, or at least pass slightly over, a great deal which sounds most strange to us, such as, the necessity of preventing servants from 'sitting down in your presence, more especially when serving at table;' permitting ladies to wear curl papers on rising, but hinting that they should be hid under a cambric cap; and although taking it for granted a lady would 'not put on stays' at the same early hour, reminding her that she may still wear a bodice, and begging her not to make hot weather an excuse for going about with naked arms 'and legs and feet thrust into slippers,' but to adopt fine thin stockings; 'and,' says our author, 'although the *tenue du lever* for a gentleman is a cotton or silk night-cap, a waistcoat with sleeves, or a dressing-gown, he is recommended to abandon *cette mise matinale* as early as may be, that so attired he may receive none but intimate friends.' Unmarried women, until they pass thirty, are debarred from wearing diamonds or expensive furs and shawls, or from venturing across so much as a narrow street without being accompanied by their mother or a female attendant; desired never to inquire after the health of *gentlemen*; nor, indeed, should married women permit themselves to be 'so,

unless the person inquired after is very ill or very old.' When you dine out, you are requested, 'not to pin your napkin to your shoulders;' not to say *bonill* for *bauf*, *volaille* for *poularde dindon*, or whatever name the winged animal goes by; or *champagne* simply, instead of *vin-de-champagne*, which is *de réputation*; not 'to turn up the cuffs of your coat when you carve;' eat your egg from the 'small end, or *eggs* to break it on your plate when emptied, with a *coup de couteau*; to eat, instead of break your bread;' and so on.

There is a great deal of sensible advice upon dress. Ladies *sur le retour*—that is, those who are *chaperonnées*—are recommended never to wear gay colours, dresses of slight materials, flowers, feathers, or much jewellery; always to cover their hair, wear high-made gowns, and long sleeves; not to adopt a new fashion the very moment it appears; and all women, old or young, rich or poor, are reminded that what is new and fashionably made, and, above all, fresh and clean, looks infinitely better and more ladylike than the richest, most expensive dresses, caps, or bonnets that are the least tarnished, faded, or of a peculiar cut no longer worn. Those candid ladies who persist in wearing gray hair—a mode the author rather approves of, except where nature, which she sometimes does, silvers the locks while the countenance still continues youthful—are requested not to render themselves absurd by intermingling artificial flowers; and a great deal of ridicule is also directed against the English, who not only caricature the French fashions they copy, but go about grinning in incongruous colours, instead of tasteful contrasts, jumbling old bonnets with new gowns and half-dirty shawls, and who walk the streets in carriage costume. Brides bearing about orange-flowers longer than the day of their marriage are unmercifully quizzed; as likewise the habit of wearing *satins* in summer, or straw in winter—sins exclusively British. Young married women are told not to go into public without their husbands or some steady middle-aged matron; they may take a walk with an unmarried friend, although this last must never attempt to fly in the face of propriety by promenading with a companion like herself; and no lady of any age can possibly enter a library, museum, or picture-gallery alone, unless she wishes to study as an artist.

I grieve to say, in that portion which is devoted to modesty and propriety of behaviour, the extreme freedom of manner and conversation in which young English females indulge, are both severely reprobated; their imprudence in walking about and sitting apart with young men held up as an example to be sedulously avoided by well-bred French girls; their so frequently taking *compliments d'usage* for real admiration, and either fancying the poor man, innocently repeating mere words of course, to be a lover, or else boasting and looking offended, as if he meant to insult, is sneered at rather ill-naturedly. You are next told how you should enter a shop, which, however small, you must term a *magasin*, not a *boutique*; and the *merchant* himself also receives his lesson; he is to salute his customer with a low bow and a respectful air; offer a *staty* and display with alacrity all that is asked for; and however imperious or whimsical he or she may be, to continue the utmost urbanity of manner; though, if any positive impertinence is shown, the shopman is permitted to be silent and grave; he must apologise for being obliged to give copper money in change, and treat his humblest customer with as much respect and attention as those who give large orders. But as politeness ought in all cases to be reciprocal, the purchaser is instructed to raise his hat on entering, and ask quietly and civilly for what he wishes to see. No one should say, 'I want no more of so;' 'Have you such and such a thing?' but, 'Will you be so good as shew me?' or, 'I beg of you to shew me look at,' &c. Should you not succeed in satisfying yourself, always express regret for the trouble you

have given. If the price be above what you calculated upon, ask simply if it is the lowest; say you think you may find the article cheaper elsewhere; but should this be a mistake, you will certainly give the person you are speaking to the preference, &c. We ought to strive to be agreeable to every one.

Les gens de bureau come next under discussion. They are, it seems, not renowned for politeness; and one should not, therefore, be displeased if, instead of rising from his seat and placing a chair, the banker merely bows and points to one. Lawyers, on the contrary, are expected to behave like any other gentlemen; so also physicians. The patient is directed in both cases to relate his grievances in short, pithy sentences; answer all questions clearly; apologise for taking up their time by asking them in turn—in consequence, he must say, of his own ignorance; and then finish by warmly thanking them for the attention they give to his affairs. Authors and artists must affect great modesty if their performances are brought upon the *tapis* and complimented, and say nothing that can lead to the supposition, that they are envious of any *confère* by criticising him. Their entertainers ought to talk to them in praise of their books, pictures, or performances; and if not connoisseurs, at least declare themselves amateurs of the particular sort their guest excels or would be thought to excel in; but not confining the conversation to this, as if you supposed it was the only subject the person you wished to please was capable of taking any interest in.

Politeness in the streets is a chapter in itself, and a long one. To give the wall to females, old age, or high public dignitaries, is very right in France, where there seems to be no rule for going right or left. In England, however, it is surely more easy for all parties to keep to their proper side of the way; but in both countries burden-bearers, those of babies excepted, should give way, go into the kennel, and never presume to incommode passengers of any rank. You are entreated neither to elbow, push, nor jostle, but stand sideways to let elderly people or ladies pass, who in their turn should express their thanks by a slight inclination of the head. We are farther directed to tread on the middle of the stone, and not slip carelessly into the mud, and run the risk of splashing our neighbour. An Englishwoman, it is observed, either allows her petticoats to sweep the streets, or lifts them in an awkward manner, sometimes even using both hands; whereas a Parisian with her right hand gathers all the folds to that side, and raises the whole dress a little above the ankle, without fuss or parade. We would recommend our fair countrywomen to practise this elegant mode of avoiding soiled garments, and likewise doing what is termed *s'efforcer*—that is, to avoid as much as possible touching or being touched by those who pass; mutually giving way, instead of charging forward à l'Anglaise, careless of whom you run against, so as only you make your own way. Here follows what sounds strange to us—namely, that if you are overtaken by a heavy shower, and see a stranger walking in the same direction with an umbrella, you may, without a breach of good manners, request to share it. The umbrella-bearer should, on his side, it is remarked, cheerfully accord you shelter; and if the end of your respective promenades are too distant from each other for him to conduct you to your residence, he should make an apology at being forced to deprive you of the accommodation, which, 'but for being obliged to be at home at such an hour, or some excuse,' it would otherwise have given him so much pleasure to afford you. 'Those little graceful turns of language,' which we might think downright falsehoods, are not to be more so considered than—'I am happy to see you,' or 'I am your obedient servant,' at the end of a letter. They are, it is argued, understood forms of speech, which every well-bred person practices—some of the 'sweet small courtesies

of life, which help to smooth its road.' When walking with a friend, should he raise his hat to an acquaintance whom you never even saw before, you are bound to pay the same compliment; and this idea is so much de *rigueur*, that formerly very polite persons would rather affect not to see their friends than force their companions to salute them also. Now, however, the proper style is to say: 'I take the liberty to salute Monsieur So-and-so,' to which the answer is: 'Je vous en prie monsieur.' 'Never,' says our author, 'appear to see any one who is looking out of his window or door, both improper practices, especially the latter.' When a gentleman speaks to one much older than himself, or to a lady, he not only raises his hat quite off his head—for none 'but an ignorant boor or a *fier Anglais*' ever does otherwise—but holds it in his hand until requested to replace it. When you ask your way, even of a street-porter or an apple-woman, it is necessary slightly to half-raise the hat, and address them as Monsieur or Madame, 'which is the way to,' &c.; and really these courteous habits, which give little trouble, are, we must own, as pleasing as our own rough ones are the reverse.

The chapter on visiting is very French. You are reminded that, when you make your calls, you should avoid doing so upon days when a cold or headache prevents you from looking well or conversing agreeably. From twelve to five are the hours mentioned for morning visits, instead of from two to six, which we think a better time. You must be dressed with evident care, but as plainly as possible if you walk: hold your card-case in the hand with an embroidered and lace-trimmed pocket-handkerchief, 'pour donner un air de bon goût.' You may inscribe your title on your card, but it is better merely to put your name, such as 'Monsieur' or 'Madame de la Tarellerie,' with an earl or viscount's coronet, or whatever your rank, above; and if you have no title, your name without the 'Monsieur,' as 'Alfred Buntal'; however, when you visit with your wife, you write 'Monsieur et Madame Buntal.' When, instead of sending your cards by your servant, you call yourself, you add 'E. P.' (*en personne*); but this is only allowable in very great people. 'In visiting people of distinction, you leave your parasol, umbrella, clogs, cloak, footman, nurse, child, and dog, in the ante-room among the servants, who are there to announce you; but in ordinary life, after ascertaining from the *concierge*, or the cook in the kitchen, that your friend is at home, you only tap at the door, and on hearing 'Entrez,' step in. You advance with grace, bow with dignified respect, seat yourself (if a man who visits a lady) at the lower end of the room, and never quit hat or cane until desired, and not then till *la troisième sommation*. The placing this said hat properly, seems to be an affair of the utmost moment. You may place it on the bottom of a table, on a stand, or even upon the floor, but are warned not to put it on the bed, for as that always belongs to the lady of the house, it should not be approached by the visiting gentleman. The receiver should both appear and express him or herself enchanted and charmed to welcome their *monde*, assure them of the great regret felt at their departure—however you may wish them gone—say, or repeat as said by others, what will please; and never allude, even indirectly, to anything that can possibly hurt or mortify any one. When other visitors are announced, those who have been above ten minutes, had better go: a man should slip away without leave-taking. If discovered, and begged to remain by the mistress of the house, he must be asked and refuse three times before he consents; then sit down for two minutes only, rising then, and saying an affair of consequence obliges him to quit *la charmante société*. No gentleman will permit, of course, any one to *reconduire* him when his friends are engaged with other company, but shut the door himself, *virement*, after a general *salut* and a pretty compliment.

But it will better give an idea of the minute directions considered necessary, if I translate a sentence entire:—When, during a 'visit of half-ceremony,' you are earnestly requested to remain a little longer, it is better to yield; but in a few minutes rise again. Should your hosts still further insist, taking you by the hands, and forcing you again to seat yourself, it would be scarcely polite not to comply; but, at the same time, after a short interval, you must make your adieux a third time, and positively depart.

When several meet together, polite persons contrive to make those who went last into one room enter first into the next; and as hosts distribute attentions to all in turn—handing the lady of highest rank, or greatest age, into a dinner or supper room—he or she recommends a particular dish first to the second in consideration, proposes to a third to examine a picture, or any pretty thing, before handing it to others; and so on—making, as it were, every one of consequence, and socially promoting *liberté, égalité, and fraternité*. Those who are poor, and have no servant to attend at their home during absence, should place a slate and slate-pencil at their door, in order that those who visit them may write their names and business.

When you receive company, your apartment should unite French elegance with English comfort. If not rich, and able to keep many servants, appoint one day in the week to see your friends, and keep to that day always. Let your dress, and that of your domestic, and the arrangement of your small domicile, be all in order: however poor and simple, be clean and tidy; have flowers, and whatever small elegances you can collect. 'It is better to receive in the *salon*, if you have one, than in your bedroom; but that should be preferred before the *salle à manger*.'—To understand this, we must remember, that in ordinary life—especially in the provinces—the dining-room resembles in general a servants-hall—deal-table, brick floor, or at best boarded, with no carpet; and so forth; the lady's bedroom, on the contrary, except the bed, might pass for a boudoir, everything unseemly being removed during the day.—And when you give a party, you can take coffee in your own private apartment, and receive your morning-visitors there always. When any one enters, rise, go to meet him, and say how glad you are to see him. A lady you take by the hand, and seat her on the sofa, where the lady of the house may place herself likewise; but the monsieur must not presume on such a liberty, but draw his chair to a convenient distance from it for conversation. You offer a young man an easy-chair, but an old gentleman you *insist* upon occupying it. If the best place in the room be filled by a young woman, and one to whom respect is due enters, the former cedes it to the last arrival, and modestly places herself opposite the fire, which in winter is considered the least honourable situation, as the side is the most so. People of *bon ton* present their guests with footstools, not *chaufferettes*, as is the comfortable custom in grades less distinguished. Those who are occupied working or drawing, must lay both aside when but slightly acquainted with their visitor; if, on the contrary, it is one whom you see frequently, you comply with the request which she ought to make, that you will continue it. But should it be a relative, or very intimate friend, you yourself beg permission to go on with your employment, if at least it is one you can pursue and converse easily at the same time; but it should be quite subservient to your visitor's entertainment.

When a new guest arrives, the others rise as well as the master and mistress of the house; it is considered very ill-bred not to do so, or not to treat with politeness every one you meet at a house where you visit—conversing agreeably, and not looking at a stranger with a stony stare, like a stiff Englishman, as if you supposed they were not as fit for society as yourself,

a style of insular manners considered insouciant in that 'nation whose inhabitants give laws of politeness to the world.' If there are many people present at a morning-call, the earlier comers should retire. During extremely hot weather, or to an author reading his production, you may offer a glass of sirup, or *eau sucrée*, or if a lady becomes faint, some *fleur d'orange* and water; but it is provincial to propose anything else; and, indeed, the French never eat between meals, or in any rank above the very lowest will one be seen to partake of anything in the street, fruit or cake, or even give them to their children, it being considered quite *non-manners* to do so.

It need hardly be said, in conclusion, that the French exercise considerable tact in the matter of introducing one person to another. They know who should be introduced to each other, and who should not. In our own country, people sometimes think they are performing an act of politeness in introducing one person to another, whereas they are probably giving offence to one of the parties. And with this hint on an important subject, we close our observations on the laws of politeness.

OUR WILD-FRUILS.

THE next native fruits which demand our notice are the strawberry, raspberry, and the varieties of the bramble tribe, all of which are to be classed under the third section of the natural order *Rosaceæ*, and form the ninth genus of that order. The general characteristics of these are—the calyx flatfish at the bottom, and five-cleft; five petals; many stamens inserted into the calyx with the petals; many fleshy carpels arranged on a somewhat elevated receptacle, with lateral style, near the points of the carpels.

We will begin with the strawberry (*Fragaria*). The last fruits of which we spoke—the plum and cherry—though the produce of much larger plants, nay, one of them of a tree which ranks among the timber-trees of our land, are not of superior, if of equal value to those which are about to engage our attention. An old writer quaintly remarks: 'It is certain that there *might* have been a better berry than the strawberry, but it is equally certain that there is not one;' and I suppose there are few in the present day who will be disposed to dispute this opinion, for there are *few* fruits, if any, which are in more general repute, or more highly prized, than the strawberry and raspberry; and though the cultivated species have now nearly, if not quite superseded the wild, yet we must not forget that there was a time when none but the latter were to be obtained in England, and that the native sorts of which we are now to speak are the parents of almost all the rich varieties which at present exist in the land. There are doubtless many among the inhabitants of our towns and cities who have never gathered or seen the strawberry in its wild state; and many, very many more who are wholly unacquainted with the peculiar and interesting structure of this fruit and its allies—the raspberry, blackberry, dewberry, and their congeners. The plant which bears the strawberry, whether the wild or garden species, is an herb with three-parted leaves, notched at the edge with a pair of large membranaceous stipules at their base. When growing, the plant throws out two kinds of shoots—one called *runners*, which lie prostrate on the ground, and end in a tuft of leaves—these root into the soil, and then form new plants—and another growing nearly upright, not bearing at the end a tuft of flowers which produce the fruit. The calyx, which is flat, green, and hairy, is divided into ten parts, called *sepals*, and there are five petals; the stamens, which are very numerous, and grow out of the calyx, are placed in a whorl ring round the pistil. This pistil consists of a number of carpels, arranged in many rows very regularly, and

central receptacle; each carpel has a style, ending in a slightly-lobed stigma; and an ovary, wherein lies one single ovule, or young seed. The course of the transformation of this apparatus into fruit is highly curious and interesting. First, the petals fall off, and the calyx closes over the young fruit; immediately the receptacle on which the carpels grow begins to swell, and soon after the carpels themselves increase in size, and become shining, whilst their styles begin to shrivel. The receptacle increases in size so much more and faster than the carpels, which soon cease to enlarge at all, that they speedily begin to be separated by it, and the surface of the receptacle to become apparent. In a little time, the carpels are completely scattered in an irregular manner over the surface of the receptacle, which has become soft and juicy, and has all along been pushing aside the calyx, which finally falls back almost out of sight. The receptacle finally assumes a crimson colour, grows faster and faster, and becomes sweet and fragrant. Those which we commonly call the seeds of the strawberry, then lie on the surface, and these, if carefully examined, will prove to be the carpels containing the seeds in a little thin shell like a small nut. The strawberry is, therefore, not, properly speaking, a fruit; it is a fleshy receptacle, bearing the fruit on it, which fruit is, in fact, the ripe carpels. Now this structure is, as I have said, common to all strawberries, each variety having, however, its own peculiarities of growth and appearance.

There are but nine distinct species of the tribe *Fragaria*: one native in Germany, where it is called Erdbeere; two in North, and one in South America; one in Surinam; and one in India; the remaining three being indigenous in Britain, where, besides these three wild species, there are at least sixty mongrel varieties, the results of cultivation; some of which, recently produced from seed, are of great excellence. The finest of these native British species is the wood-strawberry (*Fragaria vesca*), which is common everywhere; the second, the hantboy (*F. elatior*), is much less frequently found, and is by Hooker supposed to be scarcely indigenous; and the third, the one-leaved strawberry (*F. monophylla*), is unknown to me, and only named by some writers as a species. The common wood-strawberry bears leaves smaller, more sharply notched, and more wrinkled in appearance, than any of the cultivated species. The earliest formed are closely covered, as is the stem, with white silvery hairs, and the leaves turn red early in the autumn, or in dry weather. The blossoms appear very early in the spring, throwing up their delicate white petals on every bank and hedgerow, among the clusters of violets and primroses, and even not infrequently before these sweet harbingers of spring venture to unfold and give promise of abundant fruit. But though the blossoms are so common, from some reason or other the fruit seldom ripens freely, unless along some of the more remote and secluded woodpaths, where the bright red berries lurk on every sunny bank, between the trunks of the old beech and oak trees, and are overhung by the beautiful branches of polypody and foxglove, and other free-growing wild-plants which spring in such solitudes, providing the flocks of varied song-birds which frequent such delightful glades with many a juicy meal.

Few things can be more agreeable than a day of strawberry-picking in the woods and glens where they abound, when troops of happy little children are scattered about; singly, or in groups of three or four, each with a basket to receive the delicious spoil, and all grabbing among the moss and herbage, and shouting with exultation as one cluster after another reveals itself to their eager researches. Some are too much engaged in the quest to notice the brilliant flowers which at another time would have engrossed all their thoughts; whilst others, wreathed round with the bright blue wood-rocket, the shining broad-leaved bryony, and the

rose and honeysuckle, will have to lay down the large handfuls of flowers with which they have encumbered themselves, before they can share in the enjoyment of collecting the fragrant berries. Then comes the hour of assembling, to take their tea and eat the sweet, fresh fruit, and talk over their adventures with the happy parents who have awaited the gathering together of the young ones. Perhaps this assembling takes place in the nearest farmhouse, where fresh milk and rich cream are added to the repast; or it may be under the boughs of one of those masters of the forest, which we may fancy to have seen such gatherings, year by year, for centuries past, and could tell us tales of groups of little people, arranged in the costumes depicted by Holbein, Vandyk, or Lely, the garb of ancient days, seated by their stately seniors, whilst the antlered deer, then the free denizens of the forest, stood at bay, half-startled at the merry party which had invaded their solitude; and the squirrel, little more vivacious in its furry jacket than the stiffly-dressed little bipeds, sprang from bough to bough overhead; and the hare and rabbit bounded along over the distant upland. But we must return to our description of

The blushing strawberry,

Which lurks close shrouded from high-looking eyes,
Shewing that sweetness low and hidden lies.

The whole tribe takes its generic name from its fragrance; the word *fragrans*, sweet-smelling, being that from which *Fragaria* is derived. The wood-strawberry is seldom larger than a horse-bean, of a brilliant red, and the flesh whiter than that of any cultivated species; the flavour is remarkably clear and full—a pleasant subacid, with more of the peculiar strawberry perfume in the taste than any other. They are very wholesome, indeed considered valuable medicinally. The other wild species is the hantboy: this is larger than *F. vesca*, more hairy, and its fruit a deeper red; the flavour, like that of the garden-hantboy, rather musty; in its uses and qualities, it resembles *F. vesca*. The strawberry does not seem to have been noticed by the ancients, though it is slightly named by Virgil, Ovid, and Pliny. It appears to have been cultivated in England early, as an old writer, Tassier, says:

'Wife, into the garden, and set me a plot,
With strawberry-roots the best to be got;
Such growing abroad among thorns in the wood,
Well chosen and pricked, prove excellent good.'

Gerarde speaks of them as growing 'in hills and valleys, likewise in woods, and other such places as be something shadowie; they prosper well in gardens, the red everywhere; the other two, white and green, more rare, and are not to be found save only in gardens.' Shakspeare speaks of this fruit. We find the Bishop of Ely, when conversing with the Archbishop of Canterbury on the change of conduct manifested by the young King Henry V., on his coming to the throne, says:

'The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruits of baser quality,
And so the prince,' &c.

And the Duke of Gloster, when counselling in the Tower with his allies, and plotting to strip his young nephew of his crown and honours, says:

'My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.'

Parkinson speaks, in 1629, of their having been introduced 'but of late days.' As an article of diet, this fruit offers but little nourishment, but it is considered useful in some diseases, and generally wholesome, though there are some constitutions to which it is

liferous. Linnæus states, that he was twice cured of the gout by the free use of strawberries; and Gerard and other old authors enlarge much on their efficacy in consumptive cases. Phillips tells us, that 'in the monastery of Batalha, is the tomb of Don John, son of King John I. of Portugal, which is ornamented by the representation of strawberries, this prince having chosen them for his crest, to shew his devotion to St John the Baptist, who lived on fruits.' This is rather a curious notion, for though the Scripture tells us of St John the Baptist, that when in the wilderness 'his meat was locusts and wild honey,' we have no reason to suppose that he lived always even on these. What these locusts were is problematical, but it is likely they were the fruit of the locust-tree, *Hymenaea*, which bears a pod containing a sort of bean, enclosed in a whitish substance of fine filaments, as sweet as sugar or honey. The wild bees frequent these trees, and it is probable that here St John found his twofold aliment; but we have no particular reason to suppose that he wholly lived on fruit, and certainly could have little to do with strawberries, as there is no species indigenous in the Holy Land.

But we must now proceed to examine and record the structure of the raspberry, raspis, or hindberry, by all which names it is called. This is a species of the *Rubus*, of which Hooker records only ten species as native in Britain, though Loudon extends the number to thirteen; of which one, the dwarf crimson (*Rubus araticus*), is to be found only in Scotland. We cannot, of course, notice each of these species separately, nor will it be necessary to do so, as the varieties which mark the different kinds of common bramble are such as would not be observed except by an accurate botanist. This tribe, which takes its name from the Celtic *rub*, which signifies red, and is supposed to be so named from the red tint of its young shoots, as well as from the colour of the juice of its berry, consists chiefly of shrub-like plants, with perennial roots, most of which produce suckers or stolons from the roots, which ripen and drop their leaves one year, and resume their foliage, produce blossom shoots, flowers, and fruit, and die the next year, of which the raspberry and common bramble are examples. In some of the species the stem is upright, or only a little arched at the top, but in the greater number it is prostrate and arched, the ends of the shoots rooting when they reach the ground, and forming new plants, sometimes at the distance of several yards from the parent root. The branches and stems are all more or less prickly; those of the common bramble being armed with strong and sharp spines, and even the leaf-stems lined with very sharp reflected prickles, which hit in everything they come near, and inflict sharp wounds. The corolla is formed of an inferior calyx of one leaf, divided into five segments, of five petals in some species; and in others pink, but always of very light and fragile texture, and more or less crumpled, on which the caterpillar of the beautiful white admiral butterfly (*Limnitis camilla*) sometimes feeds. It has many stamens, arranged like those of the strawberry; and the pistil is composed, as that is, of a number of carpels rising out of a central receptacle.

But now let us examine the structure of the fruit, which we shall find differs materially from that of the strawberry in its formation. We will take that of the raspberry as our example; for though the berries of the whole tribe are on the same construction, we cannot have one better known or which would better illustrate the subject. If you pull off the little thimble-shaped fruit from its stem, you will find beneath a dry, white cone; this is the receptacle, and the very part which you eat in the strawberry. If you look attentively at a ripe raspberry, you will find that it is composed of many separate little balls of fleshy and juicy substance, each entirely covered by a thin, membranous skin, which separates it wholly from its neighbour, and from the

cone. Each of these contains a single seed, and from each a little dry thread, which is the withered style, projects. You will find none of the dry grains which lie on the surface of the strawberry, the part which corresponds with the inner part of those, lying in the juicy pulp below, whilst that which once corresponded with their outer part or shell, has itself been transformed into that juicy pulp which covers them: the fact is, that the carpels of the raspberry, instead of remaining dry like the strawberry, swell as they ripen, and acquire a soft, pulpy coat, which in time becomes red, juicy, and sweet. These carpels are so crowded together, that they at last grow into one mass, and form the little thimble-shaped fruit which we eat, the juices of the receptacle being all absorbed by the carpels, which eventually separate from it, and leave the dry cone below. Lindley says: 'In the one case, the receptacle robs the carpels of all their juice, in order to become gorged and bloated at their expense; in the other case, the carpels act in the same selfish manner on the receptacle.'

If you observe the berries of the common brambles, the dewberry, and the cloudberry, you will find them to be all thus formed, though the number of grains, as these swollen carpels are called, differ materially—the dewberry often maturing only one or two, while the raspberry, and some kinds of the brambleberry, present us with twenty and more.

The raspberry was but little noticed by the ancients. Pliny speaks of a sort of bramble called by the Greeks *Idæus*, from Mount Ida, but he seems to value it but little. He says, however: 'The flowers of this raspis being tempered with honey, are good to be laid to watery or bloodshot eyes, as also in erysipelas; being taken inwardly, and drunk with water, it is a comfortable medicine to a weak stomach.' Gerard speaks of it under the name of hindberry, as inferior to the blackberry. The wild raspberry, which is the stock whence we get the garden red raspberry, grows freely in many parts of England. It is found in Wilt, Somerset, Devonshire, and other counties, but is most abundant in the north. Except in size, it is little inferior to the cultivated kinds, and possesses the same colour, scent, and flavour. This fruit, and the strawberry, are especially suitable for invalids, as they do not engender acetous fermentation in the stomach. In dietetic and medicinal qualities, these fruits are also much alike. The bramble, which grows everywhere, creeping on every hedge, and spreading on the earth in all directions, abounds in useful properties, most parts of the plant being good for use. The berries make very tolerable pies, and are much in request for such purposes, and for making jam in farmhouses and cottages, where they are often mixed with apples to correct thereby the rather faint and vapid flavour that they possess when used by themselves. This jam, as well as the raw fruit, is considered good for sore throats, and for inflammation of the gums and tonsils. We are also told, that the young green shoots, eaten as salad, will fix teeth, which are loose; probably (if it be so) it is from the astringent qualities, in the juice strengthening and hardening the gums. The leaves pounded, are said to be a cure for the ring-worm; and they are also made into tea by some of the cottagers, which is very useful in some ailments; and the roots boiled in honey, are said to be serviceable in dropsy. The green twigs are used to dye silk and woollen black; and silk-worms will feed on them, though the silk produced by those so fed is not equal to that of those fed on the mulberry. The long trailing shoots are important to thatchers for binding thatch, and are also used for binding straw mats, bee-hives, &c.; and even the flowers were anciently supposed to be remedies against the most dangerous serpents. London says: 'The berries, when green at the moment they are ripe, are cooling and gratefully

little before, they are coarse and astringent; and a little after disagreeably flavoured or putrid.' He adds: 'Care is requisite in gathering the fruit, for one berry of the last sort will spoil a whole pie.' Great quantities of them are collected by the women and children in the country, and sold in the neighbouring towns by the quart. There is a double-flowered species of bramble, and one which bears white berries. The fruit of the dwarf crimson (*R. araticus*), and that of the cloudberry (*R. chamaemorus*), are highly prized in Scotland and Sweden, and in the latter country are much used in sauces and soups, and for making vinegar; and Dr Clarke says, that he was cured of a bilious fever by eating great quantities. The cloudberry, which grows on the tops of the highest mountains, is the badge of the clan Macfarlane. The bramble seems to be of almost universal extent, at least it is found at the utmost limits of phænogamous vegetation; and we are led to remark the goodness of God in thus providing a plant which combines so many valuable qualities, and so many useful parts, capable of extending itself so freely in defiance of all impediments, and of standing so many vicissitudes of climate, without the aid of culture or care. The bramble is emphatically the property of the poor; its fruit may be gathered without restriction; its shoots, both in their young medicinal state, and in their harder and tougher growth, are theirs to use as they will; and their children may enjoy the sport of blackberry-picking, and the profits of blackberry-selling, none saying them nay; and many a pleasant and wholesome pudding or pie is to be found on tables in blackberry season, where such dainties are not often seen at any other time, unless, indeed, we except the whortleberry season. The poet Cowper sings of—

Berries that emboss
The bramble black as jet;

and truly a plant which diffuses so many benefits, even under the least advantageous circumstances, may well deserve encomium.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN was born at Andelys, in Normandy, in June 1593. His father, Jean Poussin, had served in the regiment of Tauannes during the reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., without having risen to any higher rank than that of lieutenant. Happening to meet in the town of Vernon a rich and handsome young widow, Jean Poussin married her, left the service, and retired with his wife to the pleasant village of Andelys, where, in a year afterwards, Nicholas was born. His childhood resembled that of many other great painters. Whitewashed walls scribbled over with landscapes—school-books defaced with sketches, which *they drew down* anger and reproof on the idle student, but which *now* would form precious gems in many a rich museum—these were the early evidences of Poussin's genius. He was treated severely by his father, who thought that every vigorous, well-made boy ought of necessity to become a soldier—secretly consoled and encouraged by his mother, who loved him with an almost idolatrous affection, and who approved of his pursuits, not from any abstract love of art, but because she thought the profession of painting might be pursued by her darling without obliging him to leave his home.

It happened that the painter, Quintin Varin, was an intimate acquaintance of the elder Poussin. Somewhat reluctantly, the lieutenant gave his son permission to study the first principles of painting under their

landscapes, his very straitened finances not allowing him to use oils. His subjects were the beautiful scenes around Andelys; and, despite of his inexperience, he knew so well how to transfer the living poetry of the scenery to his canvas, that his master one day said to him: 'Nicholas, why have you deceived me?—you must have learned painting before.'

'I assure you I have not.'

'Then,' said Varin, 'I am not fit to be thy master. There is a revelation of genius in thy lightest touch to which I have never attained. I should but cloud thy destiny in seeking to instruct thee. Go to Paris, dear boy; there thou wilt achieve both fame and fortune.'

The advice was followed, and with a light purse, and a still lighter heart, Nicholas Poussin arrived in Paris. He bore a letter of introduction from Varin to the Flemish painter Ferdinand Elle, who consented to receive him as a pupil for the payment of three livres a month.

There were already a dozen young people in the studio. When their new companion joined them, they amused themselves by laughing at him, and playing off practical jokes at his expense, which at first he bore with good-humour. It happened, however, one morning, that on examining his slender purse, he found that its contents had fallen to zero; and this unpleasant circumstance caused him, no doubt, to feel in an irritable state of mind. On reaching the studio, and just as he entered the door, he was inundated by the contents of a bucket of water, which one of his companions had suspended over the door, and managed to overturn on the head of Nicholas. Furious at this unexpected *douche*, he flew at its unlucky contriver, and gave him a hearty beating. There were three other lads in the studio; they all attacked Nicholas, who, however, proved more than their match, overthrowing two of his assailants, and obliging the third to fly.

After this occurrence, Poussin became free from the petty annoyances which he had hitherto endured; but he found no friend in the studio of Ferdinand Elle, and he felt, besides, that he was losing his time, and learning nothing from that painter. These reasons determined him one day to write a respectful letter to his master, declining further attendance at the studio; and then, furnished with little of this world's goods, besides some pencils and paper, he set out, very literally, 'to seek his fortune.'

It was then the beginning of summer; everything in nature looked lovely and glad, and Poussin insensibly wandered on, until he found himself in a fresh green meadow on the banks of the Marne. He lay down under the shade of an osier thicket, and presently became aware of the presence of a young man about his own age, who was busily employed in fishing. Nicholas watched him for some time, and then said: 'May I remark, that the bait you are using does not appear suited to this river?'

'Very likely,' replied the stranger; 'I am but an inexperienced fisher, and will feel greatly obliged by your advice.'

Poussin then arranged the line, put on a fresh bait, and in a few minutes a fine perch was landed on the grass.

'Many thanks for your assistance,' said the young man; 'will you do me the favour to join in my repast?' It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and Nicholas

and the angler, drawing from his fish-basket a large slice of savoury pie, a loaf of bread, and a flask of wine, they made a hearty meal together.

After the fashion of the days of chivalry, the two knights-errant told each other their names and histories. The stranger, whose name was Raoul, was a young man of considerable property. His parents, living in Poitou, sent him to finish his education and polish his manners by frequenting fashionable society in Paris; but his tastes were simple, his habits retiring, and he had not met amongst the rich and noble any who pleased him so well as the poor penniless painter. With cordial frankness, he pressed Nicholas to take up his abode with him in Paris, and promised to advance him in the study of his art.

The offer was accepted as freely as it was made, and Nicholas Poussin was thus enabled to pursue with ardour the noble studies to which his life was henceforth devoted, free from those petty cares and sordid anxieties which so often clog the wings of genius. By the interest of Raoul, many valuable collections of paintings, including the unique one of Segnier, were opened to him. Becoming acquainted with a brother student, Philippe de Champagne, he joined him for a time in receiving instruction from Lallemand, until, perceiving that that painter was no more capable of teaching him than Ferdinand Elle had been, he left his studio, and gave himself up to severe and solitary study.

At twenty years of age, Nicholas Poussin steadily renounced every species of youthful pleasure and dissipation, that he might pursue his one noble object. He rose at daybreak, and regularly retired to rest at nine o'clock. During the winter months, he spent the early hours of the day in studying Greek and Latin under an old priest, who loved him and taught him gratuitously. The remainder of the day was devoted to painting, and the evening to short visits amongst the friends to whom he had been introduced by the active kindness of Raoul. In the summer, he loved to spend occasionally a long bright day in rambling through the beautiful scenery of Auteuil, taking sketches while his friend fished. The extent of their innocent dissipation consisted in dining at some rural hostelry on the produce of the morning's sport, washed down with a temperate modicum of wine. Thus pleasantly and profitably passed two years, at the end of which Raoul was recalled to his home.

Despite of the excuses and remonstrances of Poussin, his friend insisted on his accompanying him to Poitou, assuring him of a hearty welcome from his own parents. From Raoul's father, indeed, the young painter received it; but his mother was a proud, ill-tempered woman, who affected to despise a dauber of canvas, and treated her son's friend as a sort of valet attached to his service. In short, she heaped insults on the young man, which even his love for Raoul could not force him to endure; and in order to escape the affectionate solicitations of his friend, he set out secretly one morning alone and on foot.

Weary, penniless, and attacked with inward inflammation, he at length reached Paris. Philippe de Champagne received him, and watched over him like a brother until he recovered. A great degree of weakness and languor still depressed him; the air of Paris weighed on him like lead. He sighed for his native breeze at Andelys, and still more for his mother's embrace—his good and tender mother, whose letters to him were so often rendered almost illegible by her tears, and whose memory had been his sweetest comfort during the weary nights of sickness.

He set out on his journey with six livres in his pocket, which he had earned by painting a bunch of hats on the sign-post of a hatter, and arrived safely at home. Soon afterwards, his father died, and Nicholas determined never again to leave his mother. She,

tender woman that she was, grieved for a husband who had rarely shown her any kindness, and who, in his hard selfishness, had now left her totally destitute. All the money she had brought him as her dowry, he, unknown to her, had sunk in an annuity on his own life, and nothing now remained for her but the devoted love of her only son.

This, however, was a 'goodly heritage.' Those who zealously try to fulfil their duty, may be assured that a kind Providence will assist their efforts; and Nicholas succeeded for some time in maintaining his mother by the sale of water-colour paintings for the decoration of a convent chapel. At length, this resource failed; and the ardent young painter determined to relinquish all his bright visions, and learn some manual trade, when his mother was seized with illness, and, despite of his anxious care, died.

No motive now detained him at Andelys. The sale of his slender possessions there furnished him with a little money; and, partly in order to assuage his grief for his mother, partly to see the works of the great masters, he determined to go to Italy.

Rome was naturally the goal of his steps, but on this occasion he was not destined to reach it. On arriving at Florence, he met with an accidental hurt, which confined him to a lodging for a month, and when he was cured, left him almost penniless. Finding it impossible to dispose of the sketches which he drew for his daily bread, he determined to retrace his steps. Arrived at Paris, he was once more received by his faithful friend, Philippe de Champagne, and by him introduced to Duchesne, who was then painting the ornaments of the Luxembourg, and who engaged both the young men as his assistants.

This promised to be a durable and profitable engagement; but Duchesne, who had but little pretension to genius, soon grew jealous of his young companions, and seized the first pretext for dismissing them.

Shortly afterwards, the Jesuits of Paris celebrated the canonisation of St Ignatius and St Francis Xavier. For this occasion, Poussin executed six water-colour pictures, representing the principal events in the lives of these two personages. The merit of these works attracted the attention of Signor Marini, a distinguished courtier of the day. He was attached to the suit of Marie de Medicis, and held a high place amongst the literary and artistic, as well as gay circles of the court; his notice was therefore of importance to the artist, who by it was introduced amongst the great, the learned, and the gay.

Wisely did he take advantage of mixing in this society to improve his knowledge of men and things, and to satisfy that craving for enlightenment which he felt equally when rambling in the fields, standing at his easel, or sitting as a timid listener in the splendid saloons of Signor Marini.

This pleasant life lasted for a year; Marini was his Mæcenas; orders for paintings flowed in on him; and when, in 1625, his patron went to Rome to visit Pope Urban VIII., Poussin would have accompanied him, but for an honourable dread of breaking some engagements which he had made. Amongst others, he had to finish a large piece representing the *Death of the Virgin*, undertaken for the guild of goldsmiths, who presented every year a picture to Notre-Dame.

Marini tried in vain to shake his resolution. Nicholas Poussin had pledged his word, and nothing could make him break it—not even the advantage of accomplishing, in the company and at the expense of the generous Italian, that journey to Rome which had always formed his most cherished day-dream. The following year, Poussin went to Rome, and, to his great sorrow, found his kind patron suffering from a malady which speedily terminated his life. Thus was the painter once more thrown on his own resources in a city where he was a stranger; but his was not a nature to be discouraged.

by adversity. There was something grand in the serenity with which he spent days in examining the wondrous statues of the olden time, while a cheerless attic was his lodging, and his dinner depended on the generosity of a printseller for whom he worked occasionally, and who was not always in the humour to advance money.

Many years afterwards, Poussin, in speaking of this period, said to Chantillon: 'I have sometimes gone to bed without having tasted food since the morning, not because I had no means of paying at a hostel—although that also has befallen me at times—but because, after having my soul filled with the glorious beauty of ancient art, I could not endure to mingle in the low, sordid scenes of a cheap eating-house. Indeed, it was scarcely a sacrifice to do so, for my heart was too full to allow me to feel hunger.'

Poussin studied nature with a minuteness that often exposed him to raillery. Whenever he made a country excursion, he brought back a bag filled with pebbles and mosses, whose various tints and forms he afterwards studied with the most scrupulous care. Vigneul de Marville asked him one day how he had reached so high a rank among the great painters. 'I tried to neglect nothing,' replied Poussin.

True, indeed, he had neglected nothing. He gave his days and nights to the acquirement of various sciences. He understood anatomy better than any surgeon of his time; he knew history like a Benedictine, and the antiquities of Rome as a botanist does his favourite flora. But architecture was the art which he esteemed most essential to a painter; and accordingly his landscapes abound in exquisite delineations of buildings.

His veneration for the works of his predecessors was very great. We find him, in a letter addressed to M. de Chantillon, requesting that a painting which he sent might not be placed in the same room with one of Raphael's—'lest the contrast might ruin mine, and cause whatever little beauty it has to vanish.'

He was an ardent admirer of Domenichino, and copied many of his works. It happened one day, that as he was in a chapel busily employed in copying a painting by that master, he saw a feeble old man tottering slowly towards him, leaning on a crutch. The visitor, without ceremony, seated himself on the painter's stool, and began deliberately to examine his work. Poussin greatly disliked inquisitive critics, and now feeling annoyed, he began to put up his pallet, and to prepare for leaving.

'You don't like visitors, young man?' said the old man smiling. 'Neither did I. But when I was your age, and, like you, copying the works of the old masters, if one of them had come to look over my shoulder, and see how I succeeded in reproducing the form which he had created, I would not for that have put away my pallet, but I would gladly have sought his counsel.' And while he spoke, the handle of his crutch was rubbing against the centre of the picture.

'Signor, are you mad?' exclaimed Poussin, seizing the offending crutch.

'So they say, my child; but 'tis not true. No, no; Domenichino is not mad, and can still give good advice.'

'Domenichino! what! the great Domenichino?' cried the young man.

'The poor Domenichino. Yes, you see him such as years and grief have made him. He has come, young man, to counsel you not to follow in his track, if you wish to gain fortune and renown. That,' he continued, pointing to his own painting, 'is true and conscientious art. Well, it leads to the alms-house. I see that you have the power to become a great artist. Change your place; be extravagant, capricious, unnatural, and then you will succeed.'

One may fancy the feelings of Poussin at hearing

to sacrifice everything to the love of true art, and respectfully accompanied him home.

From that time until Zampieri's death, Poussin was his friend and pupil. He afterwards paid a debt of gratitude to the painter's memory, by causing his picture of the *Communion of St Jerome*, which had been thrown aside in a granary, to be placed opposite to the *Transfiguration of Raphael*.

By degrees, the marvellous talent of Poussin became known, and orders for paintings flowed in on him. He might have become rich, but he cared not for wealth, and was perhaps the only artist that ever thought his works too highly paid for. On one occasion, being sent one hundred crowns for a picture, he returned fifty.

Cardinal Mancini paid him a visit one evening, and when he was going away, Poussin attended him with a lantern to the outer gate, and opened it himself. 'I pity you,' said the cardinal, 'for not having even one man-servant.' 'And I pity your eminence for having so many.'

In his days of adversity, Poussin had been kindly received and nursed in the house of a M. Dughet, whose daughter he afterwards married. She was a simple, kind-hearted woman, and fondly attached to her husband, who appreciated her good qualities, and always treated her with affection, although she probably never inspired him with ardent love. Some years after their marriage, not having any children, Poussin adopted his wife's younger brother, Gaspard Dughet, who, under his instructions, became a painter of considerable merit. The remainder of Poussin's life was singularly prosperous. He continued to reside at Rome until summoned to return to France by Louis XIII., who, finding that several invitations to that effect, conveyed through ambassadors, failed to bring back Poussin, did him the honour to write him an autograph letter, entreating his presence. The painter obeyed the flattering summons, but unwillingly. He felt that he was sacrificing his independence to the splendid bondage of a court, and he often remembered with fond regret, 'the peace and the sweetness of his little home.'

Two years he resided at court, tasting the sweets and bitters of ambition—the carresses of a powerful king, and a still more powerful cardinal—mingled with the envious intrigues and malicious detraction of jealous rivals. Poussin loved not such a life; his free spirit languished, his noble heart was pained; and in 1642, he requested and obtained leave to visit Italy, promising, however, to return.

The deaths of Louis and Richelieu, which took place within a short period of each other, released Poussin from his pledge. From that time, he constantly resided at Rome, and executed his greatest works. Amongst these may be named: *Rebecca*, *The Seven Sacraments*, *The Judgment of Solomon*, *Moses striking the Rock*, *Jesus healing the Blind*, and *The Four Seasons*, each being represented by a subject from sacred history. All these, with the exception of *The Seven Sacraments*, are to be seen in the Louvre.

Poussin died at Rome in 1665. His wife had expired a short time before, and grief for the loss of this fond and faithful partner broke down his energies and hastened his decease.

'Her death,' he wrote, 'has left me alone in the world, laden with years, filled with infirmities, a stranger and without friends.' All those whom he loved had preceded him to their tombs, and the only relative at his death-bed was an avaricious nephew, eager to seize his possessions.

The name of Nicholas Poussin will never die. He was the first great French painter; and in him were united what, unhappily, are often disjoined, the highest qualities of the head and of the heart—the lofty genius

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

As to the hackneyed doctrine that derives the origin of music from the outward sounds of nature, none but poets could have conceived it, or lovers be justified in repeating it. Granting even that the singing of birds, the rippling of brooks, the murmuring of winds, might have suggested some idea, in the gradual development of the art, all history, as well as the evidence of common sense, proves that they gave no help whatever at the commencement. The savage has never been inspired by them; his music, when he has any, is a mere noise, not deducible by any stretch of the imagination from such sounds of nature. The national melodies of various countries give no evidence of any influence from without. A collection of native airs from different parts of the world will help us to no theory as to whether they have been composed in valleys or on plains, by resounding sea-shores or by roaring waterfalls. There is nothing in the music itself which tells of the natural sounds most common in the desolate steppes of Russia, the woody sierras of Spain, or the rocky glens of Scotland. What analogy there exists is solely with the inward character of the people themselves, and that too profound to be theorised upon. If we search the works of the earliest composers, we find not the slightest evidence of their having been inspired by any outward agencies. Not till the art stood upon its own independent foundations does it appear that any musicians ever thought of turning such natural sounds to account; and—though with Beethoven's exquisite Pastoral Symphony ringing in our ears, with its plaintive clarionet cuckoo to contradict our words—we should say that no compositions could be of a high class in which such sounds were conspicuous.—*Murray's Reading for the Rail.*

THE ARCHARD LEVER POWER.

Our attention has been invited to an invention of a very remarkable character, which, if realising the claims asserted in its behalf, will fully equal, if it does not far exceed in importance, any discovery of the age. It consists in an entirely new application of the power of the lever, an application capable of being multiplied to an almost unlimited extent. To render our account of this new marvel quite incredible in the outset, we will state on the inventor's authority, that the steam of an ordinary tea-kettle may be made to produce sufficient momentum to propel a steamship of any size across the Atlantic! Or, again, one man may exert a power equal to that of a thousand horses, and that, too, without the aid of steam or any auxiliary other than his own stout arm. It overcomes or disproves the heretofore-received principle in mechanics, of not gaining power without a loss of speed. Archimedes, in declaring his ability to move the world, if he had a suitable position for his fulcrum, conveyed an apt illustration of the measureless power of the lever when exerted to its fullest extent. This fullest extent Mr Archard claims to have attained in the action of a succession of parallel levers—one lever upon a second, the second upon a third, the third upon a fourth, and so on progressively; each succeeding lever of the same length as the first, and all operating simultaneously, the one lever upon, and with all the others. This marvellous property of multiplying leverage, is attained without any diminution in speed, since, to whatever extent the additional levers may be carried, the entire succession is moved as one compact mass, operated upon at the same instant, the last lever moving at the same moment with the first. This simultaneous movement of a succession of parallel levers, acting the one upon the other, with a force successively increasing and in geometrical proportion, is the grand desideratum, the *ne plus ultra*, in the science of mechanics, which the inventor professes to have achieved. To place this multiplied *ad infinitum* power in its plainest light, we may observe that a given power—say that of one horse—will impart to a lever of a given dimension a sixteenfold power; that sixteenfold power gives the succeeding lever sixty-fourfold increase; that to the third lever, 256; that gives to the fourth lever an increase of 1024; while this fourth lever, with its largely increased ability, gives to the fifth lever the enormous increase of

4096. If, therefore, this succession of leverage is rightly stated, a single horse is enabled to exert the power of four thousand and ninety-six horses!—*American Courier.*

MY SPIRIT'S HOME

WHERE is the home my spirit seeks,
Amid this world of sin and care,
Where even joy of sorrow speaks,
And Death is lurking everywhere?
Oh! not amid its fading bowers
My wearied soul can find repose,
For serpents lurk beneath its flowers,
And thorns surround its fairest rose.

The home of earth is not for me;
Far off my spirit's dwelling lies;
The eye of faith alone can see
Its pearly gates beyond the skies;
The ear of faith alone can hear
The music of its ceaseless song,
As nearer with each passing year
Its angel-chorus rolls along.

There is the home my spirit seeks,
Above the fadeless stars on high!
Where not a note of discord breaks
The silver chain of harmony;
Where light without a shadow lies,
And joy can speak without a tear,
And Death alone—the tyrant—dies:
The home my spirit seeks is there!

H. T. G.

THE GUJARATI-HINDOO GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Imagine in a spacious room, furnished after the European fashion, some thirty or forty little girls, all dressed in their best, many of them laden with rich ornaments—anklets and earrings—seated in order around the room, gazing anxiously from their large, lustrous, and soulful eyes upon the strangers who sit at the table directing the examination, aided by the teacher, the superintendent, the worthy Shet and his kinsmen; see behind them a crowd of Hindoos in their flowing robes and picturesque turbans, their faces beaming with eagerness and delight, as they watch the answers of the pupils—many of them relations, some even their wives; listen also to the low and sweet voices of childhood, chanting in the melodious Gujarati (the Ionic of Western India) the strains of education; and you may be able to form some idea of the scene, and of one of the most pleasurable matters in the life of a new-comer.—*Bombay Gazette.*

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PURIFICATION.

We are so much creatures of habit, that to be convinced of an error is very far indeed from being ready to correct it. It may be made clear as possible, that there is some physical condition attaching to our residence, rendering it unhealthy; but if we have long endured the evil, and have no more than a *chance* of being seriously injured by it, our customary acquiescence in the routine of existence is almost sure to make us indifferent to it. It is for this reason, in great part, that the Sanitary Cause makes such slow progress. The people are not generally ignorant that a confined room with little change of air, or a collection of surface water near a dwelling, has an unfavourable tendency with regard to health; but their traditionary habits enable them to submit patiently to such evils. The difficulty is to get them to change their habits.

Another thing presenting great obstructions to sanitary reform, is the structure of existing houses and streets. In many of our towns, the principal ways and lanes are as they were laid out in the middle ages, and a vast number of houses are as they were built a century ago, before any one thought of arrangements for health. There is a remarkable parity between the two kinds of difficulty. A narrow street is like a bad habit thoroughly established. A town placed long ago upon ground unsuitable for drainage, is like some settled system of life which we feel it to be impossible to reform. We see how the house might be roomier, the street wider, and effective drains conducted underground; but there is the house built long ago, and we cannot at once dilate it like a balloon—there is the street, with its property demarcations fixed in past ages, and not to be changed without an enormous amount of trouble. A habit is in much the same predicament.

It is proposed at Manchester to attempt a sanitary reformation by means of lectures and tracts addressed to the people, and a society has been formed for the purpose. Doubtless, the late intelligence respecting a probable third visit from Asiatic cholera is what has prompted this effort, than which nothing can be more laudable in point of aim and intention. We much fear, however, from the causes above stated, that a propagation of the faith in cleanliness and pure air is a measure somewhat too mild for the occasion. It is in the way of doing good, and it will do some good; but something else is wanted. If the people are to be saved from the sanitary evils that beset them, it must be in a great degree by the action of themselves.

If there is any law of social life that makes itself strongly visible to us, it is that the wise have to take

the foolish in hand, and those who have knowledge those who have none, and constrain them into ways conducive to their safety and happiness. It will not do, in a dense, highly-organised society like ours, to allow indefinite freedom to each individual: that is the privilege of the savage in his thinly-peopled wilds. When man comes into towered cities, he must be accommodating, or he will not be endurable. This seems to us fully to constitute a right of the enlightened and rational to see that plans are adopted for the good of the whole, and that they are duly enforced where, from ignorance or indifference, there is any disposition to shirk them. It is, in short, the basis of the idea of a Police; a force designed, in its primitive absolute character, for the support, not of a selfish despotism, but of an authority inspired by views of general benefit, and which has no other purpose than to make individuals act or refrain from acting as is best for the entire public.

On this theory, it clearly is allowable to take strong measures for the enforcement of both education and the rules of health among the people. There is great jealousy in the English as to all Powers whatsoever, and personal freedom in domestic things is intensely appreciated. But this is a feeling that may be carried too far—as, for example, when, content with the old constables and watchmen, they resisted the introduction of a regular police force that should be partly under government control; an institution which, as is well known, has proved an evil to none but the bad. It is most desirable that prejudices on this point were overcome, since the harm apprehended is so visionary, and the resulting good so immense.

The right of a police to suppress local nuisances is, however, already established. It is not going much further to assume a right to dictate arrangements of building and draining, and for the cleanliness of house and person, in order to avert diseases that are apt to spread beyond those who are remiss in these particulars. And if A, B, and C, are entitled to be protected from the consequences of physical impurity and mal-arrangement in D, E, and F, are they not equally entitled to be saved from all the ills that may arise from a low moral and intellectual state in those personages? In other words, may they not legitimately interfere to see that D, E, and F, are tolerably educated, so as to raise them out of the savage, illiterate state, which tends so much to public detriment? We fully believe they may take this course, not merely without injury to the true liberties of the individual, but to their great ultimate advancement, there being no possibility of perfect freedom to any while a great number are left free to follow every rude and reckless

impulse. We are scarcely prepared to say, that a legislative interference to put down the use of intoxicating liquors is expedient in this country, while public opinion remains as it is; but we have no scruple whatever in avowing, that we see no theoretical objection to it, and should be glad if our country were ripe for adopting such a measure. It has been adopted, as is well known, in the state of Maine, and with a degree of success that seems to have given satisfaction. All that is wanting is, a determination of the majority to have their way in this matter. They must be prepared for a vigorous effort at first, and unswerving firmness for some time afterwards. Right soon the overpowered minority would be thankful for having been saved from themselves.

The city of London, previous to the fire of 1666, was too much huddled, and consequently unhealthy. The inhabitants, from habit, submitted, and would probably have gone on submitting to the present day, to a monstrous rate of mortality, inferring a fearful and most unequal struggle of poor human nature with unrelenting circumstances. Providence came in to break the spell of habit; and London, rebuilt on a more healthy plan, has since had occasion to bless the destiny which laid its ancient lane-like streets in ashes. May not an earthly power interfere for similar purposes? On a point where all thinking persons are at one in opinion, why not? Conflagration is not the means which sane men would adopt: something safer, but equally decisive, may be adopted. The fact is, there is a sluggish principle in ordinary human nature which requires an external force to be exercised upon it, if we would wish to see either duty performed or evil avoided. How many have wished to learn a particular language, but failed in the energy requisite for the task, till some necessity arose to compel them—painful at first, but gratefully looked back upon when the pain was past and the acquisition made! How often do we see obligations and responsibilities of a burdensome nature prompt men into an honourable activity, who might otherwise have been unhappy idlers! A right-spirited man, who knows what duty is, but at the same time experiences some share of the usual languor in addressing himself to it, positively enjoys and delights in the external impulse which 'gives him not to choose.' We have a certain indefinable satisfaction in yielding to any necessity, apparently from its relieving us of the pain which always attends the internal debate—to do or not to do. Now, these are principles of which we should have advantage in the event of a strong policy being adopted for purification, whether moral or physical. A working-man, who hesitated whether he should allow his son to remain longer at school or send him to a factory, would placidly see the young man going on in his educational course, if he knew that the law gave him no alternative. The stupid, and not very agreeable 'cannot-be-fashed' feeling, would by most be felt as well exchanged for a compulsion which, in the very activity it brought, brought the joyful feeling of difficulties overcome and comfort secured.

And, after all, it is but a transition from one set of habits and practices to another which is required. For, of course, when once a better system was introduced and fairly set agoing, the necessity for compulsion would cease. The people would go on smoothly in their new habits, and only wonder that such practices as they had to look back upon should ever have existed.

Alas, however, we hear it called *visionary* to expect any such great reform to be effected in such a country as ours. We are too practical a people to listen to such wild proposals. A practical people! let us see how a practical people pleases to act in the circumstances! The approach of cholera is announced, and immediately the practical people sends a band of officers through the fetid lanes and courts where poverty dwells, to whitewash every wall ten feet up, and all the interiors of the houses. At the same time, a slight addition is made to the efforts at sweeping and keeping clean all those lanes and neglected corners. The practical people receives a report that all this is done, and is for the time content. Now, the general arrangements in those lanes are such that cleanliness is an impossibility. The houses are so confined, damp, and ill ventilated, that there can be no health in them. The people subject themselves to additional debilitation by drinking, and consequent want of proper food. If, for such a case, a little extra scavenging; and an administration of white-wash, is all that Practical People can do, then it clearly appears that Practical People is not the wise man he thinks himself, but a mere child, and scarcely even that. The real practical philosopher, according to our conception of him, when he has something to do, takes the steps required for doing it wholly and satisfactorily. The real visionary man, according, likewise, to our conception of him, is one who deludes himself into some belief that effects can be brought about without means and causes, or that, somehow, when the powder-train of Cause has been laid and ignited, the explosion of Effect will not take place. It is much to be feared, that the Practical People of the vulgar conception, is of this latter character. When true practical wisdom is understood, Purification of all kinds will be effected, but not till then.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

By no manner of means! I was not in drink when it occurred; although, if the truth must out, I was both in love and in debt. Now, I know that among the fortunate part of mankind—those who have anything in their pockets to take care of—there is a sort of prejudice, as it were, against debtors; and as I wish to stand well with all classes, and appeal to the universal sympathies of the company, it is necessary to say a few words touching this little circumstance of debt. That I had lived beyond my income is true, and that the balance spent, therefore, was not fairly my own, I admit; but I was the next heir to rather a snug property, then possessed by a decidedly elderly and ailing individual, and in incurring debt I could not be said to be without what the law calls a reasonable probability of paying. In fact, if the worst had come to the worst, I could have sold my birthright at any time, cleared myself with the world, and had a tolerable residue over. Thus, although a heedless and imprudent young fellow, I was but little worse, since my misdeeds could not seriously or permanently injure any one but myself; I was, in truth, to use a common expression, nobody's enemy but my own.

However this may be, the difficulties of my position increased day by day, till at length I was in hourly dread of a writ. Then why not sell my reversion at once, pay off my debts, put the balance in my pouch, and fling myself abroad upon the world, to push my fortune? Because I was not only in debt, but in love. The young lady herself would have cared nothing about

the loss of the estate, and being of as sanguine a temper as myself, she would have joined without terror in any wild-geese scheme I might have devised; but, alas! Hammerton Lodge, the then property of Theodore Hunka, Esquire (a worthless miser), was the only bond of sympathy between her father and myself; and, in fact, it was with special reference to my succession that he had given his consent to our engagement. To sell my reversion, therefore, was out of the question; but what was the alternative? To be locked up for an indefinite period, without even the consolation of my divine Althea coming to whisper at my grates; for there was no such stringency in our engagement as to insure its continuing a moment after the desperate state of my circumstances became known to her father.

One morning, when brooding on these matters over my untasted coffee, the rat-tat of the postman made my heart jump; and presently two letters were handed to me. One was from Althea; but I chose to open the other first, in order to get rid of it. It was from a comrade, a horribly laconic fellow, and contained nothing more than these words: 'Ware hawk—the writ is out!' While my nerves were still jarring from the electric shock, I seized Althea's letter, and opened it with trembling hands. The news it brought was to this pleasant effect:—A rival, between whom and myself there had once been a strong hesitation in the father's mind, had recently been much at the house, and appeared to have made great progress in the old gentleman's confidence. His rise in estimation and my fall being simultaneous, there could be little doubt as to whose good offices the latter might be ascribed to; and at length Mr Harley had communicated to Althea the fact, that her favoured lover was a ruined spend-thrift, who would never possess an acre in the world, and had commanded her to break off the acquaintance. The spirited girl had written this to me by the very next post, suggesting that, if I could clear my character, I should come down on a visit, as if ignorant of the new turn affairs had taken; and that if I could not clear my character, so far as mere imprudence was concerned, I should want all the more by and by—meaning the time when she should be twenty-one—somebody to take care of me.

I determined to take her advice. To sell the reversion would be madness; for, not to mention Althea's moderate dowry, a few years of economy, when the estate did become my own, would set all to rights. At any rate, to stay where I was would be worse madness—a madness which would lead—perhaps in a few hours—to my consignment to that delightful retreat, Belvedere Place,* on the door of which would stare me in the face the inscription on Dante's hell. My motions were quickened by the recollection, that my creditors had received information, only a day or two before, of Mr Hunka's recovery from his more pressing ailments. As for more age, all creditors know that there is nothing in that, at least under a hundred, or a few years more.

When I did get down to the old House, I was very coolly received by its master; although, to do him justice, he had too much politeness to tell me to get out. The rival, whom I had known some years before, was smooth, simpering, well-looking, just such a fellow

as it would be impossible to find any reasonable excuse for knocking down; and as for my charming Althea, with her I could only hold communion with the eyes, for the two gentlemen took good care that we should have no opportunity of meeting alone. On the third morning after my arrival, finding that the motion must come from me, I requested an interview with Mr Harley, and was summoned in due form to his study. On my way thither, an arm was suddenly stretched out of one of the rooms in the corridor along which I was passing, and I felt myself drawn in by Althea. She was looking pale and terror-stricken.

'My dear love,' said I, 'do not be alarmed; I am just going in to tell your father that it's all right. My difficulties are not imaginary, I admit, but they are comparatively trifling. We shall get on famously, depend upon it.'

'Then what,' said she breathlessly, 'did that odious man mean by writing, by the next post after you came, to Parkins & Peerie, with whom I know you have disagreeable transactions?'—I started like a guilty thing.—'And what connection is there between that circumstance and the appearance here a few minutes ago of two hang-dog looking men, neither gentlemen nor servants, inquiring for you?' I staggered against the wall, as if I had received a blow.

'Althea,' said I, 'I have not deceived you, and yet I am lost! Parkins & Peerie are the prosecuting attorneys, and the two men are bailiffs. My debts are by no means ruinous, so far as the amount is concerned, and yet I shall lie in prison Heaven knows how long.'

'That needs not—must not be!' she cried, while a glow of resolution overspread her pale face. 'I have sent them into a room to wait for you, and I shall take care that they will wait for an hour to come. Here, get out of this window—they are on the other side of the house. You know the footpath leading through the wood to the town, and there you may remain unknown till they lose hope and return to London.' There was no alternative. We parted as lovers part who have no time for ceremonious leave-taking; and allowing myself to drop gently from the window, which was near the ground, I darted into the shrubbery.

I had nearly reached the fence which divided the grounds from a thin scrubby wood, studded here and there with large trees, and intersected by the townward footpath, when I was startled by the sound of voices and rushing feet behind me. To go out into the exposed part of the wood would be destruction; and, turning sharply away into the thickest of the plantation, I followed its course lengthwise, to make a detour. Still the sounds followed. My pursuers, on arriving at the fence, had doubtless seen that I was not in the wood, and they were now on my trail through the trees like blood-hounds. But my wind was good, my dislike to Belvedere Place decided, my fear of losing Althea excessive; and so I rushed madly on, betraying in all probability my course by the clatter I made among the branches. I was at length near the end of the plantation, with a thick and lofty hedge on my right hand. My mind was made up. On the other side, there was a large tree with luxuriant foliage, into which it would be easy to climb, as I should be protected from observation by the hedge. Accordingly, at the end of the plantation, I leaped the fence like a harlequin, turned the hedge, and sprang up the tree, I hardly knew how. A few twigs for my hands, and a few knots for my feet, were the only aids I had for a considerable height; but there a thick branch protruded, upon which I contrived to swing myself. The branch, however, was rotten, for the tree was old, and the leafy

* The Queen's Bench Prison. It is considered indelicate to put any other address than Belvedere Place on letters sent by

fact, it was only the foliage I had seen from the other side of the hedge, and I had then no suspicion that the trunk was so lofty and so bare. But there was no time for consideration—the branch was going; and catching desperately at one some feet above my head, I spurned the former from me, and it broke off with a crack close to the trunk. I was safe, however; there were some knots for my feet, and having tolerably sinewy arms of my own, I was soon in a complete bower of foliage, in the very middle of the tree.

But I might as well have remained in the shelter of the hedge, for my pursuers were evidently at fault. Having reached the end of the plantation, they had turned off to thread it in another direction; and I could hear their voices growing more and more distant, till they died entirely away. Well, here I was, as snug as King Charles in the oak, and I had time to reconnoitre. The house, of which I could see the chimneys through the trees, was about two miles distant, and the highway about a gunshot from my perch. With the exception of these two objects, there was nothing around me but foliage, more or less thick, as far as the eye could see. It was the very country for a runaway. No bushranger could have desired better. The concealment of the town was quite unnecessary—supposing one could live on hazel nuts. If I had only had my simpering rival sitting face to face with me on the branch, I should have been perfectly happy! It was evident that the traitor, who appeared to know so much of my affairs, had betrayed my whereabouts to Parkins & Peerie, with the view of getting me locked up out of his way. But I should by and by convince him of his mistake. He little knew that I was at this moment perching in a tree, as free as any bird of the air, within observation, though invisible myself, of the very house where he dwelt, and with the power to swoop down upon him as soon as I might find it convenient.

While pursuing these reflections, my eye involuntarily followed the line of the trunk by which I had climbed. The branch midway had gone; there was not even a twig between it and me; and the distance to the ground was far too great for any human being to drop without being either killed or frightfully maimed. This was awkward. But there were other sides—and of precisely the same character: to descend alive without extraneous assistance was impossible! Here was a predicament, and rather an alarming one. But no—nonsense!—at so short a distance from a gentleman's house, and within sight and hearing of the high-road, it was absurd to suppose that I should be long before obtaining assistance, whenever I made up my mind to summon it. Some hours, of course, it would be necessary to pass, to give the bailiffs time to take themselves off; but this was only what I desired—there was no compulsion in it. I was a great deal better off than if I had gone to the town; for here I was close by the scene of interest, quite a neighbour—living, as it were, next door. I ran over all the points of encouragement I could think of, clapping myself on the back with great heartiness, and then, as I became accustomed to my position, I tried to examine the premises, and go about my own locality without ceremony. But this was unsuccessful. When a branch bent under me, I clutched with hands and feet at every other within reach, and backed out of the peril with fear and trembling. The fact is—for why should I conceal it?—I was neither woodsman nor cragsman, but a downright Londoner; and my getting up into that impossible situation was a mere miracle of temporary excitement.

A certain time passed by—how many years I know not; but at length I was sure that the bailiffs must have decamped, if, indeed, they were not dead and buried long ago; and even if otherwise, I felt that it would be more manly to confront them at once, than keep hiding till the end of the world on the top of a tree.

My tactics had been so far successful, but it was needless to push them to extravagance. I would now look out for some means of revisiting the surface of the earth, and give notice, accordingly, to my neighbours that I would accept of their assistance. But not one of these individuals was visible; and I recollected, not without some feeling of indignation, that I had not beheld a living soul since I had betaken myself to my perch. It is the most comfortable thing in the world to be out of temper, but the reaction is miserable; and by and by a sort of misgiving came stealing over me, cold and heavy, like a wet blanket.

But courage! there is a sound in the air; at first a low and fitful murmur, then gaining volume as it advances, like the rush of the flowing tide. It is the sound of wheels. The mail heaves in sight; it turns the shoulder of the plantation in beautiful style; it comes sweepingly on in a graceful canter. To get out, as soon as my hope became conviction, upon the extremest branch, as far as it would bear the weight of my body, was but the work of an instant; and there I sat, hat in hand, prepared to throw my whole soul into a shout at the proper time. The time came. 'Hoy!' cried I, waving my hat with unctious. 'Hoy! ho-o-y!' I could see the people on the top looking round in every direction. At length they observed me, and responded courteously to my salute with a hurra! One of them put his hand to the side of his mouth, and sent me a message, which never reached me in an articulate state; another touched his nose with his thumb, and moved the fingers at me in a friendly way; the guard blew several notes upon his horn, by way of an adieu, and then the equipage disappeared. This was disheartening, and the boughs of that old tree were so frail, emitting every now and then a crackling sound that alarmed me by its very imbecility. I backed from my dangerous position with infinite caution, and was once more shrouded among the foliage.

As I lay there, under the green canopy, much as my bodily ease, an idea arose in my mind, that the whole thing was unreal. The notion of my being fixed like a crow's nest on the top of a tree, was too absurd. There was a want of *vraisemblance* about it that shocked the taste. How could I have got up?—that seemed still more impossible than getting down. It was altogether ridiculous. The probability was, that I was lying asleep under the hedge—a much more likely place of refuge than a tree-top; and I was for a moment tempted to repeat an experiment I had often made when labouring under the nightmare—to throw myself over the imaginary precipice, sure of being awakened by the shock of the descent. But I was roused from this fancy by something more grateful: it was the merry voices of children, borne to me on the soft still air, as they were passing along the road. These angels were surely sent for my relief! and bending forward as far as I durst, I gave out again my 'ho-o-y.' The angels stopped and listened as if transfixed; but when they heard a repetition of the mysterious sound, coming from nobody, and from nowhere, in particular, they echoed it with a simultaneous scream, and taking to their heels, were soon out of sight.

The thing, then, was real enough. I was actually on the top of a tree, from which there was no getting down. The evening was already beginning to close in; and I was destined to pass the night covered with green leaves, like a lost babe in the wood—so much more forlorn because alone! To pass the night!—but why not the next day, and the next night, and the next week? Why should anything happen to-morrow, or any other possible morrow, that had not happened to-day? Was there anything more probable, than that I should become the permanent *bête noir* of the neighbourhood—that my mystic voice, growing more awful as it grew more feeble, would guard the haunted precincts from intrusion; and that next winter my skeleton, nestled among

the bare branches, would demonstrate the reasonableness of the popular superstition?

The evening did close in, and then the night came down. The chimneys, the road, the trees, all vanished, and nothing was visible for a time but a paly gloom. I dozed, for I could not be said to sleep; and when I opened my eyes again, the dark vapour that had overspread the sky was partially dispelled, and numbers of stars seemed to be trooping forth from under it, and arranging themselves in mystical figures over the heavenly area. Then I slept, then I dreamed, then I awoke again. Then I did not know where I was, till the ominous bending of the branches, as I moved, recalled me to consciousness. Then I confounded the real with the unreal, and summoned the persons of my waking thoughts to hold high converse with me between heaven and earth. Althea and her father—Parkins & Peerie—the rival and Mr Theodore Hunks—the bailiff and his follower; all came out of the gloom like the trooping stars, and glided round my eyrie. Then, again, I was ravenously hungry, both asleep and awake; and no wonder, for I had eaten nothing since the morning of the preceding day. I fancied myself breakfasting at Mr Harley's, and troubling people for a quantity of rolls, a few salmon-steaks, the whole ham, and a handful of eggs. Then, again, I was back to the romantic. The forest—in the innermost wilds of America—was on fire, and the vast billows of flame came sweeping and roaring towards me from all points of the compass. My eyes at length ached so much with the intensity of the heat and light, that I awoke on a sudden, started up to a sitting posture, and for a moment fancied my dream was a reality, for the morning sun was beating full upon my face.

'Good! an' I did think it were a Christian on the tree!' cried a voice from below; and looking down, I saw one of the maids staring up with open eyes and mouth.

'What bee'st thou adoing there, zur,' she inquired, 'when the men frae Lunnon be waiting for thee?'

'Nothing, good Molly,' said I; 'I want to get down. Get somebody to bring a ladder.'

'Good laws!—but how did thee get up, zur? Well an' zure, there be Thomas and Harry acoming, and they'll fetch the ladder from the plantation. I must tell nobody else, zur, for they be deadly wishful to get the reward, and I'm to be married to one on 'em.' While she ran off screaming for the men, some bitter thoughts passed through my mind. How many shillings and half-crowns had I given these ungrateful knaves!—and now, their dearest ambition is to be the first to betray me into the hands of the Philistines! I descended the ladder with a stern, slow, and rheumatical gravity, and fixed upon the caltiffs when I reached the ground so severe a look, that they shrunk back conscience-stricken.

On we walked towards the house, my mind now made up as to how to play my part; and I flatter myself it was with some dignity I entered the breakfast-room, and bowed to Mr Harley and the rest of the company, including the bailiff and his follower. 'I regret, air,' said I, going up to the bailiff, with grim contumaciousness, 'that I have given you the trouble of waiting.'

'No trouble in life,' said he; 'but I did think you might have been in a greater hurry to hear that Mr Theodore Hunks has departed this life, and that I, Timothy Peerie, for myself and Mr Parkins, shall feel much honoured by your professional patronage.'

My eyes dazzled. There was a stifled cry at the door behind me. Althea, half-smothered by mingled sobs and laughter, was being pushed forward by Molly, and in an instant I had her in my arms, and wholly smothered her with kisses. On raising my head, I saw the rival passing the window on horseback, slowly enough to see what was going on within. I gave him a friendly

nod of good-by. What havoc I did make that morning among the rolls, and salmon-steaks, and eggs, and ham! After breakfast, my postponed interview with Mr Harley took place, which ended, as you all guess, by making Althea my own.

KNIVES AND FORKS.

It has been left for modern refinement to introduce the minute classification of *knives* which is now so familiar to us. There are the dinner-knife, the dessert-knife, and the carver; the butcher's knife and the currier's knife; the cheese-knife and the oyster-knife; the pallet-knife and the putty-knife; the fruit-knife, the pruning-knife, and the 'bread-and-cheese' knife; the penknife, the desk-knife, and the double-bladed knife which so often finds a depository in the school-boy's pocket; and there are many mysterious-looking knives in the cutlers' windows, the use of which baffles all ordinary conjecture, but which shew that the world is making rapid strides in the knife region. We have gone beyond the age when the eating-knives, as distinguished from the working-knives, were all of one kind, and not divisible into the dinner-knife, the dessert-knife, the fruit-knife, and other sub-varieties. We have advanced still further beyond the age when the working-knife was a principle and the eating-knife an accident; when the artisan, having a dinner to eat, was glad to cut it with any knife with which he was wont to cut his leather, or his wood, or the other material of his handicraft. We are still further removed from the times when the dagger and the hatchet, employed in drilling holes into, or cutting off pieces from, the enemy in the battle-field, were rendered available for the same kind of drilling and cutting in respect to a piece of cooked meat or a lump of bread. Nay, even this does not measure our full distance from the good old times; for archaeologists tell us of an age when cutting-implements were made of stone, long before the Bronze Age or the Iron Age had arrived.

Our remarkable friends the Chinese, who have their peculiar way of doing so many things, contrive to make their *chopsticks* do duty for forks and spoons. Sir J. F. Davis quotes the account given by Captain Laplace, an officer in the French navy, of a Chinese entertainment, at which he was an honoured guest. The captain does full justice to the hospitality of his host; but says—'I nevertheless found myself considerably at a loss how to use the two little ivory sticks, tipped with silver, which, together with a knife that had a long, narrow, and thin blade, formed the whole of my eating apparatus. I had great difficulty in seizing my prey in the midst of those several bowls filled with gravy; in vain I tried to hold, in imitation of my host, this substitute for a fork between the thumb and the first two fingers of the right hand; for the cursed chopsticks slipped aside every moment, leaving behind them the unhappy little morsel which I coveted.' He got over this difficulty, by the polite aid of his entertainer; but when the bowls of rice appeared, his troubles recommenced, for he could not imagine how a man could eat rice with two little sticks. 'I therefore waited until my host should begin, to follow his example; foreseeing that, on this new occasion, some fresh discovery would serve to relieve us from the truly ludicrous embarrassment which we all displayed. In a word, our two Chinese, cleverly joining the ends of their chopsticks, plunged them into the bowls of rice, held up to the mouth (which was opened to its full extent); and thus they easily shovelled in the rice, not by grains, but by handfuls.' These Chinese were certainly beaten by an old gentleman whom we once knew, and who was accustomed to eat green peas with a table-spoon, characterising it as 'a slow way, but a sure one.'

But it is of knives, rather than forks, that we have

just now to speak. Mr Worsaae, the learned Danish archaeologist, has sought to give something like a systematic meaning to the fact, that stone-cutting implements are occasionally met with in old ruins. He says, in his *Præineal Antiquities of Denmark*: 'It is well known, that stones shaped by art into the form of wedges, hammers, chisels, knives, &c., are frequently exhumed from the earth. These, in the opinion of many, could certainly never have served as tools or implements, since it was impossible either to cut or carve with a stone; hence it was concluded, that they had formerly been employed by our forefathers in those sacrifices which were offered to idols during the prevalence of heathenism.' But he brings forward sufficient evidence to shew, that the stone implements effected much more than this—that they were used for working and for eating, as well as for sacrificing.

Beckmann, who ferreted out such curious odds-and-ends as materials for his *History of Inventions*, tells us, that among the Romans all articles of food were cut into small morsels before being served up at table; and this was the more necessary, as the company did not sit at table, but lay on couches turned towards it, consequently could not well use both their hands for eating. For cutting meat, persons of rank kept in their houses a carver, who had learned to perform his duty according to certain rules; he was designated the *scissor, carpus, or carptor*. This carver used a knife—the only one placed on the table, and which, in the houses of the opulent, had an ivory handle, and was generally ornamented with silver. The bread was not cut at table. It more nearly resembled flat cakes than large loaves like our own, and could easily be broken; hence mention is so often made of the 'breaking of bread.'

And even in the case of such knives as were possessed by the Greeks and Romans, there is some doubt whether they were made of steel or even of iron. In the earliest metallic age, so to speak, brass, or some other metal nearly resembling it—perhaps copper alloyed with tin—furnished a very general material for weapons, and for cutting implements used in the arts. It is now considered almost certain, that the vast sculptured monuments of ancient Egypt were wrought with cutting tools of brass, hardened by some process not at present known. The Greeks, at the time of the Trojan war, are believed to have been nearly ignorant of steel and iron, and to have used cutting implements of brass or bronze. Among the treasures of the temple of Jerusalem, which Cyrus restored to the Jews on their liberation from captivity, were nine-and-twenty knives; and these likewise, so far as we can now judge, were made of brass or bronze.

Dr Johnson asserts, that the Scotch Highlanders knew nothing about dinner-knives till after the Revolution. Butler—having in mind, probably, the sword of the renowned Pendragon, which would

Serve for battle or for dinner as you please;
When it had slain a Cheshire man, would toast a Cheshire
cheese—

describes the dagger of one of the Hudibras heroes as

A serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging;
When it had stabbed or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not cure.

Without attempting to trace, step by step, the introduction of knives into domestic economy, we may profitably glance at a few salient features in their manufacture.

The cutlery manufacture at Sheffield is in every respect a remarkable one. The town, the streams which flow through it, the valleys which converge

towards it, the buildings which constitute it, the busy population who work in it, the trade classifications which characterise it, the raw materials consumed in it—all are worthy of our notice. Five streams flow through or into Sheffield: the Sheaf, the Don, the Loxley, the Porter, and the Kevilin; but the last three join the Don by the time it has left the town. No streams in England, perhaps, are more busily worked than these, so many are the wheels and mills turned by the descending waters. For five centuries, at least, has cutlery been made here; the 'Sheffield thwytel' or whittle, or knife of the *Canterbury Tales*, sufficiently attests this. Down to the time of Elizabeth, however, it would appear that the knives made at Sheffield were 'for the common use of the common people,' and could be sold at a penny apiece; good cutlery was made at London, Salisbury, Woodstock, Godalming, and other towns, and was also imported from France and Germany. Stowe writes that 'Richard Matthews, on Fleete Bridge, was the first Englishman who attained the perfection of making fine knives and knife-hafts; and in the fifth year of Queen Elizabeth, he obtained a prohibition against all strangers and others for bringing any knives into England from beyond the seas.'

At that period—say from two and a half to three centuries ago—there were no large establishments in Sheffield; the trade was carried on by small masters, whose wheels were turned by the Loxley and the Kevilin. When the trade became more extensive, the cutlers of Sheffield were incorporated by act of parliament in 1640, and a 'master-cutler' appointed; and by degrees the small masters—who had sold chiefly to the agents of London houses—became manufacturers and merchants on a large scale.

Sheffield produces the steel for the cutlery, as well as the cutlery itself. Some of the establishments are converting-works, where iron is converted into crane steel; some are tilts, where the steel is tilted or hammered to a further degree of completeness; some are foundries, where steel of a particular quality is produced by casting; and some are mills, where steel is wrought into bars or sheets. These still remain, to a considerable extent, separate employments, though some of the larger firms now include two or more of them in the same works. But in the actual making of the cutlery there is far more division and subdivision of skill: there are cutlery-casters, tableknife-makers, fork-makers, penknife-makers, lancet-makers, razor-makers, scissor-makers, shear-makers, besides many others; together with ivory-cutters, horn-pressers, bone-pressers, haft-makers, haft-ornamenters, &c., employed in making handles. These relate to the masters or employers of labour; the subdivision is yet more complete when we regard the handicraft of the actual workman, for here the range of each man's employment is usually very limited indeed; he works at only one kind of process upon one kind of article, but he gets through an enormous amount of this work.

As an example of the system here noticed, it may be mentioned that a tableknife-maker cannot make a pocket-knife, or if he can, he does not; he uses different tools, and his fingers are accustomed to different kinds of manipulative processes. And the pocketknife-makers, instead of being one individual, are a congeries of many individuals. One man forges the blade to its proper shape; another grinds it on the wheel; a third polishes it with emery and leather, and some sort of 'magic' polishing-paste; another makes the inner-scale, or foundation for the handle; a fifth makes the piece of steel spring; a sixth shapes the bits of ivory, or pearl, or horn, or other material which is to form the outer handle; while a seventh—the real maker of the penknife—with his vice, anvil, hammers, files, burnishers, drill-bow, drills, emery-wheels, and other tools, builds up all the little fragments into a penknife; and so many

are there, and so various the little adjusting processes, that an ordinary penknife passes through the hands of the maker seventy or eighty times during the putting together.

A Sheffield forge is before us, and two men are fashioning a table-knife; we will watch them. The smithy is somewhat dusky, and dirty, and hot. There is a forge-fire, fed with small coal, and kindled by bellows worked by hand; and by the side of this is a large block of stone or wood, serving as a substantial work-bench. On or near this block are small steel anvils, hammers, stithies, bosses of various curvatures, and other tools. A rod of steel—varying in quality according to the intended price of the knife to be made—is cut to the required length, and the piece heated in the forge-fire; it is placed upon an anvil, and beaten and bevelled, and turned and beaten again, until it assumes roughly the form of the blade of a knife. But the *tang*, or reduced prolongation of the blade, has yet to be fabricated; the blade is welded to the end of a thin rod of iron; a portion of this is cut off; and this portion, after being brought to a white heat, is fashioned into a tang and a shoulder between the tang and the blade. Our knife, whether of mere iron or common steel, of shear-steel or cast-steel, is now shaped; and then by a little more heating, and a sudden cooling in cold water, and another but gradual heating, it is brought to the temper or degree of elasticity proper for a table-knife.

The dirty, discoloured rough blade now needs to be ground; and this introduces us to one of the peculiarities of Sheffield industry. The blade-forgers and the blade-grinders are two; neither can do the work of the other. A wheel, in Sheffield language, is something more than a wheel elsewhere; it is not only a true and proper wheel, but it is the whole building in which cutlery-grinding is carried on. Before steam-power was employed at Sheffield, the grinding-wheels or stones were mostly worked by the water-power of the small rivers, and large numbers of them are so still. These country wheels have something rudely picturesque about them; they are often situated in beautiful valleys, and have not unfrequently dams as high as the roof of the hut which shelters the grinders. The low buildings—houses we must not call them—do not belong to the grinders: they are the property of speculators, who let off the troughs and stones to the grinders at a stipulated rent—the renters taking their chance of wet and dry seasons, for the streams are sometimes so dried up as to leave no water-power. There are now, however, several large establishments within the town, belonging to capitalists or to companies, and parted off into a number of rooms or workshops; a large steam-engine supplies working-power to every room, and the rooms are supplied with grindstones so small as four inches in diameter, or so large as seven feet, varying, too, in quality according to the kind of cutlery to be ground. The grinders rent these rooms, and the use of the steam-power, and the stones; they come at their own time, and grind any cutlery which the manufacturers may have intrusted to them; and thus we may see table-knives, pocket-knives, penknives, razors, forks, and saws, all being ground at once in different rooms.

A dirty and noisy process is this of grinding; indeed, what with the thumping of the huge hammers in the mills, and the teeth-grating sound of the grinding in the wheels, Sheffield is not altogether the place for a person with delicate ear. The grinding not merely gives a moderate edge to the knife-blade, but clears all scales and oxidation from the surface, and renders it true and regular. Then comes the glazing or polishing, the finishing touch by which—aided by emery, leather, and other polishing substances—the resplendent blade is made ready for the handle-maker.

A fork must obviously exhibit manufacturing pecu-

liarities different from those of a knife; so, likewise, has it its domestic or dinner-table peculiarities. It was later born than the dinner-knife. The pre-revolution Highlanders, of whom Dr Johnson spoke, were, he tells us, 'accustomed to cut the meat into small mouthfuls for the women, who put them into their mouths with their fingers.' It would seem, from a passage in one of Ben Jonson's plays, that forks were only about coming into general use in England in his time. In his play of *The Devil's an Ass*, produced in 1616, there occurs the following conversation:—

Meercraft. Have I deserved this from you two? for all my pains at court to get you each a patent?

Gilthead. For what?

Meercraft. Upon my project of the *forks*.

Sledge. Forks! what be they?

Meercraft. The laudable use of forks, brought into custom here as they are in Italy, to the sparing of napkins.

The knife-forgers live in Sheffield; but the fork-forgers, for reasons of which we are ignorant, live mostly out of the town: they are to be met with in the suburban villages, forming a kind of distinct body among themselves. Forks are made from commoner steel than knives. The rod of steel, heated to the proper temperature, is forged to form the shank and the tang; and powerful stamps, punches, and dies mark off and cut out the pieces of metal, leaving those which constitute the prong. Then comes that most lamentable employment, the dry-grinding of the forks: the grinder hovers over a stone of sharp grit, not wetted as for grinding other cutlery, and draws into his lungs the dry particles of steel and stone resulting from his labour. In a former volume of the *Journal** was given a notice of the frightful mortality among the grinders of Sheffield, of certain ingenious contrivances for lessening the hazard of the labour, and of the recklessness among the men, which rendered these contrivances almost nugatory. It would be pleasant to think that any change for the better had occurred in this respect; but we fear that, if observable at all, it is sadly small in amount.

The metallic portions of knives and forks, though the most important, are not the only ones which call forth Sheffield ingenuity: the trade of handle-making is not only large in the aggregate, but exhibits many subdivisions. In the first place, although the users of a knife may give the name of handle to the holding part of all kinds, yet a Sheffield man knows at a glance the handle which has two flat pieces rivetted upon a central plate, from the haft which has a tang thrust into a hole. In the next place, these handles and hafts are made of such diverse materials, that the services of many kinds of artisans are required in their preparation. Ivory, mother-of-pearl, bone, horn, ebony, lignum-vitæ, tortoise-shell, metal—all are used for this purpose, and much skill is displayed in cutting, polishing, stamping, staining, bleaching, studding, and variously ornamenting the handles and hafts so made.

If we could trace the travels of a set of knives and forks in and through and around Sheffield, we should see how little there is to represent the factory system of Lancashire. In the vast buildings of that busy county, a bale of cotton goes in at one door, and comes out at another in the form of woven calico; but there are no Sheffield buildings in which a bar of iron becomes transformed into knives and forks. The converting and tilting, and shearing and casting of the steel, the forging, and grinding, and polishing of the blade, the fashioning and finishing of the haft or handle, and the putting together of the component elements—all require the aid of different persons, exercising different kinds of skill in different workshops. A Sheffield knife

has to run about the town picking up the bones and muscles which are to form its organism; and this is the case whether the knife be cheap or costly. There are knives and forks made at Sheffield for the South American market at as low a price as twopence per pair, and there are knives and forks of silver and gold-resplendency; yet all are produced in what may be called the piecemeal way, rather than on the factory system.

Cheap as our productions are in this branch of manufacture, there is, at any rate, one kind of cutlery in which the French have beaten us. Did any one ever see an English clasp-knife which could be sold retail for one half-penny? We confess to have never met with such; yet they are to be found in France. They are very rude pocket-knives, formed of a rough blade of common iron, folding into an equally rough turned cylindrical handle of wood, painted in party-colour like children's half-penny toys. Their utility is of course very limited, from the softness of the metal; but as they will cut bread, and apples, and other provisions, and can be purchased for five centimes each, they are said to be used in immense numbers by the country people of France. Wide, indeed, is the interval between these humble productions and the magnificent show-knife in Messrs Rodgers's wareroom at Sheffield, with its 1800 blades; or the Lilliputian knives and scissors, of which it takes a good round number to weigh one grain.

THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS.

In reading of the recent excursions which our aspiring neighbour, the president of the French republic, has been making throughout France, our eye is caught by the word 'Agen,' the name of one of the towns at which he halted. In that place, situated on the Garonne, about a day's voyage south of Bordeaux, there lives a man commonly called the Last of the Troubadours—a peasant-poet, writing for Languedoc and Provence—a man who sings and speaks and writes in the provincial language or *patois* of the surrounding district, but in such a way as has made him enthusiastically welcomed all over the south of France. The name of this man is Jacques Jasmin. He is a hairdresser, keeping a little shop in Agen. He is about fifty-one years of age, strong, vivacious, frank, full of passionate energy, entertaining the utmost confidence in his own powers, but using them with the greatest good sense relatively both to their management and to the objects and manner of their employment. While we know that he is really popular to an extent of which we in our cold England can hardly form a conception; that his songs and poems are in the mouths of the countrymen who labour in the fields or sit by their firesides; that when he recites before assemblies of perhaps 2000 people, the ladies tear the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets to weave them into garlands for him; we know, likewise—and this is the most remarkable thing of all—that he has a rule of diligent labour, of revision and correction, which he follows as conscientiously as if his taste and principle had been fashioned in a classical school. Two volumes of his poems have been translated into modern French, and are printed side by side with the originals; and to these a third has recently been added, which contains several things particularly worthy of note.

Through the kindness of a friend, some of his more recent pieces have reached us, and it is clear that he continues to improve. He is every way, in so far as we can understand him, a very singular specimen of the poet of the people. An inability to enter into other nationalities than our own, may prevent our rating him quite so high as his countrymen say he deserves; but we certainly do see that his plan of operation is a rare, a striking, and a most effective one.

He stands in the exceedingly odd position of a troubadour and a classic combined. Though professing to disdain extempore effusions, he is both quick and clever at them; but for nothing in the world will he forego the delight of doing all the justice to his favourite subjects that the most elaborate and careful treatment can enable him to render. His are no 'touch-and-go' compositions. He tells the story of the people in fictions so exquisitely true, so replete with beauty, yet so familiar and peasant-like, that we can recall nothing similar to these compositions in the whole round of popular poetry. Crabbe may be as genuine and hearty—and there are among his poems some of which Jasmin often reminds us—but Crabbe was the priest of the parish, and painted from an eminence; while Jasmin stands in the crowd below, and sketches the groups among which he mingles.

Jasmin knows nothing of ancient rules, yet he is as severe as any master of antiquity in self-judgment. Still more strange is it, that this Poet of the Peasants has never disdained his original profession, but continues as usual to lather and shave the chins of his countrymen, and to dress the ladies' hair. More strange yet, he refuses all pay for his recitations. The single announcement of his name is enough to draw immense audiences, and his appearance excites an enthusiasm, compared with which that of a London crowd for Jenny Lind, is described as cold and faint. When he is on one of his missions, undertaken for religious or charitable purposes, he does not refuse to scatter impromptus in return for hospitality and compliments; but not for the best of objects will he permanently degrade his art. He will give out to the public at large only what he has carefully designed and matured. A sketch of one of his poems, entitled *Crazy Martha*, may give some idea of the subjects in which he most delights, and his manner of treating them.

Martha was a poor girl, well known in the town of Agen as living thirty years on public charity: one whom, as Jasmin says, we little rogues teased whenever she went out to get her small empty basket filled. For thirty years, we saw that poor idiot woman holding out her hand for our alms. When she went by, we used to say: 'Martha must be hungry, she is going out!' We knew nothing about her, yet everybody loved her. But the children, who have no mercy, and laugh at everything sad, used to call out: 'Martha! a soldier!' and then Martha, who dreaded soldiers, used to run away. So much for fact; but now comes the question: 'Why did she run away?' Jasmin, he says, at himself down to answer this question, at some thoughtful moment when the image of the poor maiden, graven even in rags, presented itself to him; and after having diligently sought out her previous history through a number of channels, the result was the following relation.

It was a beautiful day, and the clear, pure waters of the river Lot were murmuring on their banks, when a young girl walked by its side with a disturbed and anxious look. In the next town, the young men of the village were engaged in halloing for the consecration. The young girl had a lover there; her fate was entwined with his; and her whole aspect shewed how deep and heartfelt was her anxiety. In her heart she prayed, but she could not keep still. This maiden was Martha. Another girl, too, was there; she also had trouble in her eye, but not profound like Martha's. This was Annette, a neighbour's daughter. The two girls talked together of their doubts and fears, but each in her own way. At length, Annette took alarm at her friend's intensity of anxiety. She endeavoured to soothe her: 'Take courage! it is noon, we shall soon know; but you are trembling like a reed. Your look frightens me. If James should be chosen, would it kill you?' 'I don't know, indeed.'

replied Martha. Forthwith, Annette begins to remonstrate:—'Surely you would not be so foolish as to die of love—see never do—why should women? If my young man, Joseph, were to be drawn, I should be very sorry; but I should never think of such a thing as dying for him.'

So the loving and the light young maidens go on discoursing. The drum is heard at a distance; it draws nearer; it announces the return of those who have been fortunate enough to escape. Now, which of those two girls will have the happiness of beholding her beloved? Not Martha, alas! The thoughtless, gay, joyous Annette is to be the favoured one, for Joseph is there among the youths who have drawn the fortunate number. As for James, he is drawn, and he must go. A fortnight afterwards, Annette, who would have been so easily comforted, is married; and James takes his sorrowing farewell of poor Martha. If war spares him, he promises to return with a whole heart to her. So ends the first part or canto of the piece.

The second begins: The month of May returns again; and it is painted as only the southern poets can paint it—how often in the troubadour songs do such pictures as these return?—

May, sweet May, again is come,
May, that fills the land with bloom;
On the laughing hedgerows' side
She hath spread her treasures wide.
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody.

Sing ye, join the chorus gay,
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children! let us go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see, &c.

But in the midst of all this happiness, poor Martha sings her sad song alone:—The swallows are come back; my own two birds are come to their own old nest. No one has separated them as we have been parted. How bright and pretty they are! and round their necks they wear the little bit of ribbon which James tied upon them when they pecked the golden grain out of our clasped hands.'

Poor Martha! she sings and complains, sick at heart and ill in body; for a slow fever has come upon her, and she seems to be dying. Just at that juncture, a kind old friend, guessing the cause of her decline, does a beneficent act with a view to her restoration. He sells a vine, gives her the money, and with this commencement of a fund, Martha labours incessantly, hoping to get the means of buying her lover's freedom. Her kind friend dies: this is discouraging; but still she proceeds. She sells the dwelling he had bequeathed to her, and runs with the money to the priest of the village.

'Monsieur le Curé,' she says, 'I have brought you the whole sum. Now you can write: buy his liberty, I beseech you; only do not tell him who has obtained it. Oh, I know full well that he will guess who it is; but still do not name me, nor feel any fear about me, for I can work on till he comes. Quickly, good, dear sir—quickly bring him back.' Thus the second part closes.

The third begins:—Now comes the difficulty of a search for the missing lover; for in the time of the Emperor's great wars, it was no easy matter to follow out the career of a conscript. The kind priest was skilful enough in his own fold: he could hunt out a sinner in his sin, and bring him back to the fold, but he found a nameless soldier in the midst of an army—one who had not been heard of for three years—was another thing. However, no pains were spared. Time went on; and still Martha worked to replace part of what she had expended, and to have something more to bestow. The news of her persevering love was

spread abroad, and everybody loved and sympathised with her. Garlands were hung on her door, and little presents against her bridal were prepared by the maidens. Above all, Annette was kind and eager. Thus every one considered her as betrothed, and the marriage only waiting for the bridegroom. At length, one Sunday morning after mass, the good priest produced a letter: it was from James. It told that he had received the gift of freedom; that he was coming the next Sunday. Not a word was said of his real deliverer. Having been left in the village a foundling, his notion was, that his mother had at length made herself known, and done this kind action. He exulted in the thought.

The week passes away, and after mass the whole population of the village awaits his coming, the good priest at their head, and Martha, poor Martha, by his side. The view which our poet gives of the scene—of the village road—of the expecting parties, is in the highest degree beautiful and artistic. All on a sudden, at the distant turn in the road, two figures are seen approaching—two soldiers: the tall one, there can be no doubt about it; it is James, and how well he looks! He is grown, he is more manly, more formed by far than when he went away; but the other, who can it be? It is more like a woman than a man, though in soldier's clothes; and a foreigner too—how beautiful and graceful she is; yes, it is a *contineère*. A woman with James! Who can it be? Martha's eyes rest on her—sadly, and with a deathlike fixedness; and even the priest and the people are dumb. Just at that moment, James sees his old love. Trembling and confused, he stops. The priest can no longer be silent. 'James, who is that woman?' and trembling like a culprit, he answers: 'My wife, monsieur—I am married.' A wild cry issues from the crowd—it is Martha's; but she neither weeps nor sighs: it is a burst of frantic laughter—thenceforth her reason is gone for ever.

This is the touching story which Jasmin has elaborated from the idea of poor crazy Martha. We have sketched it as a fair specimen of his manner of dealing with a suggestive fact; but in truth one grand charm can in no way be made known to the English reader. Reading his poems through the medium of a French translation, printed side by side with the original, we cannot but see how condensed and expressive is the Provençal. It has been well defined as 'an ancient language, which has met with ill fortune.' During the twelfth century—from 1150 to 1220—it had reached a high degree of perfection, having been the first of those to which the Latin gave birth after the inroads of barbarism. You find in it a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and Latin. This first-formed modern tongue was violently arrested in its progress at the commencement of the thirteenth century in the wars of the Albigenses. There was no political centre, however, in the land of its birth, and it fell into disuse, and became merely a patois. Jasmin has imposed on himself the singular task of using this language, not exactly as now spoken in any one place, but as it was written in its purer times; and wherever he goes, he is understood, even by the Catalonians. Sometimes he brings up an ancient word, and sometimes coins one of immediate affinity to the old, but always with discretion and good sense. An amusing anecdote of him has been recorded lately. During one of his poetical wanderings in the south, it seems he was challenged by an enthusiastic patois rhymist to a round of three subjects in twenty-four hours; both poets to be under lock and key for that space. This is the answer of our troubadour:—

'Sir—I received only yesterday, on the eve of my departure, your poetic challenge; but I must say, that had it come to me at ever so opportune a moment, I should not have accepted it. What, sir! you propose to

my Muse, who delights in air and liberty, the confinement of a close room; guarded by sentinels, where she is to treat of three given subjects in twenty-four hours! Three subjects in the space of twenty-four hours! You terrify me! Allow me to inform you, in all humility, that the muse you are for placing in so dangerous a predicament, is too old to yield more than two or three verses a day. My five principal poems [they are here named] cost me twelve years' labour, and they do not amount in all to 2400 couplets. The chances, you see, are not equal. Your Muse will have performed her triple task before mine, poor thing, has found herself ready to begin.

'I dare not, then, enter the lists with you; the steed which drags my car painfully along, and yet comes at last to its journey's end, is no match for a railway carriage. The art which produces verses, one by one, cannot enter into combination with mechanism. My Muse, therefore, declares herself conquered beforehand, and I fully authorise you to register the fact.

'I have the honour to be, sir, yours,

'JACQUES JASMIN.

'P. S.—Now that you know the *Muse*, please to know the *Man*. I love glory; but never did the success of others disturb my repose.'

It should be added, that Jasmin is always to be found among those who contend against the extreme centralisation of France. His whole character and turn of thought is provincial. 'The country was my cradle; in the country shall be my grave.' His influence is always moral, calming, and healthful. The poet is no revolutionist; he seeks only for the triumphs of self-conquest and virtue. It may be said, that he is too full of the cultivation of his art to be a politician; but he appears to us to be truly patriotic, and to put aside the temporary polemics of the day with a dignity which is very far from indifference.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE great city of the southern states of America, New Orleans, is one of the most interesting in the world, and presents human life in a very peculiar aspect. It is a singular place, with a singularly various population. Almost every nation of the earth has its representative there; and the Levee on a clear day presents a scene of activity and bustle hardly to be witnessed elsewhere. The city is situated on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, nearly ninety miles from its mouth, and extends about five miles by the course of the stream, from Carrollton at the northern, to the Powder Wharf at the southern end. It is built on what was once a swamp, and what is but little else now; and is protected from the overflow of the waters of the river by an embankment called the Levee. This mound, for so it may properly be termed, extends fully 300 miles along the Mississippi above and below New Orleans, and serves to prevent the river from inundating the plantations on its banks. At the city, it is so constructed as to yield wharfage for vessels of every description, from the 'broad horns' of the Father of Waters to the splendid steam-boats of the great western rivers, and the noble ships which traverse the ocean. The city does not extend a greater distance back from the Mississippi, at any one point, than half a mile; and he who ventures further in that direction, will soon find himself confronted by a swamp, and surrounded by alligators or some other equally formidable dwellers in the marshy lands of warm southern climates. The streets are mostly straight, crossing each other at right angles. The houses in the old or French part of the city are stuccoed, and generally not more than two storeys high; while those in the American portion, or what is called the second municipality, are of red brick, and three or four storeys in altitude. The thoroughfares nearest the river, and running parallel to it, are devoted almost exclusively to

business, and present the greatest activity and confusion. Those persons engaged in mercantile pursuits are to be seen hurrying along with rapid step; while drays, driven by slaves, and laden with cotton, sugar, and other products of the south, make a continual run from sunrise.

The winter season is the most exciting in New Orleans, for it is then that business is at its height. That portion of the Levee set apart for steam-boats is the most crowded part of the river-front; and it often occurs that forty or fifty steam-boats, varying from 1000 to 2000 tons each, are lying there at one time, discharging or receiving cargo. Throughout almost the whole day, the place is one mass of human beings, merchandise, and drays. There are thousands of bales of cotton, mountains of pork, countless barrels of flour, hundreds of hogheads of sugar, and immense quantities of other goods, the produce of the great Valley of the Mississippi. The puff of steam from the high-pressure engines of the huge steam-boats, mingled with the songs of the slaves, and the confusion incident to the business transacted in the place, make the beholder think the Levee a pandemonium; while from the extraordinary activity of the throng of human beings before him, he concludes that nearly every individual among them is in pursuit of that which is as dear to the pursuer as life itself. New Orleans is, and has been, the great mine from which the young men of America extract fortunes, and there thousands of them spend their early manhood in the search after wealth. Keen, eager sons of trade they are, and they turn neither to the right nor to the left in their determination to obtain gold. They come from the north, the east, the great west, and the south, to set their lives upon the cast; and either gain a fortune, or leave their bodies to moulder amid the swamps, or fertilise the soil of Louisiana. Junius, in one of his private letters to Woodfall, says: 'Let your whole aim be at a competency; for without it no man was ever happy, or, I doubt, even honest.' It appears as if every young man in New Orleans had that sentence engraven upon his heart, and acted according to it. Some run into dissipation, and die prematurely, far away from home and friends; all that is heard of them is, that they were carried off by the yellow fever at New Orleans, and expired among strangers, unvisited and unmourned. Others succeed in accumulating wealth, return to their homes old men at the age of forty years, and drag out an existence, imbibed by a broken constitution and enfeebled health.

The unloading of the river craft furnishes employment for thousands of clerks, who are to be seen on the Levee, during the hours of business, actively engaged in superintending the discharge of cargo. The climate is warm, even in winter; and the usual dress worn by the male population is cloth trousers, light coat and waistcoat, and broad-brimmed straw-hat. This is the most common costume worn by the clerks; and they contrast strongly in their light dress and white complexions with the swarthy slaves, in coarse jeans, at their side. The sun is so powerful at certain times, as to make it essential for the longer to protect himself from its rays by an umbrella; but it is only the man of leisure who enjoys the luxury. The merchant has no time for holding umbrellas; he must move quickly, and transact his business, or fail of success. When the day declines, the large steam-boats generally take their departure for the 'up-river country'; and then there is a scene of excitement difficult to describe. The public are familiar with the great steam-boats of the Mississippi through *Banvard's Panorama*; but there they are *pictured*, and not *real*. The artist cannot paint one of the huge craft in the *act of leaving* the Levee at New Orleans, amidst the confusion and excitement peculiar to the place and time. He may picture the boat, and that is all. He cannot paint

the noise of the escaping steam; the swift stream of the great river carrying the huge mass downwards, in spite of the force of its powerful engines; or the joyous song of the black slaves, or deck-hands, who pour out a favourite strain as the boat leaves her moorings, and dashes her head against the current of the turbulent Mississippi. No; these things are past his art; they can only be appreciated by being seen, and once seen, will never be forgotten. I have often stood on shore, watching the huge craft as they moved from their moorings, and struggled against the stream—listening to the hoarse growl of the escaping steam, and the wild song of the black slaves; and, as the bright rays of the sinking sun dyed the heavens in purple and gold, and threw a blush over the broad river, I have felt as if witnessing the realisation of a dream. As night settles down, the excitement dies away; and by nine o'clock, the Levee is silent. The figure of some officer, or boat-hand, is the only human form to be seen where of late so many thousands were moving; the bustle and confusion of the day is changed for the sound of the slowly-escaping steam of a newly-arrived boat, and the sluggish surge of the turbid waters of the river as they break upon the shore.

The planters of the south are a peculiar people, and may properly be designated the aristocracy of their section of the country. In the winter season, those residing along the Mississippi and its lower tributaries usually resort to New Orleans on business connected with their plantations, and generally confine themselves to the large hotels or the streets adjacent. They seldom trouble themselves about the details of trade, and go to New Orleans in the business season only to have their accounts settled by their agents, or to join in the festivities of the time and place. The majority of them are tall, well-formed, noble-looking men—dignified in deportment, and manly in appearance. They walk with a slow, deliberate tread, as if never in a hurry, and move along like men entirely independent of the cares of this world. They contrast strongly with the busy, bustling sons of trade from the north, who transact business for and among them; they appear to entertain a supreme contempt for labour, and for those who submit to it for a livelihood—a feeling they imbibed in childhood from the circumstance of the labour of their plantations being performed by slaves—mere human cattle in the estimation of the planter.

To the stranger, one of the most interesting places in the city is the auction-mart in Bank's Arcade, where negroes are disposed of in the same manner that animals are in England. During my residence in the great commercial emporium of Louisiana, I often visited the slave-markets—often saw slaves sold, but I must say I never, in a single instance, witnessed men separated from their wives, mothers from their children, or children from their parents. The sales by auction in Bank's Arcade were either of individual negroes without relatives, or of whole families. I am no advocate of that debasing system of slavery which tarnishes the character of my native land, but candour obliges me to be truthful when speaking of it. Negroes are sold, however, and the whites who dispose of them are not too delicate in the operation. One scene which I witnessed in New Orleans will not readily be effaced from my memory, and as it will illustrate my subject, I will endeavour to describe it. The auction-mart is a large room, about 150 feet long by 35 feet wide, well lighted, and provided with seats for the slaves, desks for the transaction of business, and an auctioneer's stand. The negroes are placed upon an elevated platform immediately in front of the oriel, and the crowd assembles around the animal on sale, those most desirous of purchasing being nearest the stand. The auctioneer commenced by reading a printed description of the negro first put up; and after

assuring the people assembled that the boy—for all male slaves are so called, no matter what their age—was free from the crimes and disabilities proscribed by law—that is, not given to thieving or idleness—he solicited a bid; nor was he long without receiving one. Some of the bidders asked the negro a few questions as to his habits: whether he ever ran away? whether he had a wife or children? and what he was able to do? To the first two queries, the boy answered that he had; and on being pressed as to his running, stated that he went to see his wife, who was on an adjoining plantation. The auctioneer laughed the fault off; and on the negro stating that his wife was dead, the bidders caused him to strip his coat off, and began to examine his person. One felt the muscles of his arm; another opened his mouth, and inspected his teeth, as you would those of a horse; and then his joints and bones were examined, to see whether he was in all respects sound. The poor wretch bore with patience the scrutiny he was subjected to, and cast many an anxious glance about him as the bidding went on. He instinctively turned to each new bidder, as if to fathom, if possible, the character of his probable master; and if the prospective purchaser did not possess a face expressive of kindness, the countenance of the negro fell. Jest was bandied about at the expense of the poor creature; and after a determined effort on the part of the salesman to make the most of his man, the boy was sold to the highest bidder, and removed from the platform.

Others were placed upon the stand for disposal, among whom was a young yellow woman of the age of twenty-two or three years. She was rather pretty, neat and tidy in appearance, and modest in deportment. The auctioneer proclaimed her merits aloud, and after enumerating her qualifications as a house-servant, closed his laudation of her by saying that she was a good Christian!—a character he considered valuable. The poor young woman felt her degraded situation, and the blood mounted to her temples as she sat and bore the scrutiny of the purchasers. There was but little delicacy of feeling exhibited towards her by the mob of bidders, and she was obliged to submit to the same indignities as the man, but seemed to feel them more keenly. Coarse, brutal jests were uttered, to all of which she listened in silence, but her eyes filling with tears. I turned from the soul-sickening spectacle, and was glad to hear the auctioneer say, as I was leaving the place, that the price offered for her was not sufficient, and that she would not then be sold. There are other slave-markets in the city, and other objects of interest, which I must defer till a future opportunity.

TRIALS OF THE LONDON JAILERS FOR MURDER.

THE admirers of Hogarth's works will be well acquainted with one plate of a very remarkable nature. It is in some of the popular editions called 'Bambridge on Trial for Murder;' but strictly, it only represents his examination, before a committee of the House of Commons, in one of the dungeons of the Fleet Prison, of which he was warden. The usual artistic aids of grouping and shading are wanting in this work as in many others by the same master. In rejecting these aids to effect, he was a true pre-Raphaelite; but he did not abandon them recklessly or capriciously: he had a great object in view. He was the moralist or the narrator with his brush and burin, and could look at nothing but his primary objects. He saw in his mind's eye the people doing the actions of which he wished to convey an impression; and when he had set them down, if the grouping was not harmonious, he could not help it—an alteration would spoil the moral or distort the

narrative. The shadows might be without breadth or mass—cold, meagre, or in any other way defective—he would not touch them for the finest effect of chiaroscuro if it would enfeeble the expression of a countenance, or hide some detail calculated to impress the spectator. It was the reality of his groups, not their harmony or picturesqueness, that were all in all to him. He drew and coloured correctly, but he paid no further homage to the principles of pure art. And it involves no disrespect for high art to say, that the world would have been a loser if Hogarth had sacrificed for its attainment the objects towards which his peculiar genius instinctively carried him.

The examination of Bambridge is the most faulty of all his productions in an artistic sense; but its reality at once overpowers the attention. We see all the details of the dungeon: the heavy stanchioned windows, the thick oaken door barred and chained. The group within is perhaps too well seen for the natural amount of light; but it was the artist's object to depict it distinctly, and every member is fully visible. It seems strangely inconsistent with the place. Twelve gentlemen, in the courtly full dress of George II.'s day, are grouped round a temporary table. Their features exhibit intense curiosity mingled with anxiety. The chairman has been examining a large iron instrument, made evidently for covering the head, and holding the arms stretched out in a constrained attitude; and with a face strongly expressive of high-minded indignation and deep compassion, he turns to the figure of Bambridge behind. That figure is one of Hogarth's master-pieces; and it has been remarked, that impotent rage, terror, and detected guilt were never before so powerfully portrayed by art: the carriage, to be sure, is constrained and ungraceful enough; but one is at first too much absorbed in its moral effect to notice these blemishes. There is another conspicuous figure present: a victim with a few rags on him, his face and limbs emaciated, and an instrument of torture, not unlike that which the chairman is handling, fixed to his arms and neck.

This abject-looking wretch is supposed to be Sir William Rich, Baronet, whom the committee of inspection found so heavily ironed, that for a month before he had not been able to remove his clothes. This gentleman had had a bitter quarrel with Bambridge on a point on which the warden was very sensitive—prison-fees. In fact, the rapacity of the keepers was the great source of their cruelty. Their appointments could be made enormously lucrative by the exaction of extra fees. Bambridge had bought his wardenship, had sunk a small fortune in the purchase, and was of course desirous to make the most of his bargain. Sir William maintained, that he had been banded from prison to prison for the sake of entrance-fees, which, from his being a baronet, were higher than those exacted from the untitled. Sir William struggled against the legality of the exactions; in fact, he seems to have been unable to pay them. A long tissue of violences then occurred, and, one of the altercations taking place where a shoemaker was at work, Sir William, driven to desperation by insults, threats, and imminent danger from the armed turnkeys who were present, struck Bambridge with the shoemaker's knife, and slightly wounded him. The committee who visited the prison, in their report, then say: "Immediately after this, Sir William was loaded with heavy irons, and put into the dungeon on the common side for two or three days, and was then removed to the dungeon on the master's side; in which deplorable situation, in the last hard winter, he remained ten days, and could have no fire but charcoal, which (there being no fireplace) the closeness of the dungeon, and the fear of being suffocated, rendered more dangerous and intolerable than the severity of the weather."

Sir William applying to the Court of Common Pleas for redress, a rule was made for his removal, and lighter

irons. Sir William was accordingly removed, but the heavy irons were kept on him; and in that condition he suffered until the committee visited the prison.

There were several criminal prosecutions raised against the keepers of the prisons compromised by the reports of Colonel Ogleshorpe's committee. The treatment of Sir William Rich, however, was not one of the grounds, for he appears to have survived the injuries he received; and the public mind was raised to such furious indignation, that it would endure nothing less than trials for murder. We have endeavoured to shew, in a previous article, how much humanity owes to the exposures of this committee, and to such proceedings by the House of Commons generally, whenever it got the clue to any great outrage or cruelty. There is another institution, however, of which the proceedings on this occasion brought out the high protective functions—trial by jury. This popular institution, in fact, protected the accused persons from the fury of the mob, who demanded their blood. There could be no doubt that the reports of the committee were an exposure of a dreadful system, or rather of a chaotic absence of all system. It was natural that the public should immediately desire to satiate their indignant vengeance on the individuals who seemed to be mainly instrumental in producing such horrors. But those of the public who exercised the important function of jurymen, had to divest their minds of the misleading influence of the general history of events, and set themselves coolly to the task of deciding whether the individuals before them had designedly and knowingly taken away lives. That in many respects they were guilty wretches, was not to be doubted. But had they actually committed murder? or were they not rather the mere partakers in a vile system of mismanagement, which, though its general results were often fatal to life, implicated all who had to do with it, from the legislature, which passed imperfect and inconsiderate measures, down to the turnkeys, who rivetted the chains and drew the bolts?

Bambridge was brought to trial on the 22d of May 1729 for the murder of Robert Castell. But the very nature of the accusation shewed how difficult it was, as well as how unjust, to throw the whole responsibility of a bad system on one man. Castell had been kept, not in the jail, but in a spunging-house attached to it, in which Bambridge was concerned, and where he could pillage the prisoners more amply than even in the prison with all its abuses. It was of course only those who could 'bleed,' or pay well, who were so disposed of. From time immemorial, these establishments have been a source of legitimate pillage, because the debtor sometimes prefers being privately in custody in such a place, to the disgrace attached to an actual committal to a public jail. Bambridge's spunging-house appears to have been exactly what the London novelists describe such a place to have been a century later—a den full of filth and dissipation, where the viciously extravagant and the unfortunate, are systematically fleeced with impartial severity. In general, the committal to the spunging-house is the prisoner's choice. It was not so, however, in Castell's instance. He prayed to be committed to the prison. There was a man named Wright in the house, ill of small-pox in an aggravated form, and Castell predicted that, if confined there, he would catch the disease and die. The fatal result thus anticipated occurred; and for having deliberately brought it on, Bambridge was tried for murder. His conduct was rapacious, reckless, and tyrannical, but it was just that of other people in his position. Their power and irresponsibility encouraged them in such acts; and it seemed scarcely just to make him solely responsible for such a result of the whole evil system as this man's death by small-pox. Bambridge was therefore acquitted. But a strong vindictive feeling was exhibited against him, which almost created a reaction in his favour. In the

practice of the law of England, there was an old form called *An Appeal of Murder*, by which, independently of any public trial, a widow might conduct proceedings against the murderer of her husband. Blackstone mentions it as a process so complicated and peculiar, that it had practically fallen out of use. Castell's widow, however, was urged to prosecute Bambridge by appeal. The proceedings, chiefly consisting of technicalities, fill a considerable volume. In the end, however, Bambridge was acquitted.

An onslaught had been in the meantime made against another of the offensive keepers—William Acton, head-turnkey of the Marshalsea. He was brought to trial on the 30th July 1729 for murder, on the ground of the following statement of the committee of visitation:—

'In the year 1726, Thomas Bliss, a carpenter, not having any friends to support him, was almost starved to death in the prison; upon which he endeavoured to get out of the prison by a rope lent him by another prisoner. In the attempt, he was taken by the keepers, dragged by the heels into the lodge, barbarously beaten, and put into irons, in which he was kept several weeks. One afternoon, as he was quietly standing in the yard with his irons on, some of the said Acton's men called him into the lodge, where Acton was then drinking and merry with company. In about half an hour, Bliss came out crying, and gave an account that, when he was in the lodge, they, for their diversion, as they called it, fixed on his head an iron instrument (which appears to be an iron skull-cap), which was screwed so close, that it forced the blood out of his ears and nose. And he further declared, that his thumbs were at the same time put into a pair of thumb-screws, which were screwed so tight, that the blood started out of them; and from that time he continued disordered to the day of his death.'

Several witnesses proved that such a shocking scene, or something like it, had occurred; but in the testimony of a number of people, with peculiar motives actuating their evidence, there was much confusion. It was not clear that the man's death was owing to the wanton torture—it might have been occasioned by a fall in attempting to escape. There was much confused testimony as to the share which Acton had in the actual infliction; and some witnesses wished to make out that he had been particularly humane personally to the poor prisoner. On these doubts he was acquitted, making a very narrow escape.

There was a strong desire, however, to make a victim of Acton; and, on the 2d August, he was again put on trial for his life for the murder of George Bromfield. The substance of the charge was, that 'Acton beat him inhumanly and unmercifully, so that the marks and strokes of the blows were visible after his death. Not satisfied with this, he put him in double irons, which the man could not well bear, and put him into a hole which is damp, dirty, and narrow, so that he could not stand upright or lie at length; he was kept there for several days. The prisoner then began to relent, and took him into another place, but did not take the irons off at that time. But the man having contracted an ill state of health, when the prisoner thought it would be the occasion of his death, he then took off the irons; but that was too late, for he soon died.' Here, again, there was little doubt of the cruelty having been committed, but it was not clear that it had been the immediate cause of death; and, as the secrecy and irresponsibility of the prison arrangements, it could not be proved that Acton was the inflictor, so he was again acquitted. His enemies had, however, prepared a whole battery of charges against him. He was immediately put on trial for the murder of John Newton. This man had been put into a dungeon so loathsome, from the nature of the various kinds of filth finding an entrance to it, that the description of it in the testimony is sickening.

Still, in following up a vile, reckless system, it could not be shown that the head-turnkey had committed deliberate murder, and he was acquitted. Again, he was tried for the murder of James Thomson, and again acquitted. The case was, in fact, not nearly so strong as the others.

As the result of the trials and inquiries to which we have referred, there were, of course, many secondary punishments in dismissal from offices; and it would appear that the offending parties had to bestow considerable sums in hush-money; for when public feeling took a run against them, there seemed no end to the multitude of accusers. Their trials must also have been costly, and their position while these depended, extremely nervous. The public, however, demanded victims for the gibbet, and were disappointed with the general results. It is not to be regretted, however, that they were not gratified. Had Bambridge and Acton been hanged, the public would have believed that the system of extortion and cruelty was effectually suppressed by examples so terrible, and would in all probability have been grievously mistaken. While they remained uncontrolled, reckless men would yield to the impulses of their bad passions, even at the risk of life. It is a phenomenon exemplified every day. Hanging does not always put down the practices people are hanged for. Since the exposure had been in this instance so effective, it was all the better that the public should not have had reason to suppose they had got an effectual protection in putting to death those whom accident rather than excess of guilt had selected. Attention was drawn from the men to the system; and it was seen, that there was more safety in preventing such frightful abuses, than in allowing men to perpetrate them unchecked, with the chance of subsequent punishment.

A CORNISH CHURCH-YARD BY THE SEVERN SEA.

PERHAPS there is no county in all Great Britain less known to the bulk even of the more intelligent portion of the community than Cornwall. Its geographical position has hitherto isolated it, and it will probably be very long ere railways introduce any material alteration either in the character of the people or in the aspect of the land. The knowledge of Cornwall popularly diffused in England usually amounts to this—that it is a desolate peninsula, barren and treeless; that it contains inexhaustible mines, extending far under the sea; that its miners and peasantry speak a *patois* quite unintelligible to the people of any other part of England; that it boasts a St Michael's Mount and a Land's End; and that its natives have, from time immemorial, enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of being merciless wreckers, devoid of the milk of human kindness. How unmerited this last stigma is, as applied to modern Cornishmen, the anecdotes we have to relate will sufficiently indicate.

The church of the remote village of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, is close on the Severn Sea, and the vicar's glebe is bounded by stern rifted cliffs, 450 feet high. Orkney or Shetland itself perhaps does not contain a more wild and romantic place than Morwenstow. 'Nothing here but doth suffer a sea-change.' Fragments of wreck everywhere attest the nature of the coast. If an unfortunate vessel is driven by a north-west or a south-west gale within the Horns of Hartland and Padstow Points, God help her hapless crew! for she is doomed to certain destruction. Along the whole coast there is no harbour of refuge—nothing but iron rocks. Here the roar of the ocean is incessant, and in stormy weather appalling. Mighty waves, then fling themselves against the giant cliffs, and bursting with thundering crash, send their spray in salt-showers over the land. The life led by the

dweller near these solitary cliffs can be but dimly imagined by the inhabitants of inland cities. During the long dark nights of winter, they listen between the fierce bursts of the tempest, expecting every moment to hear the cry of human agony, from the crew of some foundering bark, rise above the wild laugh of the waves; and when morning breaks, they descend to the rugged beach, not knowing whether they may not find it strewn with wrecks and corpses. So tremendous is the power of the sea on this particular part of the coast, that insulated masses of rock, from ten to twenty tons in weight, are frequently uplifted and hurled about the beach. Whatever stigma once attached to the people of the coast as wreckers who allured vessels to destruction, or plundered and murdered the helpless crews cast ashore, a character the very reverse may most justly be claimed by the existing generation. Their conduct in all cases of shipwreck is admirable, and nobly do they second the exertions of their amiable and gifted vicar, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, whose performance of his arduous duties is appreciated far beyond the boundaries of old Cornwall.

Many a startling legend of shipwreck can the worthy vicar tell you; and he will shew you at his vicarage, five figure-heads of ships, and numerous other melancholy relics of his 'flotsam and jetsam' searches along the coast of his parish. In his *escritoire* are no less than fifty or sixty letters of thanks, addressed to him by the relatives of mariners whose mortal remains he has rescued from the sea, and laid side by side, to rest in the hallowed earth of his church-yard. Let us visit this church-yard with him, and we shall see objects not seen every day 'among the tombs;' and hear stories which, melancholy as they are, give us reason proudly to own the men of Cornwall as our fellow-countrymen.

Not to speak of the numerous scattered single graves of drowned sailors, three entire crews of ships here rest together. Nearly all their corpses were found by the vicar in person, who, with his people, searched for them among the rocks and tangled seaweed, when the storms had spent their fury; and here they received at his benevolent hands solemn and befitting Christian sepulture. As a local paper well remarked at the time: 'Strangers as they were, receiving their last resting-place from the charity of the inhabitants upon whose coast they were thrown, they have not been piled one upon another, in a common pit, but are buried side by side, each in his own grave. This may seem a trifle; but reverence for the remains of the departed is a Christian virtue, and is associated with the most sublime and consolatory doctrine of our holy religion. They who thus honour the dead, will seldom fail in their duty to the living.' We cordially echo this sentiment.

At the foot of one group of graves stands the figure-head of the *Caledonia*, with dirk and shield. The gallant crew sleep well beneath its shade! The *Caledonia* was a Scotch brig, belonging to Arbroath, and was wrecked about ten years ago. Fast by repose the entire crew of the *Alonso*, and near the mounds which mark their resting-place is a boat, keel uppermost, and a pair of oars crosswise. Full of melancholy suggestiveness are these objects, and the history the vicar tells us fully realises what we should anticipate from seeing them in a church-yard. The *Alonso* was a large schooner belonging to Stockton-on-Tees, and came down this coast on her voyage from Wales to Hamburg with a cargo of iron. Off Morwenstow, she encountered a fearful storm, and despite every effort of seamanship, drove within the fatal 'Points.'

'Pilot! they say when tempests rave,
Dark Cornwall's sons will haunt the main,
Watch the wild wreck, but not to save!'

Her race is run—deep in the sand
She yields her to the conquering wave;
And Cornwall's sons—they line the strand—
Rush they to plunder?—No, to save! *

But, alas! no effort of 'dark Cornwall's sons' could now avail. The captain of the *Alonso*, a stern, powerful man, is supposed to have been overmastered by his crew in the awful excitement when impending destruction became a dread certainty. At anyrate, he and they took to their boat, and forsook the wreck. What a moment was this for the spectators! For a few fleeting minutes, all was breathless suspense—the boat now riding on the crests of the mad billows, now sinking far down in their mountainous hollows. One moment, it is seen bravely bearing its living freight—the next, drifting shoreward, swamped! Hark! a terrible cry of despair echoes over the raging billows: it is the blended death-cry of the perishing mariners. Captain and crew, nine in number, all were lost, and all are now sleeping side by side in their last long home, with their boat rotting over their heads. One of the owners of the vessel posted to Morwenstow to identify the bodies of the crew. This was done chiefly by comparing the initials on their clothes and on their skins with the ship's articles which were cast ashore. One of the crew was a young Dane, a remarkably noble-looking fellow, six feet two in height. On his broad chest was tattooed the Holy Rood—a cross with our Saviour on it, and his mother and St John standing by. On his stalwart arm was an anchor and the initials of his name, 'P. B.'—which on the ship's list was entered. Peter Benson. Three years after his burial, the vicar received, through a Danish consul, a letter of inquiry from the parents of this ill-fated mariner in Denmark. They had traced him to the *Alonso*, had heard of her wreck, and were anxious to know what had become of his remains. His name was Bengstein, and he was engaged to be married to his Danish *Pige*, or sweetheart, on his return home. Poor *Pige of Denmark*! Never more will thy lover return to claim thee as his bride. Thy gallant sailor rests from all his wanderings in a solitary church-yard in a foreign land. In heaven thou mayst meet him again—on earth, never!

Another anecdote related by the vicar deeply affected us. The brig *Hero*, from Liverpool to London, drove in sight of Morwenstow Cliffs in a terrible storm, and drifted towards Bude, a small dry haven to the southward. Her crew unhappily took to their boat, were immediately capsize of course, and every soul perished. The ship itself drove ashore at Bude, with the fire still burning in her cabin. They found in one of her berths a Bible—a Sunday-school reward. A leaf was folded down, and a passage marked with ink *not long dry*. It was the 38d chapter of Isaiah, and the 21st, 22d, and 23d verses. There was a piece of writing-paper between the leaves, whereon the owner of the Bible had begun to copy the passage!

And who was he who possessed sufficient nerve and presence of mind to quote this striking passage of Holy Writ when on the very brink of eternity—conscious, as he must have been, that there was hardly a shadow of hope that he would escape the fate which actually befell him almost immediately afterwards? He was a poor sailor-lad of seventeen, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A letter from her was also found in his berth. His body was cast ashore near Morwenstow.

The wreck of the *Hero* occurred about a year prior to that of the *Caledonia* of Arbroath before mentioned. One man was saved from the latter vessel, and was the only mourner who attended the funeral-sermon preached by the vicar of Morwenstow after the inter-

* Echoes from *Old Cornwall*; a beautiful little work, by the vicar of Morwenstow.

ment of his messmates. On this occasion, the vicar took for his text the verses quoted by the sailor-boy, and every hearer wept.

We might go on with the reminiscences suggested by many a sailor's grave, but we have said enough to indicate what romantic and pathetic histories of real life are interwoven with this wild and solitary Cornish church-yard. Many a gallant mariner who has battled with the breeze of every clime, here calmly sleeps his last long watch; and with him are buried who shall say what hopes and loves of mourning friends and kindred?

THE VINEGAR-PLANT.

A few years ago, the attention of domestic circles began to be aroused by the reported introduction 'from India' of a wonderful plant, possessed of the property of converting treacle and other saccharine fluids into excellent table-vinegar. This rumour created an inquiry after the plant by thrifty housewives; and the excitement subsequently produced by the frequent suggestion of the subject at dinner-parties, led to the speedy diffusion of the vinegar-plant as a useful, we might almost add, indispensable article in private families. Nor was this retarded by the reports promulgated by some mischievous botanists, that the use of vinegar so produced would insure the development of vinegar-plants in the stomach!

The vinegar-plant does not exhibit any of those peculiarities which our ordinary ideas associate with a plant. It may be described as a tough, gelatinous substance, of a pale-brownish colour; and to nothing can it be more appropriately compared than to a piece of boiled tripe. It is usually placed in a small jar containing a solution of sugar, or a mixture of sugar, treacle (or golden sirup), and water; and after being allowed to remain for six or eight weeks in a kitchen cupboard, or other warm situation, the solution is found to be converted into vinegar, this change being due to a kind of fermentation caused by the plant. While this change is going on, the further development of the plant proceeds: it divides into two distinct layers, which in course of time would again increase in size and divide, and so on, each layer being suitable for removing to a separate jar for the production of vinegar. The layers may also be cut into separate pieces for the purpose of propagating more freely. The solution necessarily causes the vinegar to be of a sirupy nature, but not to such an extent as to communicate a flavour to it; when evaporated to dryness, a large quantity of saccharine matter is left.

When this remarkable production was brought before the notice of scientific men, it was difficult to form an opinion respecting it. The microscope shewed it to have an organised structure; but its peculiar character, and its remarkable mode of life, differed entirely from any other known production. It has been instrumental, however, in opening up a new field of inquiry, and recent investigations shew that it is not a solitary form of organic life.

The vinegar-plant has been assigned a place in the large and obscure order of fungi. It is, in fact, a familiar species of mould, but in a peculiar state of development. Dr Lindley and most other botanists regard it as the *Penicillium glaucum* (Greville). To give a correct notion of the true character of this abnormal production, it is necessary to allude briefly to the mode of development in fungi.

The fungi or mushroom family form an order of the class Cryptogamia (flowerless plants), and in their structure are entirely cellular—that is, their whole substance is composed of simple cells varying in form and arrangement in the different species. In the fungus there are two distinct systems—the vegetative and reproductive. The vegetative system consists

of variously modified filaments, generally concealed in the earth or other matrix on which the fungus grows, and is the *mycelium* or spawn. This spawn is well known in horticulture, being used for the production of mushrooms. The reproductive organs consist of spores, or spherical cells, very minute, but performing the part of seeds in the higher plants: these spores are sometimes supported on simple filamentous processes; but in the common mushroom we find the gills on its under-side to be the part whereon they are produced, the whole of the mushroom which we use belonging in fact to the reproductive system. Now, in its perfect state, the vinegar-plant presents all the usual appearance of common mould. But in the state in which we have it in an acetous solution, only the vegetative system, or the spawn, is developed, and developed to an extraordinary extent—consisting, when viewed under the microscope, of filamentous threads capable of producing the fructification or perfect mould whenever they are subjected to the proper conditions. These cellular filaments by being so closely interlaced together, give the peculiar leathery appearance exhibited by the vinegar-plant. Whenever the vinegar is allowed to evaporate, and the mycelium to become free from saturation, then the usual form of the mould is produced.

This is not the only instance of the mycelium of a fungus developing itself naturally in an abnormal condition without producing organs of reproduction. According to Dr Lindley, 'it is probable that the flocculent matter which forms in various infusions when they become "motherly," and which bears this name, is only the mycelium of *Mucor*, *Penicillium*, and other fungals of a similar nature.' It is not only in stale vinegar, in wine bottles, in empyreumatic succinate of ammonia, and in saccharine solutions, that such fungoid growths appear. Who is not familiar with the tough mass that is so often brought up on the point of the pen from the inkholder? It, too, is of the same nature, and like all similar productions, is especially rife in hot weather.

It must not be supposed that what is usually called the vinegar-plant is always the mycelium of *Penicillium glaucum*. There may be many distinct species which assume the form when placed under the required conditions, and all of them may have the power of producing vinegar.

Mould of various kinds, when placed in sirup, shews the same tendency as the vinegar-plant to form a flat, gelatinous, or leathery expansion. This is well shewn by Professor Balfour, in a paper recently laid before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh. 'On the Growth of various kinds of Mould in Sirup.' The results of his experiments are as follow:—

I. Some mould that had grown on an apple was put into sirup on 5th March 1851, and in the course of two months afterwards there was a cellular, flat, expanded mass formed, while the sirup was converted into vinegar. Some of the original mould was still seen on the surface, retaining its usual form.

II. Mould obtained from a pear was treated in a similar way at the same time; the results were similar. So also with various moulds obtained from bread, tea, and other vegetable substances, the effect being in most cases to cause fermentation, which resulted in the production of vinegar.

III. On 8th November 1850, a quantity of raw sugar, treacle, and water, was put into a jar, without any mould or other substance being introduced; it was left untouched till 5th March 1851, when, on being examined, it was found that a growth like that of the vinegar-plant had formed, and vinegar was produced, as in the other experiments. The plant was removed into a jar of fresh sirup, and again the production of vinegar took place.

IV. Other experiments shewed, that when the sirup

is formed from purified white sugar alone, the vinegar is not produced so readily, the length of time required for the changes varying from four to six months. There may possibly be something in the raw sugar and treacle which tends to promote the acetous change.

The professor exhibited specimens of the different kinds of mould to the meeting, some in sirup of different kinds, and others in the vinegar which had been formed. Several members of the society expressed their opinions on the subject. Dr Greville remarked, that he had no doubt of the vinegar-plant being an abnormal state of some fungus. It is well known that many fungi, in peculiar circumstances, present most remarkable forms; and Dr Greville instanced the so-called genus *Myconema* of Fries, as well as the genus *Ozonium*. Even some of the common toad-stools, or *Agarices*, present anomalous appearances, such as the absence of the pileus, &c., in certain instances. The remarkable appearances of dry-rot in different circumstances are well known. Although sirup, when left to itself, will assume the acetous form, still there can be no doubt but the presence of the plant promotes and expedites the change. Professor Simpson observed, that the changes in fungi may resemble the alternation of generations so evident in the animal kingdom, as noticed by Steenstrup and others. In the *Medusa* there are remarkable changes of form, and there is also the separation of buds, resembling the splitting of the vinegar-plant. Mr Embleton remarked, that in the neighbourhood of Embleton, in Northumberland, every cottager uses the plant for the purpose of making vinegar.

From the account we have given of the vinegar-plant, it will be seen that the numerous reports as to its introduction from India, and other distant climes are probably without foundation. Whatever may be the history of individual specimens, certain it is that the plant in question is a native production. It will also be seen by those acquainted with botanical investigations, that the great difficulty in arriving at correct conclusions respecting the plant, was the absence of properly developed examples. We still want investigations as to the species which undergo this remarkable development. The recent researches of the Rev. Mr Berkeley and others show that the fungi, above all other plants, are pre-eminent for abnormal variation.

We ought to observe, that the remarkable mode of propagation possessed by the vinegar-plant—in the absence of reproductive organs—by means of dividing into laminae, is quite in accordance with the merismatic division by which many of the lower algae propagate.

STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

Few of us suspect, while we amuse ourselves with watching the active gambols of the tiny beings, that to enable them to perform such feats as we see them execute every day, an amount of strength has been conferred upon them which could not safely have been intrusted to any of the larger animals, and that nothing but the comparatively diminutive size, to which all the insect races are jealously restricted, prevents them becoming the tyrants of this globe, and the destroyers of all other terrestrial creatures. The common flea, as every one knows, will, without much apparent effort, jump 200 times its own length; and several grasshoppers and locusts are said to be able to perform leaps quite as wonderful. In the case of the insect, they scarcely excite our notice; but if a man were coolly to take a standing-leap of 380 odd yards, which would be an equivalent exertion of muscular power, perhaps our admirers of athletic sports might be rather startled at such performance. Again, for a man to run ten miles within the hour, would be admitted to be a tolerably good display of pedestrianism; but what are we to say to the little fly observed by Mr Delisle, 'so minute as almost to be invisible,' which ran nearly six inches in a second, and

in that space, was calculated to have made 1080 steps? This, according to the calculations of Kirby and Seecoe, is as if a man, whose steps measured two feet, should run at the incredible rate of twenty miles a minute! Equally surprising are the instances of insect strength given by Mr Newport. The great star-beetle (*Lucanus cervus*), which tears off the bark from the roots and the branches of the trees, has been known to gnaw a hole, an inch in diameter, through the side of an iron canister in which it was confined, and on which the marks of its jaws were distinctly visible, as proved by Mr Stephens, who exhibited the canister at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society. The common beetle (*Geotrupes stercorarius*) can, without injury, support and even raise very great weights, and make its way beneath almost any amount of pressure. In order to put the strength of the insect Atlas to the test, experiments have been made which prove that it is able to sustain and escape from beneath a load of from 20 to 30 ounces—a prodigious burden, when it is remembered that the insect itself does not weigh as many grains! In fact, once more taking man as a standard of comparison, it is as though a person of ordinary size should raise and get from under a weight of between 40 and 50 tons.—*Ryder Jones's Natural History of Animals*.

A LONDON EDITOR FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Our editor was originally intended for the Kirk, and was a well-informed person; but to see him at or after midnight in his official chair, a writing his 'leader,' was a treat for a philosopher. With the slips of paper before him, a pot of porter close at hand, and a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, or casually laid down, he proceeded to scribble *artem*. The head hung with the chain on his collar, as in deep thought—a whiff—another—a tug at the beer—and a line and a half or two lines committed to the blooded paper.—*Jordan's Autobiography*.

THE LOVER'S GRAVE.

'Man celebrates a more beautiful festival for the dead when he dries the tears of others, than when he sheds his own; and the most beautiful flower and cypress-garden which we can lay upon loved monuments, is a fruit-garden of good deeds.'—RICHTER.

MAIDEN, rise, and weep no more; thy betrothed hath found a rest

Far more blissful than the pillow of thy fond and aching breast.

He hath passed away ere time dimmed the lustre of those eyes,

Whose dark depths revealed to thee more than passion's words or sighs;

Ere his voice of music merged in a harsh or careless tone—

Ere he ceased to deem that life without thee was drear and lone.

How couldst thou have borne a change, such as this, in years progress,

When illusions, cherished early, vanish never more to bless?

Happy dreams!—soon started, as if by wind, the shroud of human tears

Scattered the tender bloom which with the orb of life disappears!

Maiden, rise, and weep no more; thy castled citadel is thine;

Bow thine head in resignation meekly to the will of the Divine.

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THE ENGLISH REGICIDES IN AMERICA.

ONE of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the 1st of September 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship, to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once, the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well-planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church; and, posted on every spot of vantage-ground, their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldierly precision. The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, a master-mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on this occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies; placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check; while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The Red Men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings, and heartfelt congratulations;

then followed thanks and praise to God; and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where was he? All had seen him an instant before; but now he had disappeared: nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown in the mother-country; and thus unable to account for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed that he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayers, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church, related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and, latterly, has embellished more than one popular work of fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in *Peveril of the Peak*; Cooper has made use of it in *The Borderers*; and *Oliver Newman*, the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

Goffe, son of the rector of Tranmere, in Sussex, was, in early life, apprenticed to a drysalter in London; but the stirring events of the great Civil War soon drew him from so obscure a position. Joining the Parliamentary Army, he rose in a short time to the rank of colonel, and gained the entire confidence of Cromwell. He was one of those bold men who presumed to sit in judgment on their sovereign, and condemn him to the scaffold and the block. He commanded Cromwell's own regiment at the battle of Dunbar, and 'at push of pike repelled the stoutest regiment the enemy had there.' Subsequently, he became major-general, and obtained a seat in the Protector's House of Peers. After the death of Cromwell, when the Restoration was evidently close at hand, Goffe, well knowing that England would no longer be a place of safety for him, left Westminster early in the May of 1660, and, accompanied by Edward Whalley, his father-in-law, embarked for Boston.

Whalley was first-cousin to Cromwell, and early distinguished himself in the Civil War. At Naseby, he charged and defeated two divisions of Langdale's horse, though they were supported by Prince Rupert. In the west, he defeated the dissolute Goring, and did good service at the siege of Bristol. He had charge of the king at Hampton Court; sat in judgment on him in

Westminster Hall; and the name of Whalley stands fourth in the list of signatures attached to the death-warrant of Charles. At Dunbar, Major-general Whalley had his horse shot under him; yet, though wounded, he continued in pursuit of the flying enemy. When Cromwell dissolved the first Protectorate Parliament, it was Whalley who carried off the mace; and, lastly, we read of him sitting in the Upper House as one of the Lord Protector's peers.

On their arrival in Boston, in June, Goffe and Whalley were well received, and treated, by Governor Endicott and the leading men of the colony, according to the rank they had held in England. But as the news of the proclamation of Charles II. came out in the same ship with them, they having heard it in the Channel, it was considered prudent that they should retire to the village of Cambridge, now a suburb of Boston. As an illustration of the feelings of the colonists towards them, it is worth noticing, that a person who had insulted the Regicides was bound over to keep the peace, although, at the same time in London, a reward of £100 was offered for their heads. A New-England tradition of Goffe at this period is still current, and therefore claims recital, although we have doubts of the ex-major-general placing himself in so undignified a position. A European master of fence, it is said, had arrived in the colony, and, in order to exhibit his skill in the art, had erected a stage in the public street, from which he vauntingly challenged all comers to a bout at rapier or broadsword. Goffe, being among the crowd, perhaps nettled by some political allusion, snatched a dirty mop from the hands of a bystander, and hastily mounted the stage. 'What do you mean,' exclaimed the fencing-master, 'by coming at me in that fashion?' A dab of the filthy instrument in the speaker's face was Goffe's sole reply. The enraged champion thrust viciously with his rapier; but it was adroitly parried with the mop-handle, and again his eyes, mouth, and beard, were deluged. This went on for a short time, to the great delight of the spectators, till at length the discomfited braggart, throwing down his rapier, caught up a broadsword. 'Hold!' cried the old parliamentary warrior: 'know that for so far I have played with you; but if you come at me with a broadsword, I will most certainly kill you.' Upon which the fencing-master, struck by the stern manner of his antagonist, at once dropped his weapon, muttering: 'Leave me alone, I will have no more to do with you—you are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.' Ezra Stiles, the distinguished antiquary, and learned president of Yale College, writing in 1794, says it is still proverbial in New England, when praising a champion at athletic exercises, to say, that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.

The halcyon days of the refugees at Cambridge were soon at an end. Late in November, the Act of Indemnity, from which, among others, the names of Goffe and Whalley were excluded, arrived in Boston. Yet Governor Endicott did not summon a general court to consult upon securing them until February, and then a majority of the members were against the proposition. At a consultation of their private friends, however, it was decided, as the safest plan, that the refugees should proceed to Newhaven, in Connecticut; and accordingly they set forth on their journey, and were treated with kindness and respect on the way. Arrived at Newhaven, they took up their residence in the house of Mr Davenport, the clergyman, a person eminently distinguished, in the early chronicles of the colony, for his talents, learning, zeal, and piety. But the fugitives were not destined to remain long at rest. In March, news arrived from England that ten of the Regicides had been already executed; the relentless vengeance of the authorities

aggravating the bitterness of their deaths with circumstances of revolting barbarism.

Goffe, from the period of his departure from England until the year of his death, kept a diary. Unfortunately, this interesting manuscript was burned at Boston, during one of the riots that formed no unapt prelude to the revolutionary war; but there are a few scattered extracts from it to be found in the pages of Hutchinson, and other New-England writers, which afford us a glance at the inner life and sentiments of the refugees. They appear to have heard of the execution of their friends and confederates with feelings more nearly allied to exultation than regret. History informs us that these ten, who first suffered the penalty of the outraged law, exhibited traits of the wildest fanaticism. In the court, they appealed to the victories which the Lord had given to their swords, as a proof of the justice of their cause. They declared, that 'the execution of Charles Stuart was a necessary act of justice, a glorious deed, the sound of which had gone into most nations, and a solemn recognition of that high supremacy which the King of Heaven holds over the kings of the earth.' On the scaffold, they said that their 'martyrdom was the most glorious spectacle the world had ever witnessed since the death of the Saviour.' But, they continued, let their persecutors tremble: the hand of the Lord was already raised to avenge their innocent blood, and in a short time their cause would again be triumphant. With the confidence of prophets, they uttered this prediction, and with the boldness of martyrs submitted to their fate. Such language and conduct was not lost on their equally fanatical, yet pious and Bible-learned brethren. From Goffe's diary, it appears that he and his companion considered the execution of the ten Regicides to be identical with the slaying of the 'witnesses,' foretold in the book of Revelation; and, connecting this idea with the mystical number 666, they confidently expected that in the year 1666, a new revolution would take place in their favour. Under this idea, they suffered all the heart-sickness of deferred hope, for the year 1666 passed without any demonstration; but their faith, nevertheless, was unshaken—there must be a chronological error, they affirmed, in the date of the Christian era, and the accomplishment of the witnesses' prediction must speedily arrive.

The news of the execution of the ten Regicides was accompanied with tidings of still greater personal interest to Goffe and Whalley. A Captain Breda having seen them in Boston, reported the circumstance in London; and a royal mandate was transmitted to Governor Endicott, to arrest and send them to England. The governor, whatever his own private feelings might be, did not dare to resist the order openly; but attempting to evade it, on the grounds of inability to compel his subordinates to put it into execution, two young English merchants, named Kirk and Kellond, zealous Royalists, volunteered on the service, and, furnished with Endicott's warrant, immediately proceeded to Newhaven. Letters, however, conveyed intelligence of these proceedings to the people of Newhaven, who took measures accordingly. On the Sunday previous to the arrival of the 'pursuers,' as Kirk and Kellond were termed, Davenport preached a sermon, dividing into no less than thirty-two heads, from the following passage in the sixteenth chapter of Isaiah: 'counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as night in the midst of the noonday; hide the eyes, bewray not him that wandered; let mine enemies dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them, the face of the spoiler.' This discourse had the desired effect. When the pursuers arrived, they were met by Leet, the governor of Newhaven, requesting them to back their warrant, and render them assistance. They replied, that a conscientious scruple prevented them from backing their warrant; that he could not

them to act as magistrates in Newhaven; but he would send out his own constables to seek for Goffe and Whalley, and if they were in his jurisdiction, they would, no doubt, be speedily arrested. Leet's constables, we need scarcely say, did not succeed in arresting the outcasts. But when the pretended search was going on in the town, a more laughable farce was being acted in its immediate vicinity. One Kimberley, the sheriff, not having the fear of Parson Davenport or Governor Leet before his eyes, mustering a few followers, proceeded to where the delinquents were quietly passing the day under a tree, so that the constables might conscientiously affirm that they could not find them in the town. Kimberley, advancing, summoned the old Roundhead heroes to surrender; but they, not relishing such freedom, gave the sheriff a sound caning for his pains—his followers, instead of assisting their chief, laughing heartily at his discomfiture.

Newhaven being now unsafe quarters for the Regicides, they retreated to a cave on the summit of West Hill, one of the headlands that form the harbour, where, supplied with provisions by a woodman, they lived for about a month. The Cave of the 'Judges'—such being the term invariably given to the Regicides in America—is at the present day one of the show-places of Newhaven. It is formed by seven rocks, leaning against and supporting each other, so as to resemble in some degree a cromlech; but though appearing to be the work of man, it is in reality a sport of nature. It rises to the height of twenty-seven feet, and affords a delightful view over Long Island Sound, studded with countless sails; the town and harbour of Newhaven; the rich corn-fields and luscious peach-orchards of Connecticut. No such fair spectacle, however, greeted the eyes of the hunted dwellers in the cave, who, no doubt, frequently climbed the rocks to look out for the approach of their enemies; yet the scene must at that time have been sublime in the uncultivated majesty of nature.

The pursuers, after visiting the Dutch colony of Manhattan, now New York, returned to Boston, and made a formal complaint against Governor Leet. Matters began to wear a serious aspect. That Leet might have no excuse, the original royal mandate was forwarded to him. His council were divided: some advocating the surrender of the Regicides, lest the liberties of the infant colony might be injured by royal displeasure. Several of those who had sheltered the outcasts were afraid of punishment. In this state of affairs, Goffe and Whalley bravely marched down to the governor, and surrendered themselves. Leet seems to have been unprepared for this bold step. He kept them concealed, however, for twelve days on his own premises—provisioning them from his own table, although he would not see them. During this interval, many anxious councils were held; till it was concluded that Leet should temporise a little longer with the supreme authorities, and in the meantime, that the Regicides should return to their retreat, giving their parole that they would again surrender whenever required. It would be tedious to follow their movements step by step through the summer of 1661. Suffice it to say, that four other retreats, as well as the cave on West Hill, are named after them, and still traditionally known to the people of Newhaven. In August of the same year, the colony made its peace with government, by proclaiming Charles II. And the pursuit after the Regicides slackening for a short time, they, at the approach of winter, went to the house of a person named Tomkins, in Milford, near Newhaven, where they resided for two years. During that time, although they never wandered further than the orchard adjoining the house, their residence there was known to many. Goffe, who was a person of education, and had received the degree of M.A. at Oxford, was famous in the Parliamentary

Army as 'a frequent prayer-maker, preacher, and presser for righteousness and freedom;' and no less distinguished himself when at Milford, by holding forth on all suitable occasions, to the great delight of his hearers.

Milford, however, was not to be the final resting-place of the outcasts. Matters between the colonies and the mother-country being still in an unsettled state, four royal commissioners were sent to New England 'to settle the peace and security of the country;' the astute statesman Clarendon, when he advised this course, using the remarkable words: 'They (the colonies) are already hardened into republics.' One of the 'articles' on which the commissioners were charged to make strict inquiry, was the arrest and transmission to England of Goffe and Whalley; for, amid all the undisguised profligacy and corruption that revelled in the court, the crowned pensioner of Louis XIV. ever breathed bitter vengeance against the slayers of his royal father. Alarmed at this intelligence, the Regicides left Milford in October 1664, for the more remote town of Hadley; travelling by night, they rested in temporary arbourous during the day. Some of these resting-places are still traditionally pointed out as the Pilgrims' Harbour.

Preparations had been made for their reception at Hadley. Mr Russel, the clergyman of that town, had two concealed rooms, an upper and lower one, built adjoining his own house. In these rooms, in utter seclusion, buried from the world, Whalley lived fourteen years, till liberated by death in 1678. It is not clear whether Goffe revisited Newhaven after the death of Whalley; but it is almost certain that he too died in Russel's house about two years after his father-in-law.

A few months after their arrival in Hadley, Goffe and his companion were surprised by a visit from John Dixwell, another of the English Regicides. Dixwell was a man of good family, and considerable landed property, in Kent; he sat for Dover in the Long Parliament, and held the rank of colonel in the army of the Commonwealth. He sat in Westminster Hall on the trial of the king, and affixed his name to the fatal death-warrant. Subsequently, he was appointed governor of Dover Castle; and for several years officiated as sheriff of Kent. At the Restoration, he fled to Hanau, where, becoming a bourgeois, he received protection; but, his regicide companions, Okey and Barksted, being trepanned by Sir George Downing, the British minister at the Hague, sent to England, and executed, Dixwell crossed the Atlantic, to seek a more secure refuge in America.

This meeting must have been a most interesting event in the secluded lives of Goffe and Whalley. What asking of questions, relating of adventures, regrets for the past, and fears for the future, must have formed the conversation of the three outlaws! Dixwell remained but for a short time at Hadley; and the only other event of any importance during the miserable sojourn of the other two, was the attack by the Indians, and Goffe's remarkable appearance as the deliverer of the town. As long as they lived, they were supported by contributions from friends in England and America. Goffe regularly corresponded with his wife in England under a feigned name. Part of one of those letters from Goffe, and the reply from his wife, are before us as we write. They are painful documents, displaying exceeding amiability of private character, and minds supported under the affliction of a life-long separation in this world, by strong faith in a happy meeting in another. It seems strange that men who had acted such stirring parts in the world, could exist in so secluded a manner as they did in Russel's house; but Whalley at least was not unaffected by the change, for during several years before his death, he was imbecile both in body and mind,

requiring Goffe's constant attention.* One might wonder, likewise, that in the most distant settlement of America, there should have been occasion for such rigorous seclusion; but we must remember, that the vengeance of the Royalists was not always conducted according to the forms of law. Dorislaus was assassinated at the Hague, and Lisle in Switzerland; and so little was thought of the latter circumstance, that Anthony a Wood merely says: 'He was, by some generous Royalists, there despatched.'

From the time that Dixwell visited Hadley, we lose sight of him for about seven years, when we find that he came to Newhaven, and settled there under the name of James Davis. He lived quietly, was much respected for his piety, married, became a widower, married again, and died at a good old age in 1689. It would appear that the English authorities had never suspected his existence in America. Once only was he in any danger during his residence in Newhaven. Sir Edmund Andros, governor of Massachusetts, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the American Jeffreys, passing through Newhaven, attended divine service, and was struck by Dixwell's appearance as the latter entered the church. 'Who is that person?' said Andros. 'A retired merchant,' was the reply. 'No,' rejoined the governor, 'that is no merchant; he is a gentleman, and has been a soldier: this must be looked to.' Probably Andros thought he had discovered Goffe; but, whatever were his intentions, they were speedily put out of his head by feelings of rage and indignation. Not only did the clergyman preach at him, but even the clerk sang at him. We may imagine how the old Presbyterian preacher, looking hard at the governor, gave out the verse, and chanted, with bitter energy, Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the fifty-second Psalm:—

Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise?

A select few in Newhaven knew who Dixwell was. He made his will in his own name, but requested that it should not be put upon his tombstone, lest his ashes might be desecrated, as those of greater men had been by the relentless Royalists. The Revolution had occurred before he died; but he was a fortnight in his grave before the news reached Newhaven. The rejoicings on the occasion must have almost made the old Roundhead lose in his grave! The altered state of affairs caused by the Revolution allowed Dixwell's will to be submitted to probate; his family were recognised by their relatives in England, and ultimately received some small benefit from their father's Kentish estates.

About forty years ago, the inhabitants of Newhaven, finding their burial-ground inconveniently crowded, and, by the increase of building, brought almost into the centre of the town, laid out an ornamental cemetery in the suburbs, to which they carefully removed the remains and monuments of their forefathers from the ancient place of interment. But three graves and three gravestones, considered by the people of Newhaven to possess a historical interest, were left undisturbed in their original sites, where the writer saw them a few years ago, and where they may be seen to this day. One of these conceals the ashes of Dixwell; the other two are the last resting-places of Goffe and Whalley. How the bodies of the latter came to be removed from Hadley to Newhaven, a distance of 100 miles, is a mystery now difficult to solve. Tradition states, that it was the wish of Dixwell that the three should be buried beside each other, and that he, having fetched the bodies of his fellow-regicides from Hadley, interred them, with the aid of the sexton, at night, and after-

wards caused the tombstones to be erected: It is known for a certainty that Russel, in whose house Goffe and Whalley were so long concealed, buried their bodies on his own premises; and it is conjectured, that being afraid lest they should be discovered, he procured Dixwell to remove them to Newhaven. Even in the time of James II., the crown-officers of New England eagerly sought for information respecting the Regicides and their concealers. The cruel execution of Lady Abigail Lisle, widow of the assassinated Regicide, for sheltering a dissenting minister implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, seems to have struck a dread on all the harbours of the Regicides in the colonies, and it is very probable that that event may have occasioned the removal of the bodies. However this may be, the last resting-place of Goffe and Whalley is undoubtedly at Newhaven. On Dixwell's tomb there is the following inscription:—'J. D., Esqr. Deceased March the 18th. In the 62d year of his age. 1688-9.' On the tomb of Whalley there are only the initials E. W., and a date, which at first glance appears to be 1658; but on more careful scrutiny, the 5 is discovered to be an inverted 7, meaning 1675, the correct date of his death. That this has not been done accidentally, but by design, is proved by the date being cut in the same manner on the footstone of the grave. The inscription on Goffe's tombstone is merely 'M. G. 80.' But there is a dash, thus —, beneath the letter M, signifying it is to be read inverted, as W, the correct initial; and the 80, which to the uninitiated would seem to imply that he died at that age, denotes the year of his death, 1680, at which time he had not reached his seventieth year. This enigmatical mode of inscription was adopted, evidently to avoid detection, by Dixwell; and as it answered that purpose in a former period, so it has attracted attention at a later era, and indisputably proves the identity of the remains that lie beneath.

THE RIVAL SHOP.

WHILE lately on an excursion in Scotland, we were glad to gather a few particulars respecting social improvements in certain country districts. Scarcely anywhere did we learn that things were standing still. In villages remote from a general thoroughfare, we found that lending libraries had been formed for the accommodation of the inhabitants; and to these libraries the clergy of every denomination willingly gave encouragement. In one place, we attended a public soirée, at which the very best spirit was manifested—the taste shewn on this occasion, as respects music, decoration, and speeches, being equal to what could be shewn in populous and wealthy localities, and perhaps superior. In another place, we found that a respectable and intelligent class of persons united to form an institution for the purpose of delivering lectures at intervals during winter; the money taken at the doors being devoted to the support of a library and reading-room—this latter place of resort being gratuitously open to all. Again, did we find different combinations of clergymen voluntarily giving their aid in these public lectures. We were told that a minister of the Established Church had delivered an interesting lecture on Chemistry, and that a minister of a seceding body had given a popular address on Ethnology, and this was quite as it should be, and it is a relief to think of it amidst the general ill of *potentia et virtutes*. In the course of our inquiries, we heard of a place that has been adopted for *public meetings*, *at fairs and hiring-markets*. At these great assemblies, from time immemorial, *from time immemorial*, no other place for transacting business, or *prosecuting*

* In a note to *Percy's of the Park*, Scott states that it was Whalley who commanded the defenders of Hadley. But a letter from Goffe to his wife, written a year previous to that event, gives a sad account of his father-in-law's other imbecility. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that Goffe was the supposed angel of Hadley;

refreshment than the public-house; and consequently such fairs and markets have for the most part been occasions of drunkenness and demoralisation. To remedy this evil, a scheme has been adopted, of opening a public-hall for the sale of cooked victuals, tea, coffee, and other refreshments. The hall is heated, lighted, and affords sundry small accommodations—such as the use of pen, ink, and paper. In one country town where this was tried, hundreds of persons, as is usual with all novelties, prognosticated that it would never answer—that the temperance affair would have no chance! Yet, in this town, on the first occasion of a fair, as many as 2500 people took advantage of the accommodation that was offered them in lieu of that of the public-house. In a smaller place, a similar attempt was made, and was successful in a corresponding degree. The success in each case, however, we feel assured, would have been still greater, if the refreshment-rooms in question possessed the attraction of music under proper regulations; for without this addition, they may be said to fall short, to a certain extent, of what constitutes a true substitute for the public-house. At present, the youths of both sexes who frequent these fairs, are not satisfied with mere refreshments; what they want is excitement, and this they procure at penny-dances, where they are amused with the strains of a violin. Let an attempt, therefore, be made to substitute a good for a poor kind of music, and so prevent the demoralisation which ensues from our entirely ignoring the popular taste. With this improvement, we would hope that the scheme of these refreshment-rooms may meet with extensive imitation. The truth is, if the more humble and heedless classes of the community are to be elevated in taste, and saved from falling into habits of mean indulgence, it is not by an eager and indiscriminate assault on the vendors of alcoholic stimulants, but by setting up in an attractive form the Rival Shop. In town, country—everywhere, we say, open the Rival Shop; and if it be a pleasant and comfortable shop, there need be little fear of its wanting customers.

To extend our notice of certain agreeable signs of social improvement, we may be allowed to say a few words on the progress which seems to be making in a taste for horticultural pursuits. It has been very properly observed, that a love of gardening, on however small a scale—be it only the tending of a pet flower-pot—has in it something that exhilarates and improves. One seldom hears of gardeners misconducting themselves; and we venture to go a step further, and say, that no person whatever, who once imbibes a taste for pansies and hollyhocks, and thinks much of cultivating dahlias and anemones, is likely to be an indifferent member of society. It would not be difficult to demonstrate, that the promotion of a taste for flowers and plants leads to an elevation of taste in other things. And it is remarkable how little is required to excite a love of horticultural pursuits, even in situations supposed to deaden the higher class of emotions. A story is told of a whole village in the Highlands being stimulated to enter on a course of improvement, from the simple circumstance of a lady one day expressing her admiration of a single marigold which grew in the neglected garden of one of the cottagers. 'Is it possible,' thought the proprietor of this little flower, 'that anything I have in my poor garden is worthy of the approval of a lady?—if so, I will endeavour to make things better; I will try my hand at a few more flowers.' Thus reasoning, the cottager began to occupy himself in his garden; neighbours followed his example; a spirit of rivalry was begun—and, lo! in a short time, the whole village, interior and exterior, assumed quite an improved aspect—cleanly doorways, walls nicely decorated with flowers, and a general advancement in all matters of taste. Now, this anecdote, which rests on good authority, affords a pretty

fair specimen of what may be done by a little judiciously administered approbation, acting upon a spirit of honourable competition.

In making these remarks, we have had in our eye a signal instance of the advantages derived from the establishment of a horticultural society in one of the most secluded districts of the Lowlands of Scotland, where hitherto there had been much neglect in the matter of flower and vegetable culture. We allude to Peeblesshire, a purely rural county, consisting principally of the vale of the upper Tweed, to which we had lately the pleasure of making a short but not uninteresting visit. It is pleasing to think that a growing love of horticulture has penetrated to this district, through the agency of a spirited local society, and is likely to be of no inconsiderable benefit.

This society, as we learn, commenced only two years ago, under the patronage of the surrounding land proprietors and their families, and embraced three classes of members: Gentlemen's Gardeners, Amateurs, and Cottagers. A very small sum which each paid annually for membership, aided by contributions, formed a fund whence the amount of prizes was drawn. No general competition was allowed. The members of each class competed only among themselves. Latterly, there has been little need for contributions in money, which is a pleasing feature in the history of the undertaking. It is always best when societies of this kind are self-supporting—the commercial being, in fact, the only safe principle as a permanence. When an institution supports itself, there is hope of its continued popularity and stability; and to this point it ought to be the aim to bring all meliorative associations. One important means of support to the Peeblesshire Society, has consisted in the sums gathered as entrance-money to the shows of flowers and other garden products. The money taken at the door on each occasion amounts to about £15. And speaking of this, we are led to notice a plan of admission worthy of imitation. At the first and subsequent exhibition, the crush of persons, young and old, to gain admission was so great, that there was universal discontent. To remedy this in some degree, it was arranged that, in future, there should be three classes of entrance-fees—for the first hour, a shilling; second hour, sixpence; and third hour, threepence. This plan has been eminently successful, and has given much satisfaction; all are accommodated, and all are pleased. This method of regulating the entrance to public exhibitions of the kind, where there is not much space at disposal, may be advantageously followed. And what, after all, is it but a following out of the system of boxes, pit, and gallery—of first, second, and third classes in railway travelling; and many other things?

Small country towns are usually at a loss for large apartments to accommodate public exhibitions and meetings; the largest room in the largest inn being ordinarily found too small for such purposes. This deficiency has also been overcome, in the case of the society in question. A manful effort was made to raise money to purchase a canvas tent of ample size. Upwards of £70 was subscribed; and to the amazement of those who have no faith in public spirit, a splendid pavilion tent one morning rose from the centre of the town green, with the union-jack flying from its summit. The thing was really well done. Prodigious crowds poured in; the long tables exhibited an array of fruits, flowers, and kitchen vegetables, in great variety, and with a marked improvement in their respective qualities.

On making inquiry a few weeks ago, we were gratified to learn that advances in taste have been very perceptible in the district, through the agency of these flower-shows, and of certain small prizes which are offered for the neatest-kept cottages and gardens; and this latter result is, indeed, tolerably evident to the

wayside traveller. Honeysuckles and roses blossom at doorways where nothing previously flourished but dirt and confusion, and men may be seen occupying their leisure hours in their small gardens who formerly spent no small portion of their time in the public-house.

We repeat, Nothing like the RIVAL SHOP!

A DAY AT SCEAUX.

THERE is a funny little railway on the south side of Paris, leading from the Barrier d'Enfer to the Park of Sceaux. It is like no other railway on the face of the earth, and consists of one line of rails, with a loop at either terminus, round which the down-trains creep, just as the up-trains are coming to the landing-place. We never could understand—perhaps because we never tried—how all those little slanting wheels underneath the carriages assisted the train in bending round, much more cleverly than popular legends allow the alligator to do, just in time to make way for a new arrival. Afterwards, it is smooth work enough for some time. Away we go, slap through the fortifications, *via* Cachan, leaving Bicêtre on one hand, as far as Bourg-la-Reine. Here we are at the bottom of the Valley of Fontenay, with the woods of Verrières swelling over its extreme depths. Further on— But this is too geographical. We mean to relate a particular excursion, undertaken on a particular day, and beg to be allowed the privilege of a little introductory narrative.

We were rather younger than we are now—information vague enough, chronologically speaking, but sufficiently precise for our purpose. As to position, we fluctuated between the student and the adventurer; and although English, even to the admiration of roast-beef and plum-pudding, quite domiciliated in the land and the affections and the confidence of Frenchmen—of Frenchwomen too, as we mean to shew. In fact, that there may be no mystery about the matter, our companions on the important day to which we refer were two ladies, mother and daughter, Madame Veuve Bernard and Mademoiselle Josephine—the former, a comely dame, who might still be led out to a dance; the latter, a bewilderingly graceful little creature, towards whom all beards, black, red, and gray, turned, like so many sun-flowers, as we passed along the Luxembourg, and beneath the walls of the Foundling Hospital—'An excellent institution!' said Mademoiselle Josephine, from the other side of her mamma; for in France you only give your arm to one lady at a time, and never parade along in the 'how-happy-could-I-be-with-either,' Captain Macheath sort of style which Englishmen affect.

This is a specimen of the imitative style of writing, and is meant to suggest the breathless state in which I arrived in sight of the terminus, our line marching obliquely, Josephine a little ahead, her mother dragged half a neck forward, and I behind, endeavouring to preserve a grave demeanour, perfectly certain that we were at least half an hour before our time. It was not until we had taken our tickets that I was allowed to sit down in the waiting-room, and calmly meditate on the position in which I was placed.

For the first time, the truth flashed across my mind that I was there for the purpose of making a declaration. Madame Bernard shared the delusion common in her country, which makes all Englishmen *milords*,

and all *milords* rich. My one room on the fourth storey, my respectable but never varied costume, my occasional shortcomings with the rent—of course the *concierge* told her all my affairs—were set down simply to the score of eccentricity. She was the widow of a late pastry-cook, and occupied a pretty apartment on the *entresol*—a kind of supplementary flight of rooms, crushed low between the first floor and the ground-floor. She had sought my acquaintance, the malicious said, just after her daughter had been jilted by the bootmaker opposite. Her disinterested manner and frank hospitality, however, had made me scorn all base insinuations of that kind, until, having been betrayed into offering to treat the ladies to a little country excursion, I found myself exposed in the waiting-room of the railway station to the cat-like fascinations of Josephine, close under the scrutinising gaze of her mamma.

'Twas too late to repent. I closed my eyes, mentally speaking, but really I could not help keeping them bodily open; for, after all, it was not by any means an unpleasant thing to be looked up to with inviting admiration by that charming little creature. Besides, there were five or six bearded persons looking with envy upon me; and the temptation was too great, when Josephine, by a meaning nod, requested me to stoop down, that she might whisper that these said bearded men were merely *calicots*—a word of depreciation, applied by impertinent young misses to whoever stands behind a counter all the week, and comes out as a lion on Sunday afternoon. I could not see exactly what took place, but imagine that Josephine's pretty little nose must have buried itself in my whisker; for a murmur went through the group of *calicots*, of which 'Coquin d'Anglais!' formed the burden. 'Rogue of an Englishman!' in that sense was highly complimentary and flattering; and although I had thought that my nationality was not quite so obvious, I drew myself up proudly, and looked around, all the while holding a well-gloved little hand, that somehow or other had dropped into mine.

We are creatures of circumstances: it is transcendently delightful to be the creatures of such circumstances as that. I was almost sorry when the bell rang, and we were obliged to hurry out upon the platform, and rush—people always rush when there is nothing to be gained by it—to take our seats. The train destined for our use occupied one-half of the loop; but there was another moving slowly up the same line. When it got within a hundred yards, our engine gave a small shriek, and we began to move round to make way. They manage these things well in France. By the time we had reached the other half of the line, the newly-come train had taken our place; and then off we went at a rattling pace by the route, *stopping*, until we paused to let out passengers at Bourg-la-Reine.

'I wish that ugly, flat-faced fellow in the carriage behind us would go too,' whispered I to Josephine.

'Do you think him so very ugly?' replied she in the same tone. He was one of the most ill-looking fellows I had ever seen—*calicot* all over. A hat, gray and narrow-brimmed, set jauntily over his brow; a beard; an unwashed face; no shirt-collar; a coat that had never been respectable, buttoned closely over his breast. There is an inventory of characteristics of which I defy the most ideal painter to make anything worth a lady's second look.

'Do I think him ugly? I hope, Josephine, you don't think him handsome.'

That was not precisely what she meant; but really she saw no harm in the young man. Nor did I, that I could define; but—As I live, the individual has caught Madame Bernard's eye, and is nodding to her! 'You, Monsieur Auguste, who would have thought you were in Paris? Do join us.' 'Of course,' was the reply; and first came one leg, then another, with the body and head in sequence; so that before I could recover from my bewilderment, M. Auguste had squeezed himself in between Madame Bernard and a fat peasant, just opposite Josephine—had bowed three times to the whole party, even, audacious wretch! to me; and was in the midst of his exploits in the pin-line in the south of France. He was a commercial traveller, doing business in English pins, manufactured in the Faubourg St Antoine!

I felt savagely glad that I had accepted the economical proposal of Madame Bernard, and had taken only second-class places. True, in the first-class, we might not have met this free-and-easy M. Auguste; but—however, I tried to suppress the horrid reflection—this looked like a rendezvous.

Was I or the new-comer there as a *pis-aller*? Which was brought to excite the jealousy of the other? I ought not to have cared a rush; for when I first suspected the terrible intentions of my fair friends, it was only to keep up the national reputation won at Waterloo, that I did not take to my heels and fly. But ever since Josephine had tickled her nose in my whisker, I had become a new man. Was an electrical shock communicated? Philosophising on such a subject is nonsense; but the fact is, I felt mightily inclined to throw myself into a boxing attitude, and proceed in the work of flattening M. Auguste's proboscis, which nature had begun. I hate to see things left unfinished. Yes, I *must* have at him!

'Monsieur seems to be suffering from the toothache,' said Auguste blandly. 'I have a phial of chloroformed crocus in my pocket, if that would be of service.' If this had been satire, we should certainly have had a boxing-match; but the flat-nosed monster had a tender soul after all, and looked at me so sympathetically, that all my anger vanished. Besides, good little Josephine instantly pulled out a fine cambric handkerchief, and insisted on binding up my jaws. I vowed I had no toothache, merely a kind of spasm; but I could scarcely escape arriving at Sceaux like a man let loose from an hospital.

'It must be a headache,' said Josephine. 'If I were not so little, I would tell you to lean your head there.' She pointed to the pretty little shoulder that pressed against me, and of which I could just see a little bit, as her shawl was thrown back. This restored me to good-humour with myself and everybody; and I looked quite kindly at M. Auguste, who forthwith began to launch out into praises of the English, who, after the French he said, are certainly the first people on the face of the earth. We are the Aristides of nations: they all place us as only second best to themselves.

I have, after all, forgotten to describe the course of the railway, which runs up daringly to Fontenay-aux-Roses, and then zigzags along the side of the hill, through lanes of fruit-trees, until, by the most daring curves, it reaches the level of the Park of Sceaux, and ends in another loop, from which a train is of course starting just as we arrive. The reason why I don't stop to say more about the matter is, that I am in a rage again. It was my own fault certainly. Why was I so awkward? Out leaped Josephine; Auguste followed; then Madame Bernard majestically descended; lastly, I. It could not be expected that French gallantry would

leave a pretty girl even a quarter of a minute without the support of an arm; and I had no right to be indignant therefore, when, just as Madame Bernard claimed my protection, I saw the jaunty, greasy hat of the commercial traveller bending, as it moved away, in graceful courtesy towards the *natty* little straw-bonnet of Mademoiselle Josephine.

'Who is that fellow?' inquired I in a contemptuous tone.

'Monsieur Auguste Chicard is a young man who had excellent expectations once from his uncle, a wine-merchant of Bercy; but he behaved so badly, that he was turned out of doors, and the old gentleman will not hear his name mentioned. He is a sad rake—quite a devil among the ladies!'

'A rake! a devil! Madame, it is highly improper that your daughter should give her arm to a person of that character. I will go and separate them at once.'

'Bah!' said Madame Bernard: 'he won't eat her. Besides, they have been friends from children, and he used to call her his little wife. Indeed, until he misbehaved himself, and quarrelled with his uncle, people used to say they were betrothed; but of course there was no truth in that. Why do you walk so fast, sir? I really have not come to Sceaux to run a race. Puff! I feel very thirsty. My eyes are weak. Is it lemonade that is written on the glass in this shop-window?'

I understood the hint, and pressed the good lady to enter and refresh herself. This seemed a capital opportunity to run after the jaunty hat, which I could see a long way up the street; but Madame Bernard did not think it worth while—she could drink two glasses herself; and it would be economical to have only a single bottle. I was obliged to submit; and ordered a *petit verre* of brandy, which I tossed off for the sake of my nerves, imagining the while all sorts of horrid things with reference to the young couple who had gone on ahead.

We were at length under-way again, and on reaching the other end of the long street, found Josephine stuffing herself with cakes in a small pastry-cook's shop. She smiled at me with her pretty lips covered with crumbs, and held out a meat *pâté* for my acceptance. I put it scornfully back, muttering that I never ate such things—such trash, I think I said, for Madame Bernard bridled, taking this as a class allusion. M. Auguste was going to make some other offensive supposition about my health, for which I should certainly have knocked him down; but Josephine put her arm in mine, drew me into the street, and almost pressing her pretty cheek against my shoulder, murmured: '*Monstre!*'

How pleasant it is to be called a monster by a lovely woman! I was still trying, however, to suppress a smile of stupid satisfaction, when the still more meaning epithet of '*jalous*' was added. This admitted a great deal; and I could scarcely refrain from taking her up in my arms to embrace her. However, as this would have been uncivilised, I contented myself with squeezing her little hand convulsively—forgetting that it still contained a *petit pâté*—and dragging her on towards Robinson.

Robinson is a kind of restaurant of a romantic kind—so called, because its principal feature is a couple of open rooms, built in a large tree in Crusoe style, and reached by winding steps. We had agreed to drink a bottle of wine there, and I foolishly entertained hopes of a *tête-à-tête*. On arriving, we found some 400 Parisian Cockneys established inside the house, outside the house, up in the tree, on the stairs leading to it—everywhere, in fact, where there was sitting room; and one continued roar of '*garçon*' filled the air. Josephine pouted at the disappointment—not perhaps for the loss of the *tête-à-tête*, but because she had set her heart upon ascending the tree.

'Then, can't we positively go up?' inquired she of a waiter.

'Madame,' replied he, 'there are just ten aloft more than we calculate the frow can bear.'

Auguste and Madame Bernard came up in abxious conversation. What the deuce could he have to say? However, it mattered little. Josephine was abandoned to me. I ordered two bottles of good wine—that is, to be precise, of dear wine; we drank our own healths; and went off, with wonderful cheerfulness, to scramble through the fields and woods in search of an appetite. I wish that calicot would not drag Madame Bernard everywhere behind us: let us run. She had sprained her ankle. *Peste!* However, when we were alone for half a minute behind a hedge, I think I did manage to steal a kiss, and elicit an exclamation: '*Quel horreur!*' But this is not quite certain; for I was all that afternoon, in a state of perplexing excitement, and will not swear that I did not absolutely make a formal declaration. Why did Josephine frown and look demure? Was I not brought there for that very purpose? Plague take her! Auguste has stifled her sentimentality with indigestible pasty and jam.

I should like to know why it was that Madame Bernard put on a reverential air towards me as we were returning towards Soeaux, and why Josephine talked in a very candid and enthusiastic manner of the politeness and tact of Englishmen. I am sure it could not have been to induce me to invite M. Auguste to dinner; for be it observed, that as I was the Amphitryon on this occasion, if the new-comer had been Voltaire or the emperor of China, the ladies would still consider themselves, for that day, as partially my property. At anyrate, they could not think of allowing a second cavalier to join us at table without my special permission. It is to be hoped, however, that they did not think me so churlish and so proud, as to leave this threadbare gentleman at the door when we entered the restaurant. I wish I had never seen his jaunty hat; but since it is there:—'Monsieur Auguste, will you do me the favour to dine with us?'—'Most proud!'—'Too happy!'—'Delightful *partie carrée!*' I was rewarded by a grateful glance from Josephine, who leaned, moreover, with redoubled weight upon my arm. We reached the appointed place, hungry as French soldiers after a forced march. The fare was not splendid, but there was plenty to eat. Madame Bernard devoured a whole fowl, and a mountain of salad; Josephine kept her mother in countenance; Flat-nose kindly recommended me, as I was delicate in health, to beware of indigestion, and despatched half a yard of loaf in no time. The wine disappeared so fast, that we looked under the bottles, to discover if there was no hole there. Never mind expense! Here comes the coffee, with the *petite verres!* The wit grew so brilliant, that I shall not attempt to record a word of it. What I principally remember is, that as time wore on, the gentle Josephine weaned her eyes a good deal from me, and despite what appeared to me a variety of nudges from her mamma, fixed them upon the flat-nosed Auguste. The idea struck me that this might be her first-love. I was, then, an impertinent intruder. They had angled for me certainly: it was my fault, though, if I bit so easily. Well, these mysteries will be cleared up to-morrow: if Josephine declines to let me crush her toes with my foot, I have the satisfaction of intercepting any telegraphic work of that kind from M. Auguste. This gentleman does not seem at all anxious or jealous. He smiles benignly at my gallantries—just as a gazelle might smile at the gambols of an elephant. Couldn't he eclipse me if he chose? He doesn't choose; but orders a bowl of punch: the blue light shines upon our happy faces, and it is now high time to go to the ball.

In a spirit of justice, Josephine still stuck to my arm all the way through the dim park, and even allowed

me to say many gallant and tender things. As they could not see from behind likewise, it was no matter if I encircled her waist with my arm for a moment—a moment, but what a delicious one! Flat-nose has no dominion, I am sure, over the heart that almost beats against mine. Be sure of nothing, sir! Josephine, like an honest girl, is paying for her day's treat, as you will exact such payment; but she doesn't think the better of you.

We are on the outskirts of the great lighted circle, in the midst of which the orchestra is striking up the first quadrille. Still my claim is admitted over Josephine. Off we go in that scampering dance, invented by students and grisettes, jumping, whirling, anticking, as if we were wire-hung. 'Madame Bernard is our *vis-à-vis* with the gallant Auguste! She rolls about like a Dutch galley in the trough of the sea, bursting into magnificent smiles. Her partner seems frantic: he jumps, he wriggles, he goes over head and heels. Every one crowds to see. Even the other couples stop. No clown in a pantomime could beat it. It is entrancingly absurd; but absurd it is, nevertheless, and I look at Josephine with a smile of contemptuous admiration.

'How well he dances!' cries she with enthusiasm. I was quite content to resign her to Flat-Nose for the next polka, waltz, quadrille, or whatever it was. That dancing well! What did she call my graceful steps?

'I suppose,' quoth Madame Bernard complacently, as she fanned her reddened face with her handkerchief, 'that if you were often to come here, *mon cher*, you would learn to dance by degrees.'

They regarded me as an ignorant *hippopotamus*? Well, ideas of elegance differ; but if M. Auguste is elegant at this moment, when he is moving backward and forward, with his arm out like the *spout* of a teapot, I'm no more nor less than a Turk. Josephine, too! she is going to meet him head-foremost, as if she were about to leap into his waistcoat-pocket. She changes her mind, and almost imitates the *bovetté* yonder, who makes a desperate kick at her lover's chin. Then they come together, and lovingly side towards us, her head almost leaning against his breast. By Jove! M. Auguste, she's a match for you. Take her!

'The fact is,' whispered Madame Bernard, chiming in with my thoughts, 'it is true that Auguste and Josephine were betrothed once; but I broke off matters when he misbehaved himself. Now, it appears, he is quite reformed, and has become a respectable character. He heard we were going to Soeaux, and threw himself in our way very neatly, to explain to me—that his uncle was reconciled to him, and had seen him yesterday. He is a very handsome young man, and dances like an angel; so that, perhaps, my child could not find a better husband. Old Petibot will set him up in business. Now, as you are a friend of the family, what is your opinion?'

'Did he tell you all this when—' Madame Bernard Josephine took my arm, and led me away from the pastry-cook's shop?

'To be sure. Didn't she manage that, cleverly? First, an explanation herself; then an opportunity for me to have one. Of course, we have to thank you, for lending yourself to all these arrangements so amiably.'

The punch had made the good lady talkative, without throwing her quite off her guard. I had not thought that even had I been more deeply smitten than I was, she would have been so help for me. It was best, indeed, that it should be so. What should I have done with this little woman, who would have perhaps married me on the strength of my being a *miord*, and kept all her thoughts and dreams for Flat-nose? I took Madame Bernard's arm when we went towards the station, peaceably allowed Auguste to pay for the tickets,

answered the grateful glance of Josephine by a smile; and not very long afterwards, was invited to drink *can-acorde* in the evening by Monsieur and Madame Auguste Chicard.

ART AND ITS INTERPRETERS.

Art, in the higher meaning of the term, is not susceptible of minute definition, for it is an immaterial soul animating the material existences of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. All these are art, although each is a distinct form of thought; and all these distinct forms of thought, identical in their inner being, have one origin and one end. They are the utterance of the leading idea of the epoch; they are the expression of spiritual power and spiritual yearning; they are the voice of humanity crying aloud to the heavens and the earth.

Of the five divine sisters—divine and mortal at once, like man himself—Poetry is the most familiar, and may be accepted as the type. Her utterance is in song, which she gives forth from inspiration—feeling without comprehending it. If it were otherwise, as a French writer remarks—if poetry comprehended her thought, she would no longer be poetry, but philosophy.* 'Poets,' in the words of Shelley, 'are the microphants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire.' And a philosophical critic of our own country completes the picture he admires, by representing the poet as standing at the altar, rapt, holy, impassioned, prophet-like, giving utterance to the inarticulate yearnings, feelings, and wants of his brethren, embodying their tendencies, mirroring all, and mirrored in all the age produces; and the myriad hopes and fears that sway the minds of men breaking forth from his lips in passionate music.† This is the poet as a class, for no one lyre could breathe such a strain, no one heart could feel the joys, the agonies, and the cravings of an epoch. It is true, on looking back we see only two or three gigantic representatives of any given time; but we must not conclude, from their meagre brethren being invisible in the distance, that these stood alone. Not only the great but the minor poets, not only the minor poets, but the little more than rhymers, join their voices to complete the thought of the age; and each of these last is as necessary in his degree as is the weakest instrument in a concert to give the full choral swell. Even the mere echoes or imitators take a part in the mighty diapason, and contribute to spread the sound throughout the meanest and remotest corners of social life.

That poetry is really the collective breath of the age, is proved by the gushes in which it comes, the fells that take place, and the consonance its spirit bears with the leading idea of the time. The fourteenth century, the age of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, had only one exponent of note in England; but in Chaucer we find the freshness, vigour, and exultation of that false dawn, when the hearts of men gave a mighty leap, as if the sun had really risen. In England, as in Italy, the brief but glorious illumination died with the poets. Dante passed away, after having

founded the Italian language; Chaucer followed, after having unsealed the fountain of 'English undefiled' that was destined to irrigate the world; and until the true dawn, in the sixteenth century, we have, in our own country, only such late-singers as Surrey and Wyatt. But at length came the strong age of Elizabeth, when religion, having banded from the fetters of ages with a cry that shook the world, broke the apathetic sleep of genius. Then arose Marlow, Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson; to sing their hymns upon the buoyant winds. Later, the time of the Commonwealth and its succeeding disasters called up Milton, Butler, Dryden; till in the eighteenth century—passive, reflective, analytical—the fire sunk to a lambent flame, playing in the smooth and elegant couplets of the school of Pope. In the latter part of the century, the world-revolution, which had its centre in France, gave a new phasis to the poetical thought; and among the names of our own country, in the age of progress, freedom, moral daring, that followed, are Crabbe, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, till we come down to living and working men.

These names will suggest the objection, that in an age there are many prominent ideas; and the fact is true. There are even opposite and conflicting ideas; yet all combine to express, although in different strains, the dominant character or thought of the epoch, of which in general one great poet—the greatest of all—is the representative. Thus stood Shakespeare, with his galaxy around him, at a time when the imagination was no longer cooped up in formulas, but set free to soar and sing; thus Milton, not the political or religious champion of his age, but the poet of the mind-revolution, to complete the conflict of which the others we have named were necessary; and thus Pope, relatively great, but with a genius like that of his epoch, more critical than poetical, more given to analysis than creation. In the age that followed, of a new and more maddening liberty, when all the old forms of thought had been broken in pieces, and cast away with wild shouts of derision, it is more difficult to point to the single representative; partly because we are too close to the time, and partly because of the various directions of the impulse of intellectual freedom. It is this general connection of the poets with their epoch which made Hegel say, that the key to the philosophy and religion of a nation is to be found in its poetry.

The unconsciousness we have ascribed to art of its own meaning and mission, must not be stated as a mere assertion, for much depends on its reception as a truth. The most acute minds have been deceived on this point; and even those who have admitted the fact in its whole extent, have in general been blind to its importance. There is something grateful to human vanity in the idea that genius is an optional production of the mind—that the spirit of art may be compelled to our service by the enchantments of knowledge. We love to figure the poet as sitting in his study, surrounded by books and other literary implements, like a chemist in his laboratory, and concocting a great work by dint of will and science. But there is no such thing. The knowledge and industry of the poet work only upon the vehicle of his art: the art itself is what the ancients called 'the god,' who works in him. The common mistake is caused by unconsciousness of the fact, that poetry is both an art and a science. We are told, for instance, of the labour and study of poets—of the teachers of the Greek masters—of the mathematical rules of Pythagoras; but how is it that no instructor was ever able to apply his own principles? We do not hear of the poems of Lasos, the master of Pindar, or of the artistical achievements of Democritus, the author of a series of treatises which are said to have formed quite an encyclopædia of art. Neither are we told of Plato, Aristotle, or Longinus, taking rank among the poets. The reason is, that with

* Joffroy on the Philosophy of History.
† *British and Foreign Review*, No. xxv:—Hegel's *Æsthetics*.

them the god was wanting, and they could only advise in the construction of his temple. This they knew themselves; and Plato and Democritus, more especially, while teaching the material rules, derided the idea that these could produce poetry. Poetry, said they, is a madness—a possession: poets do not compose from any art they have learned, but from the impulse of the divinity within them.

The mathematical rules of Greek sculpture, the clue to which, after an interval of so many ages, has been discovered by Mr Hay, furnish in themselves proof that art cannot be taught. Perfect as they are, they produce only a perfect body, a body without life and without soul—such a form as Pygmalion might have worshipped in vain, unless aided by the goddess of beauty. The rules are necessary for the material vehicle, but the inspiration of art alone can do the rest. The same thing may be said of imitation without the aid of mathematical rules. A portrait-painter, for instance, who produces a mere likeness, is not an artist in the higher sense of the word. The work, to use the vulgar phrase, should be *more like than the original*—that is, the idiosyncrasy should be more strongly expressed than it is in the living man in ordinary circumstances. The artisan paints the *sitter*: the artist seizes the character with a glance of fire, and endows every wearied and apathetic feature with intellect and grace. This is the idealism of the Greeks, that apotheosis of mortal beauty which gave divinities to the worship of men; and being independent of all exaggerations of attitude, it is usually seen in their sculptures in combination with physical repose.

There is another handmaid of genius we may mention here; for while writing these sentences, the Reports of the Jurors of the Great Exhibition have come before us; and we are struck with the correctness of the remarks of the reporter on Class X., touching the effect of photography on art. It is admitted that the present application of photography, marvellous as that is, is no more its ultimatum 'than was the first application of the telescope, shortly after the chance placing of two pieces of glass by Jansen's children, had led to its invention; and that it now appears, at first view, as if a vast and powerful rival to art had arisen, destined to depress her in exact proportion to the superiority of the operations of nature over those of man. 'But this,' says the reporter, 'is a superficial and imperfect view of the case—not as regards the ultimate perfection of photography itself, but as concerning its influence upon art. With art, doubtless, its future destiny will be closely linked; but, so far from becoming a rival, it will prove a most useful auxiliary, and a means by which the artist of merit may rise higher in reputation and eminence. By using photography as a means of replacing the purely mechanical parts of his labour, the work of the artist may be much lightened; and as, by speedy transit from place to place man's life is virtually lengthened, so by relieving his path from that part of his labour which involves an expenditure of time disproportionate to the end attained, one great obstacle to the achievement of success is removed.' This is the true statement of the case; for photography is simple imitation, though marvellously correct, and can come into competition only with the copyist uninspired by art. Photography is a transcript of individual nature; while the mathematical process gives that of general nature, averaged on principles of beauty that have been practically sanctioned by the world. The union of the two—*adist modo dexter Apollo*—will give its death-blow to mediocrity, and open out for true art a career hitherto without example even in the palmy days of Greece.

If poetry were not spontaneous and unconscious, there would have been no Homer of the ancient world, in modern times no Burns, and in all ages no gushes of song, such as exist in the popular ballads, welling up

in obscure and solitary places like mountain springs. But we deny that this is a theory; as the reviewer we have quoted above describes it, 'invented by idleness and conceit.' The life-long labours of the elder poets, when criticism had no philosophy and art no theory, shew what a mighty task it is to adapt veridically the vehicle to the thought. Art, as we have described it, exists wherever exists the idea of beauty; but poetry—the metrical expression of art—is a science that must be either invented or acquired by study.

The reason why poets are unconscious of their art, is simply that to be conscious requires faculties of a different nature from theirs. Let us see what those faculties are. When a man is not satisfied with deriving enjoyment from poetry; when in listening he does not merely feel, but think; when he examines numerous specimens in juxtaposition, and constructs from such experience rules for judging of their relative merit and proves—he is said to be a Critic. Criticism is purely empirical, being founded on the observation of individual facts; and for the most part it concerns itself more with the vehicle than the art. It may perhaps object to an image or sentiment as being inconsistent with the work or class of works in which it appears; but beyond this it has no range. The twelve years spent by Aristotle in elaborating his *Orlando* were given up to the advice of such critics; and down to our own time the same advice, with few exceptions, has waited upon each successive generation of poets. Till the present century, the laws of the critics were like those of the Medes and Persians. Ignorant of the epochal character of poetry—the relation it bears primarily to its own age—they fixed upon certain 'classics,' as exemplars for all time, and decided upon the merit of authors according to the proximity of their approach to Homer or Virgil. The Chinese do the same thing to this day, their own classics forming the grand literary criterion. Our readers perhaps remember the anecdote we related on a former occasion of the Chinese emperor who returned a copy of the New Testament that had been sent to him, with the crushing remark, 'that it was not classical;' but perhaps it does not occur to them, that this was precisely the language of European criticism. Criticism, in this low position, does not respect, because it does not feel, the holiness of poetry. It listens to the manifold sound that fills the air without comprehending its meaning. The leading voices it applauds, but for qualities that are merely superficial; and the subordinate it vituperates, because it does not know that, however weak in themselves, they are, like the others, an unconscious expression of the thought with which the mighty bosom of the age is heaving. Bitterness and sarcasm are the weapons of such science, and personal and political antipathies give them point and poison. All these frivolities and irrelevancies of criticism are owing to the want of a high enough appreciation of the science.

The same age, however, which, without ceasing to admire the ancients, has to some extent thrown off the classical yoke, has begun to discover that criticism, as it exists at present, is not the Interpreter of art. A merely empirical science does not satisfy the mind of the time; there must be some *a priori* theory to govern it, some fixed principles from which it may be judged. A word has been invented to signify the thing desired, and a word not remarkably apposite; for *Aesthetics* instead of meaning the 'philosophy of art,' merely hints at the emotional nature of art—that is, a nature which addresses the feelings, not the intellect. *Aesthetics* was first used by Baumgarten to designate 'the department of emotions;' but since then, its sphere has been greatly extended by his countrymen.

Aesthetics is the philosophy of art, the general theory on which the canons of criticism ought to be founded. The difference between the two is obvious. When an image or sentiment is objected to, as we have

said, on account of its not being in harmony with the work or class of works in which it appears—this is criticism; when it is objected to on account of its not being in harmony with the feeling which it is the end of art to excite—this is aesthetics. Aesthetics has been well said to be to criticism what physiology is to medicine: it is the physiology of art. Aesthetics deals specially with the philosophical idea, criticism specially with the forms and symbols. When art speaks, criticism notes the language, and the fitness and sequence of the thoughts; aesthetics ascertains the purpose, comprehends the idea, and in comprehending, teaches. It teaches the poet the philosophical nature of his own conceptions; and it teaches the age the nature of art as it did, does, and will exist. When criticism becomes philosophical, it partakes of the nature of aesthetics, and in such cases the two names are commonly, but erroneously, confounded. Aesthetics is the theory; and philosophical criticism the application of that theory to the beautiful in art.

In this country, philosophical criticism, in the rare instances in which it occurs, is the expression of individual opinion, for we have no science to serve as the ultimate criterion; but in Germany, the case is different, although without as yet, we suspect, any directly advantageous result. Aesthetics has there resolved itself into shape—although a shape bearing some moral resemblance to that of Milton's Death:

If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either.

Hegel is the chief organ of this misty school; and the critic we have quoted endeavours to convey a notion of his great work, *Ästhetik*, in a single paragraph. The substance of this is, that the Idea, or germ, manifests itself subjectively as reason, and objectively as the universe. The Idea, therefore, is the totality of mind and matter, in its unique conception; but when conceived under the form of thought, it is truth, and when under the form of external nature, beauty. 'Thus Beauty is spirit contemplating the spiritual as an object; Art is the absolute (the Idea) incarnate in the beautiful.' The first part of the work is devoted to the examination of this germ; in the second part, its development is traced in its separate forms, such as the symbol, allegory, &c., the classical, ideal, and romantic ideal; and in the third part, we have the flower under review, or, in other words, the fine arts in their separate existences.

Now it is manifest, that a science laid down in this way, however consonant to the German mind, is quite repellant to the form of thought existing in our country; and the consequence is, that notwithstanding the labours of our Teutonic brethren, aesthetics is popularly known among us merely as some principle of taste-applying chiefly to painting and sculpture. In France, the case is different. There the Hegelian germ, although no more understood than with us, has so far fructified, that the literary mind has awakened to a faith in the existence of some eternal law, and the canons of criticism have acquired a higher and nobler, and therefore a truer range. But we cannot help thinking, that when the subject is once fairly taken up among us, the practical nature of the Anglo-Saxon genius will do much for its advancement. We shall not be so ready as the Germans to forget the purely emotional nature of art, and shall thus avoid entangling ourselves in the endless mazes of metaphysics.

To speculate in pages like ours on the form the science will take, is out of the question: we can only refer to the subject in general terms, as one that is now rousing the literary mind throughout Europe, and exciting the curiosity of thinking persons of all classes. This is an age when tradition and prescription are no

longer sacred things—when men will no longer listen to teachers who are unable to give a reason for the faith that is in them. We demand to know *why* we are to accept a given thing as beauty—how one man's taste is not as lawful as another's—and *what* we are to look to as the ultimatum in questions of art. The answer to these demands will embrace a complete, and above all, a distinct and intelligible explanation of the nature of art, taste, and beauty. When we understand what art is—that inner principle of all the scientific expressions of beauty, many vexed questions will be set aside—such as, What is poetry?—poetry being simply the metrical expression of art; and so of sculpture, music, and the other expressions. Taste will probably be set down as the sense of beauty, intuitive in its germ, but as capable of cultivation and refinement as it is of perversion. Beauty, philosophically considered, is truth; and the feeling of delight it conveys is the response of the mind to an impression in harmony with its own constitution. Subjectively, beauty exists in the mind itself, as is proved by this sympathetic response; objectively, it exists in sound, form, colour, taste, smell—everything which addresses itself to the external senses. The law of beauty as regards sound has been discovered in the natural scale of the monochord, and music has thus become at the same time a fine art and a mathematical science. The same law, with different modifications, will probably be traced, not only in form and colour, but throughout all the other manifestations of beauty: an idea which can be derided as fanciful only by those who are unobservant of the simplicity of the means by which Nature attains her manifold ends. To follow and illustrate the steps of the universal Mother, is the province of aesthetics, while metaphysics concerns itself with the theory of the law itself—digging, as it were, into the foundation on which aesthetics stands, for the purpose of ascertaining its structure.

Some speculators suppose, that deformity being truth, deformity is likewise philosophically beauty. But not to mention the absence of the response of the mind, so far from deformity being truth, it is 'a jarring and a dissonant thing,' which nature in her upward progress will perhaps ultimately surmount. As for the argument, that the portraits of Iago and Shylock are as beautiful as those of Ophelia and Juliet, it confounds two things that are essentially distinct. The spectacle of moral deformity presented does not in itself inspire us with love and delight; but we are filled with admiration by the evidence of an artistic skill so beautiful and harmonious. It should be observed, likewise, that no picture of moral deformity could have any effect upon our imagination, unless it came to us conjunctively and in strong contrast—either suggested by the artist, or existing in our own minds—with the opposite virtue, or, in other words, with one of the manifestations of beauty. All such questions, so long the subject of fruitless debate, will be reasoned in connection with each other, and their solutions proved by their consonance as part and parcel of the new science.

It has been said that aesthetics, by interpreting the apocalypse of poetry, will improve the poet; but if a direct improvement is meant, we cannot admit the fact. Poets, however, are the children of the epoch in which they live; and anything which elevates the character of that epoch must have an indirect action upon them. In themselves individually, as regards art in contradistinction to its vehicle, they are untought and unteachable. There is no note of triumph for things accomplished, or for an accomplishment they believe to be possible, but rather the striving and panting of a 'fond despair,' a spiritual struggle for the blessing of that angel Beauty whom they never perfectly grasp. It is for this reason that there is usually a kind of lofty sadness even in their sweetest music; a music,

however, which "yearning," to use the fine image of Keats, "like a god in pain" while filling our eyes with tears, turns melancholy to rapture. In elevating criticism, therefore, by giving it a theory of the inner feeling of art, we propose to enlighten and refine the age itself; we propose to banish from the literary judgment-seat not only everything that tends to error, but everything mean, vulgar, and ungenerous; we propose to introduce the pilgrim, man, to a more loving and edifying intimacy with those divine sisters whom Providence has assigned to him as the companions of his heavenward journey.

ANGLO-FRENCH IN JERSEY.

In a former number of this Journal,* a brief sketch was given of the island of Jersey, illustrating some of the principal features of that beautiful isle. It may not be uninteresting to notice a few matters which have undergone some change in the interval between 1844 and 1852, and especially to draw attention to the peculiar mixture of English and French in the language, usages, and commerce of the island.

Most English readers are aware that Jersey, as one of the Channel Islands, is situated in the deeply-set bay between Normandy and Brittany, having the former on the east, the latter on the south, and the English Channel on the other sides. It is true that the departments of Manche and Côtes-du-Nord occupy the greater portion of the coast; but France is better known to English readers by the names of the ancient provinces, than by those of the modern departments. Jersey and Alderney approach very near the French coast, but Guernsey and Sark lie somewhat further out at sea; while islets and rocks lie around in such incalculable numbers, as to afford good ground for conjecture, that they all at some remote period joined the mainland of France.

If a tourist, in answer to the question: "Whither to go?" should decide on Jersey, the further question: "How to get there?" is easily answered. The access to Jersey and its sister islands is now convenient and very cheap. The South-Western Railway Company, and the steam-vessels connected with it, afford facilities of a tempting character; for, after fixing on a reasonable tariff for the outward journey, an addition of only 5s. will procure a double ticket instead of a single—that is, one which will be available for the return-journey. The powers of this ticket remain open for a whole month, so that the tourist has a wide margin in regulating his movements; and he may, in addition, "break journey" at Southampton, if he so please. The mail-steamers start at midnight, after the arrival of the last train from London; reach Guernsey by breakfast-time, and Jersey before noon. There is also a "cargo-steamer" from Southampton, not in such favour with those who love high speed. The Brighton Railway Company, who have made many attempts to keep pace with their neighbours in Channel transit, have Jersey steamers at still lower fares than those from Southampton. Indeed, when the placards stare one in the face—"Jersey and back for 12s. 6d.," one marvels how there can be profit for either rail or steamers; but it is well to bear in mind, that this Newhaven route is some fifteen or twenty hours long, and that the 12s. 6d. accommodation includes no cabin either fore or aft. Another route, the shortest of all, is from Plymouth and Torquay to Guernsey and Jersey, once a week—convenient for the west of England and for Ireland, but not for Londoners. There is also an occasional steamer from London to Jersey; but he must have a rare longing for the sea who would choose this route.

The local steaming between the islands is of course more humble in its character. There is a transit to

and fro, at regular intervals, between Jersey and two points on the French coast—Granville and St-Malo; the former giving access to Normandy, and the latter to Brittany. There is no regular steam-transit between Jersey or Guernsey and the smaller islands; the intercourse is too slight to render necessary anything further than occasional sailing-boats. In the height of the season, however, pleasure-trips take place from island to island—from Jersey and Guernsey to the little island of Sark, and back the same day; or from Jersey to the more distant island of Alderney, the land of milk cows. There has been an Alderney trip during the present summer, the advertisement relating to which gives us a curious insight into the non-railway position, so to speak, of these islands. There are government harbour-works now going on at Alderney, in which tram-ways and locomotives are employed; and the Jerseyans were reminded, that "those who have never seen a railway, may now have an opportunity of visiting one, and of actually seeing a locomotive running, which is alone worth the expense of the trip." Those who have "never seen a railway" comprise a vast majority of the islanders; for not only are there no railways in Jersey, but the neighbouring French coast happens to be far out of the railway net-work. There was a "Jersey Railway" planned a few years ago, but the project fell to the ground.

On fairly getting into Jersey, and glancing over the newspapers, we find the Anglo-French combination at once apparent. Some of them are in English, the rest in French; some are as large as a single sheet of the *Times*; some are smaller; some are 2d. each, others 1d., for none of them have to bear the expense of a stamp. Like most English country papers, they are filled with local advertisements and local chit-chat, but with very little reference to general or world-wide topics; indeed, the French papers of the island are woefully deficient in this last item. Truth to tell, the Jerseyans seem to care little about what is passing beyond their own island, always excepting the Great Exhibition of 1851.

If we step into the Cour Royale, the Westminster Hall of Jersey, we become Frenchified at once, for the law proceedings are in that language. Trial by jury does not exist in Jersey, and the proceedings in the court have much of the dulness and slowness of our equity courts. Indeed, the reformers of Jersey—for there are not only rival parties, but very fierce rivals truly—are at present making a resolute effort to introduce a few additional English usages into their law proceedings.

The dusky little legislative hall stands over the dusky little court of justice, and the proceedings are, in like manner, in French. "Mr Speaker," the bailli, is no bewigged or begowned personage, but a plain, honest, English-looking gentleman, who keeps his parliament of thirty-six members in the best order he can. They sit in a circle, or rather in a horseshoe, and talk their French with great volubility; sitting while they speak, unless their energy runs and vent only by a stand-up delivery. More polite than English members, there are no hats on during the sitting. When a vote is to be taken, Mr Speaker addresses every member in turn, asking for his decision, which is given either by simple assent or dissent, or may be accompanied by observations. These decisions are more authoritative than those of our House of Commons, for there is no "appeal" lodged in the little gallery of this hall of the legislature, the Jerseyans—most of whom know something of French, whether they speak it or not—may listen to what is going on.

But it is at a public meeting that Anglo-French is more curiously observable. There has, for instance, lately been held a meeting, to agitate for the appointment of a justice of the peace and a Court of Requests, somewhat analogous to those in England; and the

island has been placarded with advertisements relating to it, some in one language, and some in the other. The French placards exhorted the islanders: 'Ne signez rien. Ne promettez rien. Mais soyez à votre poste;' and the English bills were not less urgent. At the meeting itself, the chairman spoke in French, while the rest spoke, some in French, and some in English; but all seemed to understand each other pretty well. The popular language—the applauding and disapproving language—was mostly English, and in energy would not have disgraced Exeter Hall or the London Tavern. It is pleasant to find that these party differences, although expressed in two different languages, are not national; there is no English party or French party; the *Rose* and the *Laurel* are the designations of the two opposing factions—perhaps the Tories and the Whigs of Jersey-land—but each faction contains English as well as French. So intense is the party-spirit, that almost every village on the island has its *Rose* hostelry and its *Laurel* hostelry—that is, not houses with those signs, but houses used almost exclusively by one or other party. As for the signs themselves, nothing can be more loyal and royal: for since the Queen's visit to Jersey in 1846, the 'British Queen,' and the 'Queen Victoria,' and the 'Victoria and Albert,' and the 'Royal Arms,' meet one on all sides. In some of the quiet little nooks of the island, it is not an impossible thing to meet with a 'Queen's Hotel,' in the front-room of which the lady of the house may be seen washing her noble lord's stockings, while the heir and heiresses are running about jabbering a French patois that would be little understood in Paris.

An English visitor speedily finds that the 'currency question' is one which must engage his attention in Jersey—not the English question: 'What is a pound?' but the Jersey question: 'What is a shilling?' Whether the present coinage of the island derived its character from early French usages, we do not know; but at the present time, thirteen Jersey pence equal one English shilling. The copper coins have the Queen's head stamped on one side; while on the other, besides the arms of Jersey, there is an inscription to denote that the coin is $\frac{1}{12}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, or $\frac{1}{3}$ of a shilling, according as it is a penny, a half-penny, or a farthing. English copper becomes mingled with Jersey copper, and both circulate as of equal value; but when change has to be given, a curious complexity arises. The traders are accustomed to allow a half-penny in a 6d. for 'currency.' There are three-penny-omnibuses on the fine road around the bay from St Helier to St Aubyn—one of the most glorious routes which it was ever the good-luck of an omnibus to follow. If you pay in copper, you pay 3d.; but if you tender a silver sixpence, you receive 3d. in change; and as 3d. from this would pay for the next journey, you are the gainer of a half-penny by having tendered 6d. originally. If two Englishmen were to take over the one 240 pence, and the other 20 shillings or 40 sixpences, it would be found that in small purchases the silver-holder would make better bargains than his companion. The Guernsey copper-money differs slightly from that of Jersey, being intermediate between it and English currency; but all three circulate on equal terms. In newspaper advertisements, and in shop-window tickets, it is often observable that an odd half-penny makes its appearance; this indicates that Jersey currency is meant. If an article is marked 6d., and you tender a silver sixpence, this suffices. On the other hand, if English currency be meant, it is customary to say (*British*) after the charge. Thus Dr Wolff, who has been lately lecturing in Jersey, charged '1s. back seats; 2s. reserved seats (*British*). French money circulates almost as readily as that of Jersey, Guernsey, and England; and indeed, in Guernsey, although French is less spoken than in the sister island, it is not at all unusual to charge in francs and half-francs. The Guernsey theatre, for instance, charges in

francs, whereas the Jersey theatre charges in British currency. Sometimes, an English purchaser is driven to his arithmetic, to understand the change given to him. Thus, to take an actual instance: a sixpenny Jersey almanac was purchased of a bookseller, and a half-sovereign tendered. The change given consisted of two French five-franc pieces, a British shilling and sixpence, and two Jersey pence. Although the five-franc piece is valued at 4s. 4d. in Jersey currency, it is only 8s. 11d. in British, and the pence were thrown in to make up the right amount. All very clear to a Jerseyman, but puzzling enough to an English visitor.

The market-people of Jersey are more Anglo-French than the currency. Not only do French traders come to and from Granville and St Malo, but there are many resident in Jersey who live on frugally, with the hope of one day being able to buy a bit of land in their own dear France. The French market at St Helier on a Saturday is an interesting spot. Here the Normandy cap and the Brittany cap of the women are seen in all their cleanliness and quaintness. The stalls are abundantly supplied with fruit, vegetables, and other commodities; and the women who sit beside them occupy every spare moment in knitting. Indeed, we may say that knitting is the great and universal female employment for spare moments in Jersey. The poor woman knits stockings for sale; the mother knits stockings for her family; while the lady knits stockings to give away; the itinerant dealer knits as she walks along; and the market-woman knits at her stall. Some of the market-women may be seen reading the *Chronique de Jersey* occasionally; but this is an exception. It is in the market that we best see how familiar both languages are to the Jerseyans; for a market-woman will address one customer in French and the next in English, although it may be that her stock of English is limited within a marketing range. These women, poor as they may be, always manage to be neat, and even something more on Sundays. At the French Catholic chapel in St Helier, on a Sunday afternoon, their appearance—in their jaunty white caps, their gold earrings, and their scrupulously tidy dresses—is not a little surprising to persons accustomed to the appearance of English market-women. They will live on the homeliest and scantiest fare at all times; but they will not be slatterns on Sundays; indeed, they are not slatterns at any time.

In the rural districts, English is much less spoken than at St Helier. At all the small inns and alehouses there is some one who can use it, but frequently there is only one. In many cases, the parents make a point of causing one of their children to learn English; and a curly-headed boy may thus be the interpreter for his family in their intercourse with such English as they may encounter. One of the castles—the show-places of the island—was lately tended by a woman who spoke French, but some of whose children also spoke English; while the present attendant is an Englishwoman, whose family speak no French. The accommodation to visitors is in this latter case so much diminished, that a young urchin is about to be Frenchified accordingly, to fit him to act as cicerone to French visitors. Many of the fishermen round the coast can speak no English, and in such case the fishwomen or dealers jabber in French while purchasing from these men, but understand English well enough for marketing purposes inland. Let us take the beautiful little bay of Bonne Nuit as the scene of such a fish-sale. The vessel is hauled up on the beach, the fish are thrown out, and carried high and dry to a shingly spot somewhat higher up, where a few market-people are assembled. The fish are conger-eels, for which Jersey is famous; a pair of scales is suspended from the bow of an old fishing-boat drawn up on shore, and the weights are pebble-stones, with iron rings inserted in them. Each conger is weighed singly, and the weight

—twenty, twenty-five, or even thirty pounds—is cut with a knife, in Roman numerals, near the tail of each fish. When all the weighing is completed, a busy process of arithmetic ensues: all the weights are added up, and the total weight ascertained. This determines the price to be paid at 1½d. per pound; the congers are transferred to small carts, which small Jersey horses bravely pull up the steep path from the bay to the main road. The whole transaction is conducted in French; but some among the buyers can enlighten an English visitor, whose stock of French happens to be small.

The *affiches*, or notices stuck up at the church-gates, afford another example of the singular mixture of languages. There are twelve parishes in Jersey, and twelve very old churches, all bearing a remarkable family resemblance. By the side of the entrance-gate is usually a poor-box (there are no poor-laws in Jersey); and the exhortation to remember the poor is inscribed both in English and in French. Near the poor-box is a recess, railed off in front, for the reception of notices and advertisements relating to local affairs; and these are mostly in French. A farmer has lost his cow, and this church-gate recess contains a notice of his loss; a man is at loggerheads with his wife, and advises all people not to trust her; another has forgotten to pay his debts, and is reminded of his forgetfulness; and so forth. The parson gives a tithe-notice to his parishioners in such form as the following:—*‘Le recteur de cette paroisse fait savoir à tous ceux qui lui sont redevables de dixième de grain pour l’année courant, de vouloir bien de prévenir au presbytère 24 heures à moins avant de charner ou transporter.’*

Even the commercial papers relating to the duty-free shipment of Jersey produce are some in French, and some in English. Jersey is particularly favoured in respect to customs arrangements: all foreign produce may enter the island duty-free, and all Jersey produce may leave the island duty-free; Jersey French newspapers, although unstamped, and selling for 1½d., pass free by post into England; and French goods are often in small quantity brought duty-free into England, *via* Jersey, by a little stretching of the law. All that Jersey has to spare for other countries, is garden produce and cattle; and the shipper of any such commodities has to fill up a blank-form before being allowed to do so.—Now these blank-forms, which are purchasable at 1d. or 1½d. each, are in English for garden produce, and in French for cattle—a difference, the ground for which we are at a loss to explain. The form for garden produce runs as follows:—‘Before a magistrate of the Royal Court of this island, personally appeared _____, of the parish of _____, in this island, who declared that _____ does ship on board of the _____, the growth and produce of _____ own land, in the said island; which said _____ to pass custom-free, by virtue of his majesty’s grant contained in the charter of the privileges of this island. Declared before me, &c. Whereas the blank-form for cattle, drawn up in the same general style, but having blank spaces for the colours and the age of the animals, is in French. Whether it is that most of the gardeners are English, and most of the graziers French, we do not know, but no other explanation of this curious diversity suggests itself.

The ministers of religion, like persons in humbler station, have to accommodate themselves to the requirements of the two languages. For the most part, the services in the parish churches of Jersey are performed in French; but it is not unusual to have an English service once on the Sunday. The rector of St Helier parish himself preaches in both languages at different times on the Sunday—in French in the morning, and in English in the afternoon or evening.

If we make a descent in rank, and transfer our attention from the rector to the town-crier, we find that even here the double language of the island makes itself apparent. The fat little man, conscious of his own dignity, rings his bell to summon an audience, and then announces in French the important news, that Messrs _____ have just imported a large and valuable collection of merchandise, which they are prepared to sell at prices very advantageous to the purchaser: he then repeats the same narrative in English, rings his bell again, and dismisses his audience. His French and his English are both fringed with a slight patois, but both are good enough for the purpose in view.

In many of the minor trading arrangements of the island, both languages are used together, so as to meet the necessities of all whom they may concern. Thus, near the markets is a weigh-house, where any of the market-people may have the more bulky commodities weighed; the superscription in the outside of the building is ‘Public Weights—Poids Publiques.’ Many of the shop-windows and parlour-windows have announcements, ‘Rooms to let—Appartements à louer.’ In short, the Anglo-French of Jersey is one of the most remarkable features of that beautiful island.

MAGAZINES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THERE is, perhaps, no better way of acquiring a clear idea of the great changes which have taken place in society and literature within the last sixty years, than by looking over a few volumes of old magazines published prior to that date. Neither the books nor the newspapers of the last century convey so correct an impression of these changes, as that which may be gained from the monthly periodicals. We are so familiar with the works of Addison, Swift, Johnson, and Goldsmith, that we overlook in them many of the peculiar traits which distinguish their age. The newspapers of that period, on the other hand, are extremely meagre and jejune affairs: if they remind us of the progress which has been made since their day, it is rather by what they do not contain, than by the actual information they afford. But the magazines were what the newspapers are in our time, and something more. They give us at once the news, politics, literature, and science of the day, or rather of the month. In glancing over them, we are transported back to that bygone epoch—we catch the ideas, and discern the character and tendency of the time—we learn not merely the history of passing events, but how those events affected the minds of persons who witnessed them and shared in them. When we read, in a modern work, a narrative of Lord Chatham’s administration, or of the American war, or the Gordon riots, we may get all the material facts in each case, but we read them by the light of the present day, which we feel to be in one respect a false light. If we would learn how the occurrences were viewed at the time, and how they coloured and shaped the public opinion of the day, and in their turn took colour and shape from this opinion, we must have recourse to the contemporary magazines.

But without referring at present to any particular series of events, a great deal may be learned from a general inspection of the periodicals themselves, their number, price, style, and the nature of their contents. Here, for example, are eight or ten different magazines published about the same time, between the years 1780 and 1785. There are the *Westminster Review*, the *London Review*, the *British Review*, the *Political Review*, the *Town and Country Review*, the *Gentleman’s Review*, the *Lady’s Review*, and the *New Lady’s Magazine*; and several others, of which we have no specimens at hand. As the reading public of that day was very small when compared with the same public in our time, this affluence of periodicals is at first sight rather surprising.

surprise is not diminished on remarking the low price at which they were sold, and the care evidently bestowed upon what may be termed the decorative portion of most of them. Here, for example, is the *European Magazine* for September 1782, 'price one shilling'; it contains eighty pages in octavo, and is, as the title-page states, 'embellished with the following elegant engravings:—A striking likeness of Lieutenant-general Eliott, drawn by Miller, from an original painting in the possession of Mrs Fuller; a large quarto perspective view of the Castle and Bay of Gibraltar, and the English fleet relieving the garrison in 1781; a view of the diving-bell and machinery used in the case of the Royal George; and four pages of music.' Two of the engravings are in copper-plate, executed in the best style of the art, as it existed at that period. No monthly periodical of the present day would give so large a quantity of letter-press, with so many and such good illustrations, for the same price. Yet this is not the cheapest of the old periodicals. The *New Lady's Magazine* for June 1786, 'price only sixpence'—we quote the emphatic announcement of the title-page—contains sixty-six pages of print, and is 'embellished with, first, a fine portrait and striking likeness of Princess Amelia, engraved by Page; secondly, a representation of Mrs Inchbald, as Lady Abbess, in the *Comedy of Errors*, engraved by Wooding; thirdly, a striking likeness of Mrs Wells, in the character of Jane Shore, engraved by Wooding; fourthly, a new fancy-pattern for working an apron, &c., &c., drawn by a capital artist; fifthly, two cuts, representing the disposition of a table of two courses for the month of July, adapted to the *Lady's Assistant in the whole Art of Cookery*; and sixthly, *The Charms of Summer*, a new song, set to music by Mr Hook.' Here, it will be seen, is, in fact, an illustrated monthly newspaper (for the magazine contains the usual summary of current intelligence), for the price at which a weekly paper of the present day is sold.

This last sentence conveys probably the true explanation both of the singular cheapness and the remarkable number of these monthly periodicals of the last century. They supplied, in a great measure, to the people of that day, the place both of the magazines and the weekly papers, political as well as literary, of our time; in some degree, indeed, they trench upon the province of our daily papers. The magazines, it is well known, were the first to give reports of parliamentary debates, and a good deal of other highly interesting news appeared originally in their pages. In every magazine, without exception, a considerable part of each number was devoted to the current intelligence of the past month—not a political commentary, such as is given by certain monthly periodicals at present, but a regular digest of home and foreign news, very much in the style usual in our weekly papers. In fact, readers in that era of slow coaches and uncertain packets, were content to receive their news once a month; while the dullest of us, in these railway and steam-ship times, must know what is going on in the world at least as often as once a week. Thus we see how it happened, that although the number of readers at that time was comparatively small, yet, as the magazines had, so to speak, almost a monopoly of the literary market, they may have had a larger circulation than that of the ordinary monthly periodicals of our day, and so have been enabled, as is the case with our weekly literary papers, to give a good deal of matter at a low price.

This, however, is evidently not a complete explanation of the facts which at first perplexed us. A careful examination of these antique magazines shews that they must have avoided, in a great measure, one of the chief sources of expense to a modern literary periodical—namely, the payment of contributors. Their proprietors, relying, as they did, mainly upon the attractiveness of the news, and the pictorial embellishments, which they offered in profusion, neglected the merely

literary part of their publication. This portion of the magazine was supplied, for the most part, in the manner in which some of the weekly newspapers of the present day are accustomed to furnish a modicum of literature to their subscribers—that is to say, partly by the gratuitous contributions of casual correspondents, and partly by copious extracts from newly published works. Young and untried writers, who were anxious to see themselves in print; unsuccessful authors, whose works the publishers would not buy; sufferers, who had grievances to proclaim; and speculators, who had projects to bring before the world, addressed themselves to some one or other of the magazines; and a composition must have been very indifferent indeed, or very exceptional, which was refused admission. A page in every number is usually occupied by the 'acknowledgments' of the editor to his correspondents, rendered either in the form of thanks for their 'favours,' or suggestions for the improvement of their writings. It is well known that most of the authors of those days made the first essay of their powers in the magazines. Johnson, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, and, in fact, almost every writer who subsequently attained distinction, entered the field of literature through this always open and inviting avenue. It is observable, however, that in no instance did these eminent authors, when they had risen to fame, continue to write for the periodicals. The returns for literary labour were then small enough at the best; but while a successful book might bring some gain to the writer, both in money and reputation, the best contributions to the monthly periodicals produced little more than the 'thanks' of the editor. The literary staff of a magazine in those days seems to have consisted of an editor-in-chief—a post which was sometimes filled by the publisher himself—and of three or four 'hack-writers' of the humblest class, whose business was mostly in the way of compiling, extracting, making summaries, and writing to order, as occasion required. In looking over these publications, one gets a lively, and at the same time a very dismal idea of Grub Street. We see that the public, solicitous chiefly about the news, were contented with a very indifferent quality of literature; and the publishers, naturally conforming to the public taste, expended so much in procuring intelligence and attractive pictures, that they could only afford to pay for the work of the lowest literary craftsmen. We thus begin to understand how it was that the last century produced that swarm of dull and needy writers, the objects of Pope's cynical ridicule, of Goldsmith's careless bounty—always in want, yet always managing to pick up a scrambling and hap-hazard subsistence in the obscure byways of literature. All the qualification a magazine writer needed in those days, was a mere aptitude for putting words together in such a manner as would convey a meaning; subject and materials were provided for him by his employer: style and learning were superfluities, not required or paid for. As we turn over the pages of these antiquated serials, we distinguish without difficulty the works of the luckless heroes of the *Dunciad*, or their compeers. Here we find an account of Cook's first voyage, running through a dozen numbers of the *Town and Country Magazine*. It is condensed, we see, from Hawkesworth's narrative, with all the animation squeezed out of it, and is apparently about as interesting as a log-book. Then we have a description of the counties of England and Scotland—another dreary series of articles, exactly in the style of a gazetteer, and no doubt compiled from a work of that class. Biographies of eminent men, done in the same literal and unattractive manner, occupy a considerable space. For light reading, we have hapless attempts at humorous essays in the style of the *Spectator*, and 'moral tales,' generally of a most absurd and lackadaisical character. Here, for example, is the opening paragraph of one which ought to be rather above the

ordinary mark, inasmuch as it was thought worthy of being embellished with an engraving from the design of a celebrated artist. It is entitled 'The Infant Rambler, or Distressed Mother,' and begins in the following fashion:—*Eliza was a person of the most delicate feelings; she was married to a gentleman whose sentiments were equal with her own. He was taken ill; his illness turned to a putrid fever; and though attended by the most celebrated physicians, was summoned to that tribunal at which we must all appear.* It will be observed, that in this affecting passage a slight lapse of the writer's grammar has summoned the fever instead of the patient to the ultimate tribunal. Justice to departed Grub Street, however, requires us to add, that there appears to be no harm in such compositions, beyond their invariable dulness and their frequent absurdity.

The great improvement which has taken place in the character of our periodical literature, has usually been ascribed to the influence of the example set by the *Edinburgh Review*. But, in fact, the existence of this example itself, and the change to which it is supposed to have led, are due to two causes—the French Revolution, and the spread of education among the people. The manner in which the French Revolution operated indirectly in changing the form of English literature, is a curious subject, which the elder D'Israeli, or some other historian of literature, would have found worth investigating. We do not now refer to the grander and more profound effects of that great convulsion, but simply to the peculiar influence which it had in giving a new shape, style, and character, to the productions of our periodical press of every description. This effect was produced in a very simple way, though one that has perhaps never been clearly stated. It has been before remarked, that during the greater part of the last century, the monthly magazines supplied the place of our present weekly papers, as the purveyors of news to the great mass of the reading-public, and that the attractiveness which they derived from this office, secured for them a large circulation, without reference to the quality of their literature, to which, consequently, little regard was paid. But the exciting events of the French Revolution, and of the wars which followed it, led to an eager demand for news, which could not be satisfied by a monthly publication. The daily papers rose largely in circulation, and assumed a new character, no longer confining themselves to the mere collection of intelligence, but beginning to comment freely and regularly upon the events of the day. Finally, to satisfy the taste for mingled politics and literature—a taste which had been originally awakened by the monthly periodicals—the weekly papers were established, or recast, and, after various changes, gradually assumed the form which they have at the present day—a form which, it may be added, appears to be peculiar to this country and the United States.

Deprived of their functions as chroniclers of news, the magazines were compelled thenceforward to depend for their success entirely upon their literature; and to render this attractive, its quality had at least to be raised to the level of that of most contemporary works. It could not be supposed that the public would continue to purchase the trashy compilations and inane fictions which had merely been tolerated before, by most readers, for the sake of the parliamentary debates and monthly digest of intelligence which had accompanied them. Now that these were withdrawn, it was certain that the newspapers and the circulating libraries would supply in Great Britain, as they did on the continent, the wants of the reading public, unless an entire change should be effected in the character of the monthly and quarterly serials. It was undoubtedly Francis Jeffrey who first perceived the necessity for this change, and shewed how it was to be effected. By paying the

contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* at a rate corresponding to that at which the authors of successful books were usually paid, he secured for the Review the regular co-operation of some of the ablest writers in the country; and while the merits of their productions won for the Review a great and remunerative success, they had the effect, at the same time, of raising the general standard and character of periodical literature. The diffusion of knowledge and of cultivated tastes over a constantly extending circle of readers, no doubt contributed not a little to bring about this consummation. But there can be as little doubt, that the excitement of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars hastened the change, and gave it a peculiar direction and result. For one effect, it swept away, with the single exception of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has always had a special circulation and support, the whole brood of the old periodicals, doubtless because their conductors could not comprehend, or adapt themselves to, the change of circumstances, and the new spirit and wants of the age. The existing magazines are the products of these new conditions; and, as was before remarked, it is not till we have compared them with their predecessors, that we obtain an accurate perception of the wide chasm in literature which separates the era of our great-grandfathers from our own.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

I WOULD not dare to offer thee the hallowed words of love;
I know such homage of the lip thy heart could never move;

I never said thy face was fair, or praised its loveliness;
Yet I could utter strains like these, had I esteemed thee less.

And yet I feel thou must have been my heart was thine
alone,

Have heard this voice of faithful love breathe in my every
tone.

Yes, faithful! for have I not dared thy foibles to reprove?
And couldst thou at my hand demand a sterner test of love?

I've lingered near thee, and have heard fall many a hushed
sigh,

While breathing forth their honeyed words with seeming
fervency;

And though I felt what they but feigned, they played their
part so well,

No voice, no words were left to me, my heart's fond
thoughts to tell.

Thou deem'st me cold! a warmer heart, there never
throbbed than mine;

My cheek and eye have kindled bright at slightest glance
of thine:

Thy voice can make my spirit glad, thy smile to transport
move,

Thy footstep bids my heart beat high! Oh! must not this
be love?

And wilt thou, dearest, then reject this homing
heart,

Or chide me that I ne'er can tell how very dear thou wert?

When most the cooling draught we need, the honey which
is dry,

But the deep fountain, though unnumbered springs, are
unceasingly!

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LIVING.

Among the brief sayings of men of genius, there are not many of a more pointed and profound significance than this of Goethe:—'Think of living.' For, in strict reality, the art of living wisely is one of the most difficult and indispensable of all attainments; and a just and adequate consideration of it may be said to include everything that is most worthy of a thought. There is no loftier subject of meditation to be offered to the mind of man. Life is, indeed, the 'perennial standing miracle of the universe.' For ever wonderful, unexplainable, it is yet intensely, most indubitably real. This fact of being alive is not to be denied or questioned: if all else were doubtful, this is certain—here we are! conscious living beings, with an actual destiny in the present and in the future, the issues and the mystery whereof our deepest intuitions cannot fathom.

It is, really well to 'think of living.' It is well for us to pause amid the excitements of material pleasure and occupation; to contemplate this mystical solemnity of Being—this deep-flowing river of human consciousness, whose sources lie above us at an invisible remoteness, and whose outlet carries us beyond the boundaries of time, into the shadowy and uncertain regions of the Unknown. There is something grand, astonishing, and awful in the contemplation. As Sterling has beautifully written: 'Life of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life—the principle of existence in a stone, or a drop of water—is an inscrutable wonder. That in the infinity of Time and Space anything should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abyssal Nothing is awful, only less so than that of All and God: and thus a grain of sand, being a fact, a reality, rises before us into something prodigious, immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence. And so it is, what a thing is the life of man, which not only is, but knows that it is; and not only is wondrous, but wonders!'* This wondering, reflective human Soul, how marvellous and strange it is in all its attributes and longings; how it scans the hard problems of the universe, and elicits light out of the darkness of creation; moving with intrepid steps across the continents of things that are, and searching after the secrets of the unseen; yet for ever is thrown back on the mystery of itself, and can never, with its utmost soaring, ascend to the apprehension of that which constitutes its own reality and being!

Nothing but the mist of familiarity could obscure from us the intrinsic wonder of our existence. We

note with admiration many of its transient manifestations, but discern not that it itself is most essentially astonishing. Yet, when we come to ponder it, the fact is plain, incontestable, and overwhelming. 'What,' says Shelley, 'are changes of empires, the wreck of dynasties, with the opinions which supported them; what is the birth and the extinction of religious and political systems, to this grand reality of life? What are the revolutions of the globe which we inhabit, and the operations of the elements of which it is composed, compared with life? What is the universe of stars and suns, of which this inhabited earth is one, and their motions and their destiny, compared with life? Life, the great miracle, we admire not, because it is so miraculous. . . . We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments; we live on, and in living we lose the apprehension of life. What are we? Whence do we come? and whither do we go?' To these questions we must refer elsewhere for a suitable answer; contenting ourselves here with discerning, that 'Man is a being of lofty aspirations, looking before and after, whose thoughts wander through eternity, disclaiming alliance with transience and decay.'*

The strong sense we have of God in us,
Makes us believe the soul can never cease.†

This, which we call life, is not a fleeting and perishable apparition, but something which is continuous and perpetual—a power that transcends the limitations of time and of all sublunary conditions, and ranges through duration with an inextinguishable subsistence. The 'longing after immortality' which is born with us, would seem to be the prophecy and assurance of our deathlessness, the foreshadowing of the soul's prolonged and indefinite continuance, the revelation of its triumph over the change that wears the semblance of destruction.

It is wise, then, to think of living. Consider these manifold capacities for action, feeling, and reflection; and ponder the responsibilities that must arise from their employment. For what purposes, for what end, have we been invested with this wondrous personality, this conscious and discerning being, this capability to think and do? Assuredly, there is a destination open to us commensurate with the powers we possess. We have not been cast at random into the universe, unattached and unrelated to its laws; but we have rights and duties here which demand the exercise of all our faculties, and are to be severally pursued with an unflinching conscientiousness. This is discernible from the consequences which proceed from every irregular

* *Thoughts and Images.*

† *Shelley's Essay.*

† *Baldwin's Poems.*

and perverted application of the human powers, from every abuse or false employment of our bodily, mental, or moral energies—from every instance of neglect in the training or rightful use of the endowments, impulses, and aspirations that are constitutionally subsistent in our nature. The ascertainable experience of mankind proclaims that these consequences are invariably and inevitably disastrous. There is no true happiness, or wellbeing, approachable otherwise than by the paths of rectitude—the naturally ordained conditions by which God himself has unchangeably appointed us to live. If men are foiled and miserable here, it is because they have failed to conform themselves to the Divine appointments; because, through ignorance, wilfulness, or, perchance, the force of circumstances, they have violated or neglected the conditions on which success and welfare are dependent. It is only within the stream of that prevailing tendency, which flows with everlasting constancy through the centre of created things, and has its source in the sublime darkness, where the Absolute and the Holy is enthroned—it is only by shaping his course of being and activity in accordance with this tendency, that a man can by any chance succeed; by this alone can he realise any true or permanent results, and get his deeds accredited in the final arbitration whereunto all human proceedings and concerns will be irrevocably referred. On the eternal law of Right, a man may stand and work with safety, with perfect and unlimited assurance that what he does will naturally cohere and ally itself with the activities of the universe, and subsist and prevail as they prevail: this is that practical fidelity on which God looks down, and is well-pleased. But every act or striving that is contrary to the right—to the tenor and ordinances of the universe—has the whole power of the universe, and of the all-just Maker, set against it, and can no more withstand so august an opposition, than can the common air sustain a falling object against the influences of gravitation. However specious and flourishing it may look while it lasts, whatever approving recognition it may receive from the conventions and fashions of the hour, the thing being actually at variance with true principles, its triumph, by the nature of it, can be but temporary and evanescent: in the long-run, all delusions are exploded, all falsehoods detected and exposed, all injustices avenged, all insincerities and impieties relentlessly put to shame; and nothing but what is true, and accordant with the Divine arrangements, has any attribute of permanence or steadfastness. To learn the right, to strive after it, and to love it—to win by repeated efforts, and after many failures, the strength and security which it can yield us—this is the discipline to which we are appointed in this changeable scene of time—this is the education whereby the soul of man is destined to arrive at last to the fulness of its capabilities, and to ascend, after its difficult probation, to a higher and more perfect state of being.

If a man could rise to the full conception of his nature, and apprehend the largeness of its destiny, the belief would assuredly arise in him, that his existence here and now is a thing of immense concern to him. For our life is not intrinsically a vanity, as certain shallow moralists have represented, but a fact so real and grand as to strike the imagination with amazement. Whatever may be the excellency of the life

beyond us, it is certain that the measure of our participation in it must be determined by the character of our conduct here. It is even fearful to reflect how, day by day, we are fixing the condition in which we shall be called to move hereafter; how, perchance, some negligence or folly may throw us back long ages in the march of immortal enterprise, and hinder us from rising to heights of knowledge and moral purity which we otherwise might reach; how, in short, the whole course of our ulterior destination may be cast among lower and less hopeful chances, and bring us no return of the opportunities which in this life were neglected. But, apart from all considerations of a subsequent existence, it is surely a matter of high concernment how we conduct our existence here; for the world has been assigned to us to live in, and, with all its difficulties, and sorrows, and vexations, it actually presents to us a noble field both for work and for enjoyment. We are not aliens or outcasts of the universe, but the scene in which our lot is cast is in all respects adapted to our nature. There is nothing to complain of in any of the material or spiritual conditions with which, as active and moral beings, we are required to comply. We have only to observe and maintain right relations with the world, and even this straitened and imperfect state is capable of affording us many reasonable satisfactions. Perfect obedience may not be possible to our finite nature; but by cultivating a disposition to obey, we may gradually acquire a firmer and more complete control over our unruly propensities, and so guard and establish the supremacy of conscience, as to rise at length to a level of attainment where inclination and desire shall be coincident with duty. By imperceptible degrees, a man may thus advance within the circle of the perfect law, and unite his efforts with the power that sustains and animates the universe.

There is a saying of Margaret Fuller's, which is well deserving of remembrance. 'Very early,' said she, 'I knew that the only object in life was *to grow*.' Development of mind and character is truly the highest concern of man on earth. That we should become something intellectually and morally superior to what we were at the beginning, seems to have been the design of the Creator in placing us under conditions of probation. The great end of all experience is the perfecting of the soul. It is true that human nature is so constituted as to exact a liberal exercise of the faculties for grosser and more immediate objects. As Jean Paul remarks: 'All the conditions of our earthly existence must be complied with, ere the demands of the inward nature can be manifested.* Nevertheless, the corporeal needs being once provided for, it is not possible for a man to be content with them: the 'eternal hunger' of his soul, the unappeased longing of his heart, demands more and more sufficing solacement. The restlessness, the sense of weariness, that visits every one whose aims and expectations are centered in mere material possessions, is a perpetual admonition that these things alone are insufficient for his welfare. Nature thus beseeches him to the contemplation of his higher destiny, to the august possibilities of spiritual aspiration, to the boundless blessedness that springs from a devout truth, righteousness, and beauty. With these before him as the crown and reward of his activity, he

assumes a loftier significance; trials and vexations hurt him not; for, in the reasonable service to which God has called his creature, it is even a joy to be consumed. Let a man have faith in the perfect fairness and magnanimity of the dispensation under which he lives, and work in the conviction that every rightful thought and act of his is in unison with the Supreme designs, and his life shall not be barren of approvable results, nor be wanting in abundant consolations.

The idea of living which best consorts with the highest accepted theory of man's relations, is the one which has been already hinted at—the idea that the world is subservient to the soul as a place of education. We are here to make the most of our capabilities, to take trial of our strength, to expand and fortify our minds by thought and knowledge, to learn by failure and success what things are calculated to advance us in wellbeing, and, on the whole, to unfold and perfect our nature to the extent of its possibilities. By work and rest, by passion and suffering, by prosperity and adversity, by all the events and incidents that make up the sum of life, the soul is trained and disciplined to apprehend its needs. As one has said: 'The exercise of the will or the lesson of power is taught in every event. From the child's successive possession of his several senses, up to the hour when he saith "Thy will be done!" he is learning the secret, that he can reduce under his will, not only particular events, but great classes, nay, the whole series of events, and so conform all facts to his character. Nature is thoroughly mediate. It is made to serve. . . . It offers all its kingdoms to man as the raw material which he may mould into what is useful.* Moreover, it is observable that 'sensible objects conform to the premonitions of reason, and reflect the conscience. All things are moral, and in their boundless changes have an unceasing reference to spiritual nature. Therefore is nature glorious with form, colour, and motion; that every globe in the remotest heaven; every chemical change, from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life; every change of vegetation, from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf, to the tropical forest and antediluvian coal-mine; every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man the laws of right and wrong, and echo the Ten Commandments. Therefore is nature always the ally of religion: lends all her pomp and splendour to the religious sentiment.†

It is from the resources of the religious sentiment that man must draw his power, if he would adequately fulfil the authentic ends of living. By virtue of this sentiment, he discerns the perfection of the moral law, and voluntarily conforms his will to the will of the Unchangeable—that highest and absolute Volition, to which he is related in the bonds of responsibility. When life is penetrated by this mystical and sacred influence, it is invested with a sublimity which time or chance cannot impair. The tranquillity and contentment which it sheds, are more sufficing than the most thrilling and refined delights that partake not of its sanctity; and, being clothed with its strength and steadfastness, the soul is immutably secured against the hurtful impressions of calamity. This is that spirit which 'sees to the end of all temptations,' and gives quietness of heart under every solicitude. There is no darkness or desolation which it cannot brighten with its hopefulness. It is strong with resignation, and sustains itself with lowliness of mind. It has no fear, or wavering, or despondency; but,

like the shining of the stars, it is constant, and ever cheerful; in life and in death it is a never-failing Comforter; and in its hands are the keys of the kingdoms of Immortality.

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND'S LIFE OF QUEEN MARY.

In the third volume of her series, *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*,* Miss Agnes Strickland enters upon the painful and mysterious topic which has exercised so many pens—the life of Mary. A pretty thick volume brings us only through the first twenty years of the sad history, leaving all the more tragic part to come. The author, we need scarcely say, is here engaged in a theme highly congenial to her. She writes from the beginning as the friend and advocate of the suffering woman, all the more cordially that her enemies were persons whose names are associated with reform and revolution. Hers are the politics of the heart, not the head; and it cannot be pretended that we find in the present narrative any share of that trained sagacity in the consideration of evidence which has been shewn by other writers of the history of Mary. Miss Strickland has, however, been fortunate in coming forward when many new documents respecting the unfortunate queen had been brought to light, and she has herself shewn much diligence in discovering still further additions to the mass of materials. She gives the series of events in an easy and often graphic narration—not always accurate in small particulars, but faithful in all that are truly important—and thus we receive from her a book which few but the violently prejudiced will read without pleasure.

Though it was the singular fortune of Mary to be a queen-regnant from the second or third day of her existence, there never, perhaps, was a person in that situation who was from first to last less the mistress of her own actions. In girlhood, she was kept in a churlish restraint by a Madame Parols, a jealous, ill-tempered woman, who acted as her governess. When advancing to womanhood, all her political actions were dictated by the king of France and her uncles of the Guise family. On returning to Scotland, the sceptre she assumed there was merely nominal. She was at first entirely in the hands of her brother the Earl of Moray, and others, who, being Protestants, were much more subservient to the interests of Elizabeth than to those of their own apparent mistress. Her personal conduct under these circumstances was meek and submissive, and, as far as we can see, she bore much harsh and ungenerous usage with remarkable good temper. It is customary to attribute much of her misfortunes to her education in the licentious court of France; but if that court was licentious, there is at least strong negative evidence that Mary left it without the slightest stain upon her character. Strange as it may sound, she conducted herself for years with much more freedom from scandal than the virgin queen of England herself.

Her greatest misfortune was her living at a time when the upbreak of the old faith of Europe had set men and nations not merely astray from social amity, but from the ordinary rules of morality. To a candid mind, there is hardly any distinction to be drawn between the professors of the different creeds. A code of treachery and selfishness beyond all experience ruled everywhere. It was the fate of Mary to be beset, from an early period of her career, by emissaries and partisans of Elizabeth, who, while maintaining fair external appearances, were in reality spies upon her actions, and in whose policy towards her not one particle of honesty or generosity is to be traced. She herself was

* Emerson's *Essay on Nature*, chap. v.

† Ibid.

* Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1852.

never aware of the full extent to which she was thus victimised; but the State-paper Office has since revealed it in the most damatory colours.

On the present occasion, we can go no further in general remarks, but must content ourselves with an extract from Miss Strickland's lively pages, one which may have an extrinsic interest at the present time, as a contrast to the pageants of a different kind which occasionally enliven the streets of Paris. It is a description of the nuptials of Mary, in her sixteenth year, with the still younger Dauphin Francis, son of Henry II.

Mary Stuart and the royal family of France slept in the palace of the Archbishop of Paris the night before her bridal with the dauphin. The preparations for that solemnity commenced with the dawn of day on Sunday, April 24, 1558. The flourish of trumpets and lively notes of the fifes and drums, echoing through those old monastic courts and cloisters, gave the regal bride and her virgin companions, the four bonny Scotch Maries, a blithe wakening betimes. But every one within the palace was early up and dressing. The excited population of Paris, in eager anticipation of the show, thronged the purlieus of Notre Dame; and the streets and bridges in that vicinity were wedged with a struggling mass of life, impervious to horsemen or carriages. The king of France, with equal kindness and good policy, had caused arrangements to be made so as to gratify every creature, however humble, in that mixed multitude, with a satisfactory view of the bridal-procession and nuptials of his heir with the beauteous young Queen of Scots. He had caused a scaffolding or raised stage, twelve feet high, to be erected from the hall of the Episcopal palace to the great gates in front of the cathedral church of Notre Dame, forming a long triumphal arcaded gallery, along which the royal bride and bridegroom, and all the illustrious company, were to pass to the open pavilion erected before the gates of Notre Dame, where the marriage was to be solemnised in the sight of the people. This splendid gallery, designed by Charles le Conte, the master of the works of Paris, was embowered overhead with a trellis-work of carved vine leaves and branches, disposed so as to represent a cathedral cloister with its rich groining and Gothic sculpture; "and it was executed by workmen of merit, who had been well paid for their labour," adds our quaint authority. The fair pavilion in which it terminated was called a *ciel-royal*, being formed of blue Cyprus silk beset with golden *fleurs-de-lys*, instead of stars, and emblazoned with the arms of the Queen of Scotland. A velvet carpet of the same colours and pattern covered the floor. The honour of performing the spousal-rite was assigned to Mary's uncle, Francis de Lorraine, Cardinal de Bourbon.

"The clergy and privileged spectators, nobles, gentlemen, and ladies, were assembled within the church by ten o'clock." Soon after, the procession set out from the archbishop's palace. "Queen Mary's Scotch musicians and minstrels, a very full band, clad in the red and yellow liveries of their royal mistress, led the van, playing on a great variety of instruments, "and singing most melodiously songs and chants to the praise of God, a thing most delectable to the sense of hearing," observes the official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville. They were followed by a hundred gentlemen of the household of the king of France, in good order and array. Next walked the princes of the blood, so richly dressed and decorated that it was an admirable sight. Eighteen bishops and mitred abbots, bearing rich crosses, followed, preceding the archbishops and the cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, and Guise, and the Cardinal Legate in France. Then came the dauphin, conducted by the king of Navarre, and attended by his two little brothers, the Dukes of Orleans and Angoulême, who subsequently figured in history as Charles IX. and Henry III. of France. No description is given in any of our authorities, though very minute in other particulars,

of the dress or deportment of Francis de Valois on this occasion. Delicate and juvenile in appearance, the boy-bridegroom of Mary Stuart passed on with his *cortège*, without attracting any other attention than that which his important position as the heir of France claimed. The interest of every one that day was absorbed in her whom nature had so well fitted to realise the *beau idéal* of a regal bride. Her procession came next—all hearts and eyes eagerly awaited her appearance; and when she presented herself before them, in her youth, loveliness, and virgin timidity, led between the king of France and her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine, she was greeted with rapturous applause and blessings.

"Happy," exclaimed the universal voice of that great city then assembled to behold her—"happy, a hundred times beyond all others, is the prince who goes to be united to this princess. If Scotland be a possession of value, she who is queen of that realm is far more precious; for if she had neither crown nor sceptre, her single person in her divine beauty would be worth a kingdom; but since she is a sovereign, she brings to France and her husband double fortune."

"The costume of a maiden-monarch on her bridal-day must always be a matter of interest to the feminine portion of our readers; that of Mary Stuart, at her marriage to the heir of France, has never before been described in any of her numerous histories. "She was dressed," says the official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville, "in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations, that it would be difficult, nay, impossible, for any pen to do justice to its details. Her regal mantle and train were of a bluish-gray cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a marvellous length, full six toises, covered with precious stones, and was supported by young ladies." Her Scotch Maries, doubtless, were entitled to that honour; but neither they, nor the commissioners for the marriage, who were present as representatives of the three Estates of Scotland, are mentioned in our contemporary French authorities. The Estates of Scotland had positively refused to allow their regalia to be carried over to France, to decorate their young liege lady and her consort at the nuptial solemnity. Yet Mary, to denote her rank as a sovereign queen, wore a crown-royal on this occasion—a crown far more costly than any previous Scottish monarch could ever boast. It was probably made expressly for her, at the expense either of the king of France or her wealthy uncle the Cardinal de Lorraine, and is described in the Rouen contemporary record of the ceremonial as being composed of the finest gold, and most exquisite workmanship, set with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds of inestimable worth—having in the centre a pendent carbuncle, the value of which was estimated at 500,000 crowns. About her neck hung a matchless jewel, suspended by chains of precious stones, which, from its description, must have been no other than that well known in Scottish records by the familiar name of the *Great Hairy*. This was not one of the crown jewels, but her own personal property, having been derived from her royal English great-grandfather Henry VII., by whom it was presented to her grandmother, Queen Margaret Tudor.

"After the royal bride came the queen of France, led by the Prince de Condé, followed by the queen of Navarre, Madame Marguerite, only sister to the king, and the other princesses, noble ladies, and dames in great number. The bridal-party was received at the portals of Notre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris, in grand pontificalibus, attended by his ecclesiastical council, and the acolytes bearing two silver chandeliers, and lighted wax-tapers, richly decorated for the occasion. Then the king of France drew from his little finger a ring, which he gave to the Cardinal de Bourbon, bishop of Rouen, for the nuptial-ring of the royal pair."

And this cardinal, who was the maternal uncle of the bride, proceeded immediately to the performance of the spousal rite, assisted by the Archbishop of Paris, and married them with that ring in the open pavilion before the gates of Notre Dame, in the presence of the assembled multitudes below, who made the opposite shores of the Seine resound with their acclamations.

The illustrious young couple were placed under the marriage-canopy with precisely the same ceremonies and words as those used in the marriages of persons of the humblest degree, nothing being either changed or altered out of respect to their exalted rank. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Mary saluted her husband by the title of Francis I., King of Scotland; then all the Scotch Commissioners advanced, and performed their homage to him as such. In conclusion, a considerable sum of money, in gold and silver, was thrown in great handfuls among the people by the heralds of France, who proclaimed the marriage, crying at the same time, with a loud voice: "Largesce, largesse, largesse!"

After attending mass in the church, the royal party walked in procession to the archbishop's palace, where they partook of a banquet followed by a ball, terminating between four and five in the afternoon. They then proceeded by the Rue Christophe to the palace, which had been fitted up and decorated in the most splendid manner for the occasion. The grand hall in which the regal banquet took place no longer exists, having been destroyed in the year 1618; but we learn from the pages of Victor Hugo, that it was of the most princely magnificence. Supper being ended, and the tables removed, this hall became the scene of another ball, which Mary of Scotland opened, taking for her partner her young friend and sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, daughter of the king. This dance must have been a difficult exercise of skill and feminine grace for the royal bride to perform, seeing that her train was six toises—no less than twelve yards—in length, which was borne after her by a gentleman following the devious mazes of her course. The dance was of course some sort of minuet or pavon, but performed by ladies alone. The queen of France, on that occasion yielding precedence to the bride, dappled with Madame Margaret, sister to the king; the queen of Navarre with one of the younger princesses. The other princesses and duchesses followed, and, with their beauty, grace, and noble bearing, their rich attire of silk, and gold, and costly ornaments, rendered it a sight worthy of admiration. When this dance was finished, they went from the Chamber of Pleading to the Golden Chamber, so called because it was gilded with ducat gold. . . . "Triumphs," says our record, "more brilliant than those which graced the conquests of Cæsar, took place on this occasion. First of all entered the seven planets, dressed in the costume which the poets of old have assigned to them. Mercury, the messenger and interpreter of the gods, made his appearance dressed in white satin, with a golden girdle, a pair of wings, and his caduceus in his hand; Mars, clad in armour; Venus, as a goddess; and thus, with the other planets, they marched the whole length of the hall, singing melodiously songs composed for the occasion, which gave great delight to the hearers. Then followed five-and-twenty steeds, richly caparisoned with cloth of gold and silver; on each of these was mounted a young prince, dressed in cloth of gold, and led by a lackey, because the said horses were made of wicker, covered with trappings of such a sort, that they appeared more beautiful than if they had been real horses, only they required some skill to make them go." Their riders were the Duke of Orleans and the Duke d'Angoulême, likewise, the sons of the Dukes de Guise and Aumale, and other juvenile princes of the blood-royal, drawing in coaches a great number of pilgrims, all dressed in cloth of silver and cloth of gold, decked with abundance

of rich jewels and precious stones. The pilgrims and their young conductors were all chanting and singing, to the accompaniment of divers instruments, hymns, and canticles, in praise of the illustrious bride and bridegroom, and of marriage. Next came two fair white hackneys, led by a gentleman, drawing by cords of silver a triumphal car of the antique form, in which were personages richly dressed in appropriate colours, with instruments of music in their hands; the two in front were playing on lutes, those within the car on harps, and those behind on guitars. As this moving concert made the circuit of the hall, and the performers commenced singing, there was a general hush among the mirthful guests, all being eager to listen to such sweet sounds, and desirous to behold the spectacle. Then entered twelve unicorns, in compliment to the fair young Queen of Scotland, whose royal supporters these heraldic interpolations of the zoological portion of the creation were. On the backs of the said unicorns were seated as many young princes, dressed so splendidly, that it seemed as if cloth of gold and silver cost nothing. They were followed by another beautiful chariot drawn by white horses, and containing the nine Muses, who were personated by the same number of fair maidens, one of whom was dressed in green satin, another in white velvet, a third in crimson, a fourth in *pers* (bluish gray), and the rest in cloth of gold and silver. They made the hall resound with such a delicious burst of choral harmony, that all the spectators who pressed to look upon them were charmed into silence, being afraid of losing a single note or word of these sweet songs. They were succeeded by another equestrian pageant, and these, with the usual games and mumblings, occupied more than two hours—but that was considered by those who were engaged in these pastimes very short. When these were ended, the princesses re-engaged in dancing for half an hour.

No sooner was the dancing over, than there issued from the Chamber of Requests six beautiful ships with silver masts, and sails of silver gauze, which were industriously inflated by an artificial breeze. Seated on the deck of each vessel, in a chair of state, was a young prince dressed in cloth of gold, and masked; and beside him was a beautiful throne, unoccupied. The ships made a mimic voyage round the grand hall, with the same evolutions as if they had been on the sea; and the floor-cloth being painted to imitate waves, was made to undulate, to favour the deception. As the squadron passed before the marble table where the ladies were seated, each prince made a capture. The dauphin caught his bride, the lovely and doubtless laughing Mary Stuart, and placed her in the vacant throne beside him. It was observed that Mary's maternal cousin, the handsome young Duke of Lorraine, who led this gay fleet, boldly seized and freighted his vessel with Madame Claude, the second daughter of the king of France, acting on the old adage, that "faint heart never won fair lady;" this being a practical declaration of love to that beautiful princess, whom he soon after was permitted to wed. The king of Navarre excited great merriment, by capturing a lady who proved to be his own wife—the sage and pious Jeanne d'Albret; while the Huguenot Prince de Condé caught the fair Anne d'Este, the consort of the ultra champion of the Romish faith, Francis, Duke de Guise. All the princely mariners, however, conducted their ladies into a good haven in peace. This was considered the most attractive of all the pageants, ending as it did in a romp-royal, which, after so many state solemnities, must have been a pleasant relaxation to our bride of fifteen and her juvenile consort, and would have been termed in Scottish parlance, "a fine play." Those who enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing these palatial sports and pastimes, declared that it was impossible to say which blazed most brilliantly—the lamps, the jewels,

or the ladies' eyes; and that nothing could have been better managed for giving general satisfaction.'

Such were the brilliant circumstances under which a queen-regnant of Scotland became the wife of the heir of the French crown. With youth, loveliness, exalted rank, and the favour of the most powerful party in European politics, such as they then were, how enviable a being seemed Mary Stuart! In ten years, the degraded inmate of an English prison, from which she was only to be emancipated by a cruel death! How can we wonder that, even after three centuries, she still forms the most attractive theme of history?

NEW ORLEANS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE frequency of the yellow fever at New Orleans is a great drawback on the prosperity of the city. The victims are mostly strangers, and the grave-yards bear evidence of the fact. Many are friendless adventurers, and lie in nameless graves—if graves they may be called, which more resemble sarcophagi. The ground is so swampy, that it will not admit of excavation, and therefore it has become necessary to erect tombs of stone or brick, of from five to eight feet in height by three wide, and seven or eight long. They are built in rows, along avenues and walks, so as to face the alleys where visitors promenade, and are divided into three or four separate compartments, one over the other, each of which is sufficiently large to contain a coffin. These sepulchres resemble ovens, and have a singular appearance to the stranger. A stone is usually placed over the opening at the end, by which the coffin is admitted, with an inscription thereon, stating the name and age of the deceased, and sometimes a wreath of flowers. Some of these homes of the dead are detached, and richly ornamented with carvings and lettering in gold, setting forth the virtues of those to whose memory they were erected; while others are decorated with Catholic devices, such as the crucifix, figures of the Virgin and Child, and miniature statues of saints. These, however, abound most in the French cemeteries. Children are often met at these shrines, depositing bouquets of flowers, as a tribute to the memory of those who rest within. The French grounds are great places of public resort, and may not improperly be called the parks of New Orleans, because of the many citizens who repair to them for promenade and recreation, particularly in the afternoon and evening. Visitors nearly always devote some time to these cities of the dead, and in rambling about them, I met with much that was worthy of remembrance. Some of the epitaphs were startling; and I was shocked by reading, on the first tablet I attempted to examine, the following brief but expressive record—namely: 'Eugene Murphy, aged 20 years. Fell by the hand of a Murderer, on the morning of July the 8th, 1836.'

The observer, as he walks through the various grounds used for burial purposes, in which are deposited the remains of those strangers who have been fortunate enough to have records upon their tombs, cannot avoid noticing the ages of the deceased. The city appears to be the grave of young men, the majority of the deceased being from twenty to twenty-seven. The greater number are from the northern and eastern states; but there is an occasional tablet to the memory of a native of the British islands.

The population of this great commercial emporium of the south, varies according to the season; and in winter it is greatly augmented by the influx of young men from the north and west, who visit it for the purpose of obtaining employment as tradesmen or clerks. They are mostly away from home for the first time, and as it is difficult for a stranger to gain admission into good

female society, unless he comes well recommended, they pass their evenings in the eating, drinking, or dancing saloons of the city, and often in the gambling establishments for which New Orleans is so famous. By resorting to these dens, many, imperceptibly to themselves, fall into habits never to be shaken off, and either end their days as confirmed drunkards, or professional gamblers, or both. A night-stroll along any of the principal streets, gives an observer an insight into the life led by these young adventurers after dark; and if it be desirable to learn something of the drinking-saloons, and those who visit them, then is the time for remark. These places greatly abound in the city; and although they are not so numerous as the gin-palaces of London, they are quite as demoralising in their tendencies. They are elegantly fitted-up—the walls adorned with pictures, the floors frequently carpeted, the rooms provided with chairs and tables, and every comfort. The lounging-apartments and smoking-saloons are only surpassed in splendour by the gambling establishments connected with them; and many of these drinking-places are not considered complete unless they have the last-named apartment attached. The young men who resort to these places are to be seen at the bar, or side-tables, drinking, smoking cigars, and conversing. The drinks most common are vile mixtures, sweetened and iced, and admirably calculated to gain favour with the youthful and inexperienced. The desire for such compounds grows by what it feeds on; and the young man soon concludes, that it is essential to his health to drink 'mint juleps,' or 'sherry-cobblers,' daily.

The Sabbath is not much regarded by a large portion of the inhabitants of the city, and the day is devoted to amusements by many. Soldiers and fire-companies parade the streets in the morning; and the 'Levee' is then most crowded, on account of the departure of steam-boats for the various up-river ports. The new portions, or American sections, are quiet; and in them the churches are well attended. In truth, there are few Protestant places of worship in any city of the world so much crowded as those of New Orleans. Theatres are open on Sunday evenings, and masked-balls are common. Sometimes horse-races take place on that day; and boxing-matches are likewise occasionally indulged in, although these are becoming rare and unpopular.

The slaves have liberty from labour on the Day of Rest, and usually dress in their best, and assemble at a public ground called Congo Square, where they pass the afternoon in dancing and other sports. They are, on such occasions, the very picture of cheerfulness; and it is amusing to observe their politeness to each other. The men are remarkably attentive to their female companions, and display as much genuine gallantry as could be expected from the most refined Frenchman. The negroes are commonly arrayed in gay attire—the frock being either red, or some other showy colour; and as they wear a kerchief wreathed round the head so as to resemble a turban, they appear to great advantage in the dance. One would think, on such occasions, that they are the happiest people in the world. They move softly and gracefully to the tones of the violin, and mingle in the cotillon and quadrille with an evident desire to contribute as much as they possibly can to each other's enjoyment. Their black faces contrast strongly with their white linen and ivory teeth.

There is a slave-market, in Esplanade Street, in the lower part of the city, where the traders in human flesh dispose of their chattels by private sale. It differs greatly from the auction-mart at Banks' Arcade, but is quite as interesting. The negroes are kept in a range of long low buildings, in wet and unwholesome weather, but when it is clear, they are exposed for sale outside the edifice; and males and females are

separately along the kerbstone, or the side of the building. They are all neatly and comfortably clothed, kept tidy and clean, and look cheerful and contented. Some of them are nearly white, and many of the females handsome. I occasionally went to this place, to observe the scene, and never was I present without receiving a score of applications from the poor creatures on sale to buy them. Some would petition to be purchased with an earnestness that clearly proved to me that they were sincere, and appeared quite disappointed when told that I did not want to buy. 'Take me, massa: I want a good massa, and I know you'll be kind,' was frequently addressed to me as I stood viewing the long line of slaves on sale; and some would call after me when I turned away from the spot. The men did not usually exhibit so much willingness to be disposed of as the females; and many of them appeared quite indifferent as to whether they were sold or not, being fully satisfied with having nothing to do and plenty to eat. Some were sold during my visits to the market, but all parties were satisfied, and I never witnessed a scene of a painful character. The purchaser, the purchased, and the seller, all seemed content; and the slave departed from his companions rather flattered at having been preferred among so many. Two of them were particularly delighted with their good-fortune, and laughed heartily at those they left behind, boasting at the same time of their superiority, of which they quoted the price as proof. Another was sold for an inconsiderable sum, and his fellows ridiculed him unmercifully on his worthlessness. 'Poor nigga, you, only woth hundred-un-fifty dollars, yah, yah, yah! Take ker your massa don't kill you to git clear ob keepin' you. Go long; you're disgrace to us and de market—hide youself, nigga!' and other similar salutations met his ears. He was led off by his purchaser, amid the jeers of those remaining, all of whom taunted him to the last.*

The two races, black and white, are separate and distinct in all the slave states of America, and they never associate as equals. Yet a practical amalgamation of the races goes on to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed in Europe, or even in the free states of America. The streets of New Orleans bear evidence of the fact, for many, very many of the slaves are nearly white, so much so as to render it difficult for strangers to detect the 'black taint.' Identity of colour, however, with their masters does not loose the chain; and it is not an uncommon thing for a planter to sell his own flesh and blood. It may be set down as a fact, without fear of contradiction, that of the whole population in servitude, not one-tenth is of unmixed African blood, and that it is thus not a foreign race we are keeping in slavery. If the present system of bondage continues for another fifty years, the unmixed African race will become extinct among us, unless recruited by importations from abroad, a thing scarcely possible. A convention of coloured men assembled in one of the northern states recently, declared—and they knew what they were saying—that the 'best blood of Virginia flowed in their veins,' a fact which few even of the Virginians are prepared to deny. It is a common thing to see the children of slaves with fair complexions and long, straight hair; and it frequently occurs that the free-born child, who claims the master for its sire, and has the claim allowed, is of a much darker complexion than its sister born in slavery, and condemned to a life of bondage.

Life is not held in high estimation in New Orleans, and the murders perpetrated there prove the fact. It is true, that but few persons are killed unless in street-

fighths, and these are becoming less common every day; but still there are some murdered in that way, and the murderer seldom forfeits his life. The quarrels which result in the death of one or the other of those concerned, are often the result of long-continued enmity; and it rarely occurs that inoffensive persons are drawn into disputes and killed. The habit of carrying concealed weapons contributes greatly to swell the catalogue of murders, and it is to be regretted that the laws against that offence are not more rigidly enforced. During my residence in the metropolis of Louisiana, there was an open murder perpetrated in the St Louis Hotel, by a young man who had a long-pending quarrel with another. The two met by accident in the saloon of the building; each was eager for the fray, and each made an attempt upon the life of the other. The murdered man lay exposed to public gaze for some time on the spot where he met his death, and as I happened to enter the room shortly after the occurrence, I saw the body stretched at full length upon the floor; the wound was in the breast, immediately over the heart, and pools of blood rested on the clothing and stone pavement. There were several persons around the corpse waiting the arrival of the coroner, but none of them exhibited much sympathy for the deceased. The murderer was not under arrest, nor had any exertions been made to secure him. He, however, went shortly after, and surrendered himself to the authorities for trial, and was acquitted on the ground of self-defence. The murdered man left a wife and children to mourn his fate, and his death must have been a sad blow to them, if to no others.

Indifference to life is not exhibited exclusively in cases such as the one alluded to, but takes many forms. While rambling along the levee on a certain occasion, I heard a cry, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I noticed a man grasp a hat floating in the river. He raised it up with a laugh, and throwing it down upon the ground, exclaimed: 'That's the last of that nigger—it's no use to look for him.' The person who had fallen overboard was a negro slave, and as he sank at once, and was carried away by the rapid current of the Mississippi, there was no effort made to rescue him. Few of those who are unlucky enough to fall into the river at New Orleans ever rise to the surface; and when a man is overboard, therefore, nobody troubles himself about the matter. The negro alluded to never rose, and no person among those who saw him fall into the river gave him a thought five minutes after he disappeared. His hat lay on the ground unclaimed, and his companions began whistling a favourite air.

The location of New Orleans, and the character of the soil around it, are worthy a few remarks. There are but few places in the world so singularly situated as the great city of the south, and so liable to destruction from inundation. As was remarked in the former paper, it lies considerably below the level of the Mississippi at high-water mark, and is protected from inundation by artificial embankments, which extend along the river fully 700 miles. These levees are nearly all built and kept in repair by private enterprise, and form a peculiar feature of the banks of the great river, and it is clearly proved that they have the effect of multiplying inundations. They prevent the waters of the Mississippi from finding their way readily to the swamps in the rear of New Orleans, and giving way now and then to the pressure they themselves occasion, they let in the floods to the destruction of splendid plantations and other valuable property. In 1850, the city suffered terribly from a *crevasse*, or break in the levee, a short distance above the town; and so great was the flood, that the streets were like canals, and people were passing to and fro for weeks in boats along the main thoroughfares. How to prevent these misfortunes has been a subject of much debate; and it has finally been decided, that the most effective way

* It may not be improper here to mention, that these articles were furnished to us some time before the publication of the now celebrated *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, where scenes like the above are described in a different spirit.—Ed.

is to create artificial channels above and below New Orleans, by which the overflow may take place with safety, and the surplus waters of the Mississippi be diverted from the main stream into the ocean.

About eleven miles below the city, and 100 above its mouth, the Mississippi approaches within five miles of the Gulf of Mexico. The ground between the river and the gulf, here known as Lake Borgue, is a plain sloping from the river to the sea. The first 3000 feet from the river is cleared and highly cultivated land; but the rest is swamp, sometimes completely overflowed by the high water of the gulf. It is the belief of competent judges, well acquainted with the subject, that it will be found practicable, by dint of labour, and cutting boldly at the borders of the Mississippi, to make an outlet into Lake Borgue, which may be encouraged to increase, until it eventually becomes one, if not the greatest, of the navigable passes to the gulf. There is scarcely a doubt now of Congress making appropriations for carrying out this plan; and when the work is completed, thousands of miles of splendid alluvial soil, now submerged for the greater part of the year, will be reclaimed and put under cultivation; a principal cause of disease will be removed; the surplus waters of the Father of Streams will be led harmlessly to the ocean; the navigation of the river will be improved; and New Orleans will most likely become one of the healthiest cities in the world in a tropical climate.

GIVING THE BASKET:

A HOLSTEINER'S STORY.

My grandmother was a wonderful woman. She lived from her first birthday seventy-five years in the same old street of Hamburg—changed her name three times, with the help of as many weddings—had seven sons and five daughters, all prosperously settled along the Lower Elbe; and one proverb, which was at once her creed and consolation: 'What is to be, will be.'

A quiet life had my grandmother passed in the faith of that maxim, notwithstanding her numerous family and successive spouses. She was reckoned rich, too, each of the three dear departed having in turn endowed her with a comfortable jointure. There was, consequently, an earnest strife among the kindred as to who should be her heir; but my grandmother almost settled the question, by taking me home in my seventh year, to keep her in occupation in the old house. What moved her to that step, nobody ever knew; unless that I was the youngest of nine boys belonging to her eldest daughter—extremely unwelcome, because I was not a little girl—and said to resemble her first husband, my grandfather, who had died at twenty-nine, and then rested some forty years in St Michael's Cemetery. I was born within the liberties of Altona, and therefore counted a Holsteiner. Readers, most of you know that there are not two miles between the two good cities; but the rest of our relations in the Hamburg territory, besides uniting their voices to warn the old lady that I would have a will of my own, were liberal in the suggestion of difficulties which might arise in case of future war in my drawing for the burgh militia. My grandmother replied to all their warnings with her wonted proverb, and nothing daunted, took me home to Alsterstrass. It was the oldest street of the new town, curving down from the ancient rampart to the river. Its houses had been built before the Thirty Years' War, when straight lines were yet unthought of, and had all projecting storeys in front, and gardens, with right ancient summer-houses in them, behind. Nothing had ever gone out of repair in that street; trade, with all its dust and wear, had passed it by; low poverty had never found an entrance; and nobody inhabited its peaceful precincts but well-to-do, old-fashioned

burghers, whose business-days were over; discreet spinsters, who managed their own portions; and prudent, comfortably-jointured widows like my grandmother.

Peaceful years leave little to relate; and of mine, under her administration, I can only say that there were boys in the neighbourhood with whom I played—that they grew to be young men with whom I had frolics, controversies, and friendships—that my grandmother sent me from her house to school, from school to college, and from college to a notary, because my grandfather had been such, and it was a genteel profession—that I was neither overworked nor very idle; and at twenty-three, all the judicious in Alsterstrass, and they were many, gave me the character of a handsome, steady young man, in much request for dances, and doubtless a great comfort to my grandmother, to which I once overheard a spiteful old maid add, that I was growing more conceited every day, and thought myself quite a beau among the girls.

My father and mother had grown old, my brothers had grown up, and some of them were married, but I was never reckoned among them. Indeed, it is in my recollection, that the honest man whose name I bore, when his memory grew short with settling the senior eight, occasionally called me 'nephew.' It was allowed on all hands, however, that I was to be my grandmother's heir. Quietly kind had the old lady been to me from childhood upwards; and her house, with its corner rooms and carved-wood ceilings, was no cheerless abode. It had descended to her through a line of Hanseatic merchants. She was an only daughter, and having dwelt there all her maiden and married life—I had almost said lives—my grandmother held that it should be the high place of festivity to her remote descendants, and kept all the holidays that were ever known in Hamburg. Company was never wanting on such occasions; but there was one household whose members came particularly often, and were always welcome. They were Holsteiners, and lived far away in the little old town of Meldorf, from which my grandfather had come. How they came together, I never found out, but their home was a house of representatives for all civilised society, containing two bachelor brothers, and a maiden sister, a widowed aunt, a cousin whose husband had deserted, a sober married pair far on the shady side of life, and their girl, my grandmother's goddaughter, Ethelind. I early perceived that they were old-fashioned people, with ways and notions long out of date in our rich and thriving city. Down to Ethelind, they had each and all a strong inclination to stout home-made stuffs, thick-soled shoes, and nothing at all that could be called finery. They were, moreover, wonderful workers, and every one notable for some branch of domestic industry, concerning which they talked, questioned, and, I am sure, dreamed. Play and idleness were a reproach to my boyhood in their presence; and my youth discovered still further cause of dissatisfaction. There was none of them all astonishing by either grandeur or accomplishment—a fine air was lost on them, waiting had no power, and tailors of the first fashion cut in vain for that household. In short, my dear readers, I did not like the Simberts, though, to do them justice, they were always friendly to me, and great favourites with my grandmother, especially Ethelind. It may seem less gallant than candid, but I did not like Ethelind either: why, most men would have found it hard to guess, for besides having a substantial portion, she was fair and rosy, neither large nor small, but of good solid figure, as became a Holstein girl, with a stock of good sense, good temper, and homely wit—a first-rate housewife, and a worthy daughter. Nevertheless, Ethelind had paid so little attention to my gifts and graces, appeared so unimpressible with my glory as a young man of fashion, and my grandmother's heir, and was so perseveringly set before me by all her relations as a fit and

proper partner, that I was at length conscious of positively disliking the girl. She had laughed at me twice in the course of our acquaintance, and once told me that driving the plough was much more creditable work than waltzing; but a mode of retaliation yet remained in store. She was two years elder than I; and I exerted myself to believe that Ethelind must be growing an old maid. My grandmother saw how things were going. Worthy old woman! she had set her heart on the match: I know not for what reason, but doubtless it was something about my grandfather. However, she found consolation in her unfailling proverb, as in all household games and lotteries at Christmas-time, Shrovetide and Easter, I was sure to draw Ethelind for a partner, to my ill-concealed chagrin and her undisguised amusement.

It must have been to baffle the Fates in this design that I took with great ardour to the gay Widow Wessing and her daughter Louisa. Madame Wessing's husband had been an officer. She was in Paris with the allied army, and understood *ton* ever after; her income being small, however, obliged the lady to live in our street, though deeply impressed with its old-fashionedness. Most people liked the widow and her daughter: they were always so gay, and had such stores of gossip, besides being up to the *mode*: but some said the ladies were cunningly selfish in a small way, and would do anything for their own petty interests or amusement. Each was the pattern of the other, and they were both pretty little girls. It was true, the mother was thirty-seven, and the daughter seventeen; but both sang, danced, and coquetted, no mortal man being able to copy any difference in dress or manners, except that at times the widow was rather the more childish of the two. Upon my sincerity, I cannot tell which it was that brought me under bondage; but the probabilities of the case are rather in favour of Louisa. Certain I am, that we danced a great many evenings, and sang a number of duets together, while her mamma sent me captivating notes of invitation to her little quadrille-parties and friendly teas; and assured everybody in my hearing, that I was the exact resemblance of Alexander, emperor of all the Russias, when she saw him enter the Tuileries ball-room with the Duchess de Berri on his arm.

My grandmother and I sat at our coffee in the second parlour: a low wainscotted room, with four of Solomon's Proverbs carved in different compartments of its ceiling, a cupboard in every corner, and a narrow glass-door opening into the garden. It was April-time: the violets were blooming on the sunny bank by the old house-gable, and the buds bursting on the great walnut-tree. My grandmother sat in her nut-brown gown and snow-white kerchief—the dress she always wore on common days—listening to me, good woman! giving a full and particular account of one of the said quadrille-parties which I had attended on the previous night. She heard all, from the wreath on Louisa's hair to the last ice, and then laying down her empty cup, said quietly as usual: 'Fritz, I think it is time you were married.'

The news surprised me, and I stared my grandmother in the face; but she went on in the same calm tone. 'There's Ethelind Simbert would make you a good wife; she is my own goddaughter, and I think we would all agree.'

'Grandmother,' said I, plucking up resolution, 'I will do anything else to please you; but I don't like Ethelind Simbert, and I won't marry her.'

'Well, Fritz,' said my grandmother, neither angry nor astonished. 'Ethelind Simbert is a good girl, though you don't like her; but whom you don't like, you can't be expected to marry—so we will think no more of the matter; and I'll tell the Simberts. I'm going there at Easter; it falls on the fourteenth, you know. That will be fifty years complete since your

grandfather and I spent our last Easter at Meldorf, and you—oh, I mean your mother!—a prattling child with us. Fritz, you and I will go, and see the old place together, and never mind this matter. If Ethelind don't suit you, she will somebody else; and what is to be, will be.'

That proverb was like cheese—for nothing ever came after it; and it was settled that my grandmother and I should spend our Easter with the industrious Simberts at Meldorf. The excursion was neither grand nor fashionable, yet I felt called upon to mention it at Madame Wessing's.

'Oh, how charming!' exclaimed the fair widow, in her most enthusiastic manner. 'To retire, as one may say, among simple shepherds. Do you know, I hear that those people make their own cheese and linen?'

'How delightful!' chimed in Louisa. 'Mamma, don't you remember that darling rustic of a schoolmaster who came to inquire after papa's papers?'

'Ah, yes!' said the widow, flourishing her cambric; 'he was an early friend of my adored Auguste, Charming man! He and his wife—a most unworldly, amiable soul—have often invited us to Meldorf; but after my irreparable loss, I never had spirits for the journey.'

'Indeed, mamma, we will visit them this very Easter,' said Louisa. 'It will be such a surprise to the darling old couple; and we both require country air.'

'Ha! yes; the winter has been too much for us,' said the widow, with a languishing look at me.

I of course sympathised; and a visit to the charming schoolmaster was determined on. The following day brought further intelligence: Madame Wessing called to say, how delightful it would be for us to travel in company—one carriage could be hired for us all, the widow remarked, besides, she and Louisa had no gentleman to take care of them; and both ladies looked confidence in my powerful protection. It is needless to say, that the project was received with acclamations on this side of the house, and my grandmother hoped that Providence would take care of us all. We went accordingly; but, readers, on the travelling time I beg leave to say as little as possible. It was more tedious in those days than at present; and doubtless my grandmother was justified in averring that we were well over it, when, on a sunny April afternoon, we saw the gray church-spire and clustering roofs of Meldorf, rising in the midst of a great plain, which looked like one well-cultivated farm.

Meldorf was as old as the Teutonic conquest. It had been fortified against the Slavonic pagans, and dismantled by a prince of the Hohenstaufen line. War had not come near it for centuries; commerce had forgotten it; and a more rural, country-like spot, to be called a town, I never saw. There were lanes of old cottages, with woodbine-covered porches, and swallows by hundreds building in their eaves. There were snug farmhouses, with all their appendages, standing in the shadow of the Gothic church, and a great old hostel, or inn, clothed with ivy from foundation to chimney-top. In the very centre there was a green, with a huge oak, under which they said St Olaf sat, and a deep draw-well in it. The Simberts' house looked out on that green. It had been fortified and inhabited by a bishop in its day, but was now a substantial farmhouse, with an arched doorway, very small windows, and a yard enclosed by high walls, from which a ponderous timber-gate, with Episcopal arms upon it, opened into a green lane, leading through a spacious orchard to a mill among the meadows. Hard by lived the 'delightful schoolmaster,' Herr Rusburg, in what had been a chapter-house before the Reformation, and had still a Latin inscription over the entrance. Its great garden was separated only by a shallow stream from the Simberts' orchard. I know not if the goodman had any warning of the invasion; but as our carriage stopped—by the way, every inhabitant had come out to gaze and

is to create artificial channels above and below New Orleans, by which the overflow may take place with safety, and the surplus waters of the Mississippi be diverted from the main stream into the ocean.

About eleven miles below the city, and 100 above its mouth, the Mississippi approaches within five miles of the Gulf of Mexico. The ground between the river and the gulf, here known as Lake Borgue, is a plain sloping from the river to the sea. The first 3000 feet from the river is cleared and highly cultivated land; but the rest is swamp, sometimes completely overflowed by the high water of the gulf. It is the belief of competent judges, well acquainted with the subject, that it will be found practicable, by dint of labour, and cutting boldly at the borders of the Mississippi, to make an outlet into Lake Borgue, which may be encouraged to increase, until it eventually becomes one, if not the greatest, of the navigable passages. There is scarcely a doubt now of Congress appropriating for carrying out the work when the work is completed, thousands of acres of splendid alluvial soil, now submerged a part of the year, will be reclaimed for cultivation; a principal cause removed; the surplus waters will be led harmlessly to the river, which will be improved; the most likely become one of the world in a tropical climate.

GIV

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burghers, whose business was not a similar misfortune, who managed the town of the simple souls? comfortably-jointured? extent of my Christian Peaceful years let them all! As for Louisa, I under her administration she would not break her were boys in the town looked on with amazing content that they grew up what they called our charming controversy green meadows, and by blossomed sent me with ladies rally me on my brilliant success and from the kind widow invariably wound up with had against rustic rivals, and the envy of those who, doors, which she assured me was cruel as the world, and rapidly rising against myself. After those feelings, I naturally felt inclined to hurl defiance at the foe by still more determined flirtations, though, in all sincerity, I cannot recollect that ever one of the honest, good-natured, laborious men of Meldorf noticed my triumphs with the smallest displeasure. The Easter festivities had been over for some time, but my grandmother still lingered, having taken mightily to the Simberts' dairy; while Madame Wessing declared that the country air was doing her and Louisa good, and they could not think of leaving their delightful old friends.

The widow must have meant her young friends also, for she was growing positively confidential with the girls of Meldorf, occasionally giving me to understand, in her most playful manner, that their familiar communications somehow concerned myself. There was evidently a general interest in my proceedings, and I felt particularly impressed with that fact when the 1st of May arrived. Like most old German towns, the day was held in festive reverence at Meldorf, and celebrated in the fashion of primitive times. Its forenoon was given to work, as usual, but the children gathered wild-flowers and green branches, with which they decorated every door, receiving a donation of cakes for their pains. In the afternoon, a temporary pavilion was erected, by help of all the young men, under St Olaf's Oak, to which supplies were sent according to the wealth or liberality of each householder; and within, there was made a general distribution of all known delicacies, from hot coffee to curds and cream, while May-games, and all sorts of dancing, went forward on the green. Ethelind was unanimously elected mistress of the bower, a dignity which, in hard-working Holstein, is equivalent to the May-queen of other lands, and bestowed only on the most esteemed girl in the parish, who, in right of her office, presides over the said distribution. The election was regarded as no small honour, and certainly Ethelind had no sinecure; besides, it was my opinion that I rather astonished her that evening in my embroidered vest and cornelian buttons. I danced with every girl on the green, paid particular attentions to three rustic belles in turn, made an extraordinary number of jokes at the expense of some of the chief magnates—for even Meldorf had such—and returned home with all our company, tired, but in a most satisfactory humour, two hours after sunset.

I was almost too late for the Simberts' first breakfast next morning. Some of the cider had been strong, and there were queer sounds of steps and tittering in the night under my window. It was low, and looked out on the path skirting the green by which Herr Rusburg's many scholars passed. I thought there was unusual noise among the gathering juveniles; and scarcely had I reached the breakfast-table, when it rose to a perfect clamour of shouts, laughter, and calls for somebody to come out and take in his present.

'What can be the matter with those boys?' said my grandmother; and 'What can be the matter?' said all the Simberts. Good people! they seldom looked out; but as another burst came, Ethelind rose, and so did I. It was my own name they were shouting; and all unwise and unwarned, I was at the street-door in an instant. The entire contents of Herr Rusburg's school

were assembled under my bedroom window; numbers of young men were looking on from a distance; and fair faces, convulsed with laughter, looked out of neighbouring houses; the cause of all being an enormous basket, or rather pannier, hastily made up of green osiers, crammed full of nettles, thistles, and every description of weed popularly connected with contempt or worthlessness, with a huge card fastened on the top, on which some ingenious pen had written in large and legible characters: 'The girls of Meldorf give this basket to Herr Fritz Cohnert, with a unanimous No.' The last word was in still larger letters; and what Holsteiner does not know, that giving a man the basket signifies refusal in its most emphatic form? The affront was terrible, as it had been unexpected. At first, I was about to rush on both boys and basket, and demolish them, if possible, for every little wretch there had up his finger and out his tongue; but catching sight of Herr Rusburg, who came out, staff in hand, followed by his kindly helpmate, doubtless to prevent mischief, my courage and sense both forsook me; I slammed the door, and fled through the house, out of the yard, down the green lane, and far into the meadows.

How far, readers, it is not exactly in my power to say. The walk, or rather run, was a long one, and the path must have been circuitous. I remember jumping over ditches, scrambling through hedges, wondering at my own stupidity for ever coming to such a place, or condescending to associate with its boorish inhabitants; and at length having formed desperate but vague resolutions of being revenged on all Meldorf, and fighting everybody who heard or spoke of the transaction, I found myself at a bank of young willows, which grew so tall and thick that the sun could scarcely pierce the shadow.

I heard voices beyond, and my own name mentioned. Under the circumstances, who wouldn't have played the eaves-dropper? I crept among the willows, and cautiously peeped in. It was a sort of common bleach-green, lying at the foot of the Simberts' orchard and Rusburg's garden. There were Gretchen, Katharine, and Kristine, the trio for whose peace of mind I had trembled, spreading out linen, and laughing as if their sides would crack; while Louisa and the widow, with looks of high and spiteful glee, leaned over the school-master's fence; and Ethelind, looking by no means pleased, heaped her washing in a tub.

'I'll never be able to see him without laughing,' said Katharine.—I had all but assured her my heart was gone for ever the evening before.

'We never would have known his tricks if you hadn't told us,' said Kristine, addressing the widow.

'Ah! you would have soon found them out,' replied that amiable lady. 'I hope this will teach him not to have quite so high an opinion of himself!'

'Mamma,' interrupted Louisa, 'Ethelind does not seem at all amused.'

'Not a bit. I can see no fun in affronting a young man in a strange town, though he might be a little vain. City folks have ways of their own,' said Ethelind, with a meaning-look at Madame Wessing and her daughter. 'Besides, Fritz Cohnert is our guest, and it is not civil of our neighbours to insult him,' added the girl, as, taking up her tub, she walked away.

I did not stay to hear what was said on her departure; a sudden resolve took possession of me. It was a good one, but some feeling of vengeance on the whole female community of Meldorf mingled with it, and in another minute I stood beside Ethelind, tub and all, in the orchard lane. 'Ethelind,' said I, looking extremely foolish I am certain, 'will you forgive me?'

'You never did any harm to me, Fritz,' said Ethelind, resting her tub on the fence.

'But, Ethelind, will you have—that is, will you marry me?' sputtered I.

'I'll think of it,' said Ethelind; 'if you don't change your mind till next Christmas. Will you help me home with this tub of sheets?'

I helped Ethelind home with the tub, and learned long afterwards that she had brought in the basket of scorn with her own trusty hands, and made away with it quietly in the yard; while Herr Rusburg, with the help of his wife and stick, gathered in his flock to the fold of knowledge. All the Simberts appeared, moreover, to have lost their memories as regarded that morning; none of them ever after mentioned it to me. My grandmother and I went home next day, but not in company with the Wessings, whose acquaintance we henceforth dropped, in spite of great efforts at condolence and compliment.

Ethelind, and every Simbert in Meldorf, were fervently invited to Alsterstrauss, at my particular request. Readers, it is long ago. My grandmother said: 'What is to be, will be,' for the last time, seven years after our wedding, and my story is an old one now. The embroidered vest and the cornelian buttons have lain for many a winter at the bottom of Ethelind's lumber-drawer. I must soon begin to think of marrying my daughters, and settling my sons in business, but even yet I never care to hear people talk much of baskets.

CULTIVATION OF SEA-WEEDS.

GARDENS now bring before us the peculiar features of physiognomic vegetation exhibited by every land: the shrubs of North America, the heaths of Southern Africa, the spinous cacti of Mexico, the gay climbers of India, and the grotesque orchids of South America, are all represented by living forms in our gardens and hot-houses. Nothing daunted by the richness and profusion of land plants, and the difficulties to be overcome in their cultivation, our gardeners are now bestirring themselves in the erection of Victoria Houses and aquariums, for the culture of those elegant productions that begem the lakes and rivers of every region of the globe. Thus a new feature in gardening, scarcely dreamed of in days not long gone by, has become the rage among horticulturists, and threatens to make serious innovations on the time-honoured principles and prejudices of landscape gardeners. In this age of art and science, it would seem that nothing is impossible. Long has our mingled wonder and admiration been devoted to those elegant and interesting forms of vegetation that flourish in the lonely caves of the ocean's depths; long have we wished in vain to watch their singular development and mode of life in those dark recesses where neither sun nor moon sheds a radiance on their bright hues. Men of science have eagerly gathered up the fragments of their beauteous forms cast upon the shore by the waves; names have been given to those fragments; and the microscope has been called in to elucidate the structure of the organisms of which they formed a part. But what do we know of their habits, the seasonal changes they undergo, their mode of propagation, their geographical distribution, and many other points of their history? Some of these are now brought within the limits of research; for horticulture has stretched out a helping-hand to the investigator of the long-neglected ocean-flowers. They, too, are to be introduced into our gardens.

* In an algological discussion at the recent meeting of the British Association, held at Belfast, Professor Walker-Arnott of Glasgow observed that he possessed wagon-loads of algae from all parts of the world, which were quite at the service of any botanist who would work at them.

In a recent number of this Journal,* attention was called to an ingenious invention of Mr Warrington, having for its object the domestic cultivation of fresh-water plants along with molluscs and gold-fishes; and the Parlour Aquarium, as it is called, thus serves to illustrate the nice balance between animal and vegetable life, and their mutual dependence. It was mentioned, that a similar arrangement had been attempted with animal and vegetable marine productions, but without result. Our observations have, however, been instrumental in calling forth a valuable paper from Mr P. H. Gosse, A.L.S., which appears in the October number of the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, detailing an extensive series of experiments on this subject, with which he has been occupied for several years. Without going into the scientific details of Mr Gosse's paper, it may be interesting to give briefly the results of his experiments, which are, upon the whole, satisfactory.

Mr Gosse observes; 'In a recent number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, a paper has been pointed out to me, on maintaining the balance between animal and vegetable life in an Aquarium. . . . I have, for some considerable time, been pursuing experiments on the same subject. For several years past, I have been paying attention to our native rotifera; and in the course of this study had kept fresh water in glass vases, unchanged from year to year, yet perfectly pure and sweet, and fit for the support of animal life, by means of aquatic plants. Not only did the Infusoria and rotifera breed and multiply in successive generations in these unchanged vessels, but many annelids, hydræ, &c., continued their respective races; and the young of our river-fishes were able to maintain life for several weeks, in an apparently healthy state, though—perhaps from causes unconnected with the purity of the water—I was not able to preserve these long. The possibility of similar results being obtained by sea-water had suggested itself to my mind, and the subject of growing the marine algae had become a favourite musing, though my residence in London precluded any opportunity of carrying out my project. But in the course of last winter, ill-health drove me to the sea-side, and gave me the opportunity I had so long desired. My notion was, that as plants in a healthy state are known to give out oxygen under the stimulus of light, and to assimilate carbon; while animals, on the other hand, consume oxygen, and throw off carbonic acid, the balance between the two might be ascertained by experiment, and thus the great circular course of nature, the mutual dependence of organic life, be imitated on a small scale. My ulterior object in this speculation was twofold: First, I thought that the presence of the more delicate sea-weeds—the rhodospiræ, or red families, especially, many of which are among the most elegant of plants in colour and form—growing in water of crystalline clearness in a large glass vase, would be a desirable ornament in the parlour or drawing-room; and that the attractions of such an object would be enhanced by the curious and often brilliant-hued animals, such as the rarer-shelled molluscs, the graceful nudibranchs, and the numerous species of sea-anemones, that are so seldom seen by any one but the professed naturalist. But more prominent still was the anticipation, that by this plan great facilities would be afforded for the study of marine animals, under circumstances not widely diverse from those of nature. If the curious forms that stand

on the threshold, so to speak, of animal life, can be kept in a healthy state under our eye, in vessels where they can be watched from day to day without being disturbed, and that for a sufficiently prolonged period to allow of the development of the various conditions of their existence, it seemed to me that much insight into the functions and habits of these creatures, into their embryology, metamorphoses, and other particulars, might be gained, which otherwise would either remain in obscurity, or be revealed only by the wayward "fortune of the hour."

Mr Gosse's experiments, although not yet entirely successful, have established the fact, that the balance can be maintained artificially between the marine plant, and the animal, without disturbance of the water, for at least a considerable period.

The sea-weeds are strikingly dissimilar from the generality of land-plants, both in their general structure and in their mode of nutrition. Their roots are not nutritive organs, and merely serve to attach the plant to a stationary body—a rock or stone, a larger sea-weed, or an empty shell. The attachment is, in general, so close, that it is necessary, in transplanting the sea-weed, to take along with it a small portion of the rock or other substance on which it grows. The plant ought not to be exposed to the atmosphere, a jar of sea-water being ready to receive it on detachment from its native habitat. Mr Gosse has been most successful with the red sea-weeds—the most beautiful of all. The 'very best of all' is *Iridaea edulis*, and next to it *Delesseria sanguinea*, a very beautiful form found on every coast. They maintain the purity of the water, 'while their colours and forms render them very beautiful objects in a vase of clear water, particularly when the light—as from a window—is transmitted through their expanded fronds. Many of my friends, both scientific and unscientific, who have seen my vases of growing algae at various times during the present year, have expressed strong admiration of the beautiful and novel exhibition.' The carraigan, or Irish moss, as it is called (*Chondrus crispus*), well known for its economical uses, and in the dried state vended in every grocer's shop, is a pretty little alga when alive, and has been found to succeed well in confinement.

Heartily do we join Mr Gosse in his concluding paragraph: 'Should these experiments be perfected, what would hinder our keeping collections of marine animals for observation and study, even in London and other inland cities? Such a degree of success as I have attained would admit of so desirable a consummation; for even in London no great difficulty would be experienced in having a jar of sea-water brought up once in a couple of months. I hope to see the lovely marine algae, that hitherto have been almost unknown, except pressed between the leaves of a book, growing in their native health and beauty, and waving their delicate translucent fronds, on the tables of our drawing-rooms, and on the shelves of our conservatories.' 'It is now, therefore, fairly within the reach of the numerous circle of admirers of 'ocean's gay flowers,' to watch leisurely the progress of their development throughout successive stages. The zoophytes, sponges, star-fishes, marine molluscs, and even the smaller fishes of the ocean, may probably be studied with equal ease.'

The marine algae will form highly interesting and instructive parlour pets; but their culture will not be confined to the parlour and the drawing-room. An artificial pond or tank, once filled with sea-water and provided with a simple mechanical contrivance to keep it in motion,* might be kept perfectly pure for a long period by the introduction of a proper proportion of sea-weeds and marine molluscs and other animals. What could be more interesting in an inland garden than a tiny ocean, with all its bright 'flowers' floating in the pure

* New Series, No. 445—July 10, 1832.

* Such as the overshot wheel used in Victoria Aquarium.

element, and affording, in their richly-coloured 'foliage,' a secure retreat to its finny inhabitants? The idea is a practical one, and we anxiously desire to see it carried into execution.

THE ORY FOR TENANT-RIGHT.

THE agitation carried on for a number of years in Ireland on the subject of what is called 'tenant-right,' has had at least one good effect: it has shewn pretty conclusively that the root of Irish misery is not in any real or fancied peculiarity of race; for if so, the Welsh would be as badly off, which is not the case—nor yet in the form of religious belief; for if so, the Belgians, who make the same religious profession, would be in a similar condition, and we all know they are not. The real cause of Irish misery lies, in one form or other, been the mismanagement of the land proprietary. In the first place, they permitted to grow up, if they did not actually encourage, a system of potato-patch farming, contrary to all sound policy; and having thus brought a numerous and impoverished population into existence, the proprietors, by their heedlessness and extravagance, placed themselves in difficulties, which were practically equivalent to an abdication of all power of remedy. They were proprietors, and yet not proprietors—a position awkward, and, to the last degree, detrimental to national prosperity.

It may be accepted as a fact in social economics, that no country can prosper in which the proprietorship and use of the land are not on a secure and rational footing. Of all methods of occupying the soil, none is found in practice so successful, or so well suited to human wants and feelings, as that of giving a man a distinct and inalienable right to his own property. If this is not acknowledged in law to be his, and his alone, with a right to dispose of it as seems to him best, all experience proves that much evil of one kind or other ensues; this is what is known as to the holding of lands in fee-simple. In most countries aspiring to the character of civilisation, such is the method of tenure. Residence upon, or use of the soil, is a different matter. In many countries—the United States of America, for example—proprietors occupy their own lands; but as wealth increases, and population becomes more dense, we may expect that the plan of giving the use of lands for a certain term of years, on payment of so much rent, will, as in Great Britain, come permanently into operation. The renting system has been carried to the greatest perfection in Scotland, and there it works harmoniously and advantageously. It does so in virtue of two principles: the lands let are put by the proprietor into a condition suited for occupancy; and this occupancy, in terms of a written contract, is secured to the tenant, as an heritage for the period of nineteen years. So clear is all this rendered, and so effective is made every item in the contract, by a ready appeal to a simple process of judicature, that quarrels about land may be said to be totally unknown in this part of the United Kingdom. Respecting each other's rights, the proprietors and tenant-farmers live in mutual good-will, and in the interchange of acts of courtesy and kindness; by which united action, society presents as happy a combination of circumstances as is to be seen in any part of the world. The best proof of such being the case is, that in Scotland land sells at a higher price than in any part of the British dominions.

Now, the question we ask is this: Why do things not present the same happy aspect in Ireland? How can it be the reply! It is a notorious fact, that the greater number of land proprietors in Ireland are so only in a kind of illusory sense, and can fulfil neither the obligations nor the duties of proprietors. Many of them possess only a life-interest, and consequently cannot sell, and are unable and unwilling to make permanent improvements. Another class have encumbered their

properties with debt, and they also are unable to sell or improve their estates. As regards a third class, the titles to their property have got into such a state of confusion, that no one can with safety deal with them either as purchasers or lessees.

Such is an outline of the great evils lying at the very foundation of the social fabric in Ireland! As is well known, the Encumbered Estates' Act is clearing away a considerable number of embarrassments by summary sales of land; and so far there is a good riddance. To this extent there will be a real instead of a sham proprietary. But a vast deal more requires to be done. So long as the system of life-interest in land continues, with the power of borrowing money on that interest, so long will one of the most flagrant causes of Irish misery remain. All entails and tenancies for life ought to be abolished by law; and it would be an invaluable boon if there was a means organised of summarily clearing up and registering titles.

Meanwhile, the multifarious entanglements arising from entails, encumbrances for debt, tenancies for life, and uncertain titles, along with no intelligible method of complete rectification, brings about that state of affairs in which the actual cultivators of the soil will cry out for tenant-right. This call is not a mere whim, but is founded on a sense of wrong. The different orders of sham-proprietors, as above, having no power, supposing them to have the will, to charge the cost of improvements on the estate, systematically refuse to do anything whatever to adapt the land for farming purposes. They let a piece of land in the condition in which it came from nature; they will build no house or offices for the farmer, erect no fences, effect no drainage. In short, they as good as say: 'There—take the land as it stands, or let it alone; if you do a single thing in the way of improvement, it is at your own cost.'

That this is something like the real state of the case, is abundantly evident. In a work just issued from the press, purporting to be an account of certain proceedings during the famine in Ireland,* is found the following plain statement:—"In England, it has long been customary for the landlords to erect farm-buildings, and make all the requisite improvements. In Ireland, the landlords having, in general, only a life-interest, and being unable to charge the cost of improvements on the estate, have rarely been willing to incur the expense of making them; and, consequently, the whole expenditure for this purpose has usually been thrown on the tenants. The law which vested the ownership of all such improvements in the landlord, gave the tenant no compensation for the outlay of his capital, beyond the advantage he might derive during the existence of his lease; and if there was no lease, which was frequently the case, the tenant had no security for the enjoyment of his improvements except the good-feeling of his landlord. The result has been such as might naturally be anticipated: the requisite farm-buildings have in most cases either not been erected, or have been inferior in quality, and the other improvements essential to a good condition of agriculture have been neglected. The labourers in regular employment have in consequence been comparatively few. Whilst such discouragements impeded the improvement of the land, there were several circumstances which gave greater facility to those who wished to encumber it; so that it was much easier to encumber an estate than to sell it. It is well known that the Irish landed proprietors availed themselves to a great extent of this fatal privilege; and the heavy embarrassments of so large a number of this class must have had a most serious effect on the condition of their

* Transactions of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, during the Famine in Ireland in 1846-7. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1852.

tenantry. The complications of title arising from settlements, and from the various charges affecting land, were increased by the existence of encumbrances; and thus the difficulties of bringing landed property to a sale were rendered still greater. These difficulties frequently had the effect of keeping estates for many years out of the market; and when they were at length offered for sale, the uncertainty of title, and the delay and expense connected with the transfer were so great, as materially to depreciate their value. From these causes, estates whose proprietors were actually insolvent, in many cases, remained unsold. The rents were collected by receivers under the Court of Chancery; and from the inevitable mismanagement, such properties were reduced to a deplorable condition. It is clear that, in any attempt to improve the condition of his struggling tenantry, little assistance could be given by a landlord overwhelmed with debt and tied down with settlements.

That men should agree to rent lands tossed to them in the unceremonious manner in which they are offered by embarrassed proprietors, will seem very surprising. Unfortunately, the renting of lands, no matter in what condition, has been, for the most part, a question of life and death with the misused Irish tenantry. Eager, hopeful, desperate, they trust to get through with their bargain 'somehow.' Having, in a too confiding spirit, gone upon the land, they find it absolutely necessary to make certain improvements at their own cost. At the very least, they erect a humble dwelling, with some huts for cattle, and they do certain trenching, fencing, and manuring. They give the look of a farm to their portion of wilderness. Now, what these poor farmers complain of is, that they may be ordered off the land at a short notice, without having any claim in law for the improvements which they, with no small labour, and in confiding simplicity of heart, have accomplished. They naturally prefer a claim for compensation; and that is what they mean by 'tenant-right.'

Usually, there are two ways of attempting to remedy bodily ailments—one consists in attacking symptoms, the other in going to the seat of the disease. So is it with Irish grievances. The proposal to confer tenant-right goes no further than symptoms, leaving the disease itself untouched; and the consequence of its being carried into effect would just be, that the malady would break out in some other way. We should fear, if tenant-right were granted, that while pacifying the class concerned for the moment, it would add one more complication to the heritable claims on property, and in the end render confusion worse confounded. On a candid consideration of the circumstances, we would recommend the friends of Ireland to put aside tenant-right as but a small and insufficient scheme of rectification, and not to rest until the whole law bearing on landed property is remedied. The redress must be vast and substantial, not a paltry application. Not only the law, but legal proceedings require amendment. The Chancery system, with its enormously expensive and tedious forms, is in itself a nuisance which no intelligent people should tolerate. In Scotland, there is no Court of Chancery; while at the same time there exists a complete system of registration of heritable property—so accessible, that any one can with the utmost ease, in half a day's time, learn every particular regarding the rights and claims of parties. Why should Ireland, not to speak of England, be less fortunate in these respects?

With regard to the subject before us, a primary object to be attained, and kept clearly in view, is to reduce the whole Irish proprietary to the position of holders of land in fee; at the same time buying off existing life-interests by a corresponding sacrifice of property. Having achieved this great reform, and, so far as law can accomplish it, having placed the

proprietary on a wholesome footing—every man free to sell, lease, or improve—there could remain no valid reason for a law of tenant-right. The Irish, like the English or Scotch landlord, would possess the power, and with the power the ability and inclination, to effect all those improvements on his lands which would adapt them for the business of the farmer—building houses, erecting fences, making roads, and so forth. Surely, there are men in Ireland capable of grappling with this evil. If there be, we may say with some degree of confidence, that by addressing themselves earnestly and dispassionately to the course of remedial measures pointed out, they will have the sympathy and support of all thoughtful individuals on this side the channel. On the other hand, the claim of 'tenant-right,' as striking at the foundations of property, and, at any rate, as still further complicating Irish difficulties, will have no chance of encouragement.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

November 1832.

APART from the striking and absorbing ceremony of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, affairs have taken their usual course: our scientific and learned societies have recommenced their series of meetings, with dissertation and discussion, each bearing fruit after its kind. A paper, that will astonish most people, has been or will be read before the Royal Society, being on no less extraordinary a subject than the sea-serpent! The creature was seen by a F.R.S. in August last, in the Channel between Brighton and Dieppe; and it is his account thereof, supported by other evidence, that the learned corporation have listened to and debated upon with becoming gravity. The sea-serpent has been so long regarded as a Yankee joke, that ordinary folk still have their laugh, and even philosophers do not quite know what to say to it.

The return of Lady Franklin's little vessel, the *Prince Albert*, from the north, has brought news of the arctic expedition, which is so far satisfactory that it assures us of Sir Edward Belcher's ships having gone where it was most desired that they should go—up Wellington Channel. It was found, fortunately, quite free from ice; and we may reasonably hope that the explorers have passed into the great polar basin, which is said to be an open sea, and have learned the fate of our long-missing countrymen—Sir John Franklin and those under his command. The diligent explorations by the officers of the *Prince Albert* over a large tract of untravelled country, have proved where Franklin is not to be found; and it is something gained to have the field of search reduced in extent. Unless by the operation of very favourable circumstances, we shall get no further news from the polar regions until the winter has passed.

As yet, there are no signs of exhaustion of the Australian gold-fields, or the number of those who seek them: from the single port of Liverpool, more than 23,000 emigrants sailed in the month of September last. While so many are expatriating themselves, it is well to remember that the new Passengers' Act came into force with the month of October: it applies to all colonial passenger-ships, except those bound for the Mediterranean. The owners of vessels are required, under penalty, to provide sufficient space, air, food, boats, &c., for the accommodation of all on board; each passenger is to have power to stay on board, and to be fed for forty-eight hours after arrival at his destination. And no one is to be landed without his ticket sent at any other port than that to which he is bound to be conveyed. Printed rules and regulations are also to be hung up in the ship for inspection by passengers. Any measure which tends to check emigration in a matter so vital as emigration, cannot but be acceptable.

Among subjects which are a weariness to the spirit, is that of sanitation, at least as regards the metropolis. Our church-yards still yawn for corpses; our drains still choke and sewers stagnate; smoke still poisons our atmosphere and hides the sun; mud still besoils our streets and alleys; and, what is worse, no man can tell when this state of things will be amended. Smithfield Market shews no signs of giving up the ghost, and if the new market, authorised by act of parliament, is ever to be built, the people of Camden Town are to have it whether they will or not. It has been said, and with considerable pertinence, that the best place for Smithfield Market is *nowhere*. Why incur the expense of sending live cattle and sheep to London, when the animals might be sent killed with much less trouble and cost, seeing that there would be no charge for carriage of offal? The whole question is one which the present age does not appear to be wise enough, or unselfish enough, to solve. And yet, side by side with such stubborn resistances, we have projects which only a high degree of advancement could originate. Among them are two for bringing sea-water from the coast to London, whereby those who cannot afford to visit Margate, be enabled, nevertheless, to enjoy a plunge in genuine salt-water, for a consideration. And another, for a new bridge over the Thames, between the present bridges of Southwark and Blackfriars—one which ought to be carried into effect, for an additional pontine thoroughfare is much wanted. Boutigny, whose experiments for producing ice in a red-hot vessel will be remembered, is over here, superintending a new application of steam at an establishment in our eastern suburb. He hopes to develop a greater power at less cost than hitherto. The use of collodion in photographic processes, though so lately introduced, is leading every day to new effects; and now we have it employed in wood-engraving. Instead of drawing his picture or design, the artist now prepares his block with collodion, takes a photographic image of the object which he wishes to reproduce, and then engraves it. Should this prove generally available, we shall hear no more of mannerisms and faults on the part of the draughtsman—the engraver alone will be to blame for defects, for the solar light will do its part of the work faithfully enough. The International Postage Association is making way; they have agents in most of our principal towns, who are to promote the cause, and have opened a correspondence with places—literally, in all parts of the world—besides having addressed the foreign ambassadors and ministers resident in London. From most of these, 'gratifying and encouraging replies' have been received. Subscriptions in furtherance of the important and desirable object are steadily flowing into the treasury of the association; and with this essential to their means, they can hardly fail of succeeding in a cause to which everybody wishes prosperity. The experiment of reducing postage has been tried in Canada with most favourable results; the post-office there was placed under provincial control last year, and the charges for conveyance of letters, which up to that time had been as stupidly exorbitant as they used to be here, were lowered to a uniform rate of 8d. Of course, there was a falling-off at first in the revenue, but it has since so far recovered, that it is believed a penny-rate will be established before the close of 1853. It is something for England to have been the first to start so important and beneficial a measure. In a report just published, it appears that the metropolitan branch of the post-office for England and Wales now employs 3248 persons, at the annual cost in salaries, wages, &c., of £283,360, 15s. 5d., and the provincial branch 10,734 persons, at £261,632, 17s. 6d. For Ireland, the numbers are: metropolitan, 396 persons, at £45,043, 3s. 3d.; provincial, 1531 persons, at £28,067, 17s. 6d.; and for Scotland, metropolitan, 266 persons, at £24,146, 8s. 7d.; provincial, 1924 persons, at £35,760, 11s. 3d.—making

a grand total of 18,099 individuals employed in distributing the correspondence of the United Kingdom, at the yearly charge of £678,011, 13s. 6d. Under the head of 'colonial and parts abroad,' the statement is 939 persons, at £49,108, 9s. 11½d. Add to this the 4000 miles of telegraphic wire now erected in England, at the cost of £800,000, and employing 800 persons, and some idea may be formed of our means of communication, and the outlay which it involves. Another question, as affecting intercourse, is again talked about—a decimal system of weights, measures, and coinage. The Astronomer-royal has just pronounced in favour of the former, and thousands are impatient to see the latter; so with such authority, and such numbers, we must hope that the subject will speedily be talked into a reality, as well as that for bringing the same calendar into use all over the world.

Notwithstanding the Imperial loomings across the Channel, science is making advances. The artificial propagation of fish, of which so much has been heard of late, is steadily promoted in many parts of France. A million of young fry have been raised this year in the canal that connects the Rhine and the Rhône, and transferred into 'secondary nurseries,' which form part of the 'piscicultural establishments.' This interesting mode of increasing the supply of food would appear to be unlimited, for experience has now proved the possibility of transporting fecundated spawn to any distance with entire success: thus improved varieties of fish may be introduced from other countries. M. Coste, in a report to the Minister of the Interior, states that all the waters of France may be stocked with fish in a short time, with an outlay of £1000 to begin with, and £300 per annum afterwards. 'It would be,' he says, 'renewing the miracle of the miraculous draught; only as progress is not an idle word, and as science is science, the miracle will be reproduced generally, and become permanent.' Is there no one enterprising enough to attempt a similar experiment in England? It is one fraught with great promise.

Among the late prizes given by the French Académie, was one of 2000 francs to Madame Colet, for a poem in praise of labour, and embodying a description of the industrial colony at Mettray. Others, of 8000 francs, were given for critiques on and explanations of the philosophy of Kant and Hegel; and one to Jasmin, the barber-poet, or Burns of France, notwithstanding that his writings are in the Provençal dialect. Of the Monthyon Prizes for the reward of virtue, one of 3000 francs was awarded to a woman at Valenciennes, above seventy years of age, who, after having lived twenty-three years in the service of a wealthy family, devoted herself to be their solace and support on their being overtaken by a reverse of fortune. A second, of the same amount, was granted to Paul Dunez, a slave at Cayenne, who refused to accept his liberty when it was proclaimed in 1848, and remained to serve his mistress. M. Vilet, who delivered the address on the occasion, dwelt strongly on the beauty of faithfulness in servitude; but it is pretty evident that this paying for virtue with money finds less favour now than it did some years ago.

The communications made of late to the Académie have comprised many points of interest: M. C. Gravier has an important note on the number of shooting-stars, which, he says, is always least in the first six months of the year. On the 18th June of the present year, it began to be five per day, and rose to seven or eight by 20th July, when it increased to eleven; on the 25th, it was twenty-one; and reached the maximum, sixty-three, on 10th August; after which it declined, and was forty-three on the 13th. Observations, continued in this way for two or three years, would furnish valuable data. Arago says, that as an attempt was once made to determine the height of shooting-stars, by simultaneous observations throughout Germany, the

present would be a good time to repeat it. Pouillet, from experiments in daguerreotyping on silver plates, has come to the conclusion, that they may be employed in photometric operations: to compare, for instance, the illuminating power of different colours, whether red cloth reflects more light than blue, or any other colour, when shone upon by the sun, or a coloured light. There are some important questions in photometry, which, it is believed, these experiments will help to settle. Zantedeschi is pursuing his researches on the obscure longitudinal rays seen in the spectrum, and has come to further conclusions respecting the phenomenon. The cause assigned for these rays is 'foreign bodies of extreme tenuity;' but M. Porro, having invented what he calls a polyoptometer, with which he has examined the rays, comes to a different conclusion. Again, with respect to electricity, Zantedeschi shews that negative electricity, contrary to the usual belief, is not dissipated more quickly than positive electricity. Several electrophori charged positively, lost the charge in about a month, while a negative charge was retained for eight months—a fact worth remembering by those who wish their electrophori or condenser to retain a charge for a long period. He has also renewed his investigations of animal electricity: in 1840, he shewed that pain weakens or suspends the electro-vital current; and if intense, inverts the direction, and that a strong current or discharge is produced by convulsive movements. He now states, that 'the exhaustion of the nervous-muscular force always corresponds to an exhaustion of electricity, and reciprocally, the return of strength is accompanied by a reproduction of electricity.'

This approaches physiology, on which subject there are also a few communications worth mentioning. M. Mouries says, that phosphate of lime plays a much more important part in the animal economy than has been supposed: it does something else besides nourish the bones. This something is the provoking and entertaining of vital irritability in animals as well as in plants; and M. Mouries considers that infant mortality, especially in towns, is the consequence of a defect of this salt—which, again, is a consequence of our artificial mode of living. 'The testimony of the learned,' he observes, 'shews that without a sufficient quantity of phosphate of lime, an infant can neither develop itself nor live; and according to simple analysis and evidence, this salt is not in sufficient quantity in the alimentations of infants. This principle of life wanting, there will necessarily be present a principle of disease and of death.' M. Corvisart proposes a method, whereby persons whose stomachs are incapable of digesting, may be supplied with aliment already digested by the gastric juice of other animals. This juice, as is well known, has neither an unpleasant smell nor taste: it may be administered *au naturel*, or dried and reduced to powder, or prepared in various ways as sauces. By this means, a powerless stomach would be able to assimilate the nutriment without the laborious process of digestion, and with the certainty that nothing indigestible could be taken in. Dr Audouard says, that vinegar is a remedy for hydrophobia, only it must be mixed with bread, and not given in the liquid form; and, according to M. Guyon, the way to cure cramps produced in the arms or legs by cholera, is to take the foot by the heel and toe with the two hands, and bend it slowly but forcibly towards the leg, and similarly with the hand and forearm: the cramps cease instantly. And last, to mention a fact of comparative anatomy: MM. Joly and Lavocat, after a philosophical anatomy of the hand and foot, have come to the conclusion, that these members are 'singularly related' to the *pentadactyle* of the inferior animals.

A miscellaneous item or two from the United States will serve to conclude with. The cultivation of the vine is extending in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati; there are now 1300 acres of vineyards; and

it is said the Ohio is to become the 'Rhine of America.' The Catawba grape, a native of North Carolina, is the kind most planted. The produce this year is estimated at 400,000 bottles of wine of the best quality, besides the inferior sorts. Enterprise is shewn in another direction, large public meetings having been held to discuss the question of 'women's rights' and mesmerism; also in the fact, that 83,304 Bibles were distributed by the American Bible Society in the month of September last: and that the American Bible Union announce that, before another year is over, they hope to publish an entirely new translation of the Scriptures.

A GRAVE IN THE OZARKS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBOURNE LYONS, LL.D.

A young Englishman of great worth died, as here described, among the Ozark Mountains, in Missouri.

Low on a forest bed
A weary pilgrim lay;
A fever scorched his brow—
His home was far away;
September trod in light
The blue Missourian sky,
When that sad wanderer sought
The Red Man's hut—to die.

He crossed the surging deep
From England's noble shore,
To learn in pathless wilds
The forest's secret lore;
He climbed Ozark's green hills,
Where free swarth hunters dwell;
The fatal season came,
The lonely stranger fell.

As Huron's clear wave breaks
Hushed on a desert strand,
He bowed his head, and died
In that far mountain land.
His sun went down in peace
He felt no doubts or fears,
For he had kept the faith
From boyhood's happy years.

Beside a swift dark stream,
The woodman dug a grave;
Where dewy blossoms spring,
And dusky branches wave.
On that sepulchral turf
No breathing marble weeps,
But angels know the place
Where that young Christian sleeps.

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PRICE 1/4.

GAMING, BETTING, LOTTERIES, AND INSURANCE.

THERE needs but little apology for touching again upon a subject which has, from time to time, received much attention in the pages of this Journal—that of Insurance. When a great truth has to be illustrated, the larger the number of analogies and contrasts which can be brought to bear upon it, the more intelligible will it become to those who are most concerned with it. The 'betting' system of the present year, and the approaching Christmas 'distribution' system, induce us to offer a few observations on the principle of chance or probability, as involved in many social speculations and amusements. Let us compare together playing, gambling, betting, lotteries, and insurance.

Playing is an indefinite word; it sometimes relates to a game of skill, sometimes to a game of chance, and sometimes to a combination of both. In order to distinguish it from gambling, we will consider that the element of skill enters into the meaning of the words play and playing. A very large number of our amusements, both domestic and out-of-door, deserve this designation; they demand either mental or bodily skill, or both. In cricket, in golf, in bowls, in archery, and in many other field-amusements, the player has to be on the alert, to have his eyes about him, and to have his nerves and muscles well strung and ready for action; his hand has to achieve a certain task, his eye has to guide him, his legs—in some of these games—have to be in good running condition, and his judgment has to exercise a generalship over them all. So, in sports on or connected with the water, such as swimming, rowing, and skating, the physical powers—the strength and suppleness of muscle—are the real players—they produce the results; while the mind is a sort of superintendent or overlooker, seeing that all the component members of the body-corporate do their duty.

NOW, it is observable that skill has much more to do with these results than chance; and also that the persons engaged seldom care to bet or gamble respecting the conquest. The pleasure of playing is generally a sufficient reward. The cricketers admire and enjoy the skill with which a 'slow bowler' makes his ball creep up to the wicket, on the quickness of the wicket-keeper in 'striking' the luckless batsman, or the energy with which a 'bat' is 'wielded' as to get a 'four' or a 'five,' or the beautiful 'catch'—for skill is always beauty to the initiated—which the 'long-field' was enabled to make; and though there may be a few bets among the bystanders, the players seldom indulge in such. So likewise in golf, bowls, archery, swimming, rowing, skating, and many other open-air sports, the

reward is generally sought in the pleasure of the exercise itself. In pedestrianism, running, and a few other sports, we occasionally hear of gentlemen whose emulation impels to a contest, which they may spice with a bet of 100 guineas or so; but the competitors, in most instances where money passes, are poor men, who literally walk or run for their bread; the match is generally concocted by a tavern-keeper, who plans it so as to make it a matter of business. The individuals who outrage nature by walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive half-hours, and such-like feats, are mostly publicans' protégés.

In in-door games of skill, betting or gambling is, in like manner, least observable in those where chance exerts least disturbing effect. In chess—the prince of intellectual games—most players repel the very idea of a money-reward to the victor; there are formal matches occasionally between clubs, or between the 'champions' of different countries, in which a purse is played for as an exceptional case; there are a few leading men who derive a living by teaching the game, and with whom there is a sort of tacit agreement that they shall derive some advantage from the games they play; and there are a few persons at one or two of the chess-divans in London, who hold rather an unsatisfactory position as shilling-players; but, generally speaking, it is well known that neither do chess-players play for money, nor do the bystanders bet on the result. In draughts, billiards, and bagatelle, as in chess, skill exerts much more power than chance in bringing about victories and defeats; and although small sums of money are frequently played for, they are rather to pay for the use of the apparatus than as means of actual gain, and the wagers of lookers-on are few in number.

GAMBLING, as distinguished from playing, we will interpret to mean those games or exercises in which chance assumes a more important character; and our object is to draw attention to the fact, that the money-motive increases as chance predominates over skill. We are not aware that dominoes and backgammon have much to answer for in this respect: the chances of the domino-player depend partly on the numbers which he happens to draw at the commencement of the game, and those of the backgammon-player partly on the successive throws of the dice; but the games themselves are of a very simple and fireside-like character, and the money-motive has but little to do with them. When we take a hasty glance at card-playing, however, we find an ascending series of chance-results. Whist is perhaps the most skillful of card-games, and the one in which least loss and gain may result from the most play. The competitors may agree to play for a penny a corner, or for five guineas

a corner, according to their means; but considerable thought, observation, memory, and steadiness are required to get through a rubber; and these absorb much more of the players' attention, than the coins which may ultimately reward their skill. But as we advance to those games where the deals are more frequent, where chance-distribution accordingly predominates more largely, where there is less scope for skill in averting the disasters consequent on an unfavourable allotment of cards, and where there is more excitement arising from these uncertainties of fortune—there and then do we find the money-element creeping up to the card-table. At Christmas-parties, where card-playing—more extensively, perhaps, in England than in Scotland—is introduced as one of the amusements, the games of loo and speculation, in which chance predominates much more and skill much less than in whist, are attended by far greater losses and gains in money. The fast young man of fortune, who loses his money by card-play in a gambling-house, does not adopt the skilled-games: he is drawn into the chance-games by men who either cheat him, or are versed in the arithmetic of chances—what mathematicians call the doctrine of probabilities.

And so in other games than those played with cards: the greater the chances, the greater the losses. Dice have become quite associated with the gambler's career. Here—except in such a game as backgammon—skill has no place, other than the skill of the cheater; the player is at the mercy of the six sides of the little cube, inasmuch that whichever comes uppermost rules his fate; the man of education and the fool are reduced to an intellectual level, for each man's mental power is confined to the rattling of two bits of ivory in a little box. The very absence of intellectual effort leaves room for the more excitable feelings, among which love of gain is a very prominent one. What the high-class gambler does, so does the gambler of low degree. Two prisoners have been known to draw straws for their rations as a stake or bet, the chance being which shall draw the longest straw out of a heap. The boys who played at pitch-and-toss in church-yards in Hogarth's time were simply gamblers, neither more nor less; and their scarcely-improved representatives at the present day do equal honour to that designation. The marble-players, who know all the knacks concerning 'three holes,' 'shoot in the ring,' and 'laggings out,' are altogether a superior class of beings; they are among the skilled boys of street-play; their fingers may be dirty, but Jack Huggins, after winning Bill Jones's marbles, is proudly conscious that something better than mere chance has conducted him to victory. All the games—and they are numerous—in which a ball is made to roll without much aim or precision, and in which the position assumed by the ball determines the fortune of the player, come under the group of games of chance; they may readily be, if not already so, made a vehicle for much gambling.

Betting is a habit so foolish, that we scarcely know how to characterise it. It is either a strong mode of expressing a strong opinion, or it is blind devotion to the deity of accident. If AB positively asserts that the Duke of Wellington was born on the 1st of May, and if CD as positively denies it, AB thereupon bets him a shilling; and, if the men are in earnest, they endeavour to seek out the truth. It is just possible that this incentive may lead to the discovery of actual facts relating to the disputed matter, but we cannot compliment the disputants on such being their primary object: the shilling is the vehicle of obstinacy or of self-glorification, as the case may be. But if EF bets GH that he will throw a higher number with two dice, there is not even this gleam of excuse; neither has the slightest ground for believing that he will be more fortunate than the other, and nothing better can result than a transference of money from one

pocket to another: intellectual superiority is out of the question.

In most examples of betting, there is a certain, or rather an uncertain, combination of these two characteristics. If a sporting-man bets 6 to 4 that Coombe will vanquish Cole in a boat-race, or that the Suffolk Stag will beat the American Deer in a foot-race, he is supposed to have some ground for his wager from a personal knowledge of the powers of the respective antagonists; and so also in respect to a particular horse at Epsom, a particular pugilist in the ring, or a particular yacht at Cowes: knowledge or judgment is believed to be one element in the framing of his wager. But nineteen out of twenty—perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred—who lay bets on such events, do not rely on their own judgment at all, but depend on the judgment of others. In the notorious betting vice of the present period, the better, generally speaking, know nothing of the horses on which their bets are laid; they are told that Tattersall's odds are 20 to 1 against Wide Awake or Jenny Lind, and they bet the 20 or the 1, according as fancy rather than judgment may dictate. If these non-official better, as we may term them, wager only with each other, one silly man would win just what another silly man would lose; but the silly men are not left to themselves: there are knowing ones at hand. Some men have such a tact in calculating odds, that they can 'make a book' before the race begins, or so adjust and balance their wagers, that they will gain something whichever horse may win. If to cleverness they add rascality, some among the number may tamper with the horse or with the rider, so as to bend the result to their interest.

The credulity of better is almost inconceivable. Look at the pages of one or two of our London newspapers—there are dozens of advertisements relating to prophecies concerning the winning horse at a future race. It is instructive but mournful to read these advertisements, and to think that men will give money for such utterly worthless expressions of opinion; indeed, it is a discreditable fact, that some of the Sunday newspapers keep a prophet, whose paid office it is (apparently) to write columns of predictions concerning the results of future races; and the richest amusement—were it not for the painful circumstances which surround the whole system—may be derived from the logic which these prophets employ after the event, to shew that such or such a horse ought to have won, though he didn't. The prophets and the betting-office-keepers would die away, if the victims would only exercise a little common sense. This will come by painful experience; for the closing of betting-shops on the morning after a race, by unmasking the swindlers, will open the eyes of the victims. The nature of the prophetic 'tip' or 'pick' was curiously illustrated in an article in this Journal about two years ago.* Our object here is simply to shew that, in betting as well as in playing and gambling, blind chance rather than skill is the basis on which money is ventured and lost.

Lotteries, with their subvarieties of raffles and distributions, are obviously beyond the region of skill, so far as regards the motives of those who throw money into them. There is no merit or skill whatever exercised by those who draw the lots; and if only the public were concerned, one person would simply gain what another loses. But there are others besides the public. When lotteries were legal—as they still are in some countries—the government took care that the aggregate of the prizes should be less than the aggregate of the sums paid for tickets. So it is with many raffles; so it is with the wheel-of-fortune, in a bazaar or at a watering-place; and so it notoriously is in respect to the distributions got up by many retail-tradesmen at the present day.

With respect to the lotteries of the Art-Union Societies, and their effect upon art, much controversy has arisen, and we will not here enter upon this subject; but the tradesmen's distributions are matters too curious to remain unnoticed. There are goose-clubs, coal-clubs, plum-pudding-clubs, hat-clubs, clothes-clubs, and others of a similar kind, which are not lotteries, but expedients for getting custom, by consenting to receive small weekly payments beforehand. The tradesman calculates how many weeks at, say sixpence a week, will pay him well for his commodities; he issues a flaming prospectus; and if the payments are made at a public-house—which is often the case—there is extra profit from the drink consumed on the occasion. But many of the distributions are really lotteries, in which the members have little or no hold on the honesty of the speculator. Twelfth-cake distributions have become quite customary; there was one last Christmas, in London, in which the members comprised so many thousand persons, that the Hanover Square Rooms—how are the mighty fallen!—were hired for the purpose of the allotment.

There is a distribution now before a 'discerning public,' so curious in its way, that we must offer a few words respecting it. Of the who and the where we shall say nothing, further than that the speculator is a publican in a thickly-inhabited part of the metropolis. First, then, there is to be an allotment of 10,000 shares, at a shilling each; and shortly before Christmas-day there is to be a drawing for prizes, at the publican's house. The prizes are to be somewhat under 700 in number—1 to about every 15 shares. But the remaining fourteen-fifteenths are not to be really valueless dismal blanks—O dear, no!—the holder of every such unsuccessful share is entitled to fourpennyworth of ale or gin. But the prize-holders, what are they to get? The list of prizes is a rich curiosity in its way. The first prize consists of a 'best-cabin free-passage to Australia,' with the materials for a jollification to a party of twelve friends before the emigrant's departure: the said materials comprising a turkey, a goose, joints of meat, pudding ingredients, and a dazzling array of bottles of wine and spirits. The second prize consists of a 'second-cabin free-passage,' with the wherewithal for a less ostentatious 'spread.' The third is a suit of bran-new clothes, 'made to measure,' together with a gold watch and chain; and another prize, as a companion to this, entitles the holder to the silk, satin, ribbon, and other materials for a lady's dress. A fourth consists of a bedroom-set of furniture; to which a fifth and a sixth append sundry articles of furniture for the parlour and the kitchen. Then come several prizes, in which a ton of coal is among the treasures; while geese and sucking-pigs seem to be scattered around with a liberal hand. But in seven-eighths of all the prizes, the characteristic bottle of gin, or bottle of rum, is very prominently announced: accompanied in some cases by a goose, a duck, a fowl, or a leg of mutton, but more frequently left alone in its glory.

Now, the publican is doubtless clever enough to make a good market out of all this. Even supposing there to be no more than 10,000 shares issued—a very doubtful matter, indeed—and the sum received to be just £500—reduced to £383 by the fourpennyworths of ale or spirits—it is quite certain that the cost of the emigrant tickets, clothes, furniture, jewels, coals, provisions, and drink, will be so managed as to leave a comfortable margin; for there is no auditor of accounts appointed; and as to the wine, spirits, and ale, there will be his customary profit on them. As he can 'cook' his own accounts, why not cook them till they are nicely done to his own taste?

Insurance.—It may be thought that we have given more importance to this distribution than it deserves; but it is built upon a habit or tendency which, if

properly fostered, would lead to insurances instead of distributions; and it thus becomes useful as a link in our chain of reasoning. It is a salutary habit to lay aside small weekly sums, for articles not immediately wanted. A coal-club or a clothes-club, if honestly managed, need not be otherwise than good; for the purchases may possibly be made at wholesale prices, and the mode of weekly payment be made very convenient for the members; and a plum-pudding arrangement with a speculative grocer may possibly give a workman's family a Christmas-feast for which he has paid by easy weekly sixpences. But the very same shillings and sixpences, if invested in one among the many kinds of life-insurance, would lay a foundation for permanent benefits, calculated greatly to raise the moral dignity and independence of the person so investing. It cannot be too strongly urged, that these same shillings and sixpences would suffice to do this work. Freehold societies are now pointing out how a shilling a week for ten years will purchase freehold land enough for a small house; insurance-offices shew, that if a young man resolutely lays aside a shilling a week, he can insure £100 to a wife or family when his death leaves them without support; or that if he lay aside a shilling a week when his son is born, he may have £50 when the boy reaches the apprenticeship-age of fourteen; or that if he pays a shilling a week till, say the age of sixty, he can secure a small annuity for the rest of his life.

But besides the salutary tendency to lay aside small weekly sums, exemplified in the distributions, the small tradesmen's clubs, and so on, there is the less salutary but more general love of the excitement resulting from chance, hazard, fate, or luck, exemplified in gambling, betting, and lotteries. Now, life-insurance is a chance-game based on certainties, and intended not that one man should win at another's expense, but that the severity of any one man's loss may be mitigated by diffusion among a large number, on each of whom the share of the transferred burden presses very lightly indeed. The object is, therefore, much more lofty and humanising than that of the narrow and selfish tendency just adverted to; but even here, if a man likes to place it on so low a level, there is plenty of doubt and uncertainty about life-insurance. No actuary would venture to say that John Smith, aged 55, will die at the age of 72; but any and every actuary, founding his estimate on the voluminous returns and tables of the Registrar-General, would declare it an even probability—or what the better will call an 'even-wager'—that John Smith will die about the age mentioned; or that men of 55, taking one with another, appear to have about seventeen years of life yet in them. If John and Jane marry when each is aged 25, he would be a bold man who would state that the couple would have 27 years of married life together; and yet an insurance-office would make such a supposition the basis of calculation for an insurance on their two joint-lives: founded on the circumstance that, on comparing many millions of cases of marriages at different ages, certain averages—strikingly uniform in successive years—are met with, and are found to be sufficient guiding-lights.

If a man chooses to regard life-insurance as a wager made by the insurers concerning who shall live longest, and if he finds excitement under the idea that it is betting or gambling, there certainly are the elements of such; for though men at 55 have the probable contingency mentioned above, yet John Smith may defy any one to shew that he, individually, will die at 72; and there is thus the kind of uncertainty which gamblers are supposed to love so much. But this is too low an aspect of the case to be borne more than a single moment, by way of illustration. What we have to insist upon is, that life-insurance singularly combines the best features of these several habits or usages, and avoids their worst. We cannot eradicate men's

tendencies, but we can sometimes bend them; and it may possibly be useful to compare, as we have attempted to do in this paper, the different directions into which one or two particular tendencies may be turned, as a means of finding which is the most worthy to be encouraged. And it is not simply life-insurance that lies spread out before us; there are fire-insurance, ship-insurance, railway-accident insurance, general-accident insurance, honesty-insurance (guarantee societies), annuity and endowment purchases, benefit, land, and building societies (always supposing them to be both honestly and skilfully conducted), savings-banks, penny-banks—all are modes in which one of two tendencies may be exercised: that of periodically laying by small sums for future purposes; or of speculating on future events which may be almost certain in the aggregate, but which are chance in respect to any one individual. Gambling, betting, and lotteries, are but poor modes of bringing these tendencies into action.

DONNINGTON HALL.

THE remembrance of my first departure from home, and of the wretchedness I endured at the separation from parents and brothers and sisters, is still freshly impressed on my memory, though I am an old woman now, and then I was a blooming girl of fourteen. I had been brought up in a rough way, which my father's straitened circumstances compelled, as we were a large family to provide for; and though my own grief was so overwhelming at leaving them all, and I wept bitterly when bidding farewell to the wilderness of a garden, trodden down by many little feet (boys at cricket, and girls at hide-and-seek), yet grown-up wise folks affirmed, that I was thrice fortunate in being selected to visit a rich aunt—our father's half-sister—a lady whom we never saw, but whose very name always impressed us with a feeling of awe. By report, we knew she resided in a grand house far away, and that she had more money at command than she knew what to do with; moreover, that she had no children of her own—and that children were not admitted at Donnington Hall, where everything was kept in a state of high preservation, from the roof to the fish-ponds. Aunt Donnington had offered to take charge of a niece, until such period as our father's affairs wore a more promising aspect; and she selected me, as being in years rather beyond a mere child, and yet young enough to be easily managed.

It certainly was a very kind and self-denying thing of Aunt Donnington to inflict upon herself the penance of a wild-conditioned girl's presence; and I believe more than once she was half-afraid of the bold step she had taken, for animal spirits often got the better of the good resolutions I had solemnly promised my dear mother to adhere to; and when the first surprise and novelty of my new situation by degrees wore away, and I became accustomed to the solemn stateliness and cold formality of Aunt Donnington and her *ménage*, oh, how I pined for the littered play-room at home—for the trodden-down garden, and for the pet-chickens and rabbits and guinea-pigs which overran it! I had never dreamed of such magnificence as Donnington Hall displayed; and I felt inclined to courtesy to the grave-visaged, gray-headed man-servant who waited upon us, so great and pompous a personage he looked and moved. The Hall was an enormous brick-built square pile, cold within and cold without; there was not a chair out of place—there was not a speck or a spot to indicate habitation. The drawing-room was decorated with old and costly china, and with rich and rare silk curtains, on which Aunt Donnington set great store, but which were uncovered, with the rest of the things, only when company was expected—an event of rare occurrence. Mr Donnington, who never

spoke half-a-dozen words to me the whole time I sojourned beneath his roof, and whose sole occupation seemed to consist in taking down books from his library shelves, dusting them, and carefully replacing them—(I never saw him read—the books were too splendidly bound for that)—always took an airing with his wife in a close carriage every day before dinner, and I was sometimes permitted to accompany them. They sat bolt upright in the corners of the chariot, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, seldom speaking, and then only in monosyllables, as we jogged along the dusty high-road at funereal pace. Once on such an occasion I ventured to remark—carried away, I suppose, by the vividness of my recollections—that we had a nice donkey at home, which trotted quicker with us all by turns than their big horses did, although they had so little to do! Mr Donnington regarded me with sleepy astonishment, at my presumption in comparing his beautiful chestnut carriage-horses with a hard-worked donkey; but my aunt being always the spokeswoman, reproved me with acrimonious solemnity for taking such a liberty; whereupon I burst into a fit of passionate crying, and exclaimed that I would go home.

'Home indeed!' replied Mrs Donnington; 'you don't know what you say, Ann Markham. There are more mischief-loving boys and girls at home already than your poor papa can provide for.'

'We are not mischief-loving,' I cried indignantly; 'nobody ever said we were mischief-loving.'

'I beg your pardon, Ann Markham,' replied Mrs Donnington quietly, 'that is the report which reached me. But hold your tongue, if you please.' I dared not disobey the command, but I wondered who had said we were mischief-loving!

One day passed just like another at Donnington Hall—nothing to look forward to, nothing to expect; and oh this heavy monotony for the companionless young is very terrible. A stern Abigail, as sour as vinegar, assisted me to dress; I could have dressed myself far more comfortably, but then not so tidily as Aunt Donnington required. She ushered me into the library, where all the family assembled for morning-prayers: these over, a frugal breakfast succeeded—Mr Donnington read his newspaper, and I sat in another part of the room, conning my French lesson, which Aunt Donnington heard me, with other tasks, every forenoon, when she had completed her domestic arrangements. Thin bread and butter, and a glass of weak home-made wine, constituted the luncheon at one o'clock: at two, we went out to drive, or, if I did not accompany them on this dismal expedition, the afore-named sour Abigail accompanied me in a walk round the grounds, when, wo betide me, what a reproof was mine if I attempted a skip or a frolic step! We dined at four, but I was so fearful of committing some solecism in good-bred-ling, that I never had enough to eat; and many a time I hungered for the piled-up dish of mealy potatoes, and the huge brown loaf, which I had feasted off so daintily at home. Here was silver and crystal, and delicate confections—for Mr Donnington was fond of sweet things—and servants waiting, and sparkling wines, and I was courteously invited to partake; but somehow there was something wanting, and I shrank from the invitation, ever since the first day when Mrs Donnington had said: 'I suppose, Ann, you never saw blanc-mange before, much less tasted it?'

'O yes, ma'am,' I replied blushing—I blushed for her, not for myself—'when we drink tea at the vicarage, we always have it for supper.'

'Ay, indeed; that is very kind of the parson; don't you think so, Ann?'

'Mr Howard, our clergyman, is a friend of papa's,' I replied, 'and knew my papa when he was better off.' My heart swelled, and the tears rose to my eyes, but

they were not seen, and had they been so, they would not have been understood.

Dinner over, Mr and Mrs Donnington dozed till tea-time; and I was conducted to a distant room, where stood an old piano, on which I was required to practise; for Aunt Donnington made it a great boast, that she instructed me herself, both in useful and ornamental learning, though I made but slow progress under her tuition; and hereafter, only rapid strides in acquiring knowledge saved me from the imputation of 'extraordinary stupidity'—an opinion which my aunt promulgated, in extenuation of her own failure as a teacher. After tea, Mr and Mrs Donnington played at backgammon until half-past nine; and during that interval I was permitted to work at my needle, an occupation I detested, but which my aunt said, every lady ought to excel in. At half-past nine came prayers; and at ten the household repaired to rest, and all was still for the night.

Such was the routine of my daily life at Donnington Hall, a life I always look back to with a shudder; and I speedily became a nervous, ailing, weakly girl, terrified almost at my own shadow. I would have run away, but I did not know which road led towards home: about the distance I never thought; and, besides, I had promised my dear mother to behave well, and to try and please Aunt Donnington. Please Aunt Donnington! as well might one have tried to please a marble statue, for she had just as little feeling. I often wondered if she had ever been young herself, or if she was born into the world the grown-up, methodical, supercilious, cat-like personage she appeared to me, with a long lean figure, and a long lean face, and small gray eyes, and false curls pasted close down each side of her face.

Donnington Hall was situated about four miles from a small watering-place, which has since risen to celebrity, but which, at the period alluded to, was not much frequented by idlers, those only affecting the spot who desired to combine retirement and renovation. It was quite an event at the Hall when a nephew of Mr Donnington's, lately married, brought his young wife to this watering-place for a short sojourn, accompanied by his sister, a Miss Prudence, whose name, I thought, corresponded wonderfully well with her demure appearance and manners—she being a spinster of uncertain age, and finding mighty favour in the eyes of Aunt Donnington, who pronounced Miss Prudence to be a person of high breeding. Not so was Mrs Johns pronounced. She was a pretty, fair little creature, full of restless animation, and never disposed to remain quiet, except at those intervals when, by sudden fits and starts, she occupied herself with some light fancy-work; but the same piece of work was never twice seen in her hands. She examined everything ornamental with extraordinary interest and attention, and boldly pulled down scores of the superbly bound books, not even returning them to their places. This was a flagrant offence, and not easily forgiven; but then Mrs Johns was a favourite nephew's wife, an heiress too, though both Mr and Mrs Donnington remarked, they would have liked to have known more of the lady and her kin previous to Johns taking the final step of matrimony. Yet this step being irrevocable, they must make the best of it; though the restless ways, and wild, loud laugh of the pretty bride, tried the forbearance of her pompous new connections. Polite hints or gently-insinuated remonstrances were equally futile! Mrs Johns's self-possession and equanimity were imperturbable; and her laugh—somehow not a merry laugh—louder and more frequent. Mr Johns strongly resembled his uncle in externals, being a heavy, foolish-looking young man, and carrying personal dandyism to an excess. Miss Prudence was seldom long absent from the side of her sister-in-law, to whom her devoted attention was remarkable.

It was on the morning of a day when Mr and Mrs

dinner—they intending to proceed on their travels at an early hour next morning—that I had the misfortune to incur Aunt Donnington's displeasure. I had been idle and troublesome, and she declared I should be punished by wearing at dinner the shabbiest frock selected from my scanty wardrobe. Very impertinently and improperly I answered—passion gaining the entire mastery—that 'I didn't care for finery, not half so much as some folks I knew of!' For be it known, that Aunt Donnington sported a profusion of antiquated adornments on state-occasions, and a good deal of valuable lace. She replied with a look which froze me into silence and submission: 'I wish, Ann Markham, that you cared for neatness and propriety.' Blushing, I appeared before the guests in a tattered, dirty garment: I was just of an age to feel acutely such a punishment. Miss Prudence and Mr Johns, however, were kinder, I thought, than usual, and I suppose they guessed how the case stood. Mrs Johns was busy all the evening embroidering a web of gossamer texture; and so intent was she over her occupation, that she scarcely heeded Aunt Donnington, who sat beside her, arrayed in a superb white lace-scarf, which covered the deficiencies of a rusty old satin dress, and softened the angles of her ungraceful contour.

'Your elegant work, my dear,' said Aunt Donnington in an amiable tone, 'really quite comes up to the elaborate finishing of this valuable lace'—holding up an end of the scarf for admiration.

'Ah!' responded Mrs Johns, casting a quick glance on the lace, and resuming her embroidery, apparently too engrossed by it to speak.

When the guests had gone, and I was preparing for rest, a loud tap at my chamber-door, and my aunt's voice saying: 'Open instantly!' alarmed me with the impression that the house was on fire, or that robbers were scaling the walls. She entered with a taper in one hand, and her lace-scarf in the other; trembling with anger, she placed the taper on a table, and pointing to the scarf, she cried: 'So, Ann Markham, your wickedness is found out! and this is your diabolical revenge, is it, for my just decree of your wearing a soiled frock as a punishment to-day?'

Amazed and bewildered, I gazed on the scarf: there was a rent of about three inches long near one of the ends, but how it had been done I knew not; and I said so.

'Do not add a lie to your wanton outrage, you wicked girl!' said Mrs Donnington bitterly. 'Who would have done this but you? It is not a tear: it has been done on purpose, and Sarah says she could swear to that.' Sarah was the sour Abigail, and no friend of mine.

'Well, Aunt Donnington, Sarah may be right, but I did not do it. And it does look like a cut, but I had not a pair of scissors in my hand all day.' Vain were my protestations of innocence: my aunt continued her upbraidings, until, in a frenzy of tears and lamentations, I entreated to be sent home, for that I was miserable.

'I should be sorry to tell your respectable parents of your tricks, Ann Markham. I heard you were full of mischief before you came here, but such a wicked act as this, I could not have believed you capable of. Believe me, however, that if such a thing is repeated again, home you go instantly, disgraced and branded.'

'It may be repeated again, Aunt Donnington, but not by me,' I persisted, for my spirit was roused by injustice. She left the chamber, murmuring: 'O you wicked girl!—O my fine lace-scarf!' And sobbing, I sank on my pillow, and forgot the sorrows of girlhood in the sleep of innocence. But what was the scene overnight in comparison to the hubbub next morning, when it was discovered that rents similar to that made on the beautiful white lace-scarf had been perpetrated, in three distinct places, on the silken curtains of the drawing-room? also, that the fine damask table-cloth spread for dinner, and of large size, had been similarly and lustily that a large delicate vase of

Dresden china had been denuded of a handle! These atrocities were all imputed to me: the curtains and the china were sacred relics in my aunt's estimation; and I had been guilty, she affirmed, of little less than sacrilege. I heard Mr Donnington call me a young savage; and as protestations of innocence were unavailing, and only called down vituperations on my head, I held my peace, though my poor heart was nigh bursting with contending emotions. The next day I was sent home, escorted by the sour Abigail, who was deputed to announce to my parents the tale of their daughter's delinquency. She was closeted alone with them for some time; but what impression her complaints of my general ill-behaviour made on my dear father and mother, it was not easy to discover, for they were guarded in speech. I assured them I was guiltless of all participation in the vicious trick of destroying the property of Mr and Mrs Donnington, and that it was perfectly incomprehensible to me how it could have happened. My father looked hard at me with his piercing eyes; and when he said: 'I am satisfied, Ann, you are innocent of this charge: no child of mine ever yet told me a falsehood, and God grant none ever may!'—I threw myself into my gentle mother's arms, and wept aloud for joy to hear these blessed words after the season of persecution I had endured. Joy to be at home again, in my own dear home, surrounded by darling little ones, who trotted in to welcome sister Ann back again. 'O mother,' I exclaimed, 'I am so happy—so happy to come home; don't send me away again ever.' My mother's tears mingled with mine, as she pressed me in her fond embrace; and I heard her whisper to my father, who stood regarding us: 'How pale and thin she is, poor little thing!' But neither of my parents permitted me to speak disparagingly of Mr or Mrs Donnington; indeed, they did not encourage me to speak of them at all; and once only my father alluded to the past by saying: 'Be patient, Ann: the truth, I believe, will be brought to light some day respecting the mysterious transaction which caused you to be expelled from Donnington Hall. And I have written to that effect to my sister.' My father, then, had written to Aunt Donnington, stating his conviction of my innocence! What more could I desire? and with the happy elasticity of youthful spirits, I soon ceased to dwell on the sorrows of my sojourn at the Hall, or only to remember them as a wretched dream.

Two years after my disgrace at Donnington Hall, the master of the mansion was summoned from this world; my father attended the funeral, and remained for a few days with his half-sister, in order to afford her counsel and assistance in many necessary though painful details. During this interval, Aunt Donnington, softened, no doubt, by the presence of death, and conscious of having acted unjustly, divulged the particulars to her brother, which cleared his daughter; though it is probable that had Mr Donnington lived, these singular particulars never would have been divulged, as the matter was hushed up, and it mattered not to him that an insignificant girl should be blamed, when an unpleasant exposure of family secrets must follow that insignificant girl's exculpation. The case was very different when a fair young heiress was concerned, and that fair young heiress a nephew's wife. But, alas! ludicrous as the preamble may appear, the tragedy which followed, as related by Mrs Donnington to my father, was deep enough to smother all resentment had the offence been even one of a much more serious nature. Great had been the rejoicings on the occasion of Mrs Johns's presenting her husband with a son and heir; rejoicings, however, soon merged in mourning, when the young mother's recovery was pronounced uncertain, derangement of the intellect having followed her confinement. She was not seen to inflict an injury on her tender infant which caused its death—she was not seen to

attempt her own destruction, though vigilantly tended; but presumptive evidence was strong, concealed fact then became known, and the unfortunate lady's singular propensities were viewed but as preparatives for this terrible crisis. It seemed that, from her earliest childhood, Mrs Johns had manifested the love of destructiveness to a most extraordinary degree: toys were broken or dissected, dolls' eyes picked out as soon as they came into her possession, flowers pulled to pieces; and although she was not of a cruel disposition, insects shared the same fate. As to household damage, and the destruction of all her own wearing-apparel, and that of others, by cutting pieces out, or by any other means in her power, that was incalculable. When remonstrated with and corrected, the child—an only and a darling one—declared she could not help it; that she was impelled to do what she did by some power which was irresistible. Scissors and knives were carefully kept out of her reach, and all kind and judicious methods resorted to, in order to check the progress of this strange disease—for disease there is no doubt it was—thus early developed. There was a decided improvement visible in the delicate child's bodily and mental health as she increased in years, and confident hopes were entertained that she would ultimately outgrow the alarming symptoms. At this juncture, some thoughtless person, aiming at being dubbed a clever phrenologist, and struck by the physical conformation of the pretty little heiress's pericranium, begged to examine it, and inadvertently exclaimed to the astonished and attentive child: 'How dreadful! here is Destructiveness more largely developed than I ever before witnessed.'

Of course the examined and the examiner were both equally ignorant; but the young lady on hearing these words, decisively remarked: 'I always said I couldn't help being destructive, and I cannot—it's of no use trying. I must cut, and tear, and spoil whatever I can reach, that's certain!'

And from that time forth she did cut, and tear, and spoil most recklessly, notwithstanding the joint efforts of teachers and guardians. But on attaining woman's estate, these disagreeable proceedings became even more serious: her long silken ringlets disappeared one by one; and so it was with expensive personal ornaments and attire, which were frequently destroyed. But it was her restless mood, her restless blue eyes, which arrested the attention of strangers; and when Mr Johns wooed the heiress for his bride, it was with the full knowledge of her eccentricities. Insanity being unknown in her family, the wooer, in his admiration of the lady and her fortune, no doubt treated these singular developments with less serious attention than they deserved. Miss Prudence Johns felt more anxiety on the subject, and continuing to reside with her brother after his marriage, devoted herself unsuspectingly to watching the fair bride, and by all the means in her power counteracting her propensities. She always trembled whenever she saw Mrs Johns with a pair of scissors or a knife in her hand; and her unceasing vigilance had often preserved valuable property from destruction. How Mrs Johns contrived, to elude this vigilance at Donnington Hall on the day of the formal dinner, it is impossible to say.

I could not help connecting in my mind, with feelings of deep commiseration, the look of sympathy which poor Mrs Johns bestowed on me, in my disgrace, with the feats she so successfully and cunningly accomplished; but when we heard that death had released her from incurable suffering, it was an interest which none might deplore.

From Aunt Donnington I received an invitation to revisit the scene of my former unhappiness; a journey which my kind parents permitted me to decline, though my father continued a poor and struggling man for many years, yet were we all reconciled to poverty; and the merry, contented

humble board, contrasted pleasantly in my memory with the cheerless dinners off plate and crystal, which had often left me hungry and miserable at Donnington Hall.

PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EMPEROR RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

It is generally understood, that when a London tradesman 'declines' business, and retires to his suburban villa, the change very rarely meets his expectations. The *otium* he has sought has nothing but its dignity to recommend it, and that he finds but poor compensation for purposes broken off, and the dislocation of life-long habits. Instances are mentioned of persons in this position growing desperate, plunging anew into business, and losing their whole fortune; and of others, with more prudence, hiring themselves out as employés behind the counter, and enjoying, as a recreation, the routine of their forsaken duties. This, we know, is the way with shopkeepers; but how would it be with persons of higher station and more intellectual resources: say, with a merchant, or a legislator, or a—for we may as well go to the highest, since we are asking the question at anyrate—with a reigning sovereign? Now, the peculiarity of this clever age is, that with it no problem is too difficult of solution; and in fact, at the present moment, we have on the table before us an account of the home-life and everyday doings of a monarch retired from business.*

During a tour in Spain three years ago, Mr Stirling visited Yuste, where the abdicated emperor spent his closing days; this visit led him to examine the original narratives of the event to which the ruined convent owes its historical interest, and the result is this able and interesting work. Robertson's narrative of this period in the cloistered Caesar's life, though told with all the dignity and grace which belongs to his style, contains also 'much of the inaccuracy which is inevitable when the subject has been but superficially examined.' The chief authority appealed to by Mr Stirling is Joseph de Siquenza—once so celebrated a scholar, that Philip II. used to call him the greatest wonder of the new convent (the Escorial), which was itself called the eighth wonder of the world—an authority of whose existence Robertson seems to have been unaware; that is, in reference to the topic in question. But in addition to the supplementary aid of Siquenza, Mr Stirling has had access to important manuscripts in the archives of the Foreign Office at Paris, and of these he professes to have exhausted the interest on behalf of the volume before us.

The Jeromite monastery of Yuste is delightfully situated in a nobly wooded valley, about two leagues west of Xarandilla, in Estremadura. On one side, its windows overlooked a cluster of rounded knolls, clad in walnut and chestnut: the front court was dignified by a magnificent walnut-tree, 'a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise into a royal convent and sink into a ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of Jerome, and the Austrian dynasty of Spain:' the garden sloped gently to the Vera, shaded here and there with the massive foliage of the fig, or the feathery boughs of the almond, and breathing perfume from tall orange-trees, while a luxuriant forest formed the background of the picture. For three months, till the preparations necessary for the emperor's accommodation at the monastery were completed, which took up two or three years, he resided at the neighbouring town of Xarandilla, with his retinue of Flemish

soldiers, who could ill brook the 'ways and means' of Spanish life. Already had Charles bidden formal farewell to the world. At Valladolid, he took leave of the wives of all his personal attendants; on which occasion it was that Perico, a court-jester, was saluted by him, and exclaimed: 'What! do you uncover to me? does it mean that you are no longer an emperor?' 'No, Pedro,' replied the object of this jest; 'but it means that I have nothing to give you beyond this courtesy.' Charles was delighted at the prospect of utter release from all state and ceremony; and when finally parting with the larger section of his household, 'his majesty,' wrote Quixada, his chamberlain, 'was in excellent health and spirits, which was more than could be said of the poor people whom he was dismissing.' His residence in the monastery of Yuste began in the February of 1557, and there, in the September of the following year, he breathed his last.

The ordinary supposition, that Charles passed his cloister-life in true monkish asceticism, and under circumstances of severe self-imposed privation, is dispelled by Mr Stirling's record of facts. As is here remarked, a great monarch, leaving of his own free-will his palace and the purple for sackcloth and a cell, is so fine a study, that history, misled (nothing loath) by pulpit declamation, has delighted to discover such a model ascetic in the emperor at Yuste. Whereas, in reality, his abode seems to have been as well furnished as many of the palaces in which his reigning days had been passed. Suits of rich Flemish tapestry; a luxuriously ample supply of cushions, eider-down quilts, and linen; black velvet couches, and very easy-chairs; a service of gold and silver plate, comprising a 'matter' of some 18,000 ounces, and including several masterpieces of Cellini; to say nothing of his pictures, jewels, books, choir and organ, &c. Such are not things consonant with the ideal of grim and ghastly monachism. And we must remember, that at no time had Charles been other than simple and plain in his personal habits. In his soldier-days, we are told, he would knot and patch a broken sword-belt until it would have disgraced a private trooper; and he even carried his love of petty economy so far, that being caught near Naumburg in a shower, he took off his velvet cap, which happened to be new, and sheltered it under his arm, going bareheaded in the rain until an old cap was brought him from the town. There would, therefore, be nothing mortifying to such a man in the character of such monastic life as he now entered upon. Its monotony accorded with his love of regularity and plainness. Every morning, his confessor appeared at his bedside to aid him in his private devotions: he then rose, and was dressed by his valets; after which he heard mass, going down into the church, when his health permitted—the fatigue of going up and down stairs being considerable to one suffering so acutely from gout and general infirmity. From mass he went (with a will) to mess—*dalla massa, alla mensa*; dinner was a 'great fact' in his daily experience, and the source of no slight portion of his ailments. 'The meal was long, for his appetite was voracious: his hands were so disabled with gout, that carving, which he nevertheless insisted on doing for himself, was a tedious process; and even mastication was slow and difficult, his teeth being so few and far between. The physician attended him at table, and at least learned the causes of the mischief which his art was to counteract.' Charles, in sooth, was victimised by dyspepsy, and that was traceable, without hesitation, to his unbounded appetite. Whether to his valet he was or was not a hero, he certainly was none to his physician, who saw him succumb to the first *corps de résistance* that crossed his path. Good Roger Ascham tells us, how he watched with awe the emperor's progress through 'god beef, roast mutton, baked hare,' afterwards 'feeding well off a capon, drinking also the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five

* *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.* By William Stirling. London: J. W. Parker. 1862.

times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.' He continued to the last to dine upon the rich dishes against which his confessor had protested a quarter of a century before. Great was his interest in anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish; partridges were to him very birds of Paradise; a well-seasoned sausage smacked of the sublime. His weakness being generally known, dainties poured in upon him from obsequious neighbours; and his chamberlain, Quixada, beheld with dismay the perpetual arrival of 'long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He (Quixada) never acknowledged the receipt of the good things without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief. . . . His office of purveyor was commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie, as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.' Even when so severely visited by gout that he quite lost the use of his right arm, and could neither raise a cup to his lips nor wipe his mouth, we find the patient's appetite keen as ever, and impelling him to commit excesses on sausages and olives; and on one occasion, when he complained of a sore throat, which made it difficult for him to swallow, it is amusing to learn that his major-domo did not greatly deplore the inconvenience, but said sententiously: 'Shut your mouth, and the gout will get well.'

Dinner discussed, it was then Charles's habit to hear his confessor read aloud from some favourite divine—Augustine, Jerome, or Bernard; then to converse, drowsily indeed, and as the introduction to an hour's nap. At three o'clock, the monks assembled to hear a sermon or lecture, to which the emperor always listened with profound attention. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to seeing the official people from court, in the affairs of which he did not cease to take marked interest: not that he repented of his abdication; so far from that, he declined various overtures which proposed his return to his ancient dignities. His repose, observes Mr Stirling, cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. 'He had given up little beyond the trappings of royalty; and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks.' It soon became known that the recluse at Yuste had as much power as the regent at Valladolid, and the convent gate was accordingly besieged with suitors. His long and laboured dispatches testify to his zeal in political matters. His anxious eye appeared to sweep the whole horizon of Spanish policy. 'From the war in Flanders, he would turn to the diplomacy of Italy or Portugal; and his plans for replenishing the treasury at Valladolid were followed by remarks on the garrisons in Africa, or the signal-towers along the Spanish shore: he watched the course of the vessel of state with interest as keen as if the helm were still in his own hands; and the successes and disasters of his son affected him as if they were his own.' Vespers and a ponderous supper wound up each day.

His leisure-time was variously occupied. Much of it he gave to his garden—raising terraces, placing fountains, and laying out parterres. He had always been a lover of nature, and a cherisher of birds and flowers. 'In one of his campaigns, the story was told, that a swallow having built her nest and hatched her young upon his tent, he would not allow the tent to be struck when the army resumed its march, but left it standing for the sake of the mother and brood.' Dioclesian was not more enamoured of his cabbages than Charles V. of his laurels and pinks, his homebred poultry and trout. Sometimes his spare hours were spent in the workshop of Torriano, his mechanician and clockmaker, with whose ingenious toys in the department of horology, Charles was vastly pleased.

Feeding his pet-birds* was another favourite employment. These gentle creatures appear to have succeeded in his affections the 'stately wolf-hounds that followed at his heels in the days when he sat to Titian.' Such outdoor exercise as he indulged in, was taken on foot, or, if the gout forbade, in his litter—for the first time that he mounted his pony, 'he was seized with a violent giddiness, and almost fell into the arms of his attendants. Such was the last appearance in the saddle of the accomplished cavalier . . . whose seat and hand in the bay-charger presented to him by our bluff King Hal, won, at Calais gate, the applause of the English knights, fresh from those tourneys—

Where England vied with France in pride on the famous field of gold.'

In fact, Mr Stirling's remark seems emphatically true, that Charles's mind ripened slowly, and his body decayed prematurely. As for the former, he may be said to have had no will of his own until he was thirty years of age—an unusually tardy development of so powerful a mind. As for the latter, he was aged in his prime. In his youth, he had been distinguished for his prowess against the bull and the bear, and his unweary skill in tracking the bear and wolf over the hills of Toledo and Granada; yet, ere he had turned fifty, he was reduced to amuse himself by shooting crows and daws amongst the trees of his garden; and the hand which had been so ready to wield lance and to curb fretting charger, was so enfeebled with gout, that it was sometimes unable to break the seal of a letter.

He was fond of talking over his campaigns with his frequent visitor, the veteran Avila, who had shared and recorded them, and whose flattery of the emperor was hearty enough to excuse in some degree its extravagance. Amongst other unofficial visitors at Yuste was Sepulveda, one of the historiographers-royal, and the so-called 'Livy of Spain.' The emperor's two sisters, the queens of France and Hungary, also visited him in his seclusion; and, to the horror of his chamberlain, Charles would not hear of their being lodged for one night within the cloisters, nor would he even offer them a dinner. The excellent Eleanor of France was an invalid at the time, and her death at no great interval deeply affected him: he wept bitterly when the news reached him, and displayed an emotion which he rarely felt and still more rarely permitted to be seen. Although he had been little studious of her happiness, when it crossed his policy, she was yet his favourite sister. 'There were but fifteen months,' he said, 'between us in age, and in less than that time I shall be with her once more'—a fulfilled presentiment. The inmates of the convent attached to the person of Charles, and with whom he was most familiarly conversant, were, besides Quixada, the chamberlain, and Torriano, the horologist already mentioned, Gastein, the secretary, William van Male, the gentleman-in-waiting, whose reading and scholarly illustration of the Vulgate beguiled many of the emperor's sleepless nights; whose learning, intelligence, industry, and cheerful simplicity, made his presence indispensable in the royal chamber, and who, moreover, was employed by Charles to put into shape his aspirations to a plan among 'royal authors;' Mathys, the physician, who duly chronicled in tedious Latin dispatches every pill and potion with which he endeavoured to neutralize the daily poisons served up by the cook; and the Regla, the confessor, one of 'those monks who know how to make ladders, to place and favour, of the rope which girt their ascetic loins.' To these must be added the name of Fray Juan de Ortega, the chief ornament of the convent, a man of ability and learning, who enjoyed for a time the reputation of having written

* To these domestic treasures were afterwards added a pair of very small Indian cats, and a parrot of polyglot pretensions.

Luxurilla de Tomae, the charming parent of those picturesque stories in which modern fiction had its birth. His death, during the first summer of Charles's residence at Yuste, deprived the emperor and his household of their favourite among the friars.

His 'sacred Casarean Catholic majesty'—such was the style Charles continued to enjoy—was highly popular among the monkish brotherhood with whom he was domiciled. They were as proud, as his household were ashamed, of his friendly familiarity towards them. He always insisted on his confessor being seated in his presence, nor would he sanction the modest man's plea to be allowed to jump to his feet when a third party entered. 'Have no care of this matter, Fray Juan,' he would say, 'since you are my father in confession, and I am equally pleased by your sitting in my presence, and by your blushing when caught in the act.' He occasionally broke the royal etiquette of eating alone, and dined with the Jeronimites of Yuste in their refectory. He took a lively interest in their musical exercises, and 'from the window of his bedroom his voice might often be heard to accompany the chant of the friars. His ear never failed to detect a wrong note, and the mouth whence it came; and he would frequently mention the name of the offender, with the addition of some epithet savouring more of the camp than the cloister.'

In one respect at least his cloister-life was prejudicial to him—it fanned the flame of religious bigotry, to which his previous converse with the world at large had been less favourable. So engrossed was he with the admired performances of the Inquisition, that the subject made him for awhile indifferent to all other public affairs. His personal convictions in favour of the Romish creed seem to have been deep and sincere. His attendance at mass was exemplary. During Lent, he regularly appeared on Fridays in his place in the choir; and at the end of the appointed prayers, extinguishing his taper, he flogged himself 'with a vengeance.' Some of the scourges thus employed were found, after his death, in his chamber, stained with blood, and became sacred relics. Once within the walls of Yuste, he assumed all the passions and superstitions of a friar. The popular *not* about no two of his clocks going alike, applied to varieties of creed, which has been flatteringly ascribed to him, must have had some other parentage. It was probably, says Mr Stirling, in the first instance, launched against him; for it is melancholy to find that Charles, in looking back on the early religious troubles of his reign, always regretted that he had not put Luther to death when he had him in his power. In his review of the past, 'he thanked God for the evil he had been permitted to do in the matter of religious persecution, and repented him, in sackcloth and ashes, for having kept his plighted word to a heretic. Religion was the enchanted-ground whereon his strong will was paralysed and his keen intellect fell grovelling in the dust.' His ecclesiastical principles he inherited from his ancestors, paternal and maternal, and he transmitted them unimproved to his descendants—a sorry boon for the Spanish dominions.

During the first part of his residence at Yuste, the emperor's health appeared to benefit by the change. 'You cannot think,' writes Quijada, 'how well and plump he looked; and his fresh colour is to me quite astonishing.' In spite of overeating, he slept well; and his gout made itself felt only in occasional twinges—'so effectually did the semina-wine counteract the sirup of quince which he drank at breakfast, the Rhine-wine which washed down his mid-day meal, and the beer which, though denounced by the doctor, was the habitual beverage of the patient whenever he was thirsty.' As the winter of 1557 drew on, however, his ailments increased in number and intensity. With the spring, of 1558, his health partially revived under a course of sarsaparilla and liquorice. In May, he was

living as usual, and eating voraciously. 'His dinner began with a large dish of cherries, or of strawberries, smothered in cream and sugar; then came a highly-seasoned pasty; and next the principal dish of the repast, which was frequently a ham, or some preparation of rashers, the emperor being fond of the staple-product of bacon-curing Estremadura.' Later in the summer, he was again troubled with gout; and his appetite failed so much, that he sometimes lived for days on bread and conserves. Probably he might have lived for years on them—had he chosen.

Early in August, his physician became seriously alarmed about his state, and fresh medical advice was held expedient. The emperor's thoughts were naturally directed more particularly at such a time to religion and its rites. He consulted his confessor about celebrating his own funeral—a ceremony which has been inaccurately described by Robertson and others, who represent Charles as shrouded and coffined during the solemnity. Mr Stirling thus depicts the actual scene, as it occurred on the 30th of August 1558, three weeks previous to the emperor's decease:—'The high-altar, the catafalque, and the whole church, shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. "The pious monarch himself," says Singuença, "was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies." While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hand of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker.' The funeral-rites over, he professed himself all the better for them. Next day he spent some time in his picture-gallery, hung pensively and long over a portrait of the late empress, and then examined some pieces by Titian and others. 'Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame.' While thus engaged, his abstracted air attracted the gaze of his physician. 'On being spoken to, he turned round, and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever.' Attendants were summoned, and he was carried to the bed from which he was to rise no more.

During this, his last illness, he was at times delirious. High fever and restlessness almost constantly afflicted him, in addition to the pains of gout and violent sickness. His debility also became extreme. On the 19th of September, the crowning rite of extreme unction was administered: of the two forms, he selected the longer, which involved the reading of the seven penitential psalms, a litany, and several passages of Scripture, through all of which he made the proper responses in an audible voice, and at the conclusion appeared rather revived than exhausted. On the following day, he asked for the eucharist, and, being reminded that after having received extreme unction, that sacrament was no longer necessary, the dying man replied: 'It may not be necessary, but it is good company on so long a journey.' He received the consecrated wafer with great devoutness, and was punctilious in his anxiety to swallow it, an act for which he was now almost physically incompetent. At even-tide he lay in a stupor, but now and then mumbling a prayer, with uplifted eyes. His physician stood by the bedside, occasionally feeling his pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators: 'His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour.' The morning of the 21st of September dawned—St Matthew's Day. His priestly attendant whispered in his ear exhortations founded on that apostle's

career. These the emperor interrupted by saying: 'The time is come: bring me the candles and the crucifix'—cherished relics, which he had long reserved for this last hour. He received them eagerly, and clasped the crucifix to his bosom, and was heard to say quickly, as if replying to a call: 'Now, Lord, I go.' His fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held up before him. 'A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried: "Ay, Jesus!" and expired.'

To the last, Charles loved his cloistered retreat. Thither he had come, charmed by the religious gloom of monachism, upon an entrance into which he had settled with his empress—although their joint purpose was thwarted by her death. His grief at that occurrence only enhanced his longing for seclusion from the fret and stir of worldly existence.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
He sought the refuge of conventual rest.

And though disappointments and vexations followed him even there, he did not seek wholly in vain. Certainly, he was not of those who are ever seeking rest and finding none. The cloister was to him, in more than one sense, the ante-chamber to the tomb; and its peace presented and realised to him some of the 'sublime attractions of the grave.'

THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

WHOEVER has witnessed the wonders of electro-biology, must be aware that a power exists in nature to convert a carpet into a parterre of flowers, a cup of milk into a glass of champagne, and a pianoforte into a horse: at least to make the individual operated upon believe in these metamorphoses, which is the same thing in so far as his existing sensations are concerned. Now, if we suppose this power to reside in the mind of the individual himself, who thus exercises at one and the same time the volition of the operator and the docile faith of the patient, we shall make the first step towards comprehending the mystery of the Sentimental Young Lady. But we must go further. We must suppose that this process is not merely experimental, not merely the subject-matter of a *séance*, but the habit of years, carried on throughout all the phases of young ladyhood. The danger is, that if the idea is once fairly taken hold of, we shall find a philosophical doubt rising in our minds, as to which is truth and which hallucination, for an enduring impression is, to all practical purposes, a reality; and we shall be at some difficulty in determining—supposing us to be deliberate and conscientious inquirers—whether the pianoforte is really a horse, or the horse really a pianoforte. In such perplexity, however, let us only cling to the consideration, that the metamorphosis is primarily the production of the young lady's Will, and we shall have some chance of stopping short of absolute bewilderment. But all this we are in hopes of setting in a clearer light as we get along, although judicious readers will doubtless make allowance for the metaphysical obscurity of the subject.

The sentimental young lady has a family-resemblance to the sentimental young gentleman, but personally they are as unlike as if they were no relatives at all. The coarseness and hardness of the masculine animal modify his sentimentality. He is not melancholy, but severe. The arrow has entered his soul by anticipation. He bestows his contempt and detestation upon mankind in the form of an advance. Knowing

the pangs of betrayed friendship and unrequited love to be in store for him, he rushes up to them indignantly, and feels them beforehand. These, however, are endurable by the brave and scornful; but the loneliness of his being is an immortal pang. How is it that he is not understood by his fellow-men? Why is he a single, solitary atom in this tremendous universe, belonging to no system, and the object of no sympathy? If he cannot be loved, he will at least make himself feared: he cultivates an awful head of hair; and if his profession is intended to be a peaceable one, addicts himself, with stern resolution, to the moustache. Seldom he laughs; but he is an adept at the smile for which we have no name in our language, although the French indicate it by the word *ricaner*, expressing the alarming hilarity of a death's head. It is no wonder that his (prospective) miseries should drive him to take refuge in soda-water and havannahs, since he ranks himself among those castaways of the world who are privileged to have recourse, in their isolation, to intemperance and crime; repeating, with the proud despair of a Fallen Angel, the Byronic line—

Then the spirits that still float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail can never stretch again!

This young gentleman finds the world he desires an ugly customer. It thrashes him into good-humour with it. It knocks him about till he has no breath for vituperation. His betraying friend helps him out of a spunging-house, or he helps the other, which is all one. He marries his unrequiting love; and discovers, to his consternation, that he has changed her into a wife. All his corners are finally rubbed off by the collisions of time; likewise the hair from the crown of his head. He becomes fond of ease and long studies and sipping claret; he grows gouty and obese; he dies, and is buried.

The sentimental young lady is quite a different person. She is more melancholy than severe, more plaintive than vituperative. There is a mystery in her sadness which piques the curiosity of others—perhaps her own. She has various difficulties to struggle with in a world that seems to be made up of antagonisms between mind and matter. Her tendency to *emancipation* is kept down only by the ceaseless anxiety it costs her; and a distressing appetite forces her to all sorts of expedients. At dinner, she will trouble you for nothing more than the side-bone of a chicken, 'as she is not partial to animal food,' and as she had eaten enough of bread and butter before the company came in to remove the sensation of hunger. It is to this delivery of eating, in fact, she owes the faint perfume imparted by Barry Cornwall among the attributes of beauty, but which the coarser Byron alludes to as *smelling of bread and butter*. We admit, however, that there is some want of science betrayed in the young lady's proceedings on this point, bread and butter containing in reality much more of the fattening principle than animal food: however, she does all for the best, listening, poor girl, to the crackling of her corset-strings as if they were so many pistol-shots fired by an ambushed assassin at her peace. Another misery is the vulgar suffusion to which her face is liable. To spread the hue of health over the pale sufferer's cheek is a mere hypocrisy of nature; and she opposes it as far as pearl-powder and internal draughts will go. She is seldom entirely successful, the colour, banished from every other spot, lingering occasionally on her nose—a remarkable phenomenon, since she rigorously abstains from wine.

The sentimental young lady has a heavy epistolary correspondence, although for the most part confined to

a single individual. This is the serious business of her life. On coming down stairs in the morning, she darts upon the basket on the hall-table like a bird of prey. At other post-hours, she watches at the parlour window. She has learned to interpret the physiognomy of the postman, between whom and her there is gradually developed a masonic intelligence. Sometimes he shakes his head, and says, 'No, miss,' with a deprecating look; and at other times puts the looked-for letters into her hands confidentially, and passes on as if relieved from a responsibility. What is the subject of these letters? We dare not conjecture; but we have a dim impression that they relate mainly to metaphysics, and contain the true key to ever so much of the philosophy of life. But we must here advert—and not without indignation—to the practice this young lady has of crossing her letters. This she perpetrates not only vertically, but often diagonally to boot; thereby converting the letter into a dense congeries of scratches, as unintelligible as the Rosetta Stone would have been if its three inscriptions had been jumbled together. It was our intention, we may hint to those concerned, if a certain borough that shall be nameless, had not unaccountably rejected our proffered services in parliament, to introduce a bill bringing this offence—at present reckoned a mere immorality—into the category of criminal misdemeanours, visited by lengthened imprisonment, bread and water, and the deprivation of pen and ink.

The sentimental young lady has usually another friend, who resides in the next street. They take solitary walks together; they go to one another's houses at all sorts of odd times; they are always seen speaking to each other confidentially, and are never overheard. No one knows the nature of their intercommunications. When a third person approaches, they look at each other warningly, and are silent. Their private business follows them everywhere; and when they meet in the evening, they sit side by side, whispering in a corner of the room. They converse a great deal, too, with their eyes, exchanging the looks it is customary to designate as 'meaning,' when people don't know what they mean.

It might be supposed that the sentimental young lady would be in love with the sentimental young gentleman; but this never happens. Her chosen one, both in mind and person, is the most common-place specimen of his sex. All the qualities she adores in him are electro-biological; and between her and her friend he is made up into a figure which his own mother would not know. Even when he laughs at her sentiment—of which he cannot make head or tail—she is delighted; for it is not to be expected that these shocking men should comprehend a woman like her. She thinks, however, that he is impressionable. His tendencies are all right; and by degrees she will be able to refine and elevate him. This must be done before marriage; and there is no hurry. To be 'engaged' is paradise, with marriage looking beautifully blue in the distance. She never would marry, if she could help it, but always be going to be married: it is so delicious to be in a continual mystery, to exchange conscious looks with him, and meaning ones with her friend, and to hear people whispering about her as she enters the room. She has, in fact, an instinctive misgiving as to marriage.

And no wonder: for that is the end of the sentimental young lady. No sooner is the magic ring on her finger, than the hallucination vanishes, and she sees nothing about her but pianos, carpets, and milk and water. She abandons bread and butter, and takes without remorse to animal food and two glasses of wine. She drops acquaintance with the postman, gives up crossing her letters, and by and by rarely writes at all. Her friend feels that something has come between them, and relinquishes of her own accord the confidential tone. The married lady grows communi-

cative with the world, but not on the subject of her earlier history. No man knows to this day the nature of her written correspondence, or the secret of her confidential whispers. In the meantime she gives way to her natural tendency, thrives on what she eats and drinks, acquires a good round comfortable armful of a waist, while the warm hue of health, subsiding from the tantalising position it had taken up on her nose, diffuses itself over her ripe cheeks. Her delicate voice grows distinct and matronly; and her laugh rings sharp and clear through the room. In the course of time, she has any reasonable number of children, or any unreasonable number; and she takes special care that not one of them shall have any chance of turning out a Sentimental Young Lady.

GEOGRAPHICAL PROGRESS.

The presidents of the Royal Geographical Society are accustomed to deliver to the members of that useful corporation an annual address, in which they contrive to embody all that is new or striking in the history and progress of geography for the preceding twelve months. From 'penny maps' to 'anomalous tides,' from the laying down of a shoal to the determination of a mountain's height—everything is pressed into the record. Apart from their scientific value, these addresses contain much that is popularly interesting, and we shall make a brief abstract of one or two of the last delivered, for the information of our readers. First of all, we are informed that, from the fund employed for the promotion of geographical discovery, twenty-five guineas were awarded to Dr Wallin of Helsingfors, for his travels and researches in 'a large portion of the peninsula of Arabia, hitherto untrodden by Europeans,' in the years 1846 to 1849. As the region is one but little known, and as the doctor is perfectly conversant with the languages of the East, and considers the Arab mode of life preferable to that imposed by conventionality and civilisation, he is to be sent out again to make further explorations, as soon as sufficient supplies can be raised. Our government and the East India Company have contributed L.200, but as this sum is not considered adequate, the Grand Duke Constantine, president of the Imperial Geographical Society of St Petersburg, has been asked for further aid, and when his answer comes, the hardy Swede will again set forth. A similar amount of twenty-five guineas has also been given to Mr Brunner for exploration of the Middle Island of New Zealand—that on which the Canterbury Colony is founded. He traversed 200 miles of coast, and a good slice of the interior, and had to rough it pretty severely for greater part of the 550 days that his adventurous journey lasted, besides tracing the courses of several rivers, and discovering inland lakes: according to his report, the greater part of the island is 'barren and unprofitable.'

Dr Rae, one of the most persevering of the searchers for the missing Franklin expedition, has had the Society's gold medal awarded to him 'for his survey of Boothia, under most severe privations, in 1848; and for his recent explorations on foot and in boats of the coasts of Wollaston and Victoria lands, by which many important additions have been made to the geography of the arctic regions.' The greater part of the journeys, which amounted to nearly 4000 miles, was performed with very slender resources; and Dr Rae has shewn how much may be accomplished by resolute perseverance, even under the most unfavourable circumstances.

A second medal was given to Captain H. Strachey, of the East India Company's service, 'for his extensive explorations and surveys in Western Tibet.' He was appointed to determine the limits of Rajah Goolab Sing's territory, and has made us acquainted with a region 500 miles in length, bordering on China, heretofore undescribed; and another portion of the blank on our maps will now be filled up.

The coast survey of the British islands, and other parts of our empire, is still carried on; the southern and eastern shores of England are those now undergoing examination, while Captain Beechey is pursuing his inquiry into the tidal phenomena of the North Sea. A grand chart of the lower course of the Tyne, 36 feet in length, has been laid down on a scale of 27 inches to the mile; and the Humber is being surveyed from the sea up to Goole, and will be similarly noted, it being found of essential importance to preserve evidence of the situation of banks and shoals for future reference; especially as that vast shoal, the Doggerbank, is said to be rising higher every day, and in some places so near to the surface, as to become a formidable danger. The geological survey is also progressing; the sheet maps of North Wales are finished, and those for the Staffordshire coal-field and the Derbyshire mining district, are in a forward state; the latter are to contain tracings of the mineral veins, which will render them particularly valuable. Such labours, however, are not confined to England, they are going on in most of the countries of Europe. The 'Topographical Survey of Sweden,' to comprise 260 sheets, is actively persevered with; the trigonometrical survey of Russia has been in progress for thirty years, yet not more than about one-fourth of the European portion of that great empire is completed; France, Prussia, and Austria, too, are busy with what we call ordnance maps, all of the most comprehensive character. Our trigonometrical survey of India is extending, having reached the meridian of Lahore, in the Punjab territory, besides the lines working in other directions, the whole of which will eventually be united in one great scheme, forty sheets being already engraved. These, with the surveys in America, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, in the Australian seas, and Indian Archipelago, shew that we are daily arriving at more accurate geographical knowledge.

Again: we have further information concerning that little-known country lying between the Black and Caspian Seas—of Babylonia, and other interesting localities in Asia Minor, of which maps are in preparation. And going further east, we find that a considerable extent of the interior of Borneo has been explored by Dr Schwaner, who, by availing himself of rivers hitherto supposed to be unnavigable, has gained more knowledge of the interior regions of that vast island than has hitherto been found practicable. Several of the South Sea islands, too, have been the subject of more accurate exploration and survey than heretofore; and we are told of Hawaii, that it has made such rapid advances since the beginning of the present century, when its condition was nearly the same as when Cook visited it, 'that Christianised men are met at every turn, habited in European attire; houses with glazed windows have superseded the wigwam-huts; the canoes have given way to schooners and ships; and instead of utter ignorance, the natives are instructed by three weekly newspapers.' Of the Feejeans, a different account is given: according to Captain Erskine of the *Havannah*, they are 'addicted to cannibalism to a degree neither known nor credited,' and shipwrecked crews are slaughtered by them and devoured, 'as much from a desire to eat human flesh, as from a religious duty which they have long observed, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of missionaries.'

Turning to Africa, we find by a series of levelings recently carried across the Isthmus of Suez, that instead of there being a difference of thirty feet between the level of the Red Sea and that of the Mediterranean, as has so long been believed, there is in reality little or none—an interesting fact, which will be still further verified during the progress of the railway-works to be set on foot in that locality under the superintendence of Mr R. Stephenson. How the past and present will be brought together by having light thrown on ancient geography by modern enterprise! Besides this, an attempt is being made to solve another important problem in the Valley of the Nile. Lepsius has stated in his great work on Egypt, that this river formerly flowed at a much higher level than now, having in the course of ages worn away its bed to a depth of twenty-seven feet; and this statement being disputed, a deep pit or well is to be sunk at Heliopolis, with a view to examine the strata and deposits through which it flows, and thereby determine if any and what change has taken place. The work for this purpose is under the direction of Mr Leonard Horner, who defrays the cost with a portion of the annual grant placed by government at the disposal of the Royal Society; which has lately received a consignment of cases filled with specimens of the earth taken from the excavation. Meanwhile it appears that, like Sweden, the Arabian Gulf-region and Abyssinia are undergoing slow and gradual upheaval. In addition to these researches, active explorations are going on in the north, east, west, and south of Africa, and more than one treaty of commerce has been signed between England and the petty monarchs of the interior. The Rev. Mr Livingston announces the existence of another large lake, 200 miles north-west of that now known as Lake Ngami; the great Lake Tchad is being navigated by European boats; and efforts are being made to reach those mysterious mountains in which the Nile is supposed to rise, for, as Captain Smyth observes, 'no European traveller, from Bruce downwards, has yet seen its true source.'

In America also, the same persevering spirit of inquiry is exhibited: every month new facts are brought to light, or old ones verified, and the vessels of the British and American navies are diligently and accurately surveying the coasts. The examination of the Oregon and California shores appears to have been carried on under peculiar difficulties by Lieutenant M'Arthur, an American officer, who died recently at Panama. 'He arrived in California with a small vessel during the worst phase of the gold-fever. His crew revolted and deserted, and on one occasion pitched into the sea an officer, who, by the merest miracle, drifted to the shore, and was restored to life. The mutineers were pursued, captured, and hanged; but while pushing his labours, the active commander had been obliged to manacle his men to their boats.' Then, in another quarter of the same country, further examination has added to our knowledge of the new territory of Utah, the head-quarters of the Mormons, whose proceedings of late have attracted much attention by their singularity. The physical situation of the country is described as 'very curious: surrounded on all sides by frightful rocks, covered with snow or saline effluences. The vast basin in which these people have placed their city is fertile, healthy, and estimated to be capable of readily supporting a million of people; it is about 560 miles in diameter, and elevated 4000 or 5000 feet above the sea.' It contains that remarkable body of water known as the Great Salt Lake, of which Captain Stansbury, the topographical surveyor, reports: 'It has no outlet,' and adds: 'I am convinced, from what I have seen, that neither the river Utah (Jordan of the Mormons) nor the lake, can be of the slightest utility to commercial navigation.'

These are but a few of the results of geographical

investigation for the past two years, and coming ones give promise of still further knowledge, seeing that scientific instruments and resources are every day multiplying, and are produced in greater perfection.

I S I S.*

THIS is a book that will probably be misunderstood by the word-catchers and line-and-plummet critics. They will describe it as only another tour in Egypt, that tells nothing new, and can tell nothing new, since everything has been already told a score of times. And this is to some extent a fact—yet quite untrue. The book is a tour in a terribly betravelled country, and it adds no more to our knowledge of Egypt than the *Sentimental Journey* does to our knowledge of France. Yet, like that work, it is full of novelty; it is full of pictures absolutely original; and although the people it treats of, and their classes and occupations, are the same that have become so familiar to us, they are represented in a light so strange as to be sometimes startling. In many respects, the author flatly contradicts all former travellers. To him, the country, even in its wildest and dreariest aspects, is a paradise; and the character of the very worst of the inhabitants has points of relief that enchant him. The reason is, that he carried his own atmosphere with him, through which he saw and felt; or that he diffused his own spirit throughout the whole of visible nature, till the objects he beheld seemed to become a portion of himself, and he of them. To understand this, it is only necessary to read the following eloquent burst, elicited during a morning stroll in Nubia:—“God only knows what occasioned the pleasure I then felt in being alone, seeing I am the least solitary creature upon earth; but it was a pleasure; and day after day I sought it, sometimes before the faintest dawn had reddened the cool orient, sometimes in the depth of night, when the moon, walking with her white feet over the desert, invested sand, rocks, and rivers with the pale splendours of a mimic day. One morning, having risen and landed considerably before dawn, I found some difficulty in following the path, and therefore, proceeding beyond the narrow strip of cultivation, directed my footsteps southward over the sand, along the hedge of the prickly mimosas which separated the desert from the valley. How entire was the silence of this stillness! There existed nothing to fear, yet I was not altogether without a certain vague apprehension that some evil might befall me; but this did not amount to a sense of real danger, otherwise it would have sent me back to the river; but the feeling was just sufficiently strong to enable me, with Gray's school-boy, to “snatch a fearful joy.” The moon on one side of the heavens was going down, while on the other I looked in vain for that pearly gray which comes forth like a modest spirit into the sky, to announce the approach of Aurora. From time to time, I paused and gazed around me; and though years, long years, have passed since that morning, I am deeply grateful still for the delight I then enjoyed.

“Let me not appear extravagant if I declare, that the whole universe seemed to have melted, with all its grandeur, into my soul. The idea did not present itself to me, that I was a part of what I saw, but that I was the whole. The consciousness of all things around me, melted, as it were, into mine, or else I lent my

consciousness to the material universe. I know not how a man may be brought into such a frame of mind, but this I know, that to taste again of similar enjoyment, I would willingly, had I the power, traverse half the earth; and most other persons, I feel assured, would do the same. The charm, however, may have consisted in the combination of circumstances. All around me lay extended the immeasurable desert, clothed with lights and shadows of the strangest kind by the setting moon. Here were patches of white sand converted by the magic of light into snow-drifts; and there arose pinnacles of glittering rocks, sheathed apparently in silver, and piercing the amethystine ether, alive with clustering constellations. At distant intervals, I caught a glimpse of the Nile, its mirror-like surface slightly tremulous in the fading moonlight. And then the firmament—was it not full of God? All the fables, all the religion, indeed all the intellectual life of ancient Greece, seemed to be painted there in everlasting colours. Every constellation evolved or evoked a world of thought. There Argo steered its eternal voyage toward Colchis, there the mighty hunter Orion drew his glittering bow, there the virgin Cassiopeia sat on her starry throne, and there the hair of Berenice waved in golden brightness among the gods. Above all these, extended lovingly across the heavens, the white track made by the milk of Hera's breast, which, as it fell from the summit of Olympus, was converted into countless stars.

This extract is the key to the book; which will now be seen to contain the imaginative traveller's views of Egyptian life and scenery. Such views, it will be observed, are by no means inconsistent with correctness in fact. The facts may be true, though seen through a poetical medium; and, indeed, there are various portions of the volumes which discover a shrewdness of observation by no means common even among the most prosaic of travellers. We would rather turn, however, in the meantime, to the personal character of the traveller, since that had so great an influence on the impressions he received. This curious bit of autobiography he gives *apropos* of some speculations on the Bedouins. “I regard what I am now writing very much in the light of a confession, intended not by any means to exalt myself, but that the reader may be gratified by thinking how much more wisely he or she has thought and acted than I have. For this reason, all the truth—as far at least as it is connected with the subject—shall out here. Shortly after marriage, I retired with my wife to a country-town on the seashore, for the purpose of maturing and carrying out a plan we had long formed. This was to leave Christendom altogether, traverse the Mediterranean, and join some of the tribes of Bedouins in the desert about Palmyra. To enable me to carry this design into execution, I studied assiduously the Arabic language, and read daily the Koran and the histories and traditions of El-Islam; that I might not on my arrival among the Ishmaelites be an entire stranger to their system of ideas and belief. That we did not pursue and perfect this plan, was owing to no caprice or infirmity of purpose on our part, but to the adverse influences of fortune; and now that the time for realising the wishes of those days has gone by, and given me other ties and prospects, I confess it has been one of the lasting regrets of my life, that we were not then enabled to make the desert our home, amid those fierce and lawless wanderers, who scorn the yoke of sultan or pacha, and are to all intents and purposes their own masters.” After this, the following will amuse: “Will the reader pardon me if I exhibit a trait of personal vanity? When I arrived at Thebes, I had one of the handsomest beards in the world; black as jet, and descending in curls and waves over my breast. This was a great recommendation to me among the Arabs, and I fear I must attribute to it much of the influence

* *Isis: an Egyptian Pilgrimage.* By James Augustus St John. 2 vols. Longman. London; 1832.

I possessed over them. Often and often, while passing along the streets of Gournou, Karnac, and Luxor, the women and the old men, as they sat on the stone *mastabah* beside their doors, would exclaim to each other: "Wallah, has not he a beard!" St John adds, that this magnificent beard has long since gone to the tomb of all the Capulets. That may be true of the identical 'commodity of hair;' but if it has gone, it has left behind it, to our certain knowledge, a very respectable successor.

Imagine the figure this beard would cut at a breakfast in the desert like the one thus described: 'Just as the sun shewed himself above the Arabian mountains, we reached a sheik's tomb, old, dilapidated, and deserted. Here we determined to breakfast, and Abou-Zaid and Mohammed kindled their charcoal fire in the interior, while we sat on the sand without, leaning lazily against the wall, smoking our pipes, and feeling the pleasant warmth of the sun falling on our cheeks. My reputation as a philosopher has long ago been done for with the reader, and therefore I need affect no reserve, but go on indulging with more Homeric freedom than Homer himself, in my descriptions of eating and drinking. Just imagine a sheik's tomb on the edge of the desert, surrounded by fine soft sand, studded here and there with the delicate feathery mimosa, whose fresh, bright green leaves were put gently in motion by the morning breeze; imagine the emerald valley before us, and behind the Libyan waste, with the consciousness we were just about to enter upon it; then imagine five camels, crouched like so many huge cats on the sand, eating perfectly at their ease the prickly plants, which, to save them the trouble of motion, Mohammed had cut and thrown before them; lastly, imagine brimming bowls of coffee, aromatic and rich with cream, fresh white cakes covered with marmalade, *kahobs* crackling from the fire, eggs, fresh cheese, and half-a-dozen other luxuries, with an appetite like a wolf's, and you will be able to form some idea of the breakfast we made over the remains of some dear old derwish, who probably had spent his life in doing good, and now in death lent his tomb as a breakfast parlour to a couple of wandering infidels from the west!'

Mr St John had an opportunity of seeing one of the famous slave-hunting parties on the march homewards from the interior of Africa; but his account of the victims is strangely different from what we should have expected. 'Crossing over to the right bank, we witnessed a very strange exhibition. This was a small Turkish encampment, where we saw soldiers of nearly all nations returning from the interior of Africa, bringing along with them a large company of female slaves. Of these, a majority were negroes, and the remainder Galla or Abyssinian women. They were kept in a large fold like sheep, with an enclosure of calico stretched on poles, to protect them from the gaze of strangers; but they contrived, poor girls, to exhibit their beauty in spite of their jealous owners; for, getting on tip-toe, and resting their chins on the calico, they shewed us, as we passed, their laughing faces. Some of them on the following night managed to get out, and the excitement they created in Korosko is not to be described. The honest Turks, their masters, fatigued by their long march across the desert, had fallen fast asleep, and so also had the native guardians set over the female slaves. The opportunity was not to be overlooked, so they resolved to enjoy a few hours of freedom, which they spent as they pleased in the village, drinking, singing, and dancing with the Nubians, till they judged it time to return to their prison, where in the morning they were all found, looking as innocent as if nothing had happened.' This is likewise a curious trait. 'From contemplating this landscape, we were suddenly roused by a wild cry issuing from a narrow ravine in the eastern mountains,

At first, it was impossible to decide whether the sound we heard betokened rapture or agony. Presently, however, it was repeated, and our Arabs and Nubians recognised the well-known *zagharit*, or shrill shriek of joy, uttered by the women of the valley when in the enjoyment of unusual delight. Whoever has heard a railway whistle at midnight in some remote valley, may form some conception of this sound. There is nothing else like it in nature. It is produced by rolling the tongue up into a sort of pipe, and then forcing the voice through it in a manner altogether inexplicable to me. When ten or twelve women, however, join in the *zagharit*, it seems to pierce the brain, and persons unaccustomed to it immediately put their fingers in their ears.' This 'eldritch skirl,' it seems, was performed on the occasion of a wedding going on in the neighbourhood.

But we must now come to Mr St John's adventure in the Mummy Pits, of which so interesting an account is given by Leigh. He had some difficulty in obtaining guides, for his party were mobbed by the women, who sought to prevent their husbands from being tempted by money to risk their lives from the mephitic exhalations which had already proved fatal to many. 'But as Pharaoh's heart was hardened against the Israelites, so were ours made worse than the flinty rock against these poor daughters of Ishmael, who, however, determined not to be conquered easily, but crowding round us, sobbing and shedding tears, saluted our ears with hostile epithets, such as dogs, pigs, unbelievers, Jews, with whatever else their cannibal or maternal rhetoric could supply.' This difficulty overcome, they proceeded to the place. 'In conformity with the national practice, the Arabs, having stripped nearly naked, knelt upon the sand, and repeated certain prayers, as being about to undertake an enterprise full of danger. Their leader, an old man with an extremely white beard, then taking up a lamp, passed round a projection of the rock, followed by his two sons, and entered a narrow passage which we ourselves had failed to discover. I followed, and Vere, with Suliman and the other Arabs, brought up the rear. After proceeding for some time, the cavern suddenly expanded, and presented to the eye a prospect of infernal magnificence. The roof, rising like that of some vast cathedral, was black as night, while innumerable gloomy aisles, apparently interminable, stretched away on all sides. The walls, the pillars, the niches, the tabernacles—in one word, all we saw, appeared to be cased with black crystal, which, sparkling and glittering as the lights passed on, suggested forcibly to the mind the idea of hell, towering and dilating before one in Satanic grandeur. Everything around wore a fuliginous aspect. In the floor were chasms of unknown depth, descending between black rocks, moist and slippery, while the most loathsome effluvia, pestiferous as those of Avernus, filled the atmosphere, and inspired us with a feeling like that of sea-sickness. Had we taken in with us two or three hundred Fellahs, and disposed them in long lines down the aisles with torches in their hands, we might possibly have formed a tolerable conception of those stupendous *hypogææ*. As it was, our few small lights suggested the idea of glowworms moving in darkness through infinite space.

'What inspired the Egyptians with a fondness for such localities, it is hard to say. There was certainly something sublime in their habit of mind; but then it is equally clear, that when they visited these subterranean tombs, the air could not have been so offensive or pestiferous as it is at present. The change was evidently brought about by some accidental conflagration, which might at any moment be repeated; for in all the vaults and chambers of the interior, linen, cotton, palm-leaves, dry as tinder, are profusely scattered on all sides, ready to be ignited by the first chance spark that may fall among them. In this case,

the whole would instantaneously be in a blaze, and the effluvia issuing from such a mass, with innumerable mummies of men, women, and crocodiles, broiling, seething, and frying in a confined space, may, perhaps, be more easily imagined than described. Escape would be impossible. Every soul in the cavern would be overtaken by immediate death; and it would then, perhaps, be centuries before the people of Maabde would again resume courage to act as guides. Here and there the bodies of those who had fallen in the attempt to explore the place, present themselves as startling mementos to future travellers. Vere, as we crawled along, put his hand on the face of one of these victims. The bats were innumerable; and, striking against us in their flight, attempted to crawl down our breasts, or up under our Fex-caps. I once or twice put the point of my thumb or finger into the mouths of those which had fallen to the earth; for I should observe, that the passage at length contracted, and became so low, that we were forced to creep along on our hands and knees.

'While I was pleasing myself with the idea that I should soon be in the *adyton*, where, in the midst of crocodiles, red-haired girls were sacrificed to Typhon, I felt suddenly a strange swelling of the heart, like that which in some circumstances is said to precede death: my breathing became obstructed, and darkness came over my eyes, so that I could not clearly distinguish the candle I carried in one of my own hands. On reaching the mouth, the guide threw himself on the sand, while I sat in a state of stupor for nearly half an hour. Some time after, our friends returned, bringing along with them mummies of crocodiles. They were covered with dirt, soot, and sweat, but did not appear to have suffered particularly from the effects of malaria. . . . The Arabs now volunteered to enter a second time, to bring out other mummies, among which was one of a red-haired girl, unquestionably the most hideous relic of mortality I ever beheld. It was naked to the waist; the stomach and abdomen were pitted in; the skin was black; and the head, loosened by time, shook in the socket, and turned round, trembling and grinning, at the least motion. My disgust and horror combined to inspire me with regret for having thus rifled the tomb. I could not take the fearful mummy along with me into my boat; the Arabs refused to restore it to its resting-place; and, therefore, not knowing what better to do, I laid it gently on the sand of the desert, where, if the thing were practicable, it was devoured by the half-amused hyenas, to which nothing that can possibly be eaten comes amiss. I have often since then been haunted by the image of that girl, who had slumbered quietly in her tomb for 2000 years, till disturbed by my Frankish curiosity. How I came to yield to this morbid sentiment is more than I can explain, since, on all other occasions, I had resisted its influence. 'Possibly, the wish to possess a red-haired mummy—remembering, as I did, the tradition that such persons were habitually sacrificed to the principle of evil—became my better feelings.' When St John was sufficiently well to walk, the Arabs took up the crocodiles, and putting them on their heads, the whole party, European and native, marched towards the boats, forming a strange procession.

The Nile, on which they embarked, has of course the power of raising any amount of enthusiasm in our excitable traveller. 'The Nile seems a mighty epic to me, gushing forth in darkness amid lands unknown, then emerging with its blue waters into the light of history, and reflecting as it flows innumerable monuments, replete with surpassing grandeur, and ancient most as the globe itself, creating, by slow deposits, a whole country as it advances towards the sea, and cooiting through countless ages a gratitude and an admiration which habitually degenerated into idolatry.

The sky, also, which everywhere hangs enamoured over this mighty river, suggests to my fancy ideas too lovely to be invested with language. Clouds, no doubt, have their charms, especially when, blushing with crimson, and suffused with golden light, they pile themselves up in the Orient, to witness and accompany the birth of day, or spread themselves like a gorgeous funeral-pall over its death-like descent into the west. But give me a sky of unstained blue, which rises in infinite altitude over the earth, the image of eternal purity, through which the sun travels daily like a god, with not a vapour to intercept one of his rays in its descent towards the habitations of man. Here, indeed, there is no variety. Day after day, the morning breaks with unsullied brilliance, and the same immitigable glory accompanies its close. It is a serene monotony, productive of ever-varying reflections—a calm suggestive of unspeakable delight, a beauty resulting from unity, which fills the soul with infinite yearnings after eternal beatitude.' The superstitions of the river are singular. One of them relates to a certain Sheik Said, who is supposed to preside over the destinies of its mariners. 'Inspired with this belief, every sailor who passes up or down the river, however scanty may be his means, casts into the water a small offering of bread for Sheik Said. Superstition is not logical; the pious Arabs, therefore, perceive no contradiction in attributing to the spirit of the derwish unity and multitude. They believe, in defiance of metaphysics, that his soul, descending into the river, infuses itself into a number of little fishes, which, as the bread floats miraculously towards the shore, ascend, put their heads above water, and eat it. Thus refreshed, the material soul of Sheik Said returns to his tomb, and there, brooding over the events of his mortal life, and the attributes and perfections of God, continues from age to age plunged in immeasurable felicity.' There is another Sheik Haridi, whose tomb among the rocks is haunted by a great serpent, said to come every day to devour the offerings left for him by the pious mariners. While looking for this tomb, St John met with rather a hazardous adventure. 'We crossed the gap, and there found a path not more than nine inches wide, running out along the face of the cliffs, round a bluff projection which beetled out for 150 feet overhead. I still tremble as I recall to mind that dreadful place. Observing that it led to a grotto cut in the rock, about 250 feet above the Valley, and imagining this might be the retreat of the serpent, I determined, if possible, to reach it. Suliman, with superstitious eagerness, took the lead. The path, narrow as it was, had been rendered more perilous by the action of the sun and air, which had crumbled it away in several places, so that there was scarcely anything on which to rest the foot. At our departure from the semi-cone, we ran, of course, no danger, but ere we had advanced twenty paces, the depth beneath us had increased to 60 or 70 feet: we were compelled to move cautiously, with our faces against the perpendicular cliff, holding by little unevennesses or projections of the rock, the difficulty and the peril augmenting every moment. The cold perspiration now bursts over my whole frame as I remember my sensations. When I looked down between my feet, and beheld the tremendous height beneath, my head became giddy in an instant; and to this hour it is inexplicable to me how I did not immediately let go my hold, and tumble backwards. Suliman was about two paces in advance, and not to frighten him, I made no allusion to the hideous depth, but observed quietly, that I thought we had better return, to which he very readily assented. We therefore began to make our way back, my fingers clutching the rock convulsively, and my brain whirling with terror. I recollect distinctly, that at one point of our retreat the rocks seemed to have grown more friable, as little bits came off in my hand: but I dug my nails into it till the

blood almost came, and in this fashion worked my way back, until I stood once more on the summit of the semi-cone, with much the same feelings that a man gets out of a mortar just about to explode.

But almost every page would furnish a quotation, and our space is scanty. We conclude, therefore, by way of a striking wind-up, with a storm, and advise the reader to go to the book itself, where he will find abundant materials as good as the above, and in such variety as to be adapted for all moods of thought. 'It was getting towards evening, the sun lay obscured behind a thick curtain of vapour, and along the edge of the horizon for miles stretched a blood-red belt, reposing on mountains of black clouds, and pressed down, as it were, and narrowed by dense masses of the same colour from above. The air, where we stood, seemed to have lost all motion; there was a hush, a stillness, a silence, which we felt to be painful. Once or twice I fancied here and there over the crimson glow, slight evanescent coruscations of blue and yellow, like the phenomena which indicate the approach of the Simûm. The pleasure I experienced in gazing at this stupendous panorama, unrolled before us by nature, was mixed with awe. It seemed as if the natural course of things were about to receive some great and sudden shock. As it happened, there were no villages near, or dwellings of any kind. At intervals, a few scattered palms stood up against the sky, their towering forms relieved strangely against its startling colours. Presently, a low murmur, suggesting extreme remoteness, was heard in the west, as if a great army were approaching the Valley under cover of those fuliginous exhalations. Every moment the sound increased in loudness, until at length our ears were smitten by the full roar of the hurricane. But the wind did not come alone. To our eyes, it seemed to have lifted up the whole Libyan desert, and to have hurled it in vast clouds into the sky. No phenomenon in nature ever appeared more grand to me. Sometimes the surging sand-clouds suggested the idea of a whole continent on fire, with its smoke ascending in stifling and immeasurable masses to heaven, an idea which was strengthened by streams of red light bursting here and there through the gloom, and imparting to the sandy particles, hurled aloft, rolling and fluctuating in the air, the appearance of flame. In a few moments, we were involved in the driving sand, which, entering our mouths, nostrils, ears, and eyes, excited sensations indescribably painful. We had by this time retreated to the river's bank, where, throwing our cloaks over our heads, we sat down in the lee of a sheltering ledge to let the storm pass.'

INSTRUCTION AMONG SAILORS.

SOME time ago, when a Prussian merchant-vessel touched at Greenock, it was found, from a circumstance which occurred, that every sailor on board could read and write; not one required to sign with a mark for his name. This was deemed to be a somewhat remarkable instance of scholarship, comparing it with the unfortunately too common deficiencies of English sailors; and it is of course only accounted for by the fact, that in Prussia, elementary education is compulsory, while in our own country, the education of a child is very much a matter of chance.

This incident respecting the educated Prussians has been called to our mind by the perusal of a report in the *Times* newspaper (Nov. 9), relative to the degree of instruction possessed by the commanders and mates of vessels in the district of Teignmouth and South Shields. The following passage in the report is worth noting:—'Since the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and the increase of foreign vessels in our port, one circumstance has attracted the attention of observant persons—namely, the superiority of masters of vessels belonging to the northern parts of Europe—Sweden and Norway in especial—in point of mercantile ability, as compared with our men. There is hardly a common seaman that comes from those countries but has a

tolerable acquaintance with the English language, the rate of Exchanges, &c., and is enabled to conduct his own business without the intervention of an interpreter. Compared with them, it is very rarely that a master of a British vessel of a moderate burden is met with who can talk any language but his own; and as to our seamen, with the hearty contempt they have for them there foreigners, such a thing is out of the question. It is a great drawback, and the cause of a thousand embarrassments in foreign ports.'

It cannot be doubted, that the competition which now takes place between British and foreign shipping, will speedily be the means of putting our masters of vessels on their mettle, and of improving the character and position of sailors in various ways. But, meanwhile, what a scandal is the general deficiency of the merest elements of education in the humbler departments of the mercantile marine!

THE FEAR AND THE HOPE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

My thoughts within me grow at times so high,
That, looking at them 'twixt the earth and sky,

They dazzle me with glow of green and gold:
Thus ripe fruits hang 't the sun;
On haughty walls, unwon
By longing little hands, that pine their sweets to hold.

Is, then, the stature of my mind so low,
That I can never hope to reach the show
Imagination forms of fruitage fine,
Which gleams before the eye
Of thought, too far and high
To come within a grasp so weak and dwarfed as mine?

After long hours of pain, when Love seems lost,
In swampy selfishness, and Hope is tossed
About wild waves that lend no rock to rest;
Then suddenly comes Ease,
Smoothing the mind's rough seas,
Till they are fit for Hope—fair swan!—to bide its nest on!

Then, when exempt from physical cares, it is
Those visions bright approach me, ripe with bliss,
Singing glad Yea-words, fraught with Hope, that make
Each sublunary care
A bubble of the air,
Whilst momentary ease a lasting shape doth take.

O Hope, fair Hope! deceiving Hope! but still
Consoling Hope, I would not have slighted
Thy warm tides in my soul; but, when I sought them
And found them, prize them well;
Dear are the tales they tell
Of apples—sour in May, that sweeten the autumn's fall.

BANTAN-TREE OF CEYLON.

The finest specimen of this noble tree in Ceylon is at Mount Lavinia, seven miles distant from Colombo. Two roads run through its stems: some of its branches have been trained like the stays of a ship, so as not to intercept the road; while others hang half-way down, with beautiful vistas of cocoa-palms seen through its slender pillar-like stems. It throws a shadow at noon over four acres of ground.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

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SUSANNAH BALDERSTONE'S BABY.

ALTHOUGH I am beginning to be recognised in the various septs of the clan Balderstone as Uncle This, and Grandpapa That, and am altogether past having any family concerns of my own, I still feel a good deal of interest in their affairs. The little people manifest a lively sense of anticipatory gratitude for the balls and dolls they expect from me at Christmas; the grown-up gentlemen of the tribe consult me about their new partnerships and investments; and I have even had the honour of being taken into the confidence of one or two of the young ladies respecting affairs of the heart. The most remarkable event or circumstance in the family history for a considerable time, is my niece Susannah's last baby, which was, in the first place, something of a prodigy in the very fact of its being a baby at all, seeing that it was born after an interval of fourteen years from its predecessor; and in the second, proved a marvel of beauty, amiability, intelligence, and all that a first-class baby is expected to be. For a twelvemonth past, there has not been anything nearly so much talked of in our various family circles as this paragon of babies.

Perhaps the whole matter would have passed on much as other such matters do in less distinguished circles, but for the irritation which has arisen, I am sorry to say, through the starting up of a competitor in another family. The Corbets are not our relations, but only connections through some ancient intermarriages. Nevertheless, ever since any of us remember, they were intimately associated with the Balderstones till a few years ago, when at length a dryness took place, in consequence of something which no person on either side could ever explain to the comprehension of any third party, and of which, for my own part, I have not the faintest understanding beyond its being something which all true Balderstones were bound to resent. Well, the Corbets and we were not on good terms. We were civil when we met; but we did not seek to meet. Our mutual friends knew that it was not proper to invite us to the same dinner-parties, believe the gentlemen generally behaved, when they did meet, good-humouredly enough; but the ladies, on their accidentally encountering each other, were distressingly polite. Thus matters went on for several years; and perhaps, if nothing had occurred to fan the flame of discord, they might have ere long been softened, and a reconciliation might have taken place. But since the birth of a competitor baby in the Corbet family, things have become far worse than they ever were before. Very unfortunately, the Balderstone baby and the

Corbet baby came into this world of jars within a week of each other. When Mrs James Corbet was announced by the newspapers, in their usual intelligent manner, as 'of a daughter,' three days after Susannah Balderstone had proclaimed that a man-child was born to her, it seemed as if a gauntlet had been thrown down by the Corbets to the Balderstones, which the latter must take up. We were not at first much excited, for we felt a serene superiority in the sex of our baby. But very few weeks had elapsed ere our jealous feelings were fully roused. Although no Corbet craft ever entered the port of a Balderstone, any more than any Balderstone bark took harbour with a Corbet, there were a few neutral vessels, in the form of old ladies, which kept continually passing and repassing between the two contending powers. By these gentlewomen there were given such minute and ample accounts of the two babies to the respective parties, that the feeling of rivalry could not have been more excited though the infants had been brought into one place and fairly pitted against each other. I do not know exactly how it may have been with the Corbets, but I must in candour confess that, within six months, there was hardly a Balderstone who would have felt sorry if Providence had been pleased to remand the infant Corbet out of this unfortunate world.

It began with reports of the bulk of the Corbet baby. Ours was not a big child—a circumstance which in itself we felt to be of no account, perhaps rather to be rejoiced in. But when we were told that the little Corbet was of extraordinary size and strength, we began to feel uncomfortable. The first sting was implanted, and we never afterwards could be said to be at ease. Of course, we did not own to any sense of the Corbet baby having an advantage in this respect, but tried to make head against it by reference to the greater liveliness of our child, and a few general allusions to the proverbial smallness of all highly precious things. But still we could have wished that the tangible instead of the abstract superiority had been on our side. Before the twelvemonth was out, we experienced a partial and temporary relief from the humiliation, by our lively little fellow getting upon his feet, and toddling from chair to chair in the parlour, while no report of similar feats came from the Corbet camp. Here, we all felt, was a decided proof of the advantage which an infant had in not being of anything like a monstrous size or weight. The Corbet baby will not walk for months to come, and, when it does, its body being too heavy for its limbs, it will become deformed. Where will the boast of the Corbets be then? Here, on the other hand, is a baby of a moderate natural size, and, behold, such is its strength and spirit, it walks fully three months

before the average time, and is in no danger of bending its limbs! The Balderstone baby is the baby after all. Let the reader imagine our mortification—though at first softened by a little incredulity—on our being informed, a fortnight after, that little Georgina Corbet had suddenly taken to running about, and seemed even more decidedly at ease in her new circumstances than our darling Topsy Mopsy!

All through the latter part of this first twelvemonth, there had been sundry skirmishings about the dentition of the respective infants. It never could be clearly ascertained which had the first tooth. I always felt that our pretensions to the honour rested on less substantial proof than was to be desired. There had been a carelessness on our nurse's part in observing the fact. When first discovered, the tooth appeared as if it had been out for at least a couple of days. Meanwhile, the corresponding fact in regard to the Corbet infant, had been announced to the whole sanhedrim of aunts and grandmamas concerned in that case, and much had been the crowing thereupon. Notwithstanding resolutions of better care in future, and a guerdon of half-a-crown held out by Grandmamma Balderstone for early intelligence, the child's teeth would slip into existence in this insidious manner—it happened several times—and thus we were balked of several triumphs on which we had every reason to calculate. The utmost we could do was to boast of the fact, as a sign of the health and vigour of our baby; while, on the other hand, there was no wonder that the cutting of the Corbet infant's teeth was in all cases observed to an hour, seeing that the little creature had so much affliction in that branch of her organisation. On the whole, we got through the teething with a fair degree of credit.

The tug of war, while these merely physical developments were going on, was, though keen, nothing compared to what it became when the intelligence and *morale* of the two children began to appear. We were quite taken by surprise when a neutral friend, calling upon us one day, mentioned that the Corbet infant already could distinguish every one of the family when the name was mentioned, and had even, on one or two occasions, let fall the words Papa and Mamma, although it could not yet be induced to pronounce them at command. It seemed as if the rival family had stolen a march upon us. We took all the blame, however, upon ourselves, for we felt convinced that our baby would have been distinguishing faces, and addressing papa and mamma too, if we had only taken pains to instruct him. A vigorous educational effort was therefore resolved upon. Long, however, before any decided consequences had been observed, the same officious friend, having paid another visit to the Corbets, reported that one day, when nobody was thinking of it, little Georgina, being tormented by one of her sisters, broke out with the phrase, 'Don't tubble me,' to the astonishment of those who heard it, and the incredulity of those who did not. The thing was talked of in the house as a kind of nursery myth; but yet it was evident that some faith was placed in it, especially as all were convinced that the child was one of singularly precocious intellect. We begged to side with those who took the mythic view of the alleged incident, and yet it gave us a secret qualm of alarm as to our baby. We were speedily relieved in some degree by learning that our precious babe had begun to cry 'ta-ta' when anything was given him, as meaning it to be an

acknowledgment of the favour. And he had also, when papa was spoken of one day, amazed everybody by pointing to papa's portrait on the wall (papa himself being absent). These were respectable scintillations, affording good grounds of hope, and we did not doubt that he would soon at least overtake the Corbet baby.

Unfortunately for us, for every new trait of sense in our child—and they were capital traits in themselves—there was sure to be a report of fresh accomplishments from the Corbet offshoot, and these were always of a character somewhat ahead of any contemporaneous gifts in the Balderstone prodigy. Thus, by the time that our babe could point to a portrait, and make a significant reference to its original, the little Corbet could ask for 'mo' tea.' By the time that ours demanded more tea, the Corbet baby had attained an art of holding up her little finger and shaking her head, in burlesque of her nurse, that set the whole family into convulsions of laughter. When, at length, by great pains, our nurse had trained the darling Topsy Mopsy to mimic some little trait of one or two of his sisters, just then, in the midst of the general delight, we heard of little Corbet crowing like a cock, barking like a dog, saying 'click-chick' at the mention of a horse, and imitating the mew of the cat in a way quite ravishing to all hearers. We thought we had got a great start, when our dear babe came down stairs one morning with a totally new and original *feu d'esprit*. 'How much do you love me, Topsy?' said the maid. By way of answer, he flung his little arms wide open, implying that he loved her as much as all that. 'And how much do you love little Tommy T——?' alluding to a neighbour's child who had looked cross at him one day, when their maids walked out together. The dear child held out his hand, and indicated the space of about an inch with his finger and thumb. A most comical little trick we all thought it, and far beyond anything as yet communicated respecting the scion of the house of Corbet. But in the very crisis of our enjoyment, in came one of those pestilential neutral ships, bringing news of little Corbet having already eaten her way to P in a cake of alphabetical gingerbread, being understood to have mastered all the preceding letters. It was truly provoking; and I am afraid that my good friend Susannah had some difficulty in maintaining the rules of civility towards our informant during the remainder of her visit.

So it has been ever since with these two babies, the one always keeping a little in advance of the other—I will not say to the discomfiture, but I must admit, to the decided irritation of the Balderstone family; whose wrath is not a little enhanced by what they hear from time to time of the exultant feelings of the Corbets. It being our sincere conviction, that there never was a finer child than little Topsy Mopsy, we are all of us as good deal perplexed by these alleged traits of superiority in the Corbet, which appear somewhat to mar the theory; but one of our young gentlemen, who attends a philosophical institution, has at length hit upon an idea, which seems to bring all into harmony. Girls, he remarks, have a certain sharpness which does not belong to boys, and which comes out before the most solid powers of the intellect. They are, therefore, apt to seem cleverer at first; but after a few years this goes off, and the male superiority is asserted. I cannot say that the mamma, sisters, and aunts of our baby have shewn so much readiness to embrace the

explanation as the gentlemen of the family; but still it has met with a certain acceptance from all, and for the present we rest in hope that it will be verified by time, to the utter routing of all the boasts and taunts launched against us by the house of Corbet.

Thus matters at present stand between the rival houses and their respective babies. If any new facts worth noting shall emerge, I will endeavour to record them.

THE LITERARY ASPIRANT.

PIERRE HENRI was the architect of his own fortunes, as the phrase goes; he was considered well to do in the world, and had actually realised, by years of untiring labour and economy, a little fund to draw on in any present emergency, and secure a moderate provision for his old age. Many would have been satisfied with such an achievement, and taken a holiday for the remainder of life; not so Pierre Henri: from principle even more than from habit, his hand still clung as steadily to the trowel and line as when he laid his first foundation-stone. He appreciated the value of such an example to his children; and his greatest ambition was to see them follow in the same track; its ruggedness somewhat smoothed, and its opportunities enlarged, by the advantages afforded through the competence earned so hardly by himself.

When we speak of children, there were only two—a son and daughter. The young girl followed her mother's footsteps in everything good, and, as the daughter of a tradesman, was engaged to be married on some future day to one of the most intelligent and estimable of his workmen. His son, too, was on the desired road, already skilful in his father's trade, and all that his father's heart could wish. But a change, at first unnoticed, had gradually crept between them. At last, the father's heart began to tremble: his son, the centre of his hopes, seemed about to take a wrong turning—to start on an unknown path, and escape from him for ever.

None but parents can know the sad, mysterious feeling, when the young nestling, reared with so much care, formed and moulded to some cherished plan, takes a flight above and beyond them into some unfamiliar region, upsetting their life-long fabric with its soaring wing—that vague mingling of admiration and sorrow with which they watch the parted one—that trembling hope and doubt with which they let him go, or hure him back. Pierre Henri experienced those feelings in all their acuteness. He had always felt the value of education, and had sought to give his son the best within his reach, trusting to see it yet developed in the higher branches of his trade; but it had the more natural effect of inspiring a taste that 'grew by what it fed on.' Every spare shilling that Jacques could scrape together, found its way to the book-stalls; every year a new plank was added to the parlour shelf, until at last it began to wear the appearance of a little library. His mother groaned at the expensive folly, his father, at the time thus stolen from the workshop; but the one scolded very gently, and the other very seldom, and so the young lad continued to follow his own way.

Pierre Henri tried to shut his eyes: experience had taught him, that authority has the same effect against a fancy that the breeze has against a sail—instead of

checking, it urges it on; but Jacques soon perceived this indecision, and took advantage of it. At first, he had been contented with stolen moments—'library Mondays,' as his father styled them—but by little and little he abandoned the workshop altogether, hung his tools on the hook, and buried himself amidst his waste papers.

His wife had always blamed Pierre Henri's patience, declaring that the boy all the while was running to destruction; now, she began to pass from apprehension to despair. His father had tried some friendly hints, of which Jacques at first had taken notice, but by degrees he totally disregarded them. He no longer blushed at leaving the entire burden of the work on his hands; he did not even seem to feel his neglect; his conscience was evidently becoming blunted; and his father felt at last it was high time to speak out, when his intention was anticipated by an unexpected occurrence. For several weeks, Jacques had been more occupied even than usual; he had written lengthy epistles, and seemed anxiously waiting a reply; it arrived at last by the carman who brought timber from town for the work. As it was placed in his hand, he could not repress an exclamation; he opened it hurriedly, glanced at the signature, and instantly ran off to peruse it alone.

Pierre Henri entered at that moment, and his wife, who was standing on the threshold paying the carrier, at once took him aside to relate what had occurred. She could not fathom the mystery, and trembled without well knowing why: she pointed to Jacques, who, with elated countenance and joyful gestures, was reading his letter half aloud at the bottom of the garden—now pausing to examine it more closely, now laughing to himself, now bounding across the strawberry-beds like one possessed. Her husband regarded him with anxious curiosity; but being accompanied by a new overseer, lately placed over the works by the chief-engineer, he was obliged to turn silently away, and defer all inquiry to a more convenient hour.

His companion was a young man, in air and manner far superior to the generality of his class, but whose dejected countenance and threadbare clothes sufficiently explained his position; he had evidently been reduced, by some misfortune, from the station for which he had been educated. Touched by his gentleness and evident sadness, Pierre Henri had invited him to share their evening meal; and they now entered the little parlour together. Here Jacques had lately fitted up a painted bookcase, with his handsomest and most valued works. At the unexpected sight M. Ducor seemed surprised, and at once commenced examining the volumes with an air of recognition; at that moment the young lad entered, his face beaming with some inward delight, his very stature heightened. M. Ducor immediately accosted him with some compliment on his collection, and they both felt at once at home on the subject. It was one with which the new overseer especially seemed quite familiar: he had lived in Paris, and had been personally acquainted with several authors; this gained him the young lad's confidence completely, who, during the whole time of supper, talked incessantly of poetry and romance, his guest contenting himself with a quiet remark now and then, or an answer to some eager inquiry. Amidst all his former enthusiasm, his parents had seen nothing like this; his mother would every now and then glance uneasily at her husband, as if to ask him, could it be the commencement of a fever? His father hardly knew what to think, and waited impatiently for some clue to the enigma; but just as the meal had ended, some one called to settle an account. Pierre Henri retired into a little office communicating with the parlour by a glazed door, and his wife and daughter going to attend their household affairs, the two young men were left to themselves.

Pierre Henri continued entering accounts in his book without noticing their conversation for a time; but

by degrees the lowered tone of their voices arrested his attention, and, raising a corner of the curtain which screened the glass-door, he looked into the room. There he saw M. Ducor and Jacques, still seated at the table, their elbows resting on it, their figures almost touching, with an air of the greatest intimacy. Jacques was flushed to the very temples; his eyes sparkling like stars. 'It is enough,' he exclaimed: 'I have been too long worried with this tiresome trade; I will follow my destiny, and proceed to Paris at once.'

'To write?' inquired his companion.

'And make my way like so many others,' continued the young lad. 'We no longer live in times when the workman's hand is soldered to his tools—the door is now open to all the world.'

'Which does not prevent many from remaining outside,' remarked the overseer with a sad smile.

'I know that—I know,' returned Jacques impatiently; 'but every one has his own convictions, and I am not without further encouragement: in short, yesterday I might have hesitated; I am decided to-day.'

The overseer did not answer at once; he kept crumbling a morsel of bread which had remained on the table, and appeared lost in thought. Suddenly he raised his head: 'And so you would renounce your present position,' said he slowly; 'you would recommence life all alone; a life of which you know nothing, for which nothing has prepared you. You would follow in the train of those who thirst for fortune and renown'—

'And what is to prevent me?' interrupted Jacques, almost angrily.

'My example!' answered M. Ducor; then with much animation, he continued: 'I also thought I had discerned my vocation, and I tried the experiment. Such as you see me now, I have yet written a play, and seen it acted; I have published a book; different journals have eulogised me; I have had, in short, what is called success: for three long years I have frequented the saloons of Paris, in misery—and white gloves; I have tried to season my dry bread with the memory of fair words; I have waited until time had worn out my last hope with my last coat'—

'And you were at last obliged to give up?' inquired the boy.

'To become what you see,' replied the overseer. 'This astonishes you—you can hardly believe it; but I can easily shew you proofs. See, here is the announcement of my reception into the Literary Society; here are several autograph letters from the gifted men of our day; not to mention those I have sold for bread; here is a note from the minister of public instruction, announcing a donation of fifty francs, "accorded to my literary merit"—that is the phrase—at once a boon to indigence and a certificate of honour. Ah! here is the letter from which I date all my misfortunes. Look, it is the answer given to the offer of my first manuscript.'

Jacques read the signature aloud—it was that of —

He started as he uttered this celebrated name.

'You may read it all,' continued M. Ducor quietly. 'That letter will make you comprehend why, after receiving it, I no longer hesitated to throw up my employment, and believe that Paris alone was the place for me. I did not then understand that such professions from literary men are but as the counters used on the stage—none but a simpleton would mistake them for gold.'

Whilst the young man was thus speaking, Jacques continued silently perusing the letter, his colour changing at every line. Suddenly, he uttered an exclamation, fumbled in his pocket, and drawing forth the identical letter he had himself received just before supper, commenced comparing the two in an under-voice. They contained the same commendations, the same professions, expressed with the same

enthusiasm. The great poet to whom Jacques had forwarded one of his effusions, as M. Ducor had formerly done, replied in exactly similar terms to both; his brevets of immortality had but one formula, like the certificates of good conduct.

Jacques could not conceal his vexation, and the overseer could not restrain a smile. 'We have been granted the same passport,' he observed with a slightly ironical air: 'I know where mice conducted me, we shall see the result of yours. At a distance, those gentlemen pronounce us stars—nearer, we are but empty lamps. The praises we devour as predictions, are deemed mere politeness by them: they return our admiration in this small-change, and flatter individuals to be flattered by all the world. They are, in fact, lawyers who promise to gain a cause, that they may preserve their client. I give you my experience; it is your turn now.'

Jacques continued silent. The two letters lay open before him, his troubled glance wandering from one to the other: his lately triumphant bearing was replaced by a thoughtful and somewhat irritated air, and, after a pause, he commenced questioning the overseer again, though far less confidently than before. In return, he received from his new friend a full detail of his three 'Bohemian' years, as he styled them. It was a long narrative of disappointment and humiliation. He had lived on hidden sufferings and bankrupt hopes; buttoning his garment to the throat over his misery, ascending from floor to floor till he reached the slates; flying from hunger first, from hungrier creditors at last. The history was so lamentable, and told with so true an accent, that Jacques was visibly affected: still, he struggled against his convictions. If the overseer had not been successful, perhaps the fault lay with himself. Did he equally deserve the praises that had equally encouraged him? Even the experience of his trade could shew him, that it is only by comparing the work we can judge of the relative merits of the workmen. While he thus inwardly reasoned, M. Ducor, evidently following his train of thought, promised to bring him, at his next visit, the volume he had published, at the same moment mentioning its name. The announcement was a *coup de théâtre*. Jacques instantly recognised it as one of his greatest favourites; in fact, a work that he had regarded as a model, and the writer of which he had often envied. A burst of astonishment and congratulation ensued; but then came the true chill of disappointment: was it possible that such talent—talent that he could hardly hope to rival—was thus miserably stranded? His illusions were cut at the very root, all his plans overturned. He still continued to converse with the young poet, to interrogate him concerning this literary life, which had appeared so enchanting; but where he had only dreamed of celebrity, independence, riches, leisure, the poor overseer detailed persecutions, bondage, poverty, ill-requited labour.

Animated by the remembrance of all he had suffered, Ducor spoke with an eloquence that went to the heart of both his listeners—the father as well as the son; his eyes moistened, his voice trembled; and, as he rose to take leave, he seized the hands of Jacques within his own, and pressing them warmly, he added: 'Reflect on all you would cast away here for an uncertain future there: you have a family to love you; habits which have become a second nature; a useful trade, identified with every hour since your childhood; and all this you would sacrifice to become the dupe of strangers, to adopt customs which must ever constrain you, a mode of life for which you have had no training. And what would you seek in Paris?—Happiness?—you possess it here. The gratifications of pride?—pray God never to grant them to you. Ah! this is the melody of our time: every one must acquire a name in print. We grow ashamed of mere handiwork, and on every side the refugees of labour swell the ranks of the

disappointed and mistaken. But would you listen to my advice—bid I, like you, the happiness of feeling in my arm the power, the strength imparted by accustomed labour; I would remain where Providence had placed me, as much through a proud devotedness as through prudence; I would place whatever knowledge I had acquired at the service of my working brethren; I would shew them how intelligence may forward the work of our hands; I would teach them to discover in intellectual pleasures a recompense for bodily fatigue; I would help with all my power to elevate their minds, and consecrate my leisure to rendering them similar to myself, instead of feeling isolated among them: there lies our real task. We should not use our education as a back-door through which to desert our companions, but as a ladder by which we may enable them to reach our own level. Think of this, dear friend: at Paris, you would be merely a conscript in an army already offered; here, you may be the leader of a corps which has no such commander. Believe me, it is better to elevate our class than to abandon it. We cannot shift our existence like a bachelor's household: in the spot where affection and habit make our home, there is our true safety; and never should we lightly quit the sphere where we have been happy and beloved. The heart should render it sacred for ever.

As he concluded this appeal, the overseer again shook hands with Jacques, and retired. We may imagine the sensations of his unseen listener behind the curtain; he could hardly restrain himself from rushing after him, to pour out his acknowledgments, his sympathy. Every word had found an echo in the father's heart.

But he passed the night without closing his eyes. His room was separated from his son's by only a slight partition, and he could hear every sigh and every turn on the restless bed. He felt that, in that hour, not only his child's destiny, but that of the whole family, was about to be decided. Were they not all indissolubly linked? Jacques was their present joy, their future hope. All that time could deprive them of was restored in him—their youth, their strength, their very earnings, their most cherished plans. And he, what was to become of him amidst perils and trials such as the overseer had described? Thus spoke the father's heart; but the more he reflected, the more thoroughly he felt convinced, that to attempt to influence his son's resolution was only to entail a more fatal relapse, or a never-ending regret. He must decide for himself, to leave the decision without appeal.

And thus passed the long silent hours. His wife slept no more than himself. At daybreak, they heard their son getting up. O that they could read his heart at that moment! their own almost seemed to stand still. They followed each movement with straining ear; they grasped each other's hands. Jacques was whispering softly, as his habit was, when deep in thought: presently, he opened his door, went noiselessly down the stairs, and out into the street. Pierre Henri sprang to the window, drew aside the little curtain, and peeped out. Ah joy!—joy to his beating heart!—Jacques was in his common working-dress; his hat and frowl on his shoulder; his monotonous whistle changed into a lively tune; and his upright carriage and resolute step eloquent of the resolution he had taken, incontestably proving that his load was no longer a burden. Pierre Henri turned to his wife, hardly able to utter the words: 'He is safe—we are saved—our boy has comprehended it all!'

And from that hour, all went right. Jacques laid his aspirations after literary fame on the shelf. Without renouncing his studies, he makes them his rest, not his business. Applying with all his energy to his trade, he has already become the best workman of the district; no one can estimate a job so accurately at a glance; the best accountant cannot make a quicker calculation. With all this, he is the joy of the house

at home, as well as its reputation abroad. There is no livelier companion, no steadier friend; and having learned to guide himself, he has, in truth, become a guide to others.

ARCTIC CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.

MAN treads the earth to vanquish it. Already the terrestrial surface is covered with the insignia of his victory—the wide-spread sea is meshed with the furrows of his progression—the stable land is one monumental record of his success. The mighty victor has pushed the frontiers of his dominions on either hand, until the east has met the west. In the north and the south alone, there are narrow spots that he has not yet been able to subdue. The arctic and antarctic regions of the globe are the last strongholds into which beleaguered nature has withdrawn, behind her glaciers and battlements of frost and cold, in grim defiance of the advancing conqueror.

In these arctic fastnesses, the fight has already been both stern and long. Every campaign has been made at the cost of endurance beyond belief; often the price has been fearful destruction of human life. Three centuries and a half ago, Gaspar Corteereal began the war by crossing the threshold of the Frozen Sea; the ice laid hold of him, and held him fast in its remorseless grasp. In the following year, Miguel Corteereal pursued his missing brother's steps, in the hope that he might discover the place of his captivity. It is not known whether the gallant adventurer succeeded in his search, but it is certain that he never returned from it. In 1553, Willoughby reached the shores of Nova Zembla: years afterwards, the Russians found his ships frozen to the desolate coasts of Lapland, and freighted with the lifeless bodies of their crews. In 1596, Barenz discovered Spitzbergen, and doubled the northern point of Nova Zembla. His bones and his vessels were the prey of the inexorable climate, but his men effected their escape in boats. In 1610, Hudson penetrated into the vast inland sea that bears his name; he never came out of it again, for his mutinous sailors set him adrift upon its surface in an open boat, and left him a sacrifice to the offended spirit of the place. In 1619, Monk wintered upon the northern shore of Hudson's Sea; two only, out of a crew of fifty-two, came back. In 1719, Knight and Barlow followed in the track of Monk; long after, the fragments of their vessels were noticed on the rocks of Marble Island, but no vestiges of the mariners themselves ever appeared. In 1819, Parry was fortunate enough to catch the Boreal guardian spirit napping at his post, and managed to steal through Lancaster Sound into the recesses of the Polar Sea, before his fell antagonist was fairly roused. He wintered in the arctic archipelago, and returned in safety; but when he attempted to repeat his bold and successful feat soon afterwards, he was detained a close prisoner on Melville Peninsula for two long years, and was then summarily dismissed from the neighbourhood in the custody of massive and resistless drift-ice. In 1825, he did again get as far as Prince Regent's Inlet, but was only too glad to be allowed to beat a hasty retreat therefrom in the ensuing summer, with the loss of one of his vessels. In 1829, John Ross effected an entrance into the same inlet; but after three years' detention in it, escaped almost by miracle, abandoning his misnamed ship, the *Victory*, to the enemy. In 1819, Franklin attempted an ingenious surprise, by descending the rivers of North America into the contested ground. He travelled nearly 6000 miles in boats and on foot; and for four months had to feed on little but lichens, deer-skins, and old shoes. After three years, he returned without much absolute gain to the cause. Upon more than one occasion the beleaguered spirit has shewn that it can meet stratagem with stratagem. In 1827, Parry attempted

to go to the Pole itself, by dragging small boats over ice when he met with it, and by sailing them through water where this occurred. He travelled far enough to have fixed his quarters upon the pole, but found that he was still hundreds of miles away from it. The ice-fields that he had toiled over had all along been drifting nearly as fast to the south as he had moved to the north. He had scarcely made tens of miles, when he seemed to have gone hundreds, and accordingly he was obliged to throw up his boldly-conceived design in despair. In 1836, Back tried to reach Melville Peninsula, with a firm determination that he would on no account brave a winter in the Frozen Sea. As soon as he touched the ice, his ship was seized with a resistless gripe, hoisted upon an enormous buoyant slab, and by its means was floated helplessly backwards and forwards, month after month, through winter and through spring, and at last was cast out from its uncomfortable cradle, into Hudson's Strait, in a crazy and sinking state.

If the object of the determined struggle that is carrying on in the arctic seas were now, as it once was, merely the opening of a way from one of the earth's oceans into the other, amidst hummocks, and bergs, and floes of ice, but a small measure of attention would, in all probability, be given to it. This is not, however, the case. The aim of the gallant bands that are now engaged in the warfare is a far more generally interesting one. In 1845, Franklin attempted to penetrate into the North Polar Sea by the ordinary route of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, and disappeared through Wellington Channel with a devoted train of 138 followers. He wintered in safety the first year on the eastern side of the mouth of the channel; but since then six long years have passed, and no further indication of his fate has reached the friends he has left at home. Hence it is, at the present time, that every rumour purporting to come from the fields of arctic enterprise is caught at with breathless eagerness; hence that every record of arctic adventure is studied with deepest interest. Thousands who would not care a straw for the opening of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic into the Pacific, yet on this account have their attention rivetted upon every little movement in the polar seas.

The several expeditions with which the search for Sir John Franklin has sown the polar seas, have yielded an abundant crop of printed books. One of these numerous narratives stands out pre-eminently from among the rest; in the first place, because it records the proceedings of the adventurers who have been most successful on the whole; and in the second place, because the narrator is an accomplished observer and interrogator of nature, and has involuntarily illustrated the tale he has had to tell by incidental matter, that is full of interest for the world at large, apart from its immediate bearing on the general business of the search. Dr Sutherland, in his *Journal of Captain Penny's Voyage to Wellington Channel in 1850 and 1851*, recently published, has made a valuable contribution to the stores of science, at the same time that he has drawn up a pleasing record of the labours of the discovering party to which he was professionally attached.

The mere idea of a man sitting down calmly and patiently to interrogate nature in the cold and gloom of an arctic winter, has in itself an element of grandeur that is well calculated to arrest favourable attention. It is no little thing to submit to be shut up for months at a time, where the only prospect is the deep shadow cast behind the earth in space, from which all direct solar influence is entirely excluded. In order fully to realise what the character of such a school of philosophy must be, the reader must fancy for himself a dim twilight landscape, made up of accumulated snow and ice, the latter nowhere less than seven feet thick, blown upon by an atmosphere 70 degrees colder than

freezing water, and keen enough to bite a piece out of any human flesh it touches. In the midst of this landscape, he must place a ship of confined dimensions, firmly embedded in the seven-foot ice, and covered up by a canopy of snow, no light but candle-light between its closed-in decks, no warmth but an artificial stove-heat, insufficient in amount to keep the ice out of the beds. Such was the home in which Dr Sutherland pursued his investigations during the long polar winter of 1850. For six weeks, the temperature in his cabin was at least 10 degrees colder than freezing; and a quantity of ice, placed in a tumbler lying sideways, continued undissolved all the time—often the mercury of his scientific instruments was as solid as lead. Upon one occasion, during an out-door excursion, he placed some water in a gutta-percha flask for his own especial use, but he could not get it out again until he had slept with the bottle for three nights in his armpit. The 22d of December was marked as being particularly mild, the mildness consisting of a temperature 33 degrees colder than freezing. It is worth while to peruse Dr Sutherland's narrative—if for no other reason—to be able to form a just idea of how much even science owes to the glorious sun!

The first great difficulty the arctic voyager has to contend with, is the capricious state of the navigation in the grand approach to the Polar Sea. The melting of the ice and snow in the north of Baffin's Bay, produces a continuous stream of water, which flows steadily to the south. As soon as this current leaves the projecting points at the head of the Bay, a thin film of ice is formed on it. This ice gets thicker and thicker as it moves southwards, by congealing new layers of sea-water on its under surface, and by storing up snow and sleet above, until it becomes what the whaler calls the middle-ice of the Bay. In winter, it extends from shore to shore; but in summer it is separated from the Greenland coast by an open lane of water, in consequence of its connection with the fringe of land, ice being dissolved where northerly winds prevail. An open space of water is always left by this southward drift of the ice-pack at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay; the extent of the space varies, however, with the season. In winter, it is diminished by the shooting-out of the land-ice towards the drift, and the quickened formation of the young ice; in summer it is increased by the breaking-up of the land-ice, and the arrest of the formation of young ice. The great object of the mariner bound to Lancaster Sound, is to push his way through the open lane of water along the Greenland coast, and to get round the northern extremity of the drift-ice. But he finds this to be no easy task; every southerly gale crushes the ice in upon the shores of the Bay, and squeezes any unfortunate vessel chancing to be placed therein before it, often wedging it up immovably, or even breaking it to pieces under the violence of the nip. The only resource of the arctic voyager under such circumstances, is to seek refuge beneath the lee of some huge ice-mountain that has grounded a mile or two off the land, or to take timely warning, and cut docks in the solid land-ice, into which he may retire when the pressure comes. The driving iceberg is, however, a fearful neighbour, if the water proves not shallow enough to arrest its movement, for it will then sometimes plough its way through miles and miles of field and pack ice, heaving up the frozen masses before its tremendous impulse, and sweeping everything away that opposes its course.

Captain Penny's little vessels, the *Logan* and *Sophia*, of 200 and 100 tons burden respectively, entered Davis' Strait on the 26th of April; but they did not get into the open water, at the head of Baffin's Bay, until the 18th of August. Nearly four months they were squeezed about among the drifting ice, in this tedious and terrible passage—sometimes

wedged on the shore-ice, and sometimes tracking by manual labour through the breaking pack. Dr Sutherland thinks there is more chance of an easy passage early in the season, before the shore-ice is much broken, and when the middle-ice moves away from it bodily, without any intervening detritus, than later in the season, when there is a greater quantity of loosened ice to be packed into the channel.

The entire length of the Baffin's Bay coast of Greenland is indented with bays and flords, towards which glaciers descend from the higher interior land. At Cape Farewell, the termination of the glacier-ice is still miles away from the sea; between Cape Farewell and Cape York, the land, devoid of the incursions of glacier-ice, gets narrower and narrower. North of Cape York, the ice-stream projects into the sea itself, even beyond the line of prominent headlands. It is from this region that the vast icebergs, drifted out into the open Atlantic by the southward current, are derived; for it is a singular fact, that there is no glacier-ice along the shores westward of Lancaster Sound. All the snow which there falls, even so far north as 77 degrees of latitude, escapes to the sea in streams of water, carrying with them vast quantities of mud and shingle. The land on both sides of Barrow's Strait is composed of limestone; but Greenland, and the coasts which form Davis' Strait, Baffin's Bay, and Lancaster Sound, where the fallen snow is retained for ages before it slips, as the solid glacier, back to the ocean, are all made of hard crystalline rock. Dr Sutherland thinks that this difference of mineral constitution may in some way affect the temperature, and so determine the abundance of glaciers in the one position, and their absence in the other.

The projecting tongues of the glaciers are not dissolved where they extend into the sea, but broken off by a species of 'flotation.' Heavy spring-tides are driven into the head of the Bay, and up the flords, by strong southerly winds, and the buoyant ice is heaved up by the rising water, and broken off from its parent stream. The floating power of large masses of ice must be enormous. Dr Sutherland observed upon a small island, at an elevation of forty feet, a block of granite that measured sixteen feet in length, and must have contained at least 186 tons of solid rock! He calculated that a cube of ice forty feet across the side, could easily have carried off this burden in water seven fathoms deep. Icebergs, thus broken off from the parent glacier, were often observed tumbling about in the sea. Some of these were four times bigger than St Paul's Cathedral, and shrouded themselves in a veil of spray as they rolled over, emitting sounds that could only be compared to terrific thunder-peals, and turning up the blue mud from depths of 200 and 300 fathoms. Oscillations in the sea were produced by such disturbances, which, after travelling a dozen miles, pounded into fragments the ice-field on which they ultimately fell.

Captain Penny's expedition reached the entrance of Wellington Channel on the 25th of August. On the 14th of September, young ice formed round the ships; and they were compelled to take up their winter-quarters in Assistance Bay, near the south-west point of Wellington Channel. Captain Austen's squadron, of four ships, was fixed on Griffiths Island, a few miles further west. November 7th, the sun was beneath the horizon at noon, the thermometer was 7 degrees below zero, and the sea-ice three feet thick. January 13th, mercury froze for the first time. At the end of January, the ice was five feet thick. The sun rose above the southern horizon for an instant at noon, February 7. February 24th was the coldest day, the thermometer sinking 45 degrees below zero. April 3, the ice was seven feet thick. In the beginning of May, it attained its maximum thickness of seven feet nine inches. June 12th, the thermometer rose to 55 degrees, the

highest point of the season. Two days after, the first rain fell. At the end of June, small streams of water began to flow from the land. At the end of July, the sea-ice was diminished to a thickness of four feet by the melting of the upper surface. August the 8th, the bay-ice broke up, and set the ships free after eleven months' close detention. Four days afterwards, the young ice began again to form on the sea at night.

Throughout this winter of intense cold, the temperature of the sea remained nearly uniform. It never sank so low as 29 degrees. A hole was kept open through the ice, near the ships, for the purpose of observing the water, as well as for noticing the rise and fall of the tides. The ice invariably increased its thickness by additions to its lower surface. As the sea-water froze, a considerable portion of its salt was separated from it, and blown along the surface of the ice, mixing with the fresh-fallen snow as it went. On this account, snow-wreaths could never be used for melting into water; the snow on the land often contained traces of salt, miles away from the sea. The sea-ice hardly ever contained more than one-quarter the quantity of salt found in an equal volume of sea-water.

An interesting series of experiments were tried upon the expansive power of freezing water, with a view to the illustration of the movements of glacier-ice in rocky ravines. A strong iron bottle, with a narrow neck, was filled with water, and exposed to a temperature 17 degrees below zero. In a few minutes, a little water overflowed the orifice; soon after, a column of ice followed, rising slowly through the neck, and emitting a crepitating sound; after this had protruded for about 18 lines, it was all at once blown out with the violence of a pistol's explosion, the volume of frozen material having increased one-tenth altogether. When the bottle was placed in water a few degrees warmer than ice, the frozen column again rose out of the neck to one-twelfth the former extent, shewing that ice expands under increase of heat, like all other bodies.

The interior of the ships was warmed to between 40 and 50 degrees. This was found to be the highest limit of safety: in it, the hoar-frost was never thawed in the beds; the blankets and night-caps of the sleepers often adhered inconveniently to the ships' planks. With a higher temperature, the vapour of the interior of the ships was deposited in the beds as moisture instead of ice, and then rheumatic attacks were troublesome among the crew. With this range, the difference of heat experienced on going into the open air often amounted to 100 degrees; three times as much as the difference between the mean temperature of England and the tropics.

Much less food was consumed during the winter's rest than during the labours of summer. On this account, the provisions were served out without weighing, and considerable weekly savings were effected. The men took instinctively just what nourishment the waste of their bodies required. Some of the crew were buried in snow-burrows, to investigate the amount of comfort that might be expected in such a style of lodging. In an hour and a quarter, the temperature rose from 25 degrees below zero to a little above it. Men with the most capacious lungs warmed their snow-burrows the most rapidly; but all who were closed up in them, maintained that they were neither warm nor comfortable, to say the least of them.

A vast abundance of the lower forms of life was found everywhere in the inclement region in which the ships sojourned. Small cavities, from two to six feet deep, studded the under surface of the sea-ice. A greenish, slimy substance, composed of animalcules and microscopic plants, was found in these. The cavities, in fact, had been hollowed out by the higher temperature attendant upon the vital action going on in these minute creatures. The most intense cold seemed to have the power of destroying some kinds of life-germs.

Mity cheese, that had been exposed throughout the winter, never again manifested any return of crawling propensity.

The influence of solar light was exceedingly small during the depth of winter. A little trace of daylight was always perceptible at noon; but for seven days before and after the 22d of December, chloride of silver was not blackened by exposure to the south horizon. On the 1st of January, it began to assume a slight leaden tinge. Mustard and cresses were reared with great care; but the young plants were composed of 94 per cent. of water, and contained only half the quantity of nutritious and antiscorbutic matters that had been present in the seeds.

The men were kept amused during the winter by theatrical representations, balls, and masquerades, after Captain Parry's example; but the schools and libraries were the most valuable auxiliaries in preventing ennui. Geographical studies were especially popular. After the nightly lessons, it was often necessary to settle forecastle disputes as to the insular character of Cape Horn, the Roman Catholic faith of the Chinese, and the identity of the crocodiles of the Nile with the alligators of the Mississippi.

Far from the least interesting members of this arctic community, were a kennel of Esquimaux dogs, that had been established in a snow-hut near the ships. The four oldest had accompanied M. Petersen, the Danish interpreter, from Greenland. But these had thriven and multiplied amid the congenial scenes of ice and snow, so that complete teams for two sledges could be furnished out in spring. They were great favourites among the seamen, and flocked eagerly round the first person who emerged from the snow-covered ships in the morning. They were, nevertheless, of highly jealous temperament, for if one of them chanced to receive more notice than his companions, the lucky fellow was forthwith attacked by the rest of the pack. This so constantly occurred, that some of the cunning young dogs became afraid of the men's caresses, and ran away the moment any marked demonstrations of kindness were directed towards them. In many points, amusing instances of the adaptation of canine instinct to the necessities of arctic life were displayed. In fine sunny weather, the dogs satisfied their thirst by lapping the surface snow; but in colder periods of the season, they burrowed some inches down for their supply of frozen water. In extremely severe weather, they constantly coiled themselves closely up, and covered their noses with the shaggy fur of their tails. At these times, they never rose even to shake off the accumulating wreaths of falling snow; if their masters called them, they answered by turning their eyes, but without removing their natural respirators from their nostrils, and no demonstration short of a determined kick could make them shift their quarters; but at other times they lay stretched out at full length, and were on their legs in obedience to the first tone of the familiar voice. The young dogs had to learn some painful experiences. The first time they were taken to the open water, they mistook it for ice, coolly walked into it, and were nearly drowned. One poor fellow undertook to lick a tempting morsel of fat from an iron shovel, when, greatly to his surprise, the cold metal stuck fast to his tongue, and he dragged the shovel along for some distance, at last only extricating himself from it by a strong effort, and at the expense of leaving some inches of mucous membrane behind him. When the dogs were employed in sledging-work, it was no uncommon thing for them to start off with their loads in full pursuit of bears. In the spring, two carrier-pigeons were despatched in the car of a small balloon. The balloon fell upon the ice, while still in sight, and dragged along for some distance. An object that was so full of interest to their masters, could not by any means be slighted by the dogs; in a moment, they were all off after it, the

men following them pell-mell to save the pigeons. The four-footed animals had by far the best of the race; but the balloon, fortunately for its freight, cleared the edge of the ice just as they came up with it. When the ice around the ships broke up, the dogs understood the indication, and galloped about in mad joy, leaping from piece to piece, and whining restlessly, or swimming round the ship until they were picked up, and established upon the decks.

The result of Captain Penny's labours, so far as exploration is concerned, is universally known. Sledging parties went out in the spring. A large whaling-boat was dragged bodily up Wellington Channel, and hauled in the clear water beyond the ice barrier. Two thousand miles were travelled over, 710 of which were in districts seen for the first time by human eyes. No farther traces of the missing expedition were, however, found. The *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia* left Assistance Bay, homeward bound, on the 12th of August; five weeks afterwards, they were in the Thames. Even to the last, Dr Sutherland's habits of philosophic generalisation remained with him. He found that, during the passage through Davis' Strait and across the Atlantic, the temperature of the sea-water increased so gradually and steadily, that he was induced to speculate on the possible approach of the time when mariners would require no other instruments than the compass and thermometer to traverse wide intervals of open sea in safety.

CHEAP RIDES.

MANY illustrations have been given, in former numbers of the Journal, of the dependence of cheapness and dearness in railway travelling on the costliness of the railways themselves. The fact is so self-evident as to need but little exemplification. There is, however, another influencing cause which it may be interesting to trace in its operation: we will call it the law of frequency, to give it a distinctive name; and will see how it manifests itself in respect to travelling by omnibus, steam-boat, and railway.

In London, it is found that a new omnibus-route is but little profitable, until the omnibuses on that route become numerous, and the journeys frequent. If a man of business—to whom time is money—finds, when he gets to the corner of the street, that the omnibus has just gone, and that he must wait an hour or two for another, he will care very little for that line of route; it will not be in his good books, and it will receive little of his money; but if the buses run so frequently that he can desery another in the distance, he gathers up patience enough to wait a little, and then pops into the second bus. This is one element of success in most of the great omnibus-routes of London. (A sketch of some of the more remarkable of these routes was given a few years ago,* but we here refer to them only in respect to this principle of frequency.) When the routes were started from Camden Town to Haggerston Market, from King's Cross to Canterbury, from Islington to Chelsea, from Caledonian Road to Finsbury, from Hoxton to the Kent Road, &c., the success was doubtful so long as the buses were few and the journeys infrequent; but when sufficient capital was thrown into the several concerns to insure that an expectant passenger should, at no time of the day, have long to wait for the bus, a stream of traffic was created which has never since ceased to flow. It is a great thing that a man of business, who has many calculations and appointments to think about, should not be obliged to frame all his arrangements according to the time when the bus starts or passes. Of course, in long journeys, and on routes of scanty traffic, this state of dependence must be borne; but the principle which we are enforcing is,

that if the route includes a busy district, the proprietor will reap more per bus if the buses be many than if few. The line of separation between many and few must depend on circumstances; but if the frequency of the journeys be such, that a busy man may know that there will be one to suit him—that an omnibus will overtake him before he has proceeded far on foot—then the point has been reached to which our principle refers: the buses will not only accommodate, but will create traffic.

It is this principle of frequency which has rendered the omnibus-fares of London so cheap. No buses run cheaply if they are 'few and far between'; they would not pay. The penny trade in Oxford Street and Holborn is a wonderful example of this. At the time we are now writing, there are about sixty omnibuses running through these two streets, each omnibus making ten or a dozen journeys a day in each direction. These are independent of a very much larger number which take this line as part of a longer route, from Paddington or Bayswater to the Bank: we confine ourselves to those which charge one penny for the run through Oxford Street, and one penny for that through Holborn. Of these it may safely be said, that they pass at intervals of less than two minutes on an average, during the whole of a long day of fifteen hours. And it is observable that the passengers on this route indicate clearly the creation of a new traffic; for though they comprise many who would pay threepence or sixpence, if they could not obtain a penny ride, there are also large numbers of poorer, hard-working persons, who evidently regard it as a matter of time and shoe-leather. If there be a doubt respecting the ultimate success of this route, it will arise mainly from the terrible destruction of horse-flesh on the much-dreaded Holborn Hill, and not from the actual distance relatively to the actual receipts of each journey. Other penny routes have been started, on the New Road and on the Hampstead Road; but either there was capital wanting, or the routes were not quite up to the mark in respect to busy daily transit; for there must of course be a 'potentiality' (as Dr Johnson would have called it) in the district to be worked up into a paying state, whether for the penny system or a higher one. We are not here especially dwelling on the penny fares; others, of two, three, four, or six pence, may serve to illustrate the principle of frequency under notice. The sixpenny fares are already broken down to threepence for half-distances; and there is room for a large and useful twopenny trade on many routes where it has not yet been adopted.

Here we must say, in passing, that a reform in London omnibuses is grievously wanted. They are too narrow in the seat, too narrow between the seats, too low in the roof, and too short for the number of passengers crammed into them, especially if any of the latter be of the Daniel Lambert genus; and since the custom has been adopted of stowing away several additional passengers on the 'knife-board' on the roof, the method of clambering up to that delectable seat is awkward, dangerous, and dirty. It is tantalising to see advertisements in the *Times* occasionally, respecting the proposed formation of new omnibus companies, by whom all the abuses are to be remedied, and the Golden Age of omnibus-travelling to be inaugurated. The vehicles have all fallen to the ground, for some reason or other; and the Cockneys are left in the possession of many thousand uncomfortable omnibuses, waiting for some bold reformer, some Rowland Hill, to civilise them a little. The gude folk of Glasgow gave us a lesson which we ought to have applied to profitable use; they sent up their tartan-bedecked 'Victoria' omnibus to the Great Exhibition, and shewed us how a really comfortable bus may be made. But—whether such a bus is too wide for our overcrowded city streets, or whether prejudice has been all-powerful—

the lesson seems to have been thrown away. This poor 'Victoria' illustrates our law of frequency. It was tried upon some of the routes in London, a lone being—a sort of 'unprotected female'—in a busy world. Nobody knew when to expect it, nobody looked out for it; it was not recognised, but was handied about from one route to another; and for some months we have lost sight of it altogether. If there had been twenty 'Victorias' on a well-chosen route, omnibus-travellers would by this time probably have appreciated the advantages of the mode of construction.

Some of our chief commercial towns have, after many abortive attempts, succeeded in establishing systems of cheap and frequent omnibuses, the frequency being quite as much an element in their success as the cheapness. Of course, the two-minute system, or even the quarter-hour system, can only be looked for in busy districts; but still there is an expansibility about the frequent system, which the slow-coach system of other days could not reach. At Manchester, the omnibuses seem to start from the neighbourhood of the Exchange or the Victoria Station as a centre, and thence to radiate by twopenny routes in all directions; at Liverpool, a system somewhat analogous has been established; and other busy towns are by degrees adopting similar arrangements. At Edinburgh, there are buses to Leith every quarter of an hour, and, at longer intervals, to Morningside, Newington, and Stockbridge—all belonging to the system of equal intervals, in which the passengers have not to tax their memory concerning the times of the day when a bus may possibly be met with.

Glasgow is especially worthy of note for its omnibuses. The city has spread so vastly and so rapidly, that villages and hamlets once in the country, are now absorbed within the busy commercial metropolis of Scotland. A question was asked in a recent paper—'Where does London end?' An analogous question may now well be asked concerning Glasgow. If we had no other evidence than that afforded by the twopenny and threepenny omnibuses, the wide grasp of Glasgow would be sufficiently proved. A resident needs no proof of this; but we will suppose a non-resident, with Murray's useful Time-tables in his hand, and Meikleham's excellent Map of the Environs of Glasgow spread out before him, to ferret out the truth for himself. In the first place, there are the city omnibuses, with starting-points at the Tontine, the Crescents, Port Eglinton, Bridgeton, Cowcaddens, Whitevale, Bellgrove, Paisley Road, St Rollox, Hutcheson Town, Anderston, Well Park, Sandyford, and other spots, traversing the streets of the town in all directions, running at intervals from ten to thirty minutes, and at fares from one penny to twopenny. Then there are the suburban buses to the Botanic Gardens, Partick, Rutherglen, Govan, Baillieston, Crossmyloof, Pollockshaws, and other places—all sufficiently distant to render the fares fourpence rather than twopenny, and yet sufficiently near to encourage the frequent system to which we have adverted. The city omnibuses alone make between 400 and 500 journeys per day through the streets of Glasgow: this is really a great result, for the saving of time to a busy community must be enormous.

Let us now say a word or two about steam-boats, in connection with the cheap-and-frequent system.

The steamers to Gravesend, to Richmond, and other places on the Thames somewhat distant from London, have their times dependent on certain busy hours of the day; it is the shorter routes, such as to Greenwich and Woolwich, below Bridge, and to Vauxhall and Chelsea, above Bridge, which have the frequent or equidistant times of starting. The first of these series, or the up-river, charged sixpence from London to Westminster; then Chelsea was reached for the same money, and the Westminster fare was lowered to four-

pence; next came the lowering of the Chelsea fare to fourpence; and at length it settled down to three-pence, with twopenny fares for shorter distances. Two fine fleets of small steamers, numbering about a dozen each—known as the *Citizen* and the *Iron* boats—perform this service so frequently and so quickly, that no passenger has to wait more than a very few minutes, at any one of about twelve different piers, for a steamer in either direction; and thus all necessity for calculation about being in time to catch the steamer is obviated: you are sure to catch the steamer. The trade from the London Bridge piers to the vicinity of Hungerford and Westminster, is mostly in the hands of two other companies—still more remarkable, perhaps, than the *Citizen* and the *Iron*. One of these companies takes the route from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, having only one intermediate pier at Hungerford Bridge, and charging one penny for the voyage, whether for the whole or for part of the distance; the steamers make their appearance at each of these three piers about every five minutes, and the number of passengers is something quite enormous. A yet shorter route, from London Bridge to the Adelphi, without any intermediate pier, is served by a company who charge only one single half-penny for the trip; both ends of the steamers here employed are sharp, and have rudders, so as to require no turning for the return trip: the journeys are quite as frequent as those before adverted to; and it is instructive to see how largely the poorer class of traders and market-people use these boats, evidently under a well-founded conviction, that a half-penny is thus well laid out, as a time-saving, shoe-saving, and leg-saving expedient. Whether there is, in the United Kingdom, any other half-penny steam voyage so long as this, we do not know; but it is well deserving of note, that the half-penny and penny steamers are said to be more profitable than any others on the Thames. So much for the cheap-and-frequent system. The trips to Greenwich and Woolwich, at fares of fourpence and sixpence, and at intervals of a quarter of an hour in summer and half an hour in winter, are also good exemplifications.

On many of our busy rivers, the running of frequent steamers at low fares has given birth to a vast trade, either to ferry across or to run up and down. Let us take the Mersey at Liverpool as an example. Five centuries ago, the ferry from Liverpool to Woodside—now absorbed in Birkenhead—existed; it was chartered to convey passengers 'at one farthing for a footman, two pence for a man and horse, a half-penny for a footman on market-days, and a penny when he had goods or produce with him.' Many have been the changes in the ferryings since those remote times; and none more important than the substitution of steam-boats for row-boats, which was effected in 1815. Seacombe, Egremont, New Brighton, Woodside, Monks, Tranmere, Rock, and other places in or near Birkenhead, now have piers to which steamers ferry across from Liverpool; and at the busiest of them, the traffic continues from day-dawn till nearly midnight, at very low fares. On the Severn, and the rivers which flow into it, such as the Wye, the Avon, and the Usk, the tide is so extremely high and rapid that no steaming can be safely effected except at certain states of the tide; and this has checked what we have ventured to call the cheap-and-frequent system. Cheap the voyages are, certainly, but not frequent. The Tyne is more favourably situated than the Severn in this respect. Newcastle, North Shields, South Shields, and Tynemouth, have collectively a large and busy population, among whom there is much intercourse; and the maintenance of this intercourse is insured, not only by short railways along both banks of the Tyne, but by steamers running very cheaply and at very frequent intervals on the river. The traffic created the steamers, and the steamers increase the

traffic. Glasgow, high up in the list of British towns in so many particulars, is eminently so in respect to steamers. The 'long steamers' we talk not of here; but the cheap-and-frequent, down towards the mouth of the Clyde, are well illustrative of our present subject. To about forty places within what may be deemed the Firth of Clyde, do these rapid steamers start, beginning at six in the morning, and continuing till nearly seven in the evening. Some of the ports or stopping-places are busy towns, such as Greenock, Dumbarton, and Port Glasgow; but by far the larger number are pleasure towns—spots in which the Glasgow citizens, well to do in the world, have private residences, either for the summer only, or during the entire year. Nearly the whole Firth of Clyde may, in this sense, be regarded as a suburb of Glasgow, within reach at nearly all hours of the day.

To turn our attention, lastly, to railways, there are certain lines which come especially under our cheap-and-frequent grouping: take the Greenwich Railway, for example. Here, from seven in the morning till ten in the evening, trains run every quarter of an hour in both directions, at fares ranging between fourpence and eightpence for the four miles. Here, in analogy with what has been said concerning 'buses and steamers, there is no such thing as being too late for the train: this source of vexation is spared to us by the system of frequency coming to our aid. A curious example has been lately shewn of the effect produced by any tampering with this system. The South-eastern Company, in a fit of economy, thought that three trains per hour might suffice instead of four on the Greenwich line; but there hence arose two sources of dissatisfaction—the average time of waiting for a train became necessarily increased; and the passengers had the bother of trying to remember the odd fractions of an hour which marked the times of starting. After many months' trial, the company reverted to the quarter-hour system, the saving to them not being tantamount to the dissatisfaction of the passengers.

On the Blackwall Railway, the same quarter-hour system is adopted, and with similar result. On the Woolwich portion of the North Kent line, the system is hourly in winter, and half-hourly in summer; such is also nearly the case on the Croydon line of the Brighton Company, and the Richmond line of the South-western Company. On the North Woolwich branch of the Eastern Counties, at half-hour intervals—less frequent in winter—the passenger is conveyed about nine miles in a capital, roomy, well-windowed, second-class carriage, for fourpence, shewing what railway companies can and will do if stirred up by a little wholesome steam-boat competition.

One of the most instructive examples of the cheap-and-frequent system, is afforded by the Camden and Docks Junction Railway; for this has almost entirely created the traffic which now feeds it. The railway was planned mainly to afford access to the Thames and the various docks, for goods from the Camden station; passenger-traffic did not enter largely into the calculations of the promoters. However, when the line was opened, stations were made at the points where it crosses certain main roads—at Hampstead Road, Camden Road, Caledonian Road, Islington, Kingsland, Hackney, Bow, and Stepney (where it joins the Blackwall Railway). It was boldly determined to adopt what we may term the omnibus system—that is, frequent journeys and low fares: quarter-hour intervals were fixed upon; and instead of a perplexing variety of fares, varying perhaps from twopenny to a shilling, one uniform first-class fare of sixpence, and second-class of fourpence, was adopted, with double-journey tickets at ninepence and sixpence. The trade created has been immense; the majority of passengers have second-class return-tickets, for which they pay sixpence, and with which they may travel any distance from and

to nearly twenty miles. The Blackwall Company have wisely aided this arrangement, inasmuch that these expenzy return-tickets are available for any station on either railway to any station on the other—the stations being about fifteen altogether. The citizen, from his home in any of the northern suburbs, may go to the terminus in Fenchurch Street; while the Gravesend or Greenwich holiday-keeper, from the same northern suburbs, may select the Blackwall terminus: the same cheap ticket will serve either for the one or the other, and will bring him home again at any hour in the afternoon or evening. The trains are frequent, the times punctual, the carriages comfortable, and the speed rapid; which qualities, with the lowness of the fares, and the convenient interchange system between the two companies, have drawn upon the route an amount of traffic which seems to have astonished the directors nearly as much as other people.

There are various short railways in other parts of the kingdom, which illustrate the principle so often adverted to in this paper. From Newcastle to North Shields, on the north bank of the Tyne, and from Newcastle to South Shields, on the south bank, are railway trains nearly every hour, at fares of a few pence. On the Bradford branch of the Midland Railway there are about twenty trains from Leeds a day, at fares so cheap as to contrast rather damagingly with the high fares adopted by the same company on portions of their line where they have not yet been taught to bow to public convenience. The Edinburgh trains to its suburban neighbours Portobello, Leith, and Granton, are cheap enough and frequent enough to satisfy any reasonable being. The half-hourly trains from Glasgow to Paisley, the hourly trains from Glasgow to Greenock, and from Paisley to Renfrew, similarly belong to the cheap system. In Ireland, the only route which seems, up to the present time, to have justified the frequent system, is that from Dublin to Dalkey every half-hour during no less than seventeen hours a day—the little portion from Kingstown to Dalkey being on the atmospheric system, the only remaining example of this once-celebrated mode of railway traction now observable in the United Kingdom.

The facts which have thus been rapidly grouped together seem to us to shew that, apart from all other considerations, frequency and equidistant intervals of journeys, if combined with cheapness, have a tendency not merely to accommodate existing intercourse, but to create a traffic which will more than pay for the expenditure incurred.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY AS A CURATIVE.

It is now about six years since my wife became subject to fits, brought on partly by mental anxiety, and partly by sudden fright. The circumstances were these:—We had an only and beloved child, an infant of four months old, who was seized with inflammation of the lungs. After two or three days of painful suspense, our medical man assured us there was no hope of recovery. All that night we watched the little sufferer, expecting each moment to be his last. The crisis, however, passed: in the morning, he was better; and, to our inexpressible joy, in a day or two he was declared out of danger. This was towards the end of the week; and by Sunday, so great was the change, that we could hardly believe he had been so near the grave. One or two friends dined with us, and the conversation naturally turned on the recovery of our beloved child. We left the dinner-table; and upon going into another room, our little boy, who was then in the nurse's arms, greeted us with a smile—the smile was interrupted by a sudden cough—a slight convulsion was seen—we looked, and in a moment he was dead! His mother fell senseless on the floor. This I consider to have laid the foundation of the extreme

nervous susceptibility which followed; and the force of the blow was no doubt increased by its falling upon the mind when in the fulness of hope and joy. This occurred in January; and from that time, Mrs. A.—— was subject to fainting-fits, but so slight, that the colour did not leave the lips, although they never yielded to the ordinary restoratives. In August, she received the fright alluded to. In the afternoon of a sultry day, she read one of the tales in the *Diary of a Late Physician*, in which a philosopher is described as sitting in his study, when a ghostly visitor, dressed as a gentleman in black clothes, enters the room, arranges the papers, cleans the inkstand, wipes the pens, and closes the writing-desk—thus silently intimating that the philosopher's work in this world is done.

The impression created on Mrs. A.——'s mind by reading this tale in her feeble state of health was deep and melancholy. In the evening, however, she roused herself, and attended service in the Scotch church. Returning alone in the dusk of the evening, she was insulted and terrified by some young men rushing out of a public-house, and rudely addressing her as she passed. One of them laid hold of her bonnet, and puffed some cigar-smoke into her face. She hurried home in a very excited state; and in about half an hour, was seized with a most distressing fit, which had every appearance of decided epilepsy. She struggled violently, foamed at the mouth, and rolled her eyes frightfully, while the wildest expression of terror sat upon her countenance. Medical aid being called in, the case was considered one of hysteria, and treated accordingly. After the violence of the fit had subsided, she was carried to bed in an almost unconscious state. The next day, slight hysterical fits followed each other in quick succession; and for several days her mind was painfully bewildered. One of her delusions was, the greatest horror of anything black. She could not endure me to approach her, or even to sit in her bedroom, in a black coat; she shuddered violently when her eyes fell upon any dark object; it was even found necessary to conceal the fireplace. This, at the time, I could not account for, as I was not then aware of her having read the tale previously mentioned; but some things that fell from her in her wanderings shewed me she had done so, and that it was connected with her horror of black; and they also served to explain the depression of spirits I had remarked, without being aware of the cause, on the night of her visit to the Scotch church. After about a week, the excitement subsided, and the full exercise of reason returned; but with it came exhaustion to such a degree, that for one day her life was despaired of. The crisis, however, was safely passed, and she slowly recovered. To remove the nervous susceptibility which still remained, change of air was resorted to, and with visible improvement, which, however, was but of short duration, for in a few weeks the old malady returned worse than ever—so much so, that the mind began to be painfully affected, leading me to apprehend the most serious results. The fits about this time assumed a more active character, sometimes occurring in the night, when she would rise from her bed, and proceed in the most determined manner to the greatest extravagances; sometimes in the day, when, while the paroxysm lasted, she would talk and act like one under mental derangement, and even require force to prevent mischief. Under these circumstances, a total change of residence and occupation was had recourse to, and with considerable benefit—so much so, that although subject to fits occasionally from overfatigue, a close atmosphere, or any sudden emotion, yet, for about two years, there was nothing to excite serious apprehension. About a year ago, however, the symptoms returned in an aggravated form, accompanied with extreme lassitude and depression of spirits. I was now induced to try electro-

biology, having seen benefit resulting from its application in cases somewhat similar. Dr L——, of D——, undertook the case; the operations and results of which I now proceed to describe; and I may just observe, in explanation of the fulness of the previous details, that they seem to throw light upon the phenomena witnessed, of which notes were taken at the time.

In the first place, Mrs A—— slept for two or three nights with the copper and zinc disk fastened to her hand; after which the first experiment was tried as she sat gazing at the disk, while transverse passes were made upon the forehead, according to the process commonly gone through at public lectures on this subject. In about half an hour, a fit came on, just such as Mrs A—— was subject to at this time, attended—as indeed they almost all were from the first—with violent flatulence, so as quite to threaten suffocation. *This flatulence was removed at once by a few passes made on the chest and stomach, and from that time it never recurred so as to be worth notice.* After the fit, to my utter astonishment, my wife was better than she had been for some weeks, passed a good night, and the next day was unusually cheerful, describing her sensations as a feeling of lightness and buoyancy, as if some weight had been removed from her, especially about the eyes. This was to me the more surprising, as whenever a fit had come on in the ordinary way, the result was languor, stupor, and frequently utter prostration. The experiment was now repeated once or twice without any fit being brought on, and on these occasions no advantage seemed to be gained; but during further applications of the biology, at intervals of a few days, the fits reappeared, although to attain this result occupied sometimes as much as two hours. Gradually, however, the period of the operation diminished, and ultimately the effect was produced in less than three minutes. The first three or four fits thus excited, differed so slightly from the first as to render description needless, only it should be observed, that after any one of them, Mrs A—— seemed better, and her general health and cheerfulness rapidly improved. The first time I noticed a change in the character of the fits, was when one that was brought on in about twenty minutes, struck me as much resembling those Mrs A—— suffered from at a considerably earlier period than when we commenced the biology. She sat in an easy-chair for a few minutes in a kind of swoon, then suddenly starting, said in a very excited manner: 'Give me the book, give me the book!' after which she swooned again, and upon awaking, suffered from headache and excessive languor, which, however, were quickly removed by a few mesmeric passes from Dr L——. As we walked home, she said to me: 'I have a strong notion of having seen F—— to-night' (this was a relation who had been dead about four months), 'as if in a sort of vision.' She then proceeded to describe the place and circumstances, mentioning the very day and hour to which it seemed as if she had been transported that night, and she added: 'I asked him to read to me from the Bible, which he refused, and I then did it myself.' I then immediately remembered the scene and circumstances alluded to, which she described with a perfect minuteness as having 'somehow' actually just then passed before her. The whole occurred about five years ago, one day when she was in a fit precisely similar to this one, and the words 'give me the book' were thus explained. I carefully concealed from her, however, the resemblance I discovered between this fit and those of an earlier period; she herself had no perception of it. Every experiment now produced a fit in a few minutes, each commencing with a swoon, but having also some active development peculiar to itself, and nothing being repeated in one that had occurred in another. Their whole character had an exact resemblance to those I have described in the first relapse after partial recovery. Mrs A—— was

evidently, by an artificial process, going over again what she had experienced in a six years' illness, only in an inverted order; and as one who retraces a road familiar to him recognises objects on either side, so in this process the associations of her illness—names, places, persons, events—were described, talked with, and acted over again in the most perfect and vivid manner, without the slightest confusion or inaccuracy. I give the following as examples:—On one occasion, the swoon being induced in a few minutes, Mrs A—— rose from the sofa, and taking my arm, said: 'My dear, let us go to B——. Do you know what we will do there? We will buy a piano, and I shall get well then. Papa shall look at it first.'

To try the effect, we touched a note on the piano. 'Ah, H——,' she said, 'you can't play.' I shall play it to G——.' She sang Mrs Hemans's *Better Land*. A short swoon followed, then came a troubled expression of countenance, and she said: 'I will not have these things on. Tell Dr P—— I never did, and I never will.'

I could not understand this allusion, but Dr L—— thought leeches were referred to. So it proved; for in a minute or two she appeared resigned, and said: 'Mother, I would not tell any one, but you put them on,' while a feeling of delicacy was expressed in the face, and she covered it with her hands, and wept a little. 'Mind you keep G—— down stairs,' she exclaimed. In a few minutes, composing herself to sleep, as if soothed by the attention of friends, she said: 'Well, that is kind of you.' *Till bed-day was arrived.*

These matters, trivial as they may appear to relate, derive significance from the fact, that they were a complete repetition of what had really occurred years since. I well remember the morning on which the visit to our relative at B—— was proposed and carried out; the purchase of the piano; and the application of leeches, recommended by Dr P——, our medical man at the time; while every sentence she uttered was distinctly remembered by my relations who attended her, as having been spoken by her at the time referred to. After the swoon, she said to me: 'I have been thinking to-day of A——,' a person who happened to be visiting B—— at the time the leeches were applied, whom she never saw except on that day, and whose name I never before heard her mention. She had no knowledge of what had passed in this swoon.

At another time shortly after this, we had an exact representation of the first serious fit she ever had, and which occurred, as I have said, on the night of her visit to the Scotch church. She swooned as usual under the biology, and in a few minutes she started up with the most awful expression of terror upon her face; her eyes were open and fixed, as if fascinated by some frightful object which they seemed to be following round the room. She started back, shrieked as if with fright, and clutched her hair wildly, saying: 'There! there! don't you see it?' Another swoon, and in a few minutes a sudden start, accompanied with a quick motion of the hand, and a jerk of the head, as if pushing some one from her: 'Go about your business,' while at the same time I observed an expression on the face of mingled indignation, contempt, and fear—the last greatly predominant. A strong epileptic fit immediately followed this, which gradually subsided, and for some time she lay quiet upon the sofa, with the eyes open and fixed on me, as if imploring help, yet unable to speak, and appearing to derive no satisfaction from my coming close to her. The whole thus related lasted about two hours and a half. An hour or two after, she said to me: 'I cannot tell how it is, but I keep thinking of that Scotch church at E——. I seem as if I had just been there; there are the pews, and the people, and the minister with the long sermon; what can make it haunt me to-day?' In the evening, I observed an unusual depression of spirits, and she said: 'I feel as if I had been frightened

to-day. I have an impression of having seen some very frightful object, but I cannot tell what. I seem to remember, too, having been in some great trouble, and seeing you, but not able to get near you.' No allusion was made to the street insult, which, however, clearly passed before her mind, as expressed in the motion of the hand, connected with the words: 'Go about your business,' while the object of terror which her eyes seemed to be following round the room, I take to be connected with the tale in the *Diary of a Late Physician*. I now felt my convictions strengthened, that the whole progress of the fits from the first would be retraced, but I carefully concealed this impression from my wife, as well as everything else connected with the affair. I expected that the next experiment would issue in the scene of our child's death; but instead of this, there was nothing but a gentle swoon of a few minutes, unconnected with any mental phenomena; and I then remembered, that between the child's death and the epileptic fit, Mrs A— was subject to slight swoons.* On the next occasion, however, a complete and painful revival of this sad event did occur. From the usual swoon, she started up, and cried: 'O my baby! he's gone!' with the most violent expressions of grief; then clinging to me, she said: 'What does Dr P— say?' while all the time she wept, and sobbed, and wrung her hands most piteously. A few moments of unconsciousness followed, and then, while lying upon the sofa, she moaned as if in pain, appeared to breathe with difficulty, and rubbed her hands across her breasts. I inquired what troubled her. 'The milk,' she said; 'the plasters had not come yet.' She then awoke, and the usual manipulations removed all heaviness and languor. On going into another room, she saw our little girl at play, and the sight seemed in a moment, she said, to bring before her the whole affair of our child's death. The sensation of fulness and pain in the breasts remained the whole day.

This instance furnished us with a complete picture of the facts connected with our child's death, including the allusion to the plasters. From this time all mental association with the past vanished, and at about the third experiment from it, no effect was produced beyond slight drowsiness; but just at this time a circumstance occurred which I ought to relate. Ambitious of trying my own hand at electro-biology, I made my first experiment upon a young lady in the presence of my wife, and produced some of the amusing phenomena commonly seen at public lectures. Then, in a sort of half-joke, I proceeded to try the same upon my wife, producing thereby a result very different from what I desired: she fell into a fit, the effect of which I could by no means remove. On partial recovery, she said: 'I feel as if there were two hammers in my head fighting against each other.' She was scarcely able to stand, could with difficulty be got to bed, and in the morning was compelled to send for Dr L—, who speedily removed the sensation. After this, the results of the various experiments became perplexing; a series of cataleptic fits followed, some severe, others slight. About this time, too, two or three fits came on in the ordinary way—the only instances while under the biology. Gradually, however, the fits ceased altogether, the biology only producing drowsiness, and it was then discontinued. This was more than three months ago; and from that time there has been no return of the fits, among any apparent tendency to them (except a swoon, unaccompanied with some convulsive action, which occurred during a rather severe and weakening attack of influenza, while the general health and cheerfulness have been such as Mrs A— has not enjoyed for years). Whether the cure will be permanent or not, time alone will reveal, but I am deeply thankful for what has been effected. The whole time, from the commencement of these experiments to their close, was

about four months, subject to some few interruptions. I have thus traced the mental phenomena discovered in the process, and there remain only one of two things in the *modus operandi* now to be noticed. 1st. The usual method was to remove the disk from the hand as soon as the fit came on, but on two occasions it was allowed to remain, when there was a partial return of the fit after an hour or two—that is to say, convulsive action without loss of consciousness. Whether or not these circumstances stand in the relation of cause and effect, I must leave for those learned in the subject to determine. 2d. It was observed repeatedly, that for removing the headache and stupor which accompanied each experiment, passes made with the hand from the top of the head down the spine were much more effective than those made down the front of the person. 3d. In addition to the disk being held in the hand of the patient, that of the operator was placed occasionally upon the forehead, and a tingling sensation therefrom experienced.

Upon the philosophy of what I have thus related, I cannot speculate: I have simply detailed the facts as they occurred.

[The above singular narrative has been sent to us by a clergyman in England; and we have every reason to believe that the facts are stated by the writer in perfect good faith.—Ed. C. E. J.]

ENGLISH HOUSES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ONE of the principal defects of history, as it is ordinarily written, is the almost total oversight of the conditions of domestic life—the absence of information respecting the households and modes of living among the people. We read of the exploits of kings, of baronial forays and contentions, of the disputes of parliaments and convocations; but concerning the in-door and outdoor existence of the general population—how they were housed, fed, clothed, and industrially occupied—we can obtain no adequate or definite conception. Any researches, therefore, that are calculated to give us authentic particulars in relation to such matters, are well deserving of pursuit, and the results obtained, however scanty, cannot be otherwise than welcome. For this reason, we propose to draw attention to a recently published work on the domestic architecture of the middle ages,* and to present the reader with a few of the leading facts which the author has ascertained and brought together.

The earliest builders in England appear to have been the Romans, who scattered here and there a few villas among the woods, generally after the pattern of their houses in Italy, though probably in some respects adapted to the peculiarities of our climate. When they left the country, the Saxons came and took possession of their dwellings, sometimes appropriating them to purposes for which they were not originally designed. The houses which the Saxons themselves constructed were very rude and simple in their arrangements. The family mansion of the thane, or gentleman, was built of wood, and thatched with reeds obtained from the river-sides. This dwelling was 'little more than a capacious apartment, which in the daytime was adapted to the patriarchal hospitality of the owner, and formed at night a sort of stable for his servants, to whose rude accommodation their master's was not much superior in the small adjoining chamber.' In the centre of the

* *Some Account of Domestic Architecture in England, from the Conquest to the End of the Thirteenth Century.* By T. Hudson Turner. See also an article on the subject in the *British Quarterly Review* for November.

hall there was a rude and spacious fireplace, and above it, in the roof, a hole to let the smoke out; though it would seem that this latter was a luxurious contrivance, to be found only in the better sort of houses, and that, generally, the smoke found an outlet through the accidental chinks and crevices of the tenement. The huts of the common people were of course much inferior to the dwellings of their masters, being necessarily smaller and less substantial, though, perhaps, not differing greatly in structure or material.

In the times of the early Saxon kings, their palaces consisted of a collection of separate buildings—what we should now call a series of wooden sheds—the only portions that were ornamental being probably a few pinnacles, with here and there a little paint and gilding. But in the later centuries of Saxon domination, stone buildings began to be erected; churchmen, and commercial persons who had travelled, introducing such novelties of architecture as seemed to them improvements upon the usual styles of building. In the reign of the Confessor, church architecture was considerably improved, one of the earliest specimens attempted being the renowned abbey at Westminster—not of course the abbey as it stands at present, but the rude elemental structure out of which, so to speak, the present building grew. The Confessor had himself a palace built of stone, of which Malmesbury informs us the appearance was in a high degree imposing.

The Conquest, it is thought, effected little change, either in the habits of the people or in the construction of their dwellings. The castle, however, with its lofty towers and its dismal 'keep,' belongs to the Norman period; for the opinion that certain ancient specimens of fortification were constructed by the Saxons, is no longer entertained; the utmost extent of their skill in military defences being now pretty well ascertained to have been the mere enclosure of an advantageous situation by a wall, and, perhaps, in some instances, the casting up of earthworks. As Mr Turner remarks: 'Throughout the annals of the Saxon period, we find no instance recorded of the successful or even protracted defence of a fortified place. The genius of that people seems rather adapted for field warfare. When defeated, they took refuge in natural fastnesses; the woods and marshes of Somersetshire protected Alfred from the pursuit of the Danes, and the last stand of the Saxons against their Norman invaders was amid the fens of Ely and Cambridgeshire.' Thus, it is believed, the first edifices erected in England by the Normans were the strong and formidable castles, the ruins of some of which still remain among us.

Considerable information respecting ordinary dwelling-houses in the twelfth century, is to be obtained from a valuable ancient record—*The London Assize of 1189*—from which Mr Turner has extracted largely, and which he has printed entire, in the original Latin, in his Appendix. This assize was held on account of the frequent fires which were then occurring in the city, in consequence of so many houses being built of wood, and roofed with straw or reeds. The document, however, testifies, that many houses, even during the reign of Stephen, were 'built of stone, and covered with thick tiles'; and to encourage the more general adoption of these materials, certain privileges were now conceded to the house-builders of those times. For instance: 'When two neighbours shall have agreed to build between themselves a wall of stone, each shall give a foot and a half of his land, and so they shall construct, at their joint cost, a stone-wall three feet thick and sixteen feet in height; and, if they agree, they shall make a gutter between them at their common expence, to carry off the water from their houses; but if they should not agree, either of them may make a gutter to

carry off the water dripping from his house on to his own land, except he can convey it into the high street. They may also, if they agree, raise the said wall as high as they please at their joint expence; and if it should happen that one should wish to raise the wall, and the other not, it shall be lawful for him who is willing to raise his own part as much as he please, and build upon it at his own cost; and he shall receive the falling water as is aforesaid.'

It is not to be supposed that the sixteen feet of stonework, of the thickness of three feet, was intended solely for the support of the roof, whether tiled or shingled; it appears rather to have been designed as the basis of additional storeys, most of which would probably, in a general way, be built of wood. We are given to understand, that any person desirous of raising the wall, might build upon it to any altitude he pleased, limited only by the natural adhesive qualities of his materials. A curious clause is given respecting the right of outlook: 'If any one shall have windows looking toward the head of a neighbour, and although he and his predecessors have been long possessed of the view of the aforesaid windows, nevertheless his neighbour may lawfully obstruct the view of these windows by building opposite to them on his own ground, as he shall consider most expedient, except he who hath the windows can shew any writing whereby his neighbour may not obstruct the view of these windows.' A provision is also made against any one making 'a pavement in the high street, unjustly, to the nuisance of the city,' and authority is given to the bailiffs of the city to 'hinder it.'

There seems to be reason for believing, that the London houses at this period were commonly two, and in some cases three, storeys high. But whether houses were generally painted, or simply whitewashed, appears to be still a matter of question; though from occasional allusions in old writers, and from the buildings pictured in illuminated manuscripts, it would appear likely that wooden and plaster houses were almost uniformly painted. The colours used were gay and various, being often blue, green, or a bright vermillion. It is thought that some kinds of pattern were used in these adornments, but it is not uncommon to find the walls simply 'picked out,' so as to have the appearance of long, narrow bricks. In the illuminations, we understand, the roof and walls are always represented in different colours, red and blue being most commonly employed.

Owing to the unsettled state of the kingdom in the early half of the thirteenth century, domestic architecture was little attended to; yet at this period several of the ecclesiastical edifices underwent repairs and alterations, and some were newly built—among which last are to be mentioned Salisbury Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey as it now stands. In the latter half of the century, however, numerous improvements in house-building were made, both in London and in the country. The taste for the arts displayed by Henry III. communicated itself to his courtiers; and to this date is to be referred the building of many 'magnificent houses,' in which some of the arrangements of the palace, in particular the lofty and spacious hall, were imitated. This 'hall,' it is said, was very much resembled a modern barn, so that we must not be misled by the term into conceiving anything very splendid in connection with the mediæval dwelling-houses.

Perhaps our notions of a house in the middle ages will be rendered more accurate and complete, if we glance at the construction and arrangements of one of the king's palaces. During the times under notice, the sovereign had houses at Kennington, Southampton, Portsmouth, and Woodstock; but as they were all built after the same fashion, a description of one will serve for all the rest. There was, first, the great hall before mentioned, with a high-pitched roof, and a floor littered with rushes. This was entered from without by a large door, high enough and wide enough for a

man to pass on horseback; and the apartment was lighted by a number of unglazed windows, to which, as the means of excluding too much rain or wind, wooden shutters were attached, fitting rather loosely. The windows were placed high, that the air rushing through them might be kept as much as possible near the ceiling. Where the hall was too broad for a single roof to cover it, pillars of wood or stone were raised so as to divide it into aisles like a church. Opening from the hall was a small stone-chamber, containing uncertain quantities of *via ordinaire* from Bordeaux, apparently the most popular beverage of those days. Over the cellar was a wooden chamber called the 'solar,' which was the king's sleeping-room. This room had a mari or clay floor, the ordinary clumsy window-shutters, and an awkward lath and plaster cone, dignified by the name chimney. The walls were covered with hangings, to hide the uncouthness of the workmanship; and the state-bed was a bench fixed firmly in the ground, with a bolster and mattress of some rich kind of stuff. The only other furniture in the apartment was a large chair fastened in the floor, and a strong box in which his majesty kept his clothes. This wondrous bedroom was used in the daytime as a parlour, whenever the royal inmates desired a little seclusion, or when state business of a private nature had to be transacted. It was in such a chamber as this that Edward I. and Queen Eleanor were sitting when, in 1287, they barely escaped being struck by lightning.

The dwellings of the middle-classes, in town and country, were nearly if not quite equal in point of convenience to the king's residence, and very similar in most of their arrangements. In towns, the lowest storey, or ground-floor, was generally occupied by the storerooms and domestic offices; immediately above was the 'best room,' which—whether divided into compartments, or extending the whole length of the building—was also called the 'solar;' and higher up, in the gables, as improvements in internal convenience progressed, sleeping-chambers came to be erected. In the country, the grange, or farmhouse, rarely had a second storey—ground-room being plentiful, and probably considered safest to live upon. Chimneys appear to have been placed in the front or back wall, as is seen in the Jew's house at Lincoln, and the fire was universally made upon the hearthstone. Whitewash was in much request; and when coal came to be introduced, at the beginning of the next century, there was a great outcry at the innovation, and it but slowly superseded the less smoky, though less comfortable, wood-fire.

At what time glass began to be used for windows in private houses, is a point that has been much disputed; but there is reason to believe, that it had become common in all respectable houses in the later years of the thirteenth century. The price was not extravagant—the cost of both material and glazing being not more than 'threepence-halfpenny a square foot:' a sum about equal to 4s. 4d. of the present currency. Glass was no doubt first employed in towns, and principally in those lying nearest to Flanders and Normandy, whence it was imported, along with various other articles of manufacture. It seems, nevertheless, to have been quite unknown in the country manor-houses until the following century. One reason for this was the difficulty attending the land-carriage of so brittle a material, when the country was as yet almost destitute of roads; and, perhaps another reason was the scarcity of glaziers. A curious light is thrown upon the state of this serviceable trade by a writ issued in the reign of Richard II., whereby one Nicholas Hoppewell was empowered 'to take as much glass as he could find in the counties of Norfolk, Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln, for the repair of the windows of the chapel at Stamford;' and further, 'to impress glaziers' for the performance of the work.

The floors of the lower rooms in all houses were at this time only 'the natural soil, well rammed down, over which litter was strewn.' The loose litter gradually gave way to a coarse sort of matting made of rushes; and this was the prevailing ground-covering, alike of the solar-chamber of the burghs and the palace-hall of the sovereign, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the way of furniture, everything was very rude and simple. Long boards placed on tressels served for tables, and the ordinary seats were benches and joint-stools. The windows, however, were made with seats in them; and this is a peculiarity of the households of those days, which was still in fashion within comparatively recent times. In some of the better sort of houses, the benches were cushioned, and the tables covered with copious white table-cloths. Bed-linen, too, seems to have been abundantly in use in the latter part of the thirteenth century; and mattresses and bolsters, in rich men's houses, were frequently covered with silk or velvet.

There was, in the meanwhile, no lack of luxury in the article of plate. Silver cups and spoons, saucers, porringers, and even dishes, were to be found in liberal supply in all households of respectability. Roasting-spits were also often made of silver; and it was customary for the cook to pass among the guests at a dinner-table with his spit extended at arms-length, to allow every one to cut off a portion of the joint for his own use. Forks were not introduced until a later period, so that people ate with their fingers, whenever they could not make it convenient to use spoons. The common people, however, were served more rudely; they ate and drank generally from wooden bowls and trenchers, and their grandest table-vessels were gourds, horns, and cups made out of the shells of coconuts.

The kitchen utensils of the period under notice were mostly made of brass and pewter. In the will of William de Tolleshunt, almoner of St Paul's, dated 1328, there is an inventory of the utensils of an ancient kitchen, which, as a curiosity, may be worth looking at. In this the testator enumerates 'the large mazer bowl,' the 'three best brass basins,' the 'three best brass deep dishes,' the 'caldron' (supposed to be the 'brass pot' which figured on the hearth of every householder), 'one hand-mill for grinding corn,' a mortar and pestle, dishes with stands and the salt-cellars, but 'chiefly the six pewter dishes, with all the salt-cellars, and the iron frying-pan.' The remaining kitchen furniture probably consisted of wooden trenchers, carving-knives, pots of earthenware, vessels of leather or wood, used for fetching beer or water, and a few pipkins and porringers of rude pottery. The shapes of these last exactly resembled those of similar vessels of the present day; and, indeed, it is noticeable that the common pewter gill-measure is of precisely the same form as the pitcher that figures in the Saxon illuminations.

Mr. Turner's book contains a good deal of additional information respecting the kinds of provision and articles of diet consumed by our forefathers; among which it appears that foreign fruits and choice confectionary were conspicuous, especially in the serious Lent season. Figs, raisins, almonds, dates, were among the dainties which enabled the good people to submit themselves with little murmuring to the restraints imposed on them by the rules of the church. Some glimpse is also given into the state of trade, agriculture, and commerce, popular pastimes, and the progress of population in large towns; but as none of these can be said to belong exactly to our subject—English Houses—we are fain to leave them unnoticed, and to content ourselves with recommending the work to the consideration of such of our readers as may have leisure and inclination for pursuing historical and antiquarian inquiries.

HOW HOP-GAMBLING IS PRACTISED.

Throughout the year, wagers are extensively laid in the counties of Kent and Sussex, but particularly in the former, upon the amount of duty annually declared by the Excise in respect of all the hops gathered throughout the country. Long before anything like data whereon to found a calculation can be obtained, large sums are staked upon the result of the crop. In Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone, are the Kentish 'Tattersalls,' which, together with a few of the aditient inns in Southwark (where the hop-factors live, and hold their principal market), comprise the head-quarters for hop-betting. On the publication of the duty, many thousands of pounds change hands, and every possible scheme is resorted to throughout the summer to procure the latest intelligence of the condition of the plant in the chief districts, so as to enable the more wary to increase their stakes, or 'hedge,' as the case may be. The system is to give what is called a 'scope,' the extent of which depends upon the time of year. In the winter quarter, the betting-man will perhaps give a scope of some £20,000—that is to say, will bet that his adversary will not guess the amount of duty to be paid within that amount. But as the year advances, and the hop escapes the dangers that beset its progress, the scope is reduced. Clerks in the accountant's department of inland revenue are much sought after, and the slightest hint greedily devoured as to the gross quantity of hops weighed, which certain men pretend to know in much the same way as sporting prophets boast of their 'office' or 'tip' for the Derby. The period between the picking and the declaration of duty is usually a full month of excitement to the parties wagering: the duty is known about the end of October. Last year, it was issued on the 3d of November. The present is considered an unusually good season, and the amount of duty has been anxiously looked for.—*Kentish Gazette*.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

We do not hazard much risk of exceeding the truth in saying, that of a hundred men who fail in literature, ninety-nine of them had no business to meddle with it. Literature is a fascination very much like the stage; and of the multitude who fancy they have 'a soul above buttons,' who throw up *Coke upon Littleton* to strut their hour in print, who despise the honest trade of their fathers, and believe themselves destined to make a figure in the world, the number is incredibly small that are endowed with the attainments indispensable to success. There is no profession so crowded with men so deficient in the qualifications required for their work. In other professions, men rapidly find their level; but in literature, sustained by a vanity which eternally whispers in their ears that they are ill-treated, and fed by a restless ambition which grows by what it does not feed upon, they are a long time before they find out their own incapacity, if they ever find it out. How many such men are there clinging to the skirts of newspapers and periodicals, bitterly complaining of the rejection of articles, the neglect of the public, the caprice and want of judgment of editors, and of everything above the earth and under the earth except their own unfitness for the sphere they have chosen, who might have earned a decent competence in obscurity if they had been brought up to some useful occupation, instead of being cast upon that occupation which, of all others, exacts the severest toil, the most varied powers, the greatest self-denial, the most earnest labour and vigilance, uprightness and perseverance.—*Westminster Review*.

RELICS OF ACTORS.

The relics of celebrated actors are cherished with natural devotion by their brethren and descendants, and are more authentic than many others of superior pretensions. Tate Wilkinson, of eccentric memory, possessed a pair of buckles which had belonged to Garrick. These he passed hours in polishing, and gazing on with affectionate reverence when he had nothing else to do. Garrick's widow presented Edmund Kean with the star, George, garter, and other paraphernalia used by her husband in Richard III.; those have now passed into the hands of his son, Charles Kean. The elder Kean brought home

from America, what he persuaded himself was a toe-bone of George Frederick Cooke. He valued it as the apple of his eye, and went nearly frantic when his wife threw it out of the window, and told him the servants had lost it. When John Kemble retired from the stage, in Charleston, he parted many articles he had used that evening amongst his brother performers. The late C. Matthews obtained his sandals, which he exhibited triumphantly, exclaiming: 'I have got his sandals, although I shall never stand in his shoes.'—*Dublin University Magazine*.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

THERE are many things that speak of thee

Most sweetly to mine ear,

Although thy once familiar name,

I never more may hear.

For nature's silent eloquence

Is whispering still to me

Of the dear home, long, long ago

Which I enjoyed with thee.

Each little floweret seems to speak

Of happy days gone by,

When flowers formed our mutual pledge

Of fond sincerity,

Surely thou hast those tokens yet,

Of feelings unforget,

As I still hoard the withered leaves

Of thy forget-me-not.

The voice of waters speaks of thee—

The gentle summer's breeze—

The small birds' thrilling melody—

The light rain through the trees!

Together we have heard them all;

And though no more we meet,

The memory of those pleasant hours,

Though sad, is strangely sweet.

Thus, then—though fate has darkly frowned,

And we must dwell apart—

While both can list to nature's voice,

We may be one in heart.

To all around, we still may seem

As though we ne'er had met;

But well, O well, our hearts can tell

We never can forget.

ANTICIPATED CONFLAGRATION OF ROME.

Dr Cumming, in his *Apocalyptic Sketches*, and other authors, have asserted, as their interpretation of some parts of the Apocalypse, that Rome will be destroyed by fire from heaven, or swallowed up by earthquakes, or overwhelmed with destruction by volcanoes, as the righteous punishment of the Almighty for its popery, and its crimes. I am unwilling to deduce any argument of this kind from the prophecies which are unfulfilled; but I find everywhere—in Rome, near Rome, and through the whole country of Italy from Rome to Naples—the most astonishing proofs, not merely of the possibility, but of the exceeding probability, that the whole region of central Italy will one day suffer under such a catastrophe. The soil of Rome is tufa, of a volcanic origin; the smell of the sulphur, which we found to be most disagreeable, must be the result of volcanic subterranean action still going on. At Naples the boiling sulphur is seen bubbling near the surface of the earth. When I drew a stick along upon the ground, the sulphureous smoke followed the indentation; and it would never surprise me to hear of the utter destruction of the entire peninsula of Italy.—*Tourists' Journal of a Tour*.

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AN APOLOGY FOR HUSBANDS.

We do not use this word 'apology' in its legitimate sense, as a defence or vindication: we are satisfied with the common meaning assigned to it—that is, an excuse or extenuation of an admitted offence. Husbands, as a general rule, are to blame, there is no doubt of that; only we think there are some small considerations which might be urged in their favour, not by way of exalting, but merely of letting them down easily.

The humane idea was long of occurring to us, for one gets so thoroughly accustomed to the condition of affairs in society, that everything seems natural and necessary, and passes on without exciting a thought. But a week or two ago, we had occasion to visit repeatedly a rather large and agreeable family without once chancing to meet with the Offender; and this had the effect of bringing him before our cogitations. Had he been present in the room, he would have passed as a natural and useful piece of furniture, and so have escaped all special survey; but being obstinately absent, we of course turned the bull's-eye of our mind upon him, and had him up.

With regard to the family present, it consisted of a wife, one or two children, one or two growing up, and a couple of grown-up daughters. All these were busy, from dolls and A B C's to dressmaking and housekeeping. One of the daughters sang and played delightfully; another was an artist of considerable merit for an amateur; and both were adepts at needle-work. They boasted of making all but their best bonnets, and all but their ball-dresses. The mother was an excellent manager. Under her charge, the business of the house went on like clock-work: everything was comfortable, everything agreeable, everything genteel. The boys were at school, studying hard and successfully; one intending to be a merchant-prince, another to sit some day on the Woolsack, and the third to be archbishop of Canterbury. Indeed, they were an exemplary family; and one day when we met the lady in the street, with her two grown-up daughters by her side, and the younger girls walking trippingly behind, all nicely dressed and happy-looking, it struck us that there was an expression of pride as well as pleasure in her face, and that she was inwardly assuming to herself the merit of having made her own position. We did not grudge her the feeling, for her self-satisfaction had been earned: if some such inward reward did not attend good conduct, it would be all the worse for us in this world.

We had visited this happy family several times, when we began to inquire, while walking homeward in our usual meditative mood, what it was that laid them

together in so enviable a position. Their labours were all for themselves, for their own comfort, amusement, gentility, advancement. They purchased nothing else with all this outlay of time and money. There they were, with no object but that of passing the day, of enjoying life, of rising to some condition of still higher distinction or contentment. How did they find this possible? By what power were they sustained immovable in the shock of social life, surrounded by all the cares and anxieties, and competitions and heartburnings, and tear and wear, and hurry and scurry of the world? Here we caught with our mind's-eye the absentee, and immediately suspected that he was at the bottom of it! But it was curious to think, that he should be the sun of this social system—that so many individuals should lean supinely upon one, without the slightest idea of mutual support. Yet so it was—and is. Society is composed throughout almost its whole consistence of such circles, each wheeling with more or less harmony, but still wheeling round a centre; and that centre is the Offender we have now up.

This individual, let us say, is unconscious of his own predicament. He knows he has a wife and children, a house and servants to provide for, and he does provide. That is all. He takes no merit to himself, and none is due. In supporting this Atlantean burden, he only does what others do. It is the rule. And so he bends his shoulders, and on he goes; sometimes stepping out like a giant, sometimes tottering, sometimes standing still to bemoan his fortune—not in having the load to bear, but in being unable to bear it well. If things go smoothly—if his children are well taught, if his dinner and his daughters are well dressed, if his house is tidy and genteel—why, then, if he is a praiseworthy person, he thanks God and his wife. If things go otherwise, he grumbles at his hard fate, and makes himself as disagreeable as possible, or else trundles his canister like a stoic; but all this time, be it observed, in utter unconsciousness of his true position. He does not think it odd that he is travelling in his round of life with a tail after him like a comet. He does not think about it at all. He only knows that the thing exists, and must be borne. If he is able of his own strength to bear it handsomely, so much the better; but if not, he never speculates on the possibility of deriving comfort and support from what is naturally a burden, any more than the wife and children imagine that they are anything else than a tail, with nothing in the world to think of, or to do, but to stick fast to the body to which they chance to be attached, and make themselves as comfortable as possible.

And this last is the curious part of the story. The amiable family we have described talked of the

individual we have laid hold of, with the perfect knowledge that he was their Centre, but without the faintest consciousness that there was anything but the mechanical tie between them. They humoured him when he was in good humour, called him a dear, good, old papa, got his slippers ready, and drew in his chair to the hearth, for that made the room all the more cheerful for themselves; but when in bad humour, they avoided or crossed him, wondering how anybody could look sulky at such a bright fireside, and suspecting him to be a man incapable of feeling interest in anything but his business, or his clerks, or his banker's book. Was not his wife to be pitied, after all she had done to make him happy and respectable? And was not this a sorry return to his daughters, for saving him a mint of money by making their own dresses? These excellent ladies had nothing to do with the stability of their Centre. The house might be on fire, but they were only lodgers. They had no interest in the Offender when he was out of their sight. They knew nothing of his crosses and losses, of his disappointments and vexations, of his faintness and weariness; they saw nothing but discontent on his wrinkling brow, nothing but approaching age in his whitening hair, nothing but ill-humour in his querulous voice, nothing but selfish apathy in his spiritless eye and sinking heart. They loved the husband and the father when he was agreeable enough to be loved; but they had no sympathy with the struggling man.

This is the ground of our apology. That the husband is a bad fellow is only too clear, but we would suggest that there are extenuating circumstances. The world is a hard taskmaster, and he who strives with it must submit sometimes to the hard word and the hard blow. His brow cannot always be clear or his mind present. He cannot always be in the mood to feel the comfort he sees; and he will sometimes sit down even at a bright fireside, with bright faces round him, and feel as if he were in a desert. Is sympathy, dear ladies, only for the happy? Is not his business yours? Is it not politic as well as kind to protect from feeling the rubs of the world that intelligent and susceptible machine to which you owe your all? In low life, in middle life, in high life, however, the same curious arrangement prevails, hitherto, so far as we know, undescribed or misunderstood. Ebenezer Elliott felt it without knowing what it was. His *Poor Andrew* feels his heart grow faint, when on going home from his work he approaches his own door, behind which he knows there are living things, as silent to his bosom as the dead. He has one consolation, however: it lies in his dog and cat; and the poor soul, yearning for sympathy, is at his wits' end when he does not meet the welcome of these, his only true friends.

My cat and dog, when I come home,
Run out to welcome me—
She mewing, with her tail on end,
While wagging his comes he.
They listen for my homeward steps,
My smothered sob they hear,
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
Because my home is near.
My heart grows faint when home I come—
May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

Why come they not? They do not come
My breaking heart to meet!
A heavier darkness on me falls—
I cannot lift my feet.
O yes, they come!—they never fail
To listen for my sighs;
My poor heart brightens when it meets
The sunshine of their eyes.
Again they come to meet me—God!
Wilt thou the thought forgive?
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

The people's poet, we say, feels this without understanding it; for he attributes the want of sympathy to the want of knowledge—to the want of a power of response, on the part of the family, to the new ideas that are gushing up in the mind of the intelligent workman. Alas, Ebenezer! there is something in a case like this even better than knowledge. The most ignorant of all possible wives may do more, by a single look, to sustain and advance her husband, than the most acutely argumentative of all the philosophers.

The French, as a nation, make a similar mistake. They are not so domestic as the English, and care less about that external comfort which commonly bounds the duties and ambition of an English wife. They run less risk, therefore, of taking the show for the substance, and see clearly enough that there ought to be some electrical rapport between the husband and his harem. The desideratum they consider to be a sympathy of taste. The wife, they say, should comprehend and feel interested in her husband's pursuits: she should be able to talk to him intelligently of what has occupied him through the day—to plunge with him into business, or politics, or literature—and to advise with him on the circumstances of his position. What is this but repeating the lessons that have wearied him, the annoyances that have worried him, the labours that have sent him home jaded and spiritless, or dissatisfied and irritable? Nature herself shews the impropriety of this arrangement; for in nine cases out of ten, when men and women are left to their own choice in marriage, they are attracted by antagonism rather than homogeneity, in at least the external points of the character, and even in personal appearance.

A similarity of taste is doubtless desirable, if on one side unobtrusive or undemonstrative; but what is really wanted is sympathy with the man—consideration for the Atlas who carries the household on his shoulders. We readily pardon the fretfulness of the sick; we consent without hesitation to tread lightly by the couch of pain: but who can tell what sickness of the heart, what torture of the head, may be indicated in that troubled look, that gloomy eye, that rigid lip, that thoughtful brow? Is it more than womanly to tap with a harsh word—to steal round the Offender with a noiseless step—to soothe him with a soft word or a loving look—to remember that to him his family owe their comfort and tranquillity—that he is like a rock, in the lee of which they recline in safety, while on its bald and whitened head break the thunder and the storm?

Yes: in his case there are extenuating circumstances. But let him beware that he does not plume himself upon them, instead of regarding them as merely something that would justify a humane judge in recommending him to mercy. Sympathy cannot long exist unanswered; and the action and response cannot take place but between minds that are in a state of rapport. We will take you, sir, as your own witness. Do you take care to place yourself habitually in this state with your family? If you do not enter into their feelings, do you expect them to enter into yours? Are you content to be defined as merely 'the gentleman who

draws cheques?' Or do you teach them that you are a little community of individuals, sifted together by God and nature for mutual solace and support, with one moral being, one interest, one love, one hope? Do not answer in a hurry. Think of it, dream of it, ponder over it. There—that will do. Stand down, sir.

STEAM ROUND THE CAPE.

THE Father of History—whom modern critics have vindicated from the once current imputation of being also the father of a good many fictions—has preserved to us a curious story which he heard in Egypt, some twenty-three centuries ago, concerning the manner in which the first circumnavigation of Africa—or Libya, as it was then called—was effected. The event was said to have taken place in the reign of that Pharaoh Necho who ruled in Egypt about 600 years before the Christian era, and whose dealings with the Jews are recorded in the Scriptures. 'Necho, king of Egypt'—this is what Herodotus heard—'despatched some Phœnicians in vessels, with instructions to sail round Libya, and through the Pillars of Hercules [Straits of Gibraltar], into the Northern [Mediterranean] Sea, and so to return to Egypt. The Phœnicians set out from the Red Sea, and navigated the Southern Ocean. When the autumn came, it was their practice to land on whatever part of the coast they happened to be near, to sow the ground, and wait for the harvest. After reaping it, they would again put to sea; and thus, after two years had elapsed, in the third they passed through the Pillars of Hercules, and arrived at Egypt.'

To this succinct narrative, the cautious historian adds a remarkable statement. 'They said,' he observes, 'but for my part I do not believe the assertion, though others may, that in their voyage round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand.' This part of the story, which awakened the incredulity of Herodotus, is now known to be the strongest confirmation of the truth of the whole account. A voyager, in making the passage round the Cape from the eastward, will have the sun on his right hand—that is, to the north. At the present day, any intelligent school-boy who has learned the first elements of astronomy, will easily understand this statement; but in the time of the old Greek historian, the fact could only have been ascertained by actual experience.

It is evident that the 'slow and sure' system on which the Phœnicians, in those days, conducted their navigation, would not suit the genius of our epoch. Their mode of virtualising their craft had certainly the advantage of enabling them to dispense with the 'preserved meats' of any Tyrian Goldner. But in spite of this recommendation, it may safely be affirmed, that a company which should adopt the same system at the present day, would have but a small chance of obtaining the Admiralty contract for the conveyance of African mails.

In one respect, however, the Phœnician sailors must be admitted to have surpassed all their successors. There can hardly be a doubt, that the voyage in question was the *slowest* that has ever been made along that particular route; and as that portion of the distance run which is included between the Cape and the Straits of Gibraltar is rather more than one-third of the whole, it cannot be supposed to have occupied the navigators much less than a year. We may therefore fairly set this down as 'the longest passage from the Cape.' The 'shortest passage' on record, according to the best authorities, was achieved a few months ago by one of the mail-packets of the Screw Steam Company's line, which made the trip from Table Bay to Plymouth harbour in just thirty-two days and eighteen hours; and this voyage, short as it was, was rendered probably five days longer than it would otherwise have been, by the necessity of going out of the direct line to touch at

Sierra Leone, in compliance with the terms of the contract. This drawback, it may be well to add here, is now removed, the vessels being no longer required to visit that settlement. Sierra Leone, and other places on the west coast of Africa, are shortly to have a government steam-packet line of their own; and the large steamers of the General Screw Steam-ship Company, which now go to the Cape, and thence to India, have merely to touch at St Vincent (in the Cape Verdes) and the island of Ascension on their way out.

There is still, however, one peculiarity in the route of these steamers, which is deserving of notice. Persons who do not pay special attention to nautical matters are likely enough to suppose that, considering the large number of vessels at sea, the surface of the great ocean must be dotted over, in almost every part, with the sails of this countless fleet. This, however, is not the case; the ocean, like the land, has its frequented highways and its wide regions of loneliness. If an observer, furnished with a forty-Herschel-telescope power of vision, could be elevated to a height great enough to give him a view of the whole Atlantic, he would be struck by beholding hundreds of vessels following one another in certain lines along a very irregular course; while over a large portion of the surface not a sail would be visible. Thus, he would see the ships which leave these islands for the Cape or India, pursue at first a south-westerly course, till they reached the neighbourhood of Madeira; then keep more directly to the south, at a safe distance from the African coast, until they crossed the line; then stretch away again to the south-west, in the direction of South America, till they gained the zone of westerly winds; and, finally, making a rather sharp turn into these winds, go bowling along before them to the eastward till they arrived at the Cape, or else, if so directed, passed to the southward of it. On the return-voyage, a similarly circuitous route is pursued, although the curves are to some extent reversed: the widest circuit, or deviation from the direct line, being made in the northern instead of the southern hemisphere. In the extensive spaces on either side of these frequented routes, few vessels would be seen. Here and there, an African trader might occasionally be perceived, dodging from port to port; or a guilty slaver, with crowded sails and leaning masts, might be seen scudding swiftly across the ocean, perhaps with a royal cruiser following steadily in her track, like a blood-hound pursuing a murderer.

Now, as the screw-steamers, although always ready and willing to take advantage of a favourable wind, are not compelled, like ordinary sailing-ships, to guide their motions altogether by it, they are able to strike out a new and more direct route for themselves. This, indeed, is one of the advantages which all steamers possess. Consequently, if our imaginary observer were to watch the course of a steam-vessel bound to or from the Cape, he would find it deviate considerably from the track of the sailing-ships—chiefly, of course, in avoiding a great part, though not all, of the wide circuit aforesaid. In the case of the 'shortest passage,' for example, if the steamer had been following the usual route of sailing-vessels, she would probably have passed at least a score of ships between the Cape and the line. As it was, she did not meet a single vessel. Her course lay about midway between the island of Ascension and the coast of Africa. It is very seldom that any vessel is encountered in this part of the ocean. It chanced, however, on one occasion last year, that two steamers of this company, going in opposite directions, passed each other in that lonely region, within such a distance, that the smoke of the one to windward was visible to those on board the other, though the vessel itself was out of sight. They knew from the position that it must be their consort; but all they saw of her, and all, perhaps, that they were to see of her for years—as they are rarely in port

together—was that thin trail of smoke, drawn faintly along the distant horizon.

Something ought to be said here about the company itself to which these vessels belong. The General Screw Steam-shipping Company affords, like its predecessor and present rival, the Peninsular and Oriental Company, a good specimen of the manner in which English enterprise usually develops itself. Five years ago, only two of the vessels now belonging to this company were afloat; and these were then the property of two merchants, carrying on a trade between England and Holland—Messrs James Lamington and Richard Smith. The two vessels were the *City of London*, and the *City of Rotterdam*; they were of only 270 tons burden, and thirty horse-power, and were built merely by way of experiment, to take the place of the sailing-vessels which had previously been employed. The experiment proved so successful, that it led to the formation of a joint-stock company, and to the construction of two more steamers, impartially named the *Sir Robert Peel*, and the *Lord John Russell*, and each of about 800 tons burden, and forty horse-power. The *Earl of Auckland*, of 450 tons burden, and seventy horse-power, was the next addition. The continued success of these screw-propelled trading vessels, induced the company to extend their operations. A royal charter of incorporation was obtained. Three new vessels—named the *Bosphorus*, *Hellespont*, and *Propontis*, each of 560 tons burden, and eighty horse-power—were built; and a line to Smyrna and Constantinople was commenced, the five smaller vessels continuing the trade between London and the ports of Rotterdam, Harlingen, and Dunkirk. The Mediterranean line quickly became a favourite with both shippers and passengers. The vessels were found to be safe, dry, and comfortable; the voyages were punctually made; no disasters occurred; the underwriters gradually reduced their rates of insurance on merchandise conveyed by them, and the profits of the company went on increasing. In 1850, another important extension of their operations took place. The company obtained the contract for the conveyance of mails to the Cape, being the first regular steam-communication between this country and that important colony. The three Mediterranean steamers were taken off their original line, and employed in commencing the new service, while the company were building larger ships, more suitable for this ocean work. The Mediterranean vessels, however, did remarkably well in their new line of duty. The first voyage from Plymouth to the Cape—commenced in December 1850—was accomplished in forty days; and this has been about the average of the outward passages. Somewhat less time is usually occupied in returning. The company gained so good a name and position in a few months, that they had no difficulty in obtaining the contract for the extended line from England to Calcutta, by way of the Cape, Mauritius, and Ceylon. For this mail-service, they receive from the government a remuneration of £45,000 per annum. The company has lately been enlarged, and the capital considerably increased. A fleet of seven large steamers, of from 1850 to 2000 tons burden, is in course of construction. Three of them, indeed—the *Lady Jocelyn*, the *Indianist*, and the *Queen of the South*—are already launched, and the last-mentioned has been despatched to open the Calcutta line. These large screw-steamers are fine ships. While the *Queen of the South* lay in the dock at Blackwall, she had crowds of visitors, who inspected with great admiration the spacious and handsomely-furnished saloon on the upper deck; the cabins below, resplendent with mahogany and bird's-eye maple, and all of them roomy, well-ventilated apartments, conveniently fitted up for the conveyance of 180 first-class passengers; the baths; the well-furnished hospital and dispensary, the ample promenade on deck, and the

vast and complicated machinery below. In addition to this main-line to India, the company are about to undertake a branch-line from the Cape to the new and flourishing colony of Natal, and are sending out two of their small steamers for this purpose. In a few years, no doubt, in conjunction with the Peninsular and Oriental, the Eastern Steam Navigation, the Australian, and other companies, they will cover the Indian Ocean and the neighbouring seas with a network of steam-packet lines, uniting together all the principal ports of the East.

One of these associations, the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, has just adopted a scheme which, if carried out, will eclipse all that has yet been effected by the power of steam on the ocean. They propose to build steam-ships large enough to carry coals sufficient for the whole voyage round the Cape from England to Calcutta, without stopping on the way; and, by maintaining a speed of sixteen or seventeen miles an hour, they hope to accomplish the distance in twenty-eight or thirty days—being five or six days less than the time now occupied on the overland passage. Whatever may be the result of this undertaking, there can be no doubt that we are now witnessing only the commencement of the revolution which must in a few years be effected in the whole system of oceanic navigation through the agency of steam—unless this, in its turn, should before long be superseded by some other and still more efficient motive-power not yet developed.

THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE.

In the fair days of Louis XVI., when Marie Antoinette was giving her gay receptions at Versailles, and the king found no weightier matters to record in his private journal than his hunts and lathe-turnings, there were known, among the crowd of needy nobility who hung about the purlieus of the court, in hopes of places and pensions, two brothers, designated in the fashion of their time the *Seurs de Bonnevillle*. They were descended from the marquis who made such bold but unsuccessful love to Margaret de Valois; had his ears boxed by 'the tenth Muse and the fourth Grace,' as that fair, frank, and witty princess herself sets forth; and fell in the Italian wars of her brother, Francis I.

Fortunately, people do not always resemble their ancestors; and so it was that Armand and Eugene de Bonnevillle were regarded as singularly prudent men by the world of Versailles. Their names had never been prominent in dangerous intrigue or family quarrel; they had incurred no glaring scandal, made no profitless friendships, committed themselves to no party; and been seen to assist with equal complacency at high mass and at the crowning of Voltaire. Their parents were long dead; the gates of a Carmelite convent had closed on their three sisters; and the inheritance which descended to Eugene, as the eldest son and heir of the house, was a large dilapidated hotel in the Faubourg St Germain; the right to style himself seigneur of certain lands and a chateau in the country, which had been possessed by a rich former-general's family for at least two generations; and the salary of an office created by Louis le Grand when money was particularly scarce with him, and purchased for ever by the seigneur's grandfather—salad-taster extraordinary to the dauphin. Armand was almost as well provided for by the continuance of a pension bestowed on his mother in the former reign, at the special request of Madame du Barre, and the promise of a lieutenancy in the Royal Guards. Their friends attributed it to the prudence of the Bonnevilles, that they kept on tolerable terms with their tradesman; but both were handsome, well-bred, and unexceptionably aristocratic, from the queen to the diamond shoe-buckles; and though Armand was now thirty-five, and his brother some years older, it was

generally believed that they intended marrying to advantage; of which, at least, was true; but advantageous matches are not to be hit on every day, even by the most devoted searchers. Perhaps, also, the brothers were too prudent to succeed in a pursuit, regarding which 'nothing venture nothing win' is an emphatic proverb; for one noble heiress and jointured widow after another was led to the hymeneal altar, sincerely regretted, while they continued to write complimentary verses, send New-Year's presents, and dance attendance on disposing manumans. Armand had resigned himself to the lot of a noble bachelor, who could not forget his rank, and of whose poverty no great house would become oblivious; but Eugene fretted to see his hotel going day by day more out of repair under the administration of two supernumerary servants, and his ancient line threatening to be extinguished without either heir or fortune. Doubtless the seignury and the hereditary office also entered into his consideration, and at length determined him on immediate application to a matrimonial agent in Paris (where, of course, chances were more numerous), with a hint that, provided the lady's portion was satisfactory, nothing but the most obtrusive plebeianism of birth or connections would be rejected.

Armand remonstrated with his brother on this downward step, which might connect their family with the *bourgeoisie*; but after talking the matter over, in that good brotherly confidence always subsisting between the Bonnevilles, in spite of life at Versailles, the wisdom, or, it might be, necessity of Eugene's plan, became equally apparent to him; and with Armand's advice, a particularly respectable agent, in that quarter of Paris called the Cité, was engaged to manage the affair.

M. Le Blanc was a man of large business and acknowledged abilities; but he found De Bonneville's requirements difficult to obtain: a dowry of 600,000, or an annual income of 50,000 livres, was mentioned as the lowest terms on which the sieur could dispose of his heart and hand, and there were only three fortunes of that amount on Le Blanc's list. The first was the daughter of a coffee-merchant, who had spent many years in the West Indies, and the lady's complexion had an African tinge too strong to be presentable; the second was the widow of a wealthy tobaccoist, and she had appeared in her husband's shop, and actually served customers; the third, though the niece of a silk manufacturer, rich and childless, was also the daughter of a wood-merchant, and kept up an intimacy with her low relations, which would be utterly inadmissible in Madame de Bonneville. At length, after seven months' search, when Eugene was beginning to despair, and the hotel looked worse than ever, a letter arrived from Le Blanc, announcing his hope that all the requisites had been discovered in a single lady residing at the house of a respectable but reduced advocate, near the church of St. Madeleine. He added, that the lady was handsome, accomplished, and supposed to be about thirty; that she had no known connections or family, and a certain income of 56,000 livres a year.

The brothers were delighted, but their prudence never slept. Eugene wrote to Le Blanc by return of post, with suitable commendations of his diligence; an earnest exhortation to inquire after her previous history; and should the results be satisfactory, full powers to sound the lady's mind, as well as that of her friends, regarding whom he hoped some further information would also be gleaned, as their utter obscurity went somewhat beyond the Bonnevilles' expectations. Le Blanc seemed long about the inquiry; but his letter came at last. It stated, that he had seen the lady, and could pledge his honour that she had a fine face, a good figure, and the air of a duchess—weighty words from such a connoisseur; that her name was Catherine de

Chatelaine; and she had no friends except the old advocate and his wife, with whom she had lived for almost two years, paying a large board, which greatly assisted them, as, though highly respectable and well connected, they had been reduced almost to poverty among the thousands who suffered by the failure of the Mississippi scheme. Their name was Broussel, and their relationship to mademoiselle so distant, that the advocate acknowledged it to be beyond his tracing; while all that he or his wife knew of her history was, that the lady's father had left his country early and settled at Constantinople, where he rose to great power and trust, but without changing his religion, on account of some extraordinary and secret service rendered to the Porte; that he perished in a great fire, which consumed not only his house, but the very street in which he lived. No document or family paper had been rescued from the flames, to throw light on mademoiselle's genealogy; and the sultan, considering the estates and treasures he had amassed too large an inheritance for any Christian woman, seized upon them all, allowing his only daughter an income of 56,000 livres; with which she retired to her father's country, to avoid Mussulman addresses, when the ancient Latin convent of St. Eustachia, where she had been educated and resided from childhood, was suppressed and pulled down by order of the grand vizier, because the nuns were suspected of attempts to proselytise his harem. Nothing was known of mademoiselle's mother, but that she was of Italian origin, born at Pera, and said to be related to the princely house of Sforza, whose armorial-bearings were sculptured on her tomb in the Frankish cemetery.

The story was romantic, yet the brothers could have wished for some evidence of its authenticity. But Le Blanc's letter contained another paragraph, which at once decided Eugene. Mademoiselle, though not completely averse to a noble match, was singularly devout, and had lately entertained serious thoughts of taking the veil in the convent of St. Catherine, whose holy sisters, as the advocate assured him, paid the heiress such court as it would require an ardent and clever suitor to oppose successfully. Eugene knew, that when the nuns were at work, there was no time to be lost; and as 56,000 livres could not be expected to come often in his way, his reply empowered Le Blanc to place his noble name, and, of course, affections, at the feet of the Eastern heiress, and win over, if possible, the Broussels to his interest, as the only apologies for relations the lady had. Le Blanc's next communication was encouraging. The Broussels had given in their warm adhesion on the receipt of a gold snuff-box, a Cashmere shawl, and the promise of 200 louis, to be paid on the wedding-day; while mademoiselle was so deeply interested by his glowing account of the sieur's many attractions, good qualities, and exalted rank, that she consented to receive a visit from her noble lover, who might henceforth carry on his suit in person. Eugene hastened to avail himself of that privilege, particularly as Le Blanc hinted that the nuns were still in the field. But the same post brought Armand a letter from their only surviving uncle, a brother of the long deceased Madame de Bonneville. He had been educated at the Jesuits' College, and intended for the Church; but having no vocation for holy orders, he went, at the special recommendation of the superior, to seek his fortune in Italy; and after serving in one capacity or another at half its old ducal courts, had been for the last twenty years private secretary to the doge of Venice. M. Lespeigne was supposed to be rich, and known to be stingy. He had never married, and kept no communication with his sister's family, lest, as it was believed, they might levy or expect contributions. But age had crept upon him in the midst of official duties and growing gains; and feeling solitary in the strange land as health and spirits began to fail, he remembered that Armand was his namesake, and

wrote to request a visit. Such a request was not to be disregarded, especially by the prudent Bonneville, for it almost involved a legacy. Armand and Eugene congratulated each other on their prospects, which now seemed pretty secure between death and marriage; and both set out in high spirits, the one for the city of the Adriatic, and the other for the neighbourhood of St Madeleine in Paris.

Armand found his uncle all that report had painted him—old, infirm beyond his age, and if rich, by no means liberal. It might have been his Italian life, too, or long residence in that old city of secrecy and decaying power, but Armand thought him close to a wonder regarding his pecuniary affairs, and unaccountably anxious, like one who felt some great risk or fear hanging over him. The old man was kind after his own fashion, and right glad to see his nephew. It was pleasant to talk of the country he had left so long, and the families he had known in his youth; pleasant to have a companion in the deserted wing of the ducal palace, which he had inhabited with two old servants for almost twenty years; and though Armand soon got tired of the empty galleries and sombre rooms of the silent sea-town, where there were no promenades, no court gossip, and scarcely a play except at the carnival, he remained month after month at his uncle's solicitation, endeavouring to look delighted, and employing all his eloquence to persuade the old man that his health required change of air, and he should retire to enjoy himself and his fortune among kind friends in France. Meantime, letters of good news followed each other from Paris. Eugene had seen his bride-elect: she was charming; but Armand would judge of that for himself. Of one thing he was certain—she must be a gentlewoman, from the dignified manner in which his addresses had been received. The courtship was vigorously carried on for three weeks, at the expiration of which they were solemnly betrothed, and next month married with becoming splendour at the church of St Madeleine. As the fashion of those times required, Madame de Bonneville immediately went home to her husband's hotel, which had been repaired and furnished on considerable credit, but everybody had heard of the 56,000 livres. Half the court, and most of the old families resident in Paris, paid visits of congratulation to the happy pair; and the Hôtel de Bonneville, with its new mistress's dress, jewellery, and equipage, not forgetting her romantic history, became the theme of all tongues at Versailles. These tidings made Armand wish for the termination of his visit, that he might share in the family splendours and hospitable attentions of his wealthy sister-in-law, to whom he had determined on making himself agreeable, having already paved his way with all manner of written compliments. Armand had, however, his private interest to secure with Lespeigne, and to leave him in the present frame would have been decidedly undutiful. The old man's family pride, which had always been peculiarly strong, was flattered by the brilliant alliance Eugene had made, all the more that both brothers thought proper to avoid his antiquated scruples by sinking the entire romance of the bride's history, and announcing her merely as an orphan heiress of the illustrious house of Chatelaine. The magnificent doings in Paris, Eugene's warm invitations, supported as they were by those of his niece-in-law, and Armand's eloquence, therefore prevailed on the private secretary to request two months' leave of absence from the doge, a man as old, as heirless, and more infirm than himself, who spent an hour every day locked up with him in the library, and all the rest of his time between his chamber and the palace chapel. The two months' leave was granted, and Armand and his uncle journeyed without hindrance or adventure to Paris. They arrived at the Hôtel de Bonneville late at night. All things were prepared for their reception, though madame had retired to rest; and Eugene

received them with expected demonstrations. Armand thought his brother looked less free and easy than in their poorer days; but doubtless it is a natural effect of matrimony, said the self-complacent bachelor.

Knowing the value of first impressions, he was particular in his toilet next morning. His aristocratic tastes were thoroughly gratified by the general style and appearance of the hotel, and he descended to the breakfast table with an inward conviction that Eugene had done a good thing. There sat the bride in a *recherche* morning-dress, really a magnificent woman, and something more than Le Blanc had reported. She was tall, finely formed, and queenly in her carriage. There was an Oriental look about her dark complexion and jet-black hair. Her features were as fine, Armand thought, as those of a Grecian statue; and her manners had the graceful cordiality of genuine high-breeding. All was well and winning at the first glance; but Armand felt before he was fairly seated, that there was something strangely disagreeable about the lady's brow and eyes, which looked hard and fixed, as if somehow cut out of the solid marble. This impression was deepened by his uncle's look when first introduced to her: it was one of previous acquaintance, mingled with something like absolute horror, and the bride responded with a glance of mocking triumph. But both were composed in an instant, and saluted each other as affectionate uncles and nieces ought to do.

Eugene did not seem to observe the circumstance, and Armand did not care to speak of it. It was so strange, so sudden; and his brother appeared to have grown so close and uncommunicative, even when they met in private, that he considered it more prudent, as well as polite, to keep silence, and a strict though concealed watch on his uncle and sister-in-law. That day, they all lived like a happy family: the old man praised his niece, approved of the whole establishment, and tried to look well-pleased and paternal; but he often relapsed into brown, or rather black studies; and once, when about to enter the *salon*, where madame said he had been left alone for a moment, Armand heard their voices in low but fierce altercation, which ceased the instant he opened the door.

A soirée had been given in honour of the rich uncle; but early in the afternoon, Lespeigne walked out to visit the Venetian ambassador; and when the company were assembling, a *laquais de place* arrived with a brief note, charging Armand with the presentation of his regrets and apologies, as he had just received a message from the doge, commanding his immediate attendance on business of the highest importance, and was already on his way to Venice. Armand knew not what to think, but he could not help keeping a more vigilant eye than ever on his sister-in-law. Her conduct was a model of dignified propriety. She had been presented at court with great *clat*, and was now an acknowledged belle in the gay circles of Paris and Versailles; but the lady had no intimates, and never encouraged admiration. She had acquired considerable influence over her husband; but it was founded on deference, and not love. Eugene was proud of her beauty, of her high-breeding, and of the splendid style in which her fortune enabled him to live. It was natural he should give his friends frequent opportunities of seeing all these, and his house was one of the gayest in Paris. In its good company, deep play, and brilliant evenings, the mysterious appearances of his first day almost faded from Armand's recollection. Though less familiar than he could have wished, Madame de Bonneville and he continued on the best terms. An affectionate correspondence was kept up between him and his uncle; but Lespeigne declined, under one pretext or another, all invitations to renew his visit, and carefully avoided asking Armand to Venice. That was no good sign for the legacy; and Armand was beginning to wonder if he could not find a better way to marry

under favour of his brother's stars, when the first ball of the carnival-time was given by the eccentric countess, Madame Penthievre. Her house stood in a street which had been considered fashionable about the period of the Fronde, and was close upon the Faubourg St Antoine.

The known rank and wealth of the countess atoned for the antiquated situation of her hotel. It was her boast, that the best society in Paris had assembled there for 150 years; and her carnival-ball was always reckoned the grand event of the season. Half Paris was invited, and among the rest the Bonnevilles. Madame had purchased a magnificent dress for the occasion; but the same evening, a slight though sudden indisposition made her resolve on remaining at home, much to the disappointment of Eugene, who had largely anticipated the general enthusiasm his wife's appearance must have called forth in the ball-room; and only at the lady's earnest request would he consent to accompany Armand, and express her regrets to Madame Penthievre.

The ball was brilliant, but Eugene missed the prestige of his lady's presence, which had now become in a manner indispensable; and by way of consolation, retired to the card-tables, in the furthest apartment of madame's splendid suite, where the play was deep, and continued far into the morning. Armand, after many endeavours, found a good opportunity of paying special attention to a wealthy dowager, and her plain but well-portioned daughter, on whose sensitive heart the experienced sieur flattered himself some impression had been made, as he handed the ladies to their carriage at four in the morning. The work had been hard, however; Armand felt fairly exhausted; and as Eugene was still at cards, he determined not to wait for the carriage, but go home alone by the shortest way. Having informed his brother of his intention, and wrapped himself up in a Spanish cloak, borrowed from madame's son-in-law, Don de Lasco—for the morning was cold—he proceeded through a narrow street of the Faubourg St Antoine, which then skirted the ancient Cemetery of the Innocents. No modern carriage could find room in it. The houses dated from the days of Anne of Bretagne, and had been mansions of the old nobles. They were still strong fabrics, from seven to eight storeys, with turreted roofs and sculptured doorways, particularly on the side next the cemetery; but the dead of centuries had raised its soil to a level with their second floors; and the people of St Antoine had tales about that street of sights and sounds which nobody could account for. It was said that no young children could be reared there; and some out of every family of new-comers were sure to die within the twelve-month: in short, even the Jews did not care to live in it; and most of the houses had been deserted for years. The rank and fashion of Paris never thought of inquiring into such vulgar tales. Armand was thinking of his chance with the dowager's daughter, when, midway in the street, he was startled by a low voice, speaking as it seemed from the pavement. There was not a sound in the neighbourhood. At that hour, St Antoine was all asleep; but a lamp burned hard by before a great wooden crucifix—set up to commemorate the massacre of St Bartholomew—at the entrance of a narrow alley leading to the gate of the cemetery. By its light, Armand saw a black figure rise from the ground nearly at his feet, and stepped instinctively behind the great cross. The figure stood for a moment in the lamp-light. It was a black nun, with veil and hood; but there was something in the motion which he knew, and as it turned to look up the dark alley, the veil fell aside, and Armand saw the face of his sister-in-law. Overwhelmed with astonishment, he stood in silence till she passed, and then followed, resolved not to lose sight of her; but never had the courtly sieur so rapid a walk. Whether with the knowledge that she was pursued or

not, her steps grew quicker every moment; and after following her track through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys utterly unknown to him, she at length disappeared round the corner of the Rue de Marais. Here he lost all trace; and weary work it was finding his way home through those low neglected quarters; but he reached the Hôtel de Bonneville as day was breaking. The sleepy porter stared when he inquired if madame had yet arrived. Did not monseigneur know that madame had been indisposed that evening, and declined going to the ball?

Armand was discreet enough to admit the mistake; but his faith in the testimony of his own eyes remained unshaken, and he could not sleep for wondering what his sister-in-law could find to do at such a place and hour. It was not a likely scene for an intrigue; but she might be a lady of peculiar taste: and all he had observed between her and old Lespeigne rose in Armand's memory. Was the porter in her secret? Jaques was an elderly, discreet man. He would take him into confidence, and trace out the affair without informing his brother, as it might endanger family peace, and give rise to scenes which the well-bred bachelor could not relish.

At their late breakfast, madame appeared as usual in an elegant morning-dress, declaring herself quite recovered, and all solicitude for intelligence of the ball. Armand gave her a full account, suppressing only his own walk through the faubourg, and no hint or glance betrayed their mutual concealment. Armand made the porter a present that very day, in preparation for madame's next illness; but she accompanied her husband to every succeeding assembly, and he had business of his own on hands, for the dowager's daughter had to be looked after.

The licence of the carnival week always brought queer faces and costumes from hidden corners of Paris, among the gay promenaders in garden and boulevard. They seemed to Armand more than usually numerous that year; and he could not help noticing, that some of the lowest and strangest-looking creatures cast looks of recognition on Madame de Bonneville as she passed in the splendour of plumes and diamonds. Wild rumours concerning the Cemetery of the Innocents, too, were growing more rife among the populace. Lights had been perceived in a deserted house of the faubourg, and figures, believed to be not of this world, seen coming from its gate.

Armand had been doing his *devoirs* on the last night of the carnival at a masquerade, in which his sister-in-law created quite a sensation by her superb acting in three different characters; and going out next noon on a permitted visit to the dowager, he perceived that something extraordinary had discomposed Jaques. Mindful of his plan, Armand paused, and hoped his wife was well? 'Thank monseigneur, she was.' And himself? Jaques hesitated; he was quite well, but there was a trouble in his mind. Would monseigneur speak with him a moment?

Armand assented. Jaques led the way to his own dormitory close by the gate, and having carefully closed the door, said: 'Monseigneur, my wife and I have kept the Hôtel de Bonneville these thirty years: thank God for the good-fortune that has come into it! but we can't keep silence on a matter which concerns the family. You know, we had but one daughter: we called her Marie for the Virgin; and maybe the Virgin took her out of this bad world, for her mother found her dead and cold in her own bed on the morning of Ash-Wednesday, when she was to have taken her first communion. All our people had lived in the Faubourg St Antoine, and been buried in the Cemetery of the Innocents. We laid Marie there too; and to comfort our poor hearts, made a vow that we would go together every night in the carnival week to pray an hour at our child's grave: we didn't mind the stories that are going

about the place—neither my wife nor I was afraid when Marie was there. Don't laugh at me, monseigneur, for God knows I speak the truth. Three times last week we both saw a woman in black clothes, once in the street, once in the alley, and last night looking in at the gate. I saw her face as plain as I see yours now: monseigneur, as I am a Christian, it was Madame de Bonneville!

This revelation put the last fine edge on Armand's curiosity; besides, when servants began to observe, it was time to take active measures. The old porter could be depended on; and by talking with him on the subject, Armand learned a fact regarding the great old house which, if he ever heard before, had escaped his memory—namely, that a small staircase, hidden by the drapery of madame's chamber, led to an oratory or private chapel long disused, and looking out on a narrow crooked lane, from which, by byestreets and alleys, one might reach the Marais. This accounted for madame's secret egress; but what business had she in the neighbourhood of the Innocents? Jaques's head was full of tales heard from his grandmother of sorcerers who required the hearts of such as died in mortal sin, and corpses nine nights buried; yet, for the honour of the family, he volunteered to watch in the cemetery every night during Lent, saying there was an angel in heaven who would take care of him. Armand caught at the proposal, for, though educated above vulgar superstition, there was something so darkly mysterious about the matter, that he did not care attempting it alone, and thought it wiser to inform his brother also. The dowager and her daughter considered him singularly absent and uninteresting in his visit; but on Armand's return he found madame gone to mass, and Eugene alone in the library. The opportunity was not to be neglected; and with proper circumspection, he told him all he had heard and seen of his wife. To his surprise, Eugene was prepared for the revelation. He had missed madame at extraordinary hours, and once believed he saw her pass him in the streets at midnight in company with a low, wicked-looking foreigner, but could never think of mentioning it till then. In the restored confidence of former days, the prudent brothers devised a scheme of discovery.

By their direction, the old porter that evening requested leave to visit his only brother in the north, who was said to be seriously ill. The leave was granted; Jaques assumed his travelling trim, took leave of his wife and fellow-servants, but walked straight to a poor inn near the ill-reputed street of St Antoine, where he put on a workman's blouse, a red wig, and a patch over his right eye; handed the landlord a louis in advance, and said he would remain as long as things pleased him. Next day, the brothers went to hear the bishop's Lent sermon; and on their return, pretending to be seized with one of those sudden fits of devotion incidental to the Parisian *beau monde*, declared their intention of joining for that Lent the order of Repentant Sinners, lately introduced from Italy, and then in considerable vogue among the wealthy devout. This order admitted temporary members; and its distinguishing duties consisted of wandering about in dirty, ragged clothes, never sleeping the second night in one place, and living in all respects like the meanest of the people. Madame, who pretended to devotion herself, warmly encouraged their pious intent; and, properly provided with rags and staves, they set out on the following Saturday, to the great edification of their neighbours, for Versailles, the chosen scene of their penitence, as it had been of their thoughtless youth. Once in Versailles, each purchased the dress of a workman, and thus equipped, they returned to Paris the same night—Armand joining the porter at his inn, while Eugene repaired to the narrow lane behind his own mansion, where he took lodging with a widow who had one room to let, and was seldom sober. This woman

had a son, her only support, though he followed no legitimate trade, and was from birth a dwarfish creature, with two equal lumps behind and before. But nature had also endowed Jules with a keen sight; extraordinary agility, and a power of avoiding observation which made him a valuable assistant to the secret police; and it was known that they kept him in almost constant employment.

The best informed on such matters at that time understood, that this dreaded force was particularly active on some scent known only to itself. Eugene had heard nothing of it, but he took Jules into partnership in watching the chapel window, promising him twenty louis if he could follow and guide him to the destination of whoever came out. The window was high and narrow, and opposite was an angle formed by a projecting house, where, after dark, Eugene and his companion took their station, each provided with a dark-lantern, while, according to agreement, Armand and old Jaques posted themselves behind the cross in the alley leading to the gate of the Innocents. All the first night they saw nothing; but Jules found out that madame had been at midnight mass in the Capuchin convent. On the second, she had a serious soirée, to which the company brought their rosaries, and supped on a salad; but as the clock of St. Germain chimed twelve, Jules perceived a black figure slide noiselessly down from the chapel window, and speed up the lane: he followed as quietly; and Eugene followed him, imitating all his motions. It was a wonder to the sieurs, in after-days, what turns and windings they made through the obscure lanes and alleys of old Paris; but the figure never slackened its speed, and neither did the pursuers, till they almost reached the gate of the Innocents. Here Eugene perceived his companion cower in a corner, and he followed his example, as their chase paused and looked round. He did not see the face, but he could have sworn it was madame. Satisfied that all was safe, she stooped over the massive grate of an old cellar which they had not seen till then, and thrust her fingers through the bars. Eugene heard a bell ring, then a voice, which she answered with some words in a strange language, and the grate slowly opened inwards. There was a sound of whispers far below, and a red light, which shewed a stone staircase, and the wicked-looking foreigner near its top. The new-comer's foot was on the first step, when Armand, rushing from his hiding-place, seized her by the black robe. Eugene and old Jaques were close behind him, but they caught a gleam of steel in the woman's hand, and, with the sound of a stunning blow, Armand fell back upon them, as the grate banged after her; while Jules, stepping out, flung a box of portable fireworks high into the air, and the next moment they were surrounded by a company of *mousquetaires*. Provided with flambeaux, pickaxes, and crows, they forced open the grate, and descended, calling on those within to surrender in the king's name. No one replied; and when fairly below, they found it was not a cellar, but a burial-vault—the house above occupying the site of an ancient abbey. There were some scores of stone coffins there; and in the further extremity, a complete furnace, on which a crucible of base metal in a state of fusion still remained; while a coiner's apparatus stood on the lid of one granite coffin, and a forger's tools were left on another. Close by the furnace, another grate opened on a low-arched passage, leading far under houses and cellars to a long ruined mansion on the other side of the faubourg. No individual, coin, or note could be discovered; but after that, there was great and public search made for what was called the Coining Company, whom the secret police had traced through every city in Europe, especially Venice, by the number of counterfeit notes and coins they put in circulation, which were said to have been so well executed, that they deceived the most experienced

bankers. Some of its members were long afterwards taken in the towns of Hungary, but Catherine de Chateलाई was never more heard of. Armand bore the mark of the lady's hand in a deep scar on the brow till his dying day; the surgeon said it must have been inflicted by a Turkish yataghan, and he believed it the chief obstacle to his final conquest of the dowager's daughter. The Hôtel de Bonneville lost all its gaiety, and, though a more splendid residence than it had once been, relapsed into the keeping of old Jaques and his wife. The brothers continued to live there, but in a sober fashion, and paid more attention for the rest of their lives to mass and sermons. Armand's hope of inheritance failed with that of Eugene's marriage; for when the inquiry waxed warm in Venice, the private secretary of his Sublime Highness obtained leave to enter a Franciscan convent; and the only light ever thrown on that strange confederacy, was conveyed in the grand vizier's answer to an ambassador's question regarding the convent of St Eustachia: 'It was destroyed, because the Christians learned to make bad sequins there.'

DACCA MUSLIN.

We have on former occasions followed with some minuteness the history of cotton-spinning and weaving in our own country. We have now to lead the reader to the spot where this branch of industry appears to be perfectly indigenous, where it has existed in its present state for many centuries—we know not how many, history reaches for sixteen at least—and whence we, in common with other European nations, obtained that knowledge of the art on which we have made such wonderful advances. It is in India, and chiefly on the banks of the Megna, in the province of Dacca, that nature has provided the raw material, and the human organisation in such perfection, that with the rudest and most primitive instruments, such delicate fabrics have been produced as we have been able to rival only by the use of the most various and complicated machinery, improved year after year by all the skill which our scientific men have brought to bear upon it. We are old enough to remember the time when the best of our home-manufactures were so homely, that no muslin but 'real India' was deemed suitable for the higher purposes of a lady's toilet; and yet it appears that very rarely did the finest productions of the Hindoo loom find their way to our shores. They were manufactured exclusively to order for the native princes, who prohibited their subjects, under severe penalties, from disposing of them to any one else; and it has been the decline of the native governments, much more than of the British demand, that has caused these manufactures to fall into comparative decay. Sufficient encouragement, however, is still given by the wealthier natives, to keep the art from falling into disuse; so that the East India Company obtained a collection of very fine specimens for exhibition at the Crystal Palace last year. The opinion of the jurors was, that though wonderful productions, under the circumstances, they were deficient in finish, and in the evenness which is the result of our machinery. They took no cognisance of the fact, however—which probably it was not their business to ascertain—that while the 'finish' of our fabrics disappears in the first washing, and they lose more and more of their transparent beauty at every subsequent one, the application of moisture invariably swells the thread and thickening the muslin, the Dacca fabric continually improves by the same process, and possesses a durability both of beauty and substance of which ours is destitute. We know that the publication of this fact is not for the good of trade; we only desire to whisper it in the ears of our manufacturers, that they have something yet to learn which has been known for ages to the poor Hindoo,

who would not purchase yarn that he found to swell with wetting. We recommend, then, to study a volume lately published by a resident at Dacca, in which all the processes are not only minutely described, but amply illustrated, if so be they may obtain any light on this valuable secret. Meanwhile, we shall pass cursorily over the ground, for the information of the general reader.

The plant which yields the cotton of which these fabrics are made is called *photee*. It differs even in outward appearance from the common herbaceous cotton-plant of Bengal (*Gossypium herbaceum*), being more erect, less branched and pubescent, having the lobes of the leaves more pointed, and the whole plant tinged with red. The staple of the cotton also is longer, much finer, and softer. Its favourite locale is a tract of land extending about forty miles in length, and, in some places, three in breadth, along the banks of the Megna from Feringyabazar. It is cultivated with success in some other parts of the province of Dacca, but all attempts to raise it beyond these limits have failed; nor has there yet been found in any part of the world a variety of cotton to compare with it for the combination of fineness with strength and pliability, though the longer-fibred American is much better adapted for our machinery. Two crops of *photee* may be raised in a year; but that gathered in spring yields the finest produce, its vegetation being less rapid, and therefore stronger, and less liable to swell in bleaching than that which grows during the summer months. The *kapas*—that is, wool with the seeds in it—having been picked from the pods in April and May, is cleaned and prepared by the spinner. She carefully picks out with her fingers any fragments of the leaves, stalks, or capsules of the plant that may be found in it, and then, with the unwearied patience that characterises her race, she sits down to clean the fibre of every separate seed. This is done with the jawbone of the *bootee* fish, which, having small, close, and recurved teeth, acts as a fine comb to remove all extraneous matter, as well as the loose fibres of cotton which are much coarser than those which adhere to the seed. The carding being thus accomplished, she places a small quantity at a time on a smooth, flat board, and rolls an iron pin on it backwards and forwards, in such a manner as gently to detach the fibre from the seeds without crushing them. The cotton is then teased with a small hand-bow made of bamboo, with a cord of catgut, silk, or strong vegetable fibre. The centre-piece of this bow, in which the cotton is placed, has two elastic and movable slips of bamboo within it, and by increasing or diminishing the tension of the cord, they are drawn out or pushed back. The cotton thus reduced to the state of light, downy fleece, is spread out and lapped round a thick roller; and when this is withdrawn, it is pressed between two flat boards. It is then rolled round a piece of lacquered reed of the size of a quill; and lastly, it is deposited in a piece of the soft skin of the *cuckin* fish, to keep it clean.

The skill of the Hindoo women in spinning the wool thus prepared is almost incredible. They seem to have a delicacy of touch superior to any nation on the face of the earth; and so nicely is this calculated, that when the finest thread is wanted, it is committed only to women under thirty years of age. The whole apparatus consists of the roll of cotton already described, a delicate spindle of iron or bamboo, a piece of shell embedded in clay to rest it on, and a piece of chalk to keep the fingers dry. The spinner, seated on the ground, holds in her left hand the roll of cotton, and in her right the spindle, in an inclined position, its lower point resting on the shell. Now she twirls it between thumb and finger, drawing out the filaments

* The Cotton Manufacture of Dacca. By a Former Resident. London: John Mortimer.

from the mass, and at the same time twisting them into yarn on the spindle. A certain degree of humidity, with a temperature of about 82 degrees Fahrenheit, is the atmospheric condition most favourable to this process; for too great heat or dryness prevents the attenuation of the filaments. The finest yarn, therefore, is spun early in the morning, while the dew is yet on the grass; and if this be wanting, a shallow vessel of water is placed under the spinner's left hand, and the evaporation supplies the requisite moisture.

When a certain quantity is spun, it is wound from the spindle upon a reel. It is either sold privately to *paikars* (agents), who go round the villages to buy it for the weavers, or is carried to the weekly markets and annual fairs. The finest brings 8 rupees per *tola*—that is, about 16s. for 180 grains troy. The native weavers usually judge of the fineness of the yarn by the eye alone. The only mode there appears to be of ascertaining it by weight and measure, requires such delicate manipulation, that few except the operatives themselves can perform it. The standard quality of the yarn used in the manufacture of the court muslins, is said to have been about forty yards to a grain; but much finer is sometimes made. 'A skein,' says our author, 'which a native weaver measured in my presence in 1846, and which was afterwards carefully weighed, proved to be in the proportion of upwards of 250 miles to the pound of cotton.'

It is almost impossible for the weaver to obtain, of exactly uniform quality, enough of yarn for a web. He therefore reserves for the woof a sufficient quantity of the finest, and prepares that for the warp, by steeping it for three days in water, which is changed twice a day. It is then reeled into skeins of convenient size, which are steeped in water, and tightly twisted between two sticks, after which it is left to dry in the sun. The next process is to untwist the skeins, and put them for two days into water, mixed with fine charcoal powder, lamp-black, or soot. Again they are rinsed in clear water, wrung out, and dried in the shade. After another night's steeping, the yarn is spread on a flat board, and rubbed over with a starch made of parched rice. Now it is wound on large reels, dried quickly in the sun, and sorted for warping. The finest is put on the right-hand side of the web, the second quality on the left, and the coarsest in the centre. The warping is performed in the open air upon rods of bamboo driven into the ground, the weaver walking among them with a wheel of yarn in each of his hands, and crossing the threads between each pair of rods. The yarn for the woof is not prepared till two days before it is to be used, and only a sufficient quantity for one day's work undergoes at a time the processes of steeping, reeling, sizing, and drying.

The Indian loom is horizontal, and is said to resemble that used by the ancient Egyptians. At Dacca, it is always erected under a roof; its lateral standards are four bamboo posts firmly fixed in the ground. They are connected above by side-pieces supporting the transverse rods, to which the slings of the lay or batten, and the balances of the heddles, are attached. The warp, wound on the end-roll (or yarn-beam), and having the reed and heddles attached to it, is brought to the loom and fixed to the breast-roll (cloth-beam) by a small slip of bamboo passed through the loops of the warp, and received in a longitudinal groove in the beam. Both the end and breast rolls rest either in scooped shoulder-posts, or in strong looped cords attached to the four lateral standards. As the Hindoo knows nothing of stool, chair, or other seat than the ground, he digs a hole a foot and a half deep, into which he sinks his bamboo treadles.

According to the Hindoo institutions, weaving is the sole and legitimate business of the *Tantees*, one of the nine pure castes of *Sudras*, though many others have encroached on their trade. A certain number of the

kamar or blacksmith class devote themselves to the manufacture of the shuttles, which are made of the light wood of the betel-nut tree, and pointed with iron. The reeds are made of fine slips of bamboo, firmly fixed between ribs of split cane, the finest reed used containing 2800 dents in a length of 40 inches. The reedmakers are a gipsy-like tribe of low caste, living all the year round in boats on the rivers. The reels and other implements are manufactured by those whose business it is to work in bamboo. They are sold, like the yarn, at the fairs and markets. The whole cost of the weaving apparatus amounts to about ten shillings!

When all things are ready, the weaver sits down on a mat, with the right leg bent under him, and the left in the hole where the treadles lie. Pressing one of these with his great toe, and thus forming the shed in the warp above, he passes the shuttle from one hand to the other, and strikes home each shot of the web with the lay. Though slender and delicate his form, yet his fine sensibility of touch, his nice perception of weight, and that singular command of muscle, by which he uses his toes almost as effectively as his fingers, enable him to produce the most delicate fabric with appliances which would scarcely serve the rigid and clumsy fingers of a European to weave a piece of canvas.

The same condition of the atmosphere necessary for fine spinning is that most suitable for weaving; the morning and afternoon are, therefore, in like manner, chosen for the work, and the finest muslins must be made during about three months from the middle of May. If the weather is very hot and dry, shallow vessels of water are placed under the threads of the warp, to keep them from breaking, which has given rise to the report, that the muslin is sometimes woven under water. The muslins are plain, striped, checked, or figured; and are distinguished by various names indicative of their texture, origin, or use. The finest plain fabric now manufactured is *mumuk khas* (literally, made or reserved for royal use), in imitation of which we have long woven what is called among us mull muslin. It was a specimen of this—ten yards long by one broad, and valued at L.10—that occupied the centre place in the collection which was exhibited at the Crystal Palace. It contained 1800 threads in the warp, weighed 3 oz. 2 dwts. 14 grs. troy, and was described as so delicate, that it would pass easily through the smallest finger-ring. On the first display of these fabrics on the 21st May, we are told by a journal of the day, 'they excited the special wonder and admiration of Her Majesty and Prince Albert,' who, it appears, did not perceive the want of 'finish.' 'The Queen, with her intuitive perception of the graceful, expressed her surprise that, with such opportunities of suitable personal decoration, English ladies should persevere in disfiguring themselves with the stiff material which now goes to the construction of dresses.' We could tell her one reason. A lady may now have for 40p shillings a yard a British muslin, which looks as well as the Indian at twenty, and, indeed, better to him who has an eye only to the 'finish.' Besides, the latter the day is for the massive; and if one of our countrywomen did deign to appear in a dress which might be mistaken for a twenty-penny muslin, she would deem it necessary to wear beneath it a slip of satin or silk, that, as the vulgar say, it might stand alone, and so the Oriental beauty. She multiplies skirts, and skirt—*pang*, as she calls it—of her beautiful muslin, till the ends of decorum are answered, the dress which dress is required to serve in her sunny clime. We have read of an Indian prince who found fault with the inadequacy of his daughter's dress in this respect; and it was urged in the young lady's justification, that she had on five pangs. We doubt if three times the number of such material would be deemed sufficient in England even for an opera-dancer. But to return to

As though nature would leave nothing wanting to the perfection of this elegant manufacture, there are several tracts of country where the water, according to the testimony of several old writers, has been for ages celebrated for giving peculiar whiteness to the cloths washed in it. Such a property is now attributed to the wells at Naraindeah, where the bleaching of Dacca muslins is principally carried on. The finer kinds are exempted from the process of beating on a board, which is the Hindoo mode of washing all less delicate fabrics. After steeping in pure water, in large semicircular vessels of earthenware, they are *bucked*—that is, immersed for some hours in an alkaline lye, composed of native soap and impure carbonate of soda. They are then *crofted*—that is, kept on the grass in a wet state for some time, and steamed after a peculiar fashion. Each piece is twisted in the form of a loose bundle, and a number are piled one above another to the height of five or six feet on the top of an earthen vessel furnished with a wide mouth, and containing eight or ten gallons of water. A fire is kindled below this boiler, and the steam rising through its mouth is diffused through the mass of cloth above. For ten or twelve days, these processes are repeated—bucking and crofting during the day, and steaming during the night. After the last steaming, they are steeped in clear water acidulated with lime-juice. The bleachers are all Hindoos of the *dhobee* (washer-men) caste.

After bleaching, the muslins are delivered wet to *nurdeeches*, who comb them—that is, arrange the threads that may have been displaced in the bleaching, drawing lightly over them an instrument formed of the spines of the naphrusee plant (*Cactus Indicus*). They are then transferred to *rafugars*, or *darners*, a very exclusive class of Mohammedan workmen, who display a degree of dexterity with the needle almost equal to that of the Hindoos at the loom. They remove weavers' knots, join threads that may have broken, and form the gold and silver headings to each piece. If a coarse thread is discovered in the warp, an expert rafugar can extract the whole length of twenty yards, and replace it with one of the finest quality. After every damage has been repaired, and every blemish removed, the muslins are beetled with smooth *chank* shells on a block of tamarind wood, rice-water being sprinkled over them during the operation. They are then ironed between sheets of paper by *istravallahs*, who are also Mohammedans.

The usual dimensions of all webs, except those of the finest mull, are twenty yards in length by one in breadth. One end of the piece is generally fringed, four or five threads of the warp being twisted together and knotted, as is the case with the mummy-cloths of Egypt. The preparation of the warp-thread occupies two men about thirty days, and the weaving of a twenty-yard piece sixty days; one being employed in plying the shuttle, the other in preparing the daily quantum of yarn and attending to the loom. When the time of the spinner, the bleacher, the *darn*er, and the ironer, is added, we no longer wonder either at the high price of the muslin, or the fact, that an order requires to be given five or six months before the time that the goods are wanted.

The last operation we have to describe is packing. To an Englishman, the word at once suggests deal-boxes, if not nails and cords besides. Not at all. In the palmy days of the Mogul Empire, when a certain quantity of muslin formed part of the emperor's tribute, a sufficient number of bamboo-canes, about eighteen inches long and one in diameter, were handsomely lacquered and gilded; into each of these was packed a piece of muslin twenty or two and twenty yards long. These cylindrical cases, like all other articles intended as offerings to the emperor, were paraded in great state through the streets of the town to the residence of the *Nawab* before being forwarded to Delhi. So

we read in Tavernier, that when Mohammed Ali Beg returned to Persia from India, he presented the king with a cocoa-nut shell studded with pearls, on opening which there was found within a turban of India muslin sixty cubits long.

In addition, however, to what the Mogul sovereigns received in the shape of presents, they maintained establishments at Dacca, Sunargong, Junglebaree, and Bazetpore, for the manufacture of mull muslins for the royal wardrobe at Delhi. The most expert weavers in the province were selected for those factories, and superintended with great strictness, in order that no thread should be used except that approved as of standard quality. The court also monopolised much that was manufactured in the weavers' own dwellings, and, as we have already mentioned, forbade the disposal of the finer qualities to persons of inferior rank. The East India Company, also, had long a *dépôt* at Dacca, to which their agents brought the goods which they had collected from weavers throughout the country; and in order to secure which, to the exclusion of private merchants and foreign factories, they advanced a great part of the money on condition of receiving the muslins within a stipulated time. This establishment was closed in 1817, and India muslin has since been gradually disappearing from among us.

TRIALLVILLE AND MODERN TIMES.

ALL knowledge is valuable, and so may a little information about Triallville and Modern Times—two Yankee cities that have sprung up of late—the one in Ohio, and the other in the neighbourhood of New York. They are of too recent origin to find a place as yet in the map or the gazetteer, and their names are too odd-looking ever to become familiar appellatives, though sober contributions to geography compared with the great mass of curious names with which Jonathan is filling up his maps. Nearly every name is strange at first; and people will get accustomed to Triallville and Modern Times, as they have got accustomed to New Town, Old Castle, Cam Bridge, or Ox Ford.

The founder of these two cities (*N.B.*, the smallest plurality of houses is called a *city* in America) is the Hon. Josiah Warren, of Indiana, at one time a believer in Robert Owen, and a quondam citizen of New Harmony, Mr Owen's 'Paradise Regained' in the Far West. Of this place, nothing more need be said than what Robert Owen himself said of it—that it worked as well as a steam-engine would work, of which the cylinder had been set up, and the builders failed to command the funds to put in the piston. Mr Warren's experience of New Harmony cured him of Socialism, or at least of Owenism, as the true science of society.

Still he believed that there was such a thing as a science of society, and, consequently, such a thing as a fundamental, controlling law of social life, which, if discovered, would enable men to direct the energies of humanity to an appropriate destiny. Very true; but it does not appear that such a law either has been discovered, or is discoverable by abstract speculation. Society can only advance by the light of *experience*; and only at a certain stage of experience will the full majesty, simplicity, and efficiency, of the great social law develop itself. Like many wiser men, Mr Warren believes that he has discovered it, but what a poor figure their discoveries make when they come to be clearly defined and analysed! To be sure, Mr Warren restricts his discovery to the labour problem. He enters the field as a political economist rather than as a Socialist, and merely lays down the law of equitable

commerce, not the law of social progress and harmony. What is that law? Mr. Warren has, we believe, expounded it himself in a recent work which we have not seen; but we have had an opportunity of examining another work on the subject by a gentleman named Stephen Pearl Andrews, a zealous and eloquent apostle of the system. From his statements, we learn that they seek the principle of social prosperity, not in what is called Socialism or Communism, but in the very opposite, *ism*, called 'Individualism.' This doctrine, though 'as old as creation' as a potential idea, was first developed and appropriated as the fundamental basis of a system of the universe, by William Maccall, in his *Elements of Individualism*, a work of singular originality, though not free from the fancies and eccentricities which frequently accompany true genius. Mr. Warren has adopted this doctrine of individualism, and made a specific application of it to political economy, with the view of evolving the true principle of equitable commerce. The application is perfectly legitimate; but the formula in which it is embodied, or, as we may express it, the particular shape which the application assumes, does not strike us as being either important or correct. The 'five points' of the new system are stated to be:—1. Individuality; 2. The sovereignty of each individual; 3. Cost the limit of price; 4. A circulating medium, founded on the cost of labour; 5. Adaptation of the supply to the demand. 'Individuality' is the fundamental principle of the system, and 'cost the limit of price' is the economical formula which is to revolutionise the commercial world. On this head, Mr. Andrews remarks: 'It is capable of satisfactory demonstration, that out of the adoption of a simple change in the commercial system of the world, by which *cost* and not *value* shall be recognised as the limit of *price*, will grow, legitimately, all the wealth-producing, equitable, co-operating, and harmonising results which Socialism has hitherto sought to realise through the combination or amalgamation of interests; while, at the same time, it will leave intact the individualities of existing society, and even promote them to an extent not hitherto conceived of.'

This is a fair promise: we must next look out for its performance. This society theory has become a society fact, and it is as such that we call attention to it. 'Triallville and Modern Times are realities. The former 'contains as yet only about twenty families, or 100 inhabitants, having a present prospect of a pretty rapid increase of numbers. Another village upon the same principle is about being organised in the vicinity of New York.' The second village here referred to is Modern Times, which has come into being since the date of this quotation. Though too young to be noticed in books, it already furnishes its items of information to the New York papers. They have room for any quantity of such experimental cities in America; and it is astonishing to see how quickly such nonconforming communities take their place and run their career in the general current of life as it flows there. A description of this infant Utopia will both interest the reader and explain in the most palpable form the meaning of the cost principle.

The city of Modern Times is situated on Long Island, about forty miles from New York. It consists of a large tract of level arable land, upon which are erected a few houses—brick, frame, and log—of various sizes. The city plot, a pretty extensive one, is surveyed in lots of one acre each, and the price is inflexibly twenty dollars. There is no speculation; it is a 'fixed-price' city. Buy now, or five years hence, and your acre will cost you twenty dollars, which is exactly what the land cost: the only addition will be the cost of survey and title. If you go to live in Modern Times, everything you wish to buy—house, furniture, clothing, food, everything—will be sold you at cost. The principle upon which the city is begun is, that

every man charges a fair price for his labour, but no profit. You buy shoes at the cost of the material, plus the labour of making them. Every man abjures all desire or design to overreach his neighbour. Price is valued by labour, and labour is valued by time and trouble. Every man is thus satisfied with a 'fair day's wage for a fair day's work.' The most disagreeable work claims the highest remuneration. Washermen, shoeblacks, and scavengers, constitute the aristocracy of Modern Times; while lawyers, clergymen, and *littérateurs*, are at the foot of the scale. Quantity of work, not quality, rules the market at Modern Times. The hands carry it over the heads. For ourselves, therefore, should we ever emigrate to America, we must eschew Modern Times, unless we can make up our mind to turn ox-driver instead of quill-driver. And yet, if they allow each man to measure the amount of his own repugnance to his own work, we might fare there as well as our neighbours. It must be noted, too, as an inconsistency in a system which seeks to beatify labour, that the more beatific the labour, the less valuable is the estimate put upon it. So far the Modern Times people seem to be Fourierists; but Fourierism is not the basis of their system. They do not believe in combined labour or combined interests: every man stands on his own individuality in thinking and working. He is given to understand, that not only is he to mind his own business, but strenuously to let other people's alone. Every one must take care of himself; the community, as such, takes no charge of him. Providence is the business of the individual, not of the society. There is no arrangement for drones; there is no chance for profit, pickings, or plunder. They adopt the maxim: 'If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' Clearly, if Modern Times can only guarantee the industry and honesty of each of its citizens, it will both thrive and live to be Ancient Times; and the same may be said of every community.

There is really nothing more in the practical aspect of the system. The same guarantee will insure the same success everywhere. The system is right in seeking the law of social order in Individualism; it is right in discarding benevolence, and in accepting selfishness as the motive-power of social progress. Social destiny must be conditioned upon a universal and ineradicable tendency, such as the latter sentiment is, and the former is not. Moreover, as a progress principle, the latter lies at the basis of society, while the former is one of its culminating attributes. This is a fact not to be evaded; and what is wanted, therefore—the legitimisation of individuality and selfishness, their economisation as social forces, and their subjection to such regulations as will naturally and necessarily secure 'equitable commerce.' It is in this direction that social reformers should direct their labours. Benevolence shews well as one of the Christian graces, but it cuts a poor figure as a prime social force.

Mr. Warren is also said to be the author of a discovery in art which, if correct, will do more to modernise his own name distinguished, and to benefit mankind, than his discoveries in social science. He has discovered that the silicious earth of the mother-soil around him, as dug from the ground, may be mixed with shell-lime and other ingredients, in proportions which he has fixed, so as to become a type-material as solid as metal, of sharper edge, and more enduring. This earth exists in untold quantities in Indiana. Mixed with the other ingredients, and cast into sheets ready for use, by the stereotyper, it does not cost a tithe of the price of type-metal. By this process, though every man cannot yet become his own printer, he can become his own stereotyper. Mr. Warren takes copies of all his own works by this method, and stores away his stereotype plates at as little expense and trouble as taking an impression on paper. The invention is much talked of in America. A good deal of printing has already been done with

Washington, and the Smithsonian Institute is fit for its great catalogue of American libraries. It promises well. If individuality be a principle of the press, and whatever tends to improve the most efficient promoters of individuality.

OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

When a little amused, and not a little literary work of more utility than individuals it is addressed to are not of social or intellectual; and they we trust, as a body; but the universal applicability, and substantial modifications to and bosoms of us all. The rather an ex-aspirant; for the legitimate stage—him as he advanced in his till at length he turned back in the of the pursuit, that he has the prosaic name of Paterson for his title-page, though in all probability 'Montmorency,' 'Clinton,' 'Percy,' or some other high-sounding vocable, was his designation in the bills. We cannot congratulate him on possessing high autobiographical talent, nor can we felicitate him on the external aspect of his work, which, in truth, consists of three indifferently printed twopenny numbers; but having arrived at conviction, from internal evidence, of the authenticity of the narrative, we are not anxious about other matters.

Mr Paterson was in the possession of an income that almost procured for him the privilege of paying the income-tax; when, in an evil hour, his employer rebuked him for some blunder, caused no doubt by his dramatic propensities, and he forthwith resolved to betake himself to the buskin. Hamlet was modestly selected as his first part, and Paisley, with less assurance, was fixed on as the locality for his debut.

About seven o'clock on the awful evening, I arrived at the theatre, and for the first time was ushered into the dressing-room. Dressing-room!—there was only one used in common by all the gentlemen of the company. Here was my Laertes apologising for the want of his only shirt, which had not come from the washerwoman in time. Seated in a corner, the kind-hearted Paddy W—, as he got into the costume of the king, was bewailing the loss of an *illigant* pair of tights and a quantity of boots, which had gone the way of all theatrical properties in a bad season at Clonmel. W—, the renowned "buster," was beseeching a novice for the loan of his coat. Polonius was dressed from my wardrobe. Indeed, the only comfortable person as to costume was A—, the low comedian, who was lending, for a consideration, dresses to his more needy brethren.

Mr Paterson, when he faced the audience, was unable to utter a word, owing to stage-fright, and was thereupon hissed. This failure at the outset did not scare him from his new profession, but it satisfied him that before climbing 'the heights where fame's proud temple shines afloat,' it would be politic to familiarise himself with the lower altitudes of the drama. Accordingly, he sojourned for a season at Greenock, taking his share of what are technically denominated 'the second and third utilities.' Subsequently, he took his departure for Ayrshire, joining the scene-painter and one or two more of the company in a joint-stock speculation. Wherever he went, our author's commercial habits never forsook him; and we have a weekly return of receipts in the 'Hand of Baris,' given with an exactitude worthy of Mr Joseph Hume! 'We generally played in the large room of a public-house, and our receipts were poor indeed, averaging generally from six to sixteen shillings per night, out of which travelling expenses, living expenses, printing expenses, and theatrical expenses, had to be

paid. Our receipts for the first week were:—Monday, 8s.; Wednesday, 5s.; Thursday, 4s. 6d.; Saturday, 20s.; making a grand total of 37s. 6d. And when this fell to be divided among five people, after deducting a necessary and paid expenditure of some 2s. 6d. for candles, &c., it left us about 7s. per head to live upon, which any reader not actually destitute of arithmetical perception, will find gives an average of 1s. per day. I leave it to economists, social and political, to say how such a salary ought to be expended.'

Mr Paterson in due time found his way to English ground, and failing in obtaining an appointment in a regular theatre, he accepted an engagement in a booth at Birkenhead. 'The company,' says he, 'was numerous, and quite *au fait* to their business; and business in a booth is quite different from business in a theatre. Things go off with the rapidity of lightning—Richard runs his wicked career, and gets killed off-land in twenty minutes. A piece follows, with a couple of good combats, a comic song, a dance, and a screaming farce, and the performances are over for a time. In this way, especially on a Saturday night, is audience after audience entertained; and tired with their tremendous exertions, the wearied company, after pocketing their share—this speculation was also co-operative—retire to rest as they best may.' The author gives an accurate statement of the share system as it obtained in this establishment, the average receipts of which were eight or nine pounds per diem. Mr H— was the lion of the booth, and shared accordingly, as will be seen from the following scheme for the allotment of profits:—1 share for Mr H— as manager; 1 share as actor; 2 shares as proprietor; 1 share for tear and wear; 1 share for properties, &c.—total, 6 shares for Mr H—: 4 shares for ladies; 7 shares for gentlemen; 1 share for odd man; 1 share for supernumeraries; 1 share for two horses; 3 shares for band. Total, 23 shares.

Mr Paterson performed three weeks with this peripatetic company, and realised some twenty-five shillings a week. This was very comfortable—nay, luxurious. But what he sought was something more than hot suppers and pots of porter. The dream of his youthful ambition was still in the distance, and he longed for a connection with a regular licensed temple, where Richard could command the elbow-room of five acts. There was, however, no opening; and he had to accept an engagement in the circus of Mr Pablo Fanque, whose Ethiopian acuteness detected the seeds of genius in the aspirant; and he was not only promoted to a Clownship, but appointed to compile dramatic pieces for the hippodrome. But even saw-dust honours could not satisfy Mr Paterson.

'After a time, when the novelty of my clownship began to decay, I felt again a restless desire for change; and although my position was tolerably comfortable, I resolved on leaving, and once more endeavouring to get a position on the regular boards. The Clown, although he appears a very funny fellow in the circus, has his sorrows—and his position entails on him a great many disagreeables that the public wot not of. His exertions at rehearsal are as great as those of any of the other performers; and he has to be on the constant rack for new jests and anecdotes: these have all to be arranged with the Ring-master; and if you hit upon a few really good ones, and get a volley of laughter—all your reward—you obtain as a counterbalance the malicious envy of the other Clowns; and the disagreeable *chaff* of the rest.'

The metropolis was now tried, but in vain. 'I had come up to London at the wrong time for an engagement. It was a very hot summer, and few of the theatres were open. Week after week was passing on, and my stock of cash was fleeing rapidly away, but no engagement came. It was in vain that I rushed to the "Sporting Bear" every Friday evening, to read the first

edition of the *Era*. It was equally in vain that I rushed with like celerity to my lodgings, to write to all the theatres which I saw about to open—no engagement came. Letter after letter was sent: it was a mere waste of postage. At last, I was about to give up—I was at my last guinea, when an advertisement caught my eye from the agent. It was 7s. 6d. dead before the great man would say one word to me; but at last I was made happy—an engagement was offered, and it almost took away my breath. A town in Essex was the spot, Crosby was the manager, utility was the business, and 18s. per week was the salary. I packed up, rushed to the station, booked myself for Romford; and after a walk of two miles, I got in safety to the place; but the manager had found it convenient, after a few days' experience, to make his exit from the cares of management, and visit London in search of novelty, as he said, but as it occurred to me, in search of a hiding-place. . . . I returned, and again waited on —, and told him what had happened. He swore roundly; but turning up his book, told me in the most patronising manner that he had something fine for me. "Egad, my friend, you're in luck. Off with you to the Turnham Green Theatre—second low comedy, a guinea a week, and sure as the bank." Mr Paterson walked in one hour and a half to Turnham Green, and entering a public-house, boldly inquired for the theatre. "The what?" exclaimed Boniface. "No such place here. If it is the booth you want, you will find it standing on the green behind." Mr Paterson was determined to abide by the 'legitimate,' and he eschewed an engagement at the booth; but while luxuriating behind the scenes of the Turnham-Green establishment, he came in contact with a starving dramatic countryman, whose plaint of woe was couched in terms somewhat whimsical. His reminiscences ran on those pieces where viands are introduced. "Ah, my dear boy, what a capital play that sheep's-head play is. Dear me, what's this they call it? Ah, I recollect—*Cramond Brig*. How I did delight in it! The sheep's head is a delicious morsel. And then—O yes, I remember it well—the haggis affair in Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*. And to be sure, we have a capital piece here, with a leg of mutton in it—*No Song No Supper*."

The agent was annoyed beyond measure at the return of the 'Scotch ghost,' as Mr Paterson had been designated by —'s visitors, and at length a feasible place was announced. Our author is pleased to describe it after the abrupt style. 'An engagement, 18s. a week—Beesham—Dodger—Great Western Railway—Oxford—Coach—Beesham—Letter—start to-day.' Mr Paterson started without loss of time. 'I got,' says he, 'to Oxford per rail after going by mistake to a station pretty near Exeter. I had alighted at the Didcot junction, and after waiting a long time, I jumped into a train, fancying it was for Oxford, and did not discover my error till I had been an hour or so on my way, when thinking that it was high time for me to be at the city of learning, I made a polite inquiry of a civil-looking gentleman as to the reason of our being so long in reaching Oxford. His only reply was a broad and not very well-bred stare. "Oxford!" said he: "why, you are far past the junction, and on your way to Exeter; and in a short time we will be there." This was a sad blow and heavy discouragement to a poor player, with a very light purse in the pocket of a very thin pair of breeches. There was no help, however; and springing out at the first station, I sat me down and awaited the next up-train. I had bitter thoughts whilst I thus sat. I saw that the golden dreams I had indulged in were slow in their realisation; and the knocking about in the profession which had already come to my share, was considerable. Having had some little cash in my pocket, I had not been so well starved as some who had been tossed about on the stroller's sea of adventure; but I saw quite enough of the miseries of the profession, to

enable me to imbibe a strong distaste as to the dark side of the picture. . . . It was forty miles to Beesham, a good walk, but a really pleasant one; and the blackberries and road-side fruit were very plentiful, a circumstance not to be sneezed at by the poor stroller. I trudged manfully along with my sword over my shoulder, on which was slung a bundle containing a small supply of necessaries. It cost me about a couple of shillings for sustenance during the way, and at length, wearied and foot-sore, I arrived at Beesham. I was well stared at by the inhabitants, who turned out in clusters to look at me. "He belongs to the show-folk," was the universal cry. . . . I inquired for the theatre. No one had heard of it—it was not come yet—Dodger was not even expected, but he might be coming for all that.'

Mr Dodger was at Shipston-on-Stour, a distance of fourteen miles, and to this place the hapless wight had to proceed on foot. He encountered the great man, whom he did not know, on the street, and made inquiry of him as to the locality of the Shipston temple of tragedy.

"He scanned me all over, and then raising his hat with much politeness, but with considerable formality, asked: "Do I look like a player?"

"No, you certainly do not, said I: "I presume you are a farmer or country gentleman."

"Nay, you flatter me; but welcome to Shipston. My name is Dodger, sir; and I have trod the boards with the immortal John Kemble, sir; I have fenced with the great Kean, sir; I was the pet of the renowned Dora Jordan, sir: and here am I, not too much like a player neither. I am here, sir, with my family—all clever, sir, and all of them useful."

The Dodger family turned out to be strong in number. There were, the father and mother, a son and his wife, a daughter and her husband, an unmarried daughter, a married daughter, husband not acknowledged. The balance consisted of Mr and Mrs Wood, and the author. Like some other geniuses, the Dodger family thought themselves privileged to neglect the practice of the smaller virtues, such as humanity and honesty. Mr Paterson played one night at Shipston, and then prepared for departure to Beesham. 'The scenery was taken down, the traps were packed on a wagon, and the strollers commenced their stroll. The superior rode in a spring-van, and the rest in the wagon, while I walked the whole distance. None of them had the civility to give me a cast forward on either vehicle, but I kept on as manfully as possible. The distance by the road we took would be fully twenty miles, and I had but three-halfpence in my pocket, which I spent on dry bread by the way; and this, with various drinks of water, formed the whole nourishment for this rather long pedestrian undertaking—long enough in all consciences for a poor half-starved actor of all-work.'

The Dodgers were not punctual in the matter of payment. Mr Paterson, with his usual exemplary accuracy, gives an abstract of his cash-book, giving the receipts from the family in question, and which contains fourteen entries; but as it is not probable that our readers will exact from us anything like such minuteness, we shall content ourselves by recording that from July 6 to October 8, the 'total' amounted to L.3, 5s. 6d.—a small remuneration, as the narrator truly observes, 'for more than three months' labour, including two journeys, of sixty miles each, to and from Beesham.' The rigid financial system pursued by the Dodgers gradually extinguished the lamp of Mr Paterson's theatrical enthusiasm. 'I was rapidly getting starved out of my romantic notions of being a great actor, and yet I felt no diminution of what I conceived to be my talent for the representation and delineation of character. But having to go day after day without anything like adequate food, with the consciousness of looking disreputable in the shabby-genteel coat which

circumstances force one to adopt, soon deadens all exuberance of feeling, as well as quenches any glow of enthusiasm which might prompt one to aim high, and seek a first-rate position on the boards.'

And so Mr Paterson forsook the boards, and walked no more on the stage of mimic life. We thank him for the amusement and instruction he has afforded us in this account of his adventures; and in return, we will make him a present of a lesson, which he may find useful in the new profession of literature to which he has betaken himself as a *pisaller*. We beg to assure Mr Paterson, and all whom it may concern, that it is quite as difficult for one who is unprepared and unendowed to become a legitimate author as to become a legitimate player.

EXTRACT FROM A LOG.

It may be supposed at first sight that this article is out of place here from its technicality; but we consider it so remarkable and so suggestive a document, that we cannot prevail upon ourselves to change a single word. It is a genuine extract from one of the sea-records called 'logs,' and exhibits, under circumstances of the most trying description, a fortitude, a perseverance, a fertility in expedients, and a cool intrepidity, far beyond the wildest inventions of romance. It is the log of the bark *Columbia*, of Newcastle, John Ramsay, master, 633 tons register, navigated by a crew of twenty-one men, on her passage from Newcastle to Bombay.

'Dec. 29th 1851.—1 A.M., strong breezes from the S.E., and passing showers. 8 A.M., heavy squalls carried away the main-topmast backstays; heavy sea from the S.E. 10 A.M., heavy squalls of wind; close-reefed the top-sails, furling the main-sail: threatening appearance of bad weather; sent down the royal-yards. Noon, gale increasing, with tremendous gusts of wind, and every appearance of a hurricane; in foresail and topmast-staysail, and brought the ship to on the port tack. Crew employed in securing the sails, lashing the anchors, boats, and spars. 2 P.M., found the head-rails started, put lashings of chain and rope upon them. 4 P.M., blowing a complete hurricane; the sea making a complete breach over all; ship plunging and straining heavily; put a shore-chronometer and compass below, expecting every sea to sweep the decks. 6 P.M., tremendous hurricane; both top-sails blew out of the bolt-ropes; attempted to set the main-try-sail, which blew away also. Ship lying in the trough of the sea, and rolling very heavily; put a cloth of canvas up the mizen rigging, to keep the ship to the wind. 7 P.M., the wind lulled suddenly, with a clear sky overhead. 8 P.M., the wind veered suddenly round from the S.E. to the N.W. with redoubled fury, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and heavy rain; the foretopgallant-sail got adrift, and blew to pieces. 9 P.M., ship on her beam-ends; expecting the masts to go over the side every minute. 10 P.M., a tremendous sea broke on board, carried away a great quantity of bulwark and rails, with boats, booms, spare spars, stanchions, cook-house, and wheel-house—everything adrift on the deck. Made an attempt to secure the boats in the lee-gangway, but found it impossible, the ship rolling so heavily and the night so dark. The decks and cabin filled with water, and several of the men hurt by the wreck rolling about the decks; carpenter sounded the pumps, and found three feet water in the hold. Midnight, still blowing a tremendous hurricane; sounded the pumps, and found five feet water; obliged to summon all hands, including the sick, to the pumps, to make an effort to save the ship till daylight, as the water was gaining rapidly.

'Dec. 30th.—5 A.M., the wind lulled, the sea running very heavy, the ship lying in the trough of the sea, completely buried in the water. Found it necessary to clear the decks of the wreck, as we could not work the pumps efficiently. Secured the boats, and found two

planks of the midship-deck torn up with the stanchions giving way, and the rest of the main-deck started. A great quantity of water going into the ship by these openings. Got spare sails up, and battened down the whole of the main-deck; sounded the pumps, and found nine feet water in the ship, which is now in a sinking state. 8 A.M., weather moderating, and sea falling rapidly; sounded the pumps, and found nine feet six inches water. Pumped from 8½ to 3 o'clock P.M., and found seven feet water in the hold. From 4 P.M. to 8 A.M. on the 31st Dec., kept the pumps going, and found five and a half feet water in the ship. Fine weather. Pumped from 2 P.M. to 8 P.M., when we succeeded in getting the water all out. Remainder of the night, ship making only her usual quantity of water. Proceeded on the voyage; lat. 20° 28' S., long. 66° 18' E.'

This vessel, we have only to add, arrived safely at her destination. The storm she encountered raged over a very extensive area; many vessels were entirely dismantled in it; and in all probability the logs of not a few could furnish evidence as striking as the above of the intrepidity of British seamen, who, notwithstanding all their knowledge of their profession, seem to find it impossible to learn when it is time to despair.

A RIDE ON THE RAIL WITH THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.*

It is commonly said, that a jest-book is the dullest of all books to read; but if we may judge by the quick succession of addenda demanded by *The Laird of Logan*, this one seems to be an exception to its class. Its anecdotes throw here and there considerable light upon the national manners among the lower ranks of society. We have neither time nor patience to ransack a work of this kind for fitting specimens, but the following random extracts will give some notion of the nature of the contents:—

OBEDIENT WIVES.

The people of Greenock, and other places along the coast, are fond of telling stories reflecting on the inland ignorance of the 'bodies' of Paisley. One of these is to the following effect:—Two corks, newly sprung into affluence, were prevailed upon by their wives to allow them to pay a visit to Gourcock; but only on condition that they were to employ their time well, and take plenty of the salt-water. Having accompanied their spouses to that village, and seen them properly accommodated, the two gentlemen returned to business, and did not appear again for a week, when, observing a surprising apparent decrease in the volume of the ocean, owing to the recess of the tide, one remarked to the other: 'Gosh, Jamie, the jands ha'e dune weel!'

HOSPITALITY OF THE MANSE.

A certain worthy clergyman in the north, whose disposition was to be as much given to hospitality as his more frugal and painstaking helpmate would at times permit, was called upon one afternoon by a reverend gentleman. As they had been fellow-students together, and had passed their examinations before the same presbytery, they had, of course, a large collection of past events to discuss. One tumbler, therefore, followed another, and each tumbler brought along with it a new series of interesting reminiscences, till the time arrived when it was fit the stranger should mount and proceed on his way. This, however, was a proposal which the kind landlord, whose heart was now awakened to all the pleasurable feelings of sociality, would not listen to; and in spite of all the nods, winks, dark looks, and other silent but significant intimations which the married gave the peculiar gift of secretly communicating to each other, he insisted, much to the chagrin of his helpmate, that his friend should remain with them for the night. This arrangement being effected, supper made its appearance, and was, as usual, followed by another tumbler, by way of a sleeping-draught. As a prelude to

* *Trip I., Trip II., Trip III.; with Supplement.* David Robertson. Glasgow. 1852.

their parting for the night, the good dame was now asked by her husband to bring in the family Bible. On her retiring to perform this duty, their guest took the opportunity of slipping out, in order to leave his shoes in the passage. While stooping for this purpose, the lady of the manse returned, and mistaking the stranger for her husband, gave a hearty rap with the sacred volume over the bald head of his reverence: 'There,' said she, in a matrimonial whisper, 'that's for garin' him stay a' nicht.'

MORAL NEGATION.

Three Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Gourcock for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sunday morning. Deeming it a profanation, however, to employ an oared boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the *Rothsay Mail steamer*, 'to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun down that way at ony-rate.' 'But what's the difference, pray,' asked the negotiator, 'between being rowed over with oars and by the paddles of the steamer?'—'Difference! there's a hantle difference between rowing by the power o' man, wha maun answer for what he does, and a water-wheel pu'ing us: in ither words, gin ye wad ha'e us to be mair pointedly particular, a steam-engine's no a moral being, it's no an accountable awgent!'

BEFORE ELDERS' HOURS.

'If I'm not home from the party to-night at ten o'clock,' said a husband to his better-half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I won't,' said the lady significantly—'I won't wait, but I'll come for you.' He returned at ten precisely.

THE SICK MINISTER.

A venerable divine, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighbouring parish. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was; and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. 'Ay, ay,' quoth the divine, 'the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!'

SCIENCE IN A GARRET.

In a town far north, many years ago, we were present at the anniversary of a *Mechanics' Institution*, and had to say a few words about flowers and trees. It was well on towards midnight ere the proceedings closed, when a dapper, wiry little man rushed out from among the crowd, and invited us, as one naturalist invites another, to visit his humble home, and share his frugal supper. Gladly was the invitation accepted; for the earnest and intellectual look of our evidently poor host excited no small interest and some curiosity. He led his guest through long, dreary, tortuous, and unsavoury alleys, and then up an interminable stair, faintly illumined by the moonlight, that seemed to ooze through loopholes. In the storey nearest the sky was the home of this student of nature—a journeyman tailor, with a wife and innumerable children, the eldest of whom was a fine intelligent lad verging upon manhood, assisting in the work, and sharing in the tastes of his father. Their favourite studies were manifested by the conversion of an old cupboard into the case of a well-arranged herbarium, by a glazed cabinet filled with stuffed birds and rows of impaled insects, and by a shelf of well-selected scientific books, the purchase of which must have absorbed the profits of many a close day's work. The matron of the family, a smiling, courteous dame, seemed to participate in the evident delight of her husband and first-born, and to take pride in a heartfelt approval of their

studies. On the round deal-table a clean white cloth was spread, with simple food to grace it; and two pleasant hours were spent in lively discourse, larded with scientific names, well understood, though strangely pronounced. The happiness of the whole family was, we believe, visibly increased when a few weeks afterwards, became our duty to announce to the head of it, that it had been elected honorary member of a distinguished scientific society.—*Westminster Review*.

THE HEART'S MELODIES.

LISTEN! listen! full is ever

This wide world with music true,

Nought can still it, mar it, never—

Nought that hate or wrong can do.

Gentle, humble, all who tremble

While fierce passions round them jar,

Shall hear whispers that rescind

Angel-voices from afar.

None so weary, none so lonely,

But some heart responsive gives

Beat for beat; and Love need only

Touch the chords, and Music lives!

Though the world with darkness blends,

Though the wood be hushed and drear,

Though the lone flower, trembling, bends

As the cold wind moaneth near.

Morn shall come: again from blindness

All to life and glory start;

So, like light, one touch of kindness

Wakes the Music of the Heart!

A MONSTER SPIDER.

During a mineralogical stroll, on the Cambrian Fens, the parish of Glenluce, a spider of an extraordinary size attracted my attention. There he was, seated on the extremity of a stone which projected out of a disreconnoitring the surrounding locality with a calm possession, which would reflect credit on any general. It was evidently the undisputed lord of all the insects of the place; for although he observed one of the 'lords of creation' approach, he betrayed no symptoms of fear, as he plainly manifested that thoughts of a retreat never entered his head. But courage without prudence frequently leads to unfortunate results; and so it happened to a spider, for it served him no other purpose than that affording his enemy an opportunity of capturing him. The creature measures about an inch and a quarter in length and nearly the same in breadth. Its back is beautifully spotted and streaked, the colours mixing and blending each other in the most beautiful confusion. This confusion, however, does not extend to the legs, for they are covered with alternate stripes of white and black, begun with the most mathematical accuracy and regularity. When viewed through a microscope, it exhibits wonders of beauty sufficient to dispel every prejudice against the poor spiders, and to make every one admire them. Does it not shew that Nature, in her lowest, and in what we would consider her meanest developments, far surpasses the most delicate and exquisite works of art? Altogether, I consider this spider a rare and interesting creature.—*Correspondent of Free Press*.

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THE HAPPY VALLEY.

It was in the Christmas vacation of the year 18—, that I started from Colombo on a journey to explore one of the wilder and least known districts of the island of Ceylon. The Veddah country—which is the name of that forbidding tract of jungle, rocks, and swamps—is situated on the west coast of the island, and stretches from the Bintenne hills in the interior to the salt-marshes of Batticaloa on the sea-shore. I had often heard strange and contradictory reports concerning the inhabitants of this district, and determined to satisfy myself as to their foundation. I knew there were missionaries and Dutch families scattered about the skirts of that *terra incognita*, and from them no Englishman need fear meeting a cold reception.

Having despatched my pony a day's journey in advance, I left Batticaloa on the 23d of December by the ordinary, I may say the very ordinary, conveyance of the country—a bullock-hackery. It was a dreadful vehicle that hackery! A huckster's flat, with an umbrella over it, would have been a state-coach by its side. The springs had not the ghost of a spring about them; they might as well have been built of solid masonry. And the huge palm-leaf hood kept staggering from side to side, as though it was looking after the wheels, just to see how the linch-pins were getting on—the said linch-pins, by the by, being mere pieces of rotten stick.

As for the scenery I passed through, it reminded me of the sailor's story of the ship's provisions: a boiled piece of pork and a roast piece of pork, pig's head and pork sausages, and then another piece of pork; for it was a salt-marsh and stunted jungle and a hut, and then another salt-marsh, some more stunted jungle, and another hut. The day was fearfully hot, the sky seemed to be of burnished copper, and the air so close and stifling, that when the breeze did come it seemed all the hotter, as though it were the breath of some glowing furnace. I closed my eyes to shut out the glare and the salt-marshes, and tried to think of friends at home, of frosty skies, of hard crisp ground, and warm firesides and warmer hearts, and green holly and the dear, merry old mistletoe.

The next day, I was happy to find myself on different ground, seated on my own little pony, and out of sight of those horrid salt-marshes. I was travelling upwards, too, and the air came down from the high lands beyond quite cool and breezy. The earth became more fertile, and groves of palms and plantains and breadfruit-trees at intervals, sent their friendly shade to travellers. With almost every mile of my journey, the country wore a more varied aspect. It was wilder and stranger than any I had previously seen; and I had travelled a

good deal too. Steep crags; beetling, surly-looking rocks; clumps of dark, frowning forests; deep dells, so cold and ugly that I felt no desire to peep down them—made up the picture; while on every side was a profusion of round massive boulders of granitic quartz-rock, scattered thickly about, as if ages ago a numerous party of juvenile giants had been playing at marbles, and had gone away in a hurry, leaving their toys behind them.

At high noon, I pulled up under the shade of a wide-spreading ebony-tree, and was in the act of dismounting, when I was greeted by a little dapper man, in a brown threadbare coat, leech-gaiters, and a straw-hat. He was quietly seated on one of the moss-covered stones, with his buffalo-skin wallet beside him. I knew him well by sight: he was Daniel, the missionary. Everybody knew Daniel, the apostle of Ceylon; everybody, from the governor down to the wild men of the woods. I was indeed rejoiced to meet him, for I could not have found any one better able to assist me in the main object of my journey.

As we sat eating our cakes and plantains on the mossy ground, I gathered that his journey lay in my direction. He told me, moreover, that what I had heard concerning the Veddahs was substantially correct—they were truly a race of wild men. Their ancestors were originally sole masters of Ceylon; but upon its conquest by Raman and his Malabar followers, they retired to the innermost recesses of the jungle, just as our Saxon ancestors on a like emergency withdrew among the Welsh mountains. In that wild inaccessible region, this people of voluntary outcasts have since dwelt, not in human habitations, for they scorn any such, but in hollow trees and stony caverns, like the birds and beasts of the woods. Their food is chiefly wild roots and herbs, with a little grain, and sometimes the flesh of a deer or jackal, which they kill with their only weapons, the bow and arrow. Misery and disease have thinned their numbers, yet they still count some hundreds of their tribe. They own no authority, pay no taxes, and, until quite recently, had resisted all attempts made to induce them to enter a village, or to change their mode of living. Within the last few years, however, one enthusiastic Dutch family, located in their immediate vicinity, had succeeded in collecting about them a dozen or two of this savage tribe, and entirely changing their habits. Daniel had converted most of these, and had even become familiar, in his many journeys, with their still uncivilised fellows.

I gladly accepted his offer to show me some of the Rock Veddahs, as they are called; and with this view, we journeyed on for a good hour, when the road became more rugged and difficult than before. Here my pony

was sent on in another direction, by my native groom, under orders from Daniel, and we passed on our way through the most desolate, gloomy-looking country I ever remember to have seen. The damp, dreary solitudes looked as though they had been untrodden by human foot: I could fancy Siberia or Norfolk Island to be quite cheerful places after this.

Clambering over rocks and gnarled trunks of trees, we halted at length in a sort of stony amphitheatre: my companion gave a long shrill whistle, which was taken up, as I first thought, by mere echoes, but they were human echoes, and sounded nearer and nearer, until the whistlers made their appearance. In a few minutes, to my astonishment, and indeed I may add, to my terror, the trees and rocks and nooks of that wild spot swarmed with what seemed a species of man-monkey. They were the Rock Veddahs—absolute monkeys without tails. Dwarfy, misshapen, with long arms, grizzly heads, and thick lips, they, in fact, seemed like no other living things than apes.

They were rather disconcerted at my presence, and kept at a very respectful distance, which, by the by, I decidedly preferred. The strange creatures kept swinging themselves to and fro on the thick branches, or peeping and winking and grinning at me from behind ugly pieces of rock, as though they rather wished me to believe they really were monkeys. Daniel conversed with one or two of the oldest of them, in a language that might have been Otaheitean, or Chinese, or monkey dialect; but he did not succeed in persuading any of them to descend from their rookeries; and we at length took our departure, the Veddahs scampering away amongst the trees and stones and crevices like an army of magnified rats, making the wild solitudes echo again with the creaking of bamboos and their own creaking-gibberish.

Leaving these savages to the enjoyment of their own society, we turned in another direction, and made our way out of the wildest part of that tract. After tracking our way slowly through some miles of rough ground, more or less covered by jungle or boulders, we found ourselves upon a better path, with the country opening upon prairie ground, somewhat uneven and broken up, but still green and cheerful. Before us rose at some distance the high mountain forests of Bintenue, while far away towards the horizon stretched many a league of broken plain, low jungle, and lofty rock.

The day was now far spent. The sun was sinking over the distant forest-clad ranges, and the scenery began to take that softened hue of golden pink so peculiar to lands within the tropics, when, as we turned suddenly round the shoulder of a huge rock, a scene burst upon my view, which for the moment rivetted me to the spot. 'This place,' said Daniel, who observed my astonishment, 'is called, and truly so, the Happy Valley. Here may be seen the rose blossoming in the wilderness. One simple-minded, single-hearted couple, have raised up this garden in the desert.'

It was indeed a garden, and, contrasted with all the uncouth desolation we had just passed through, it seemed an absolute fairy-land. Surely, I thought, some legion of busy angels must have scooped out this valley from the rough mountain-side, and made it what it is. From the summits of the surrounding hills, down to the rippling silvery stream that meandered through the heart of the valley, all was green and fresh. In the

midst, at some distance below us, was the chief homestead of this little colony—a good-sized, leaf-thatched whitewashed cottage, with jessamine porch, and such a delicious-looking garden, full of pleasant shady walks and grass-plots and noble trees! At different distances were other two smaller cottages; while around, on every side, arose tops of tender palms, half-grown, with broad clumps of sweet plantains and tufts of yellow bamboo, studding about the fields so prettily, like daisies on a grass-plot. Not a single foot of all that bright-looking valley was barren, every inch was made to yield its share of food for man or beast; even the steepest hillsides were terraced out in little narrow slips, where tall and waving rice told of the industry of man.

I could have remained there, gazing on that sweet corner of the earth, until dark, but my companion, pointing to the setting sun, bade me follow him. A pleasant little winding path led us through quiet dells and patches of grass-land, on which sleek buffaloes and well-kept bullocks were grazing; and in a quarter of an hour we found ourselves skirting the garden of the homestead. I could hear some merry voice within—a right merry honest voice too. The hardest-hearted jury in the world would have instantly acquitted any prisoner with such a laugh as I heard echoing amongst the tamarinds and the mangoes in that sweet green spot. We stole along, the missionary leading the way; and winding among some thicket shrubs, and round a corner in the garden, we came full upon the owner of the happy laugh.

A wide smooth lawn was spread out before us, shaded by lofty trees, loaded with love-apples, tamarinds, and mangoes; and on the green-sward was a collection of children, of all ages, sizes, and colours, from the rosy-faced little Dutch infant, to the swarthy child of the forest. In the midst of them, and in the very act of rolling head over heels, was a great burly figure, as round and as glowing in the face as any red-leather cricket-ball.

The rubicund ball was on its feet in something less than a moment. I was at once introduced to Jacob Post—that was his name—and he was so delighted to see us both, and gave me such a terrific squeeze of the hand, that I felt it up my arm, and down my back, and completely into my shoes. The children were dispersed in all directions; and we strolled over the beautiful wide lawn, under a magnificent banyan-tree, with its thousand downward-stretching branches, and then through a little rosery, and up to the flower-crowned porch of the cottage.

A soft voice amongst the jessamine there, a pretty pair of little feet on the Jaffna mat, and, dear me, a couple of such radiant, lovable eyes! Could they belong to Mrs Post? Yes, indeed; but I rejoiced to find that her Christian name was Winnifred: that relieved me, for it was a set-off against the Post. Well, Mrs.—no, Winnifred, was more delighted to see us, if that had been possible, than her husband. It was so kind of us to come out to them, and on Christmas-eve too! Of course we would remain with them over the following day? I felt that if Winnifred had a sliver in that Happy Valley, I could have remained a long while over the next day—in fact, that I could have lived and died there; but as she had no such relation, I contented myself with saying how much pleasure it would afford me to stay.

I was immediately at home with good Jacob and his pretty, quiet wife: I seemed to have known them both since my earliest childhood. There was not the least nonsense about them: still, I wished his name had not been Post. We all strolled out to the vegetable-garden, and then into the farmyard. There was a real farmyard, with live ducks and fowls and actual pigs, and a matter-of-fact donkey with four legs. Jacob and the two eldest children had so many wonderful things to shew me, so many beautiful plants and extraordinary trees, that I felt quite giddy with turning round to look at them all. Then there were the Veddahs' cottages to shew me: I must see them too. What! thought I, Veddahs in cottages! Ay, real Veddahs, all alive. And there they were, sure enough. Some were busy in the gardens, others were sitting at the doors, whilst a swarm of little children came scampering towards us from all sides; some of them had been amongst the rollicking party on the grass-plot. Jacob, I was told, had been the means of these poor creatures giving up their wild miserable life for their present happiness. He had been a dweller in the Happy Valley some seven years, and had collected around him about twenty families, chiefly about three years previously. Each cottage had its tract of rice-ground, its vegetable-garden, and its tope of palms and other fruit-bearing trees. Here and there was a patch of tobacco or cotton, the produce of which they bartered for salt, dried fish, and other necessities, at the neighbouring villages.

It was quite delightful to see, as I saw on our return to the homestead, how smoothly and quietly all went on within that dwelling. Everybody seemed to be so busy preparing supper. The children ran about with earthen chatties of milk, and baskets of fruit quite as large as themselves. Jacob, with his radiant Dutch-clock of a face, moved the table and couches into the front veranda, that we might have more of the cool evening breeze, and catch a glimpse of the pure, bright moonlight; while Winnifred tripped about so busily, and yet so softly, fearful of disturbing the little baby asleep on the mat in the corner—bless her gentle heart!—as though that fairy footstep could have aroused a mosquito from its evening slumbers!

In the wide veranda, twined round by many flowers, we sat down to a supper of fruit, hoppers or cakes, and milk. The cool breeze from the mountain-tops came to us loaded with the fragrance of roses, jessamine, and citron blossom. The lofty arecas and cocoa-palms waved their long feathery arms in the bright moonbeams, and flung down upon the soft green-sward their sparkling gifts of light. All around seemed at peace and happy; and I scarcely knew where could be seen the most perfect picture of calm, pure enjoyment—in the glorious radiant scene outside, or in the countenances of the happy family about me.

There was one sharer in our evening meal whom I had not before observed—an aged, white-haired native woman. She was quite blind; and by the care that was taken to place her near Jacob, a more than ordinary attachment would seem to have existed between them. I learned that Archie had been his nurse; and there was attached to her a little story so touching, that I will relate it, especially as it vindicates the Singalese character from the charge of cold-heartedness.

Jacob's father, when very young, had served in one of the Dutch regiments during the last years of the rule of Holland in the colony. In some engagement with the Kandyan troops, who were laying waste the Singalese villages attached to the Europeans, he had been the means of saving Archie's life. The village-girl felt grateful to her young preserver, and followed him to quarters, which she refused to leave. Lieutenant

Post was shortly after married to a countrywoman, but Archie still resolved to remain with the family, and was content to serve her friend as a menial. From that time she became a part of the household, and tended their only child, Jacob, with the affectionate care of a mother. Years afterwards, and when the island had changed masters, little Jacob was left an orphan, without any one who cared for him save the devoted nurse: she, however, sought out friends for him amongst the burgher families and English officials, and by their aid obtained the means of providing for him as well as giving him a fair education. They had, in fact, never been separated for a day, and were not likely to be so now.

It was from Jacob, too, that I learned how he had contrived to work such a revolution in that valley. I gathered the tale from him in his own simple way, in that cool, pleasant veranda, when Winnifred and the children had retired for the night.

After finishing his education, Jacob had given his attention to agriculture, and spent some years with different landholders, mastering the details of rice-fields, tobacco-ground, and cotton-gardens. Fortunately, when he was wishing to make a start in life for himself, some distant Dutch cousin died at Jaffna, and bequeathed to him sufficient to enable him to carry out his plans. And now another and larger idea took possession of his mind—a thought which haunted him in all his occupations, and weighed so strongly upon him, that he determined, in some way or other, to carry it into execution. This was the civilising of the outcast Rock Veddahs—a strange scheme for one so simple, so solitary in the world as he was. But he felt, that to that poor race he might repay some of the debt he owed to the devoted village-girl: they were of one blood with her, and who more needed help than they?

He received some encouragement from the missionaries in the neighbourhood, but from none else save old Archie. Not to be easily discouraged, he at length obtained a free grant of that valley, then a poor barren spot, from a native chieftain, and quietly, but resolutely, planted himself and a few low-country Singalese on the spot. Unceasing toil, kindness to the roving Veddahs, and a happy, cheerful disposition, soon carried him over many difficulties; and before the end of the second year, not only had he obtained the labour of many of the wild people about him, but several had consented, with their families, to occupy the small cottages he had prepared for them.

But now Jacob began to find he had more upon his hands than he could well manage, and, besides, he stood in need of many things for his rising colony. He started off to Batticaloa, and there consulted some of his friends as to his plans for the future. Amongst others, he spoke to old Van Pleyden, the deputy-fiscal; but eloquently as he dwelt upon the subject of the Veddahs, and his valley of labour, the cautious Dutchman remained unmoved, and could not see what was to be done. There was one in that family, however, who lent a willing, attentive ear to every word that fell from Jacob's honest, simple lips. Little gentle Winnifred, the fiscal's daughter, sympathised with the heroism of the speaker; and when after tea they walked in the quiet old garden, that was washed by the waves of the Indian Ocean, and were seated on the sea-beach, she asked him to tell her more about his valley, and his old nurse, and the poor Veddahs; and she listened to his tale until the tears dimmed her bright eyes.

What was he to do with all these multiplying cares upon him—with old Archie, so blind and so helpless? Winnifred asked him, in her own little, childlike way, if he had ever thought of taking a wife. A wife! No. It was a most capital idea: the very thing he wanted—and yet, strange to say, it was the very thing that had never entered his mind. He had been so busy about other people, that he had had no time to think of

himself. But where was he to find a wife? Who would follow him, and leave burgher society for rice-fields and wild Veddahs, and poor simple Jacob? No, no; it was too good a thing to be realised! His large heart sighed, and he began to give it up as a regular desperate and incurable case.

Winnifred suggested that there might, for all that, be some one found willing to follow him for the mere love of himself and his good honest heart. She was not sure, mind—she only thought so; and then she stammered and blushed, until Jacob, good soul! felt a new light bursting suddenly upon him, and he became for the time an inspired being, and said something to her about making that bleak place of his what it has been ever since, but what it never could have been without her—a Happy Valley. Jacob does not at all remember saying anything of the sort: in fact, he believes he was in a trance all the time; and when he feels very particularly hilarious, which is very often, he insists that Winnifred did all the talking, at which she of course is much shocked, and tries to look angry.

It was in vain that parents and relatives, and young burgher gentlemen, protested against the exile of pretty Winnifred. She became Mrs Post while the family were quarrelling about it; and as Jacob very properly and forcibly remarked: 'There they were!'

Early the next morning, the missionary left us to visit a neighbouring village, promising to return to dinner. The day, I learned, was to be marked by a general assemblage of the colony at one table; and for this it was soon evident the most extensive preparations were going on. The verandas appeared to be boiling over with fruit and vegetables; heaps of red rice, and pyramids of curry-stuff and dried fish, abounded, as though there had been a heavy shower of those articles during the night, and the coolies had just swept them off the lawn to be out of the way.

Was there to be a plum-pudding? I asked. No one had ever heard of such a dish. In a moment of devotedness to the general service, I volunteered to concoct one, much to the hilarity of Jacob and the whole troop of children and servants. To prevent any faintheartedness on my part, I was at once installed into office in the little earthen-floored kitchen at the rear of the cottage—a dark cellar of a place, with, in one corner, a number of bricks grouped about in parties of three, with smoking sticks between them, looking as though a number of gipsies had been cooking their stolen meal there. This was the kitchen-range. The plum-pudding would be boiled over three of those melancholy bricks in an earthen chattie. I felt sick at the very idea of it, and instantly declined the responsibility of the boiling process.

Accounted in one of little Winnifred's smartest little aprons, with pretty little strings to it, I seized a huge earthen chattie and a gigantic wooden ladle, without any very distinct ideas of how I was to commence operations. I had a faint glimmering recollection of having once seen my mother mix a Christmas pudding when I was clad in a tight nankeen suit, and I saw indistinct visions of suet and flour—I was positive about the flour—and rivers of milk and basins of eggs beaten up to a froth; and then the raisins—I remembered them most distinctly. But whether the flour, or the suet, or the milk, or the eggs, went in first, I had not the most remote idea.

I wanted all sorts of things. I believe I asked for pepper and mustard and vinegar in the excitement of the moment, much to the astonishment of the black crowd about me. Jacob, simple man! believed the vinegar was all right. I am sure some of the coolies, and the fat old cook, imagined I was making a very complicated set of Chinese fireworks. Why, dear me, there was not such a thing as a raisin in the whole valley. A plum-pudding without plums! such a thing had never occurred to me. Fortunately, I found some

fine dates; and having them stoned and cut small, they answered the purpose remarkably well; if any one doubts me, let him try, that's all.

The little kitchen was becoming so fearfully hot with the crowds of coolies and Veddahs, who flocked in to see the 'Europe master make cookery,' that Winnifred appeared every prospect of the pudding being parboiled before going into the pot. At a word from me, Jacob seized a handful of flour, and scattering it right and left in the eyes of the enemy, quickly cleared the ground. They fancied he was using some magical incantation, and did not venture near the spot until they heard the 'Chinese fireworks' were safely tied up in a cloth.

An enormous load seemed off my mind as I felt the string. The thermometer stood at 96 degrees in the coolest part of that kitchen. My coat was on the floor, my sleeves were tucked up, yet I felt red-hot; the perspiration trickled down my face; my clothes seemed to be singed at the edges. But when pretty little Winnifred peeped over my shoulder, and said, in her own quiet, gentle way, how nicely I had done it, and how kind it was of me, I felt suddenly quite cool and comfortable.

I passed the remainder of the day in wandering about the valley with the children, gathering wild-flowers, and admiring the lovely scenery. On my return, I met the old missionary, and we found that the dinner hour was at hand. Some forty Veddahs, old and young, were assembled about the cottage; and giving Winnifred my arm, I led her towards the great banyan-tree on the lawn, where we were to dine. A novel and pleasing scene awaited me there. The myriad giant arms of the tree, reaching to the ground, had been made to support long rows of bamboo that served for benches, on either side of a table composed of as rude materials. We, the privileged, had chairs. So thickly did that noble tree spread out its foliage above us, that not a single ray of sunshine found its way within; and as for space, we might have dined four times our number beneath its ample shade.

What a glorious dinner that was to be sure! Jacob asked me confidentially, if I thought there had ever been a dinner to equal it in England; and I said I rather thought not. I am sure they felt so delighted to see the poor Veddahs seated round that well-filled table, as though they had all been members of the Dutch and English aristocracy. Such a profusion of red-hot curry, such catacombs of pillau, such dainties of rice, and forests of salt-fish, had not been known since that valley had been a valley. I thought some of the simple Veddahs would rather have dispensed with the knives and forks, and have fallen to with their fingers; but by grasping their spoons with both hands, they managed to force a good deal of hot rice into their mouths.

Nobody dared go for the pudding save Jacob; he would have annihilated any one who had attempted the task. As he strode along the ground with the huge dish reeking, steaming up before his jolly, ruddy face, there seemed to be two puddings—one on the dish, and another on his shoulders. Everybody tasted the pudding, and everybody admired it. As for our host, it was his firm belief that kings and queens were fed upon such food as that.

When the dinner was over, and the dishes piled in a heap on the grass, old Daniel, after filling Winnifred's glass, rose, and in his quiet, simple, earnest tone, proposed a toast for us. He gave: 'The good work, and God bless the workers.' I repeated it, and Winnifred echoed: 'The good work, and God strengthen the workers.' As for Jacob, he said nothing—his honest heart was too full, but he nodded to us, and his gaze met that of Winnifred; the tears filled his eyes. He drank the toast silently; but I could see in his happy face, that he was enjoying himself heartily inwardly.

cheers, three mental hip-hip-hurrahs all to himself, at the other end of the table.

If the dinner passed off happily, not less so did the amusements after it. When the sun had sunk far behind the hills, and the air was cool and soft, and filled with sweetest perfumes, we proceeded to the ball-room—and such a ball-room! Upon another lawn, at one end of the dwelling, were three or four large clustering vines, trained for many yards over bamboos, and intertwined with the fruit-bearing grenadilla, the moon-flower, the passion-flower, and a dozen other gorgeous creeping-plants, forming together a roof of richest beauty, and lofty enough for a company of life-guardsmen to have walked in with their caps on. From the sides of this natural assembly-room were hung festoons and garlands of flowers, leaves, and blossoms, twined into devices, and interwoven with coloured cloth and ribbons as only natives of the East can fashion; whilst outside, at intervals, were fastened in the ground tall poles, bound round with flowers, and crowned by huge pumpkins and cocoa-nut shells, filled with oil, performing the duties of lanterns—and very fairy-like lanterns they looked too. This hall of flowers eclipsed the banyan-tree by millions of degrees: indeed, when I looked about me, I saw nothing but brilliant lights and gaudy flowers, and rich green leaves and sweet buds, and swarthy forms, and Winnifred's pretty sparkling eyes. I felt myself wafted away from earth to fairy bowers in mid-air, and began to think that, if a strong breeze were to blow, we might all come down by the run.

But where was the music? and who were to dance?

Only Winnifred and the missionary, and Jacob and myself? O dear, no! There were the grown-up Veddahs all ready, and in ball-room costume too. The dark ladies, with all the predilections of the sex, had found means, though simple ones, of adorning their swarthy forms. Some were content with twining the round white buds of the Indian jessamine amongst their dark clustering hair; others added the blossoms of the sacred bo-tree, or the rich buds of the passion-flowers; whilst one tall aspiring beauty had encircled her brows with a coronet cut dexterously from the green shell of the shaddock. Others wore necklaces of small limes and lilliputian oranges, and the crimson fruit of the lovey-lovey, and long sashes of plantain and palm-leaves. A few of the men had garlands of areca-leaves and the pink show-flower, and altogether the party were a most picturesque appearance as they ranged themselves in true dancing order, clad in their pure white robes.

There was a band too. The old missionary commenced an air upon an antiquated flute, and the cook and one of the housekeepers beat time of some sort upon tom-toms, or native drums. I led off with little Winnifred, while Jacob stood up with the coroneted damsel, and away we went to some extraordinary tune, for the missionary was evidently trying his fingers at the 'Old Hundredth,' while the flute was as obstinately bent upon making it. 'Drops of Brandy,' and the tom-toms floundered about between the two melodies.

You would have laughed to see how we worked away at that dance. Winnifred and the rest seemed quite at home at it; to me, we appeared to be going through the signs of the zodiac, or working our names and addresses on the grass, with an occasional rush down the middle, by way of note of admiration. The Veddahs seemed to be moving by galvanism; the lovey-loveys set beautifully to one of the palm-leaves; the times gave hands across to the arecas and show-flowers; and as for the jessamines and passion-flowers, they rushed up the middle and down again with the plantains in a way that evidently quite astonished the latter. Jacob danced alternately with everybody. He would have had a waltz with the missionary if he had not been so hard at work with that dreary, wheezy old kind of a flute; and I am not sure I didn't once see

him having a short turn with the assistant-cook, away up in a corner.

But all pleasure must have an end, and even the indefatigable Jacob at last found he was rather tired and warm. I was in a high fever, and could scarcely realise the idea, that that was indeed Christmas-day. Winnifred led me to a little garden-seat on the green grass-plot outside, away from the tall trees and the thick shrubs, and where the bright starry canopy of heaven formed the only roof: the rest of our friends followed; and there, on that sweet still spot, with the beautiful moon gazing calmly upon us, the missionary raised his voice, and commenced some fine old Dutch hymn in the Veddah dialect. Winnifred's soft, gentle notes blending with the fine tones of Jacob's deep voice, and the rich echoes of the Singalese choristers, floated through the calm still air, finding an echo in every shrub and flower and waving tree, and passing on from the green-sward to fields and dells afar, melted away in distance, and died upon the hill-tops of the Happy Valley.

LOCKS AND PICKLOCKS.

A LOCK, until within the last year or two, has been generally regarded as a mere piece of ironmongery—a plain matter-of-fact appendage to a door—a thing in which carpenters and box-makers are chiefly interested. If anatomised, it is found to be filled with twist-about pieces of iron or brass, supposed to have some relationship to the labyrinthine cuts or clefts in the key; but the nature of the relationship is not by any means clear, and any study of it is conceived to be either above the comprehension, or beneath the dignity of ordinary persons. A locksmith is viewed like any other smith—as a hammerer and a filer of bits of iron; nay, the locksmith who picks a lock when sent for with this intent, is regarded sometimes as being even of less repute than a smith; for he becomes associated in idea with certain gentlemen who pick locks for private reasons of their own. Suddenly, however, the subject has become invested with a dignity not before accorded to it: it has risen almost to the rank of a science. Learned professors, skilful engineers, wealthy capitalists, dexterous machinists, all have paid increased respect to locks. Golden guineas have been won by opening locks, and golden reputations have been set somewhat into a tremor. In short, a lock, like a watch or a steam-engine, is a machine whose construction rests on principles worthy of study, in the same degree that the lock itself is important as an aid to security.

How were doors fastened in the old days of Greece, and Rome, and Egypt? We know that domestic arrangements must have had place in those times as in the present, although little is said thereon by those whose pens have told us all we know of classic ages: chambers and corridors there must have been, and doors to them, and most likely, fastenings to the doors. There seems evidence to shew, that most of the doors in Greek and Roman houses were what we should call folding-doors—that is, so far as comprising two doors or leaves in each doorway. But they were not hinged like modern doors. There were pivot-holes in the lintel above, and in the threshold below, into which worked pivots fixed on the upper and lower edges of the door; and on these pivots the door swung as on a hinge. One mode of fastening was by means of a wooden bar placed across the doorway on the inside, as is still sometimes done. Another method was by a bolt attached vertically near the bottom of the door, and working into a hole in the threshold or sill. These were mere inner fastenings; but there appear also to have been some means for opening a door from without. There was a hole in the door, through which a thong was inserted; and a loop or ring at the end of this thong enabled a person on the outside to draw

back the bolt, and open the door. There were, in all probability, locks more nearly resembling those now in use, but very little is known concerning them.

Egypt did, however, unquestionably employ locks, and very ingenious locks they were, albeit made of wood. Denon and Wilkinson both met with representations of locks on the paintings among the tombs at Thebes; and the latter authority has a very ancient Egyptian iron key in his possession—so ancient, indeed, that he considers it to be three thousand years old. The wooden lock has been used in Egypt down to the present day. There is a wooden bolt which passes into a cavity in the door; and three wooden pins drop into three cavities in the bolt when it is in its right place. The door is then fastened, or the bolt shot; and, in order to open it, a wooden key is inserted beneath the bolt, having three projecting pins, which thrust up the other set of pins, and thus liberate the bolt from its imprisonment.

Of course, there is no difficulty in fastening a door or lid; the problem is so to fasten it that the occupier or owner can readily unfasten it, while no one else can do so, unless he holds the same key or the same secret method. The mere circumstance of opening a door from the outside which has been locked from within does not involve the principle of the lock, since a hole pierced through the door may, by a little adjustment, suffice for this. It is to make the lock a sealed mystery to all who have not the proper key: this is lock-philosophy; and abundant has been the ingenuity applied to this subject. The Marquis of Worcester, whose 'Centurie of Inventions' formed such a curious mechanical phenomenon in the days of Charles II., describes a wonderful lock, which was one of the hundred examples of his inventive powers. Of this lock, we are told that 'the owner, though a woman, may with her delicate hand vary the ways of coming to open the lock ten millions of times beyond the knowledge of the smith that made it, or of me that invented it. Second, if a stranger open it, it setteth an alarm agoing, which the stranger cannot stop from running out; and besides, though none shall be within hearing, yet it catcheth his hand as a trap doth a fox; and though far from maiming him, yet it leaveth such a mark behind it as will discover him if suspected.'

A portion of the notable lock here described seems to have comprised the principle of the letter-lock or combination-lock, which was well known in the seventeenth century, and has always appeared to the uninitiated as a very miracle of ingenuity. This puzzling piece of apparatus is generally in the form of a padlock. The lock cannot be opened until the shackle or horse-shoe is lifted; this cannot be lifted until a piece of metal beneath it is drawn out; and this drawing out cannot be effected until certain internal mechanism has assumed a given state or relative position. There is a barrel, with a central spindle; there are studs in the one, and notches in the other; there are rings which encompass the barrel, to govern the movements of the studs and notches; and not until all the studs are brought into a right line, in the same plane as the notches, can the spindle be drawn out or the lock opened. Now, the owner has the power, after having shot or shut the lock, to turn round one or more of the rings, so as to throw the studs quite out of coincidence with the notches; the lock cannot now be opened, nor can it be so until the rings are readjusted exactly to their former position. There are letters on the rings, to assist the owner in doing this; but unless the choice of letters be known to a second person, the owner alone can bring the rings round to the proper places. It was one of the conceits of past ages to select favourite mottoes for this purpose; and the chances whether another person would hit upon the right 'open, sesame,' were very remote indeed.

Locks, however, as made at the present day, have

almost invariably a separate key, inserted whether to lock or unlock the bolt, and capable of withdrawal in one case as in the other. The varieties are far more numerous than most persons would imagine. Some locks are named after the purpose to which they are to be applied—such as door, closet, drawer, box, cabinet, cupboard, bookcase, table, chest, caddy, and desk locks. Some are named according to the arrangement of the wards or pieces of metal in the inside—as one-ward, two-ward, L-ward, Z-ward, T-ward, and solid-ward locks. Some are dead-locks, two-bolt locks, and three-bolt locks, according to the degree to which they can be doubly or trebly locked. Then there are draw-back and iron-rim, spring-stock and brass-case, mortice, and numerous other kinds of locks, whose designations depend upon a variety of minor details of construction.

To minutely describe a common-warded lock is no easy matter, but the leading principle is not difficult to understand. Let it be an ordinary lock on an ordinary street-door: there is a bolt—a horizontal piece of iron, which must be thrust out sufficiently far beyond the edge of the door to catch in the little receptacle for it fixed to the door-post; when this is done, the door is locked: then, how to open the door by drawing back the bolt. The key is inserted in the keyhole, and turned round; the projecting bit or web of the key catches in a notch at the bottom edge of the bolt, and forces the bolt to move by the leverage applied. But the wards—what and where are they? The wards are thin pieces of iron, placed directly in the pathway which the bit must follow; they are stumbling-blocks, which can only be passed by cutting holes in the key just of the proper size, shape, and position; the obstacles cannot be removed, but the key is trimmed and adjusted so as to pass by them.

Here is the principle of security in an immense majority of our locks. Every-warded lock has a key expressly to fit it, with clefts or apertures suited to the particular shape of the wards; if a different key be used, the solid part of the bit or web would drive up against the wards, and its further progress be stopped. But an ingenious man—rogue or honest as the case may be—can adjust a piece of strong wire so as to get the requisite leverage, and to take a circular course within the lock by avoiding the wards altogether: thus is the lock opened, and the security imperilled. Hence has arisen a demand for the exercise of further ingenuity, in the construction of locks which could not so readily be opened by such means. The tumbler is the piece of mechanism employed in most of these safety-locks. It is not a very good name; but as one or more pieces of metal tumble down after the process of locking and unlocking, we may perhaps permit them to deserve the name of tumblers.

One of the most important tumbler-locks—that for which Messrs Chubb have obtained several patents—is really a beautiful mechanical contrivance. There is a bit or web to the key; and there is a notch in the bolt, against which the bit acts, to shoot the bolt by the leverage applied. But there is something to stop not the movement of the key itself (for there are not, or need not be any wards), but the movement of the bolt. There is a stud projecting from the side of the bolt; and this stud catches in holes pierced through six little plates of iron or steel ranged face to face; these plates are the tumblers; and there is one particular position which they may assume, relatively to each other, fitted to admit the stud to slide along the holes, and thereby to admit the bolt to be shot. But to attain this desired position, all the tumblers must be lifted; and what is more, they must all be lifted to different heights. The key has six steps or ledges cut in its bit, each one corresponding in position to one particular tumbler; they all act at once, each lifting a tumbler, and each lifting it to exactly the right height; and when so lifted, the tumblers allow the

bolt to pass. Now if a key be used, differing by ever so little from the right one, it will raise some one of the tumblers rather too much, or rather too little—either defect will prevent the bolt from passing; and what is more, if a false key raises one of the tumblers too high, the tumbler is caught hold of by a 'detector,' and held in such a way that nothing but the real key will release it again; and thus not only is it exceedingly difficult to effect an opening with a false key, but the very attempt to do so is betrayed by the detector apparatus.

A curious circumstance concerning one of Chubb's locks was made public at one of the meetings of the Institute of Civil Engineers a year or two ago; it was so far significant, as to shew that a very strong inducement was yet not sufficiently strong to lead to the successful picking of the lock. It appears that a burglar, who had been a locksmith before he fell into evil habits, and who was undergoing punishment as a convict at Portsmouth, repeatedly affirmed that he could pick any lock ever constructed. Whether the project emanated from Messrs Chubb, or from the government, is not stated, but an offer was made to the man to the following effect:—That one of Chubb's locks, properly locked, and the key removed, should be subjected to his skill in picking; that another lock, exactly similar to it, should be placed in his hands, for him to examine in any way, and as long as he liked; that he should be provided with files and wire, and all the tools which he might state to be necessary for him to make his pick-lock apparatus, together with blank keys to fit the pin of the lock; that he should have three months to make his attempt; that if he succeeded in opening the lock by these means, and in the specified time, he should receive a free pardon from the government, and a reward of £100 from Messrs Chubb. It is further stated, that whenever, by over-lifting the tumblers, he set the detector in action, and thus impeded his further progress, the makers set the detector free, in order that there might be nothing to embarrass him beyond the tumbler principle of the lock. Nevertheless, all this enticing reward failed: the poor fellow worked until his skill and patience were exhausted, and then gave up the attempt as hopeless.

The lock of another celebrated firm, Messrs Bramah, is very different from that of Messrs Chubb, and is perhaps still more delicate in detail; it is, at anyrate, more difficult to describe. We must, in endeavouring to understand the principle of its construction, dismiss from thought the ordinary oblong rectangular box, and consider the Bramah lock to consist mainly of two barrels or cylinders, one turning within the other. The inner barrel must turn round, in order that a stud, which projects from one end, may act upon and propel the bolt; and the mechanism is such as to prevent this revolving of the barrel, unless through the influence of a very peculiar key. There are six or more sliders—thin pieces of steel, which slide in grooves in the inner barrel; there is a circular plate, concentric with the barrels; and the inner barrel cannot revolve until certain notches in the sliders coincide with the plane of the plate. The notches are irregularly placed on the sliders—one slider having the notch near one end, another near the middle, and so on; and, this is planned to embarrass the movements of any one who has not the right key. The key has six or more clefts in its end, corresponding to the number of sliders. On being inserted in the keyhole, it presses the ends of the sliders, and forces them all along their respective grooves to the exact distances required. Some of the best of these locks have as many as eighteen sliders; and if any one of these be pressed in the slightest degree too much or too little, the notches will not coincide, and the lock cannot be opened.

Every school-boy who has advanced as far as Combination and Permutation, knows how rapidly the number of different arrangements of a series of objects

increases when the number of objects themselves increases. This principle is regarded as the safety-principle in the Bramah lock. What are the chances that a person, without the proper key, shall thrust all the six sliders to the exact distance, neither more nor less? In the first place, every slider is capable of assuming any one of a large number of different positions, only one of which can be the right one; and as this is equally true of all the sliders, the number of relative positions becomes enormously great. Mr Bramah has calculated that, in his celebrated 18-slider lock, the number of variations is 678,651,612,807,168,000—a number of which, it is needless to remark, we can form no conception. It has been said, however, that if a person could count 100 in a second, he must keep on counting for more than a thousand million years—supposing him to be the Wandering Jew—before he could master this number! It would of course be ridiculous to suppose that the absolute safety of the lock is measured by such vast rows of figures; but it is certainly true, that the notches in the sliders admit of such permutations.

Most newspaper readers must be more or less familiar with the lock-controversy of 1851: how that an American came over to England, and spoke slightly of the locks made by our eminent locksmiths; how that he sent notice to one of these firms that he would, on a given day, pick one of their locks, and did it; how that he accepted a challenge of forty years' standing, put forth by another firm in the full glow of security and certainty; how that, after an imposing and formal arrangement of preliminaries, he picked the lock and handled the golden reward; how he afterwards put forth a counter-challenge, offering a still larger reward to any one who could pick his lock, or rather a lock patented by an American firm with which he was connected. All this was matter of much public comment during the summer and autumn of 1851. So far as regards the challenges and the results, we gladly avoid the controversies to which they led. These controversies, like many others, depended on the precise meaning attached to the words used. To pick a lock is a feat described in three small words, but the discussion shewed that different persons attached different meanings to the feat so designated. Two things, however, have been very generally admitted: that Mr Hobbs displayed remarkable skill, delicacy of touch, and patience in his operations; and that it is important to know the best or the worst which can be done in lock-picking, in order that both lock-makers and lock-users may know what they are about. Whatever be the result of the Anglo-American battle—on which no opinion is offered here—there can be nothing rash or unfair in saying, that public benefit must ultimately spring from the close scrutiny to which lock-construction has been subjected.

The pick-lock theory is a more extensive one than most persons imagine. The Commissioners of Metropolitan Police in Scotland Yard, are said to have in their possession nearly a tonweight of pick-locks and false keys, taken from burglars and suspected persons. One system of operation is to obtain, for a short time, possession of the true key of a lock, take an impression from this in wax, and so fashion an implement that shall serve the purpose of the key. Another—seemingly very extraordinary to the uninitiated—consists in passing some substance through the keyhole into the lock, to take an impression of the wards or tumblers; and then to make tools corresponding with this impression. A third system consists in removing the pressure of the spring which acts upon the bolt in most locks, by a counter-weight applied in a peculiar way; and then testing and trying the tumblers or sliders, one by one, arriving at the desired result by a slow and tentative process. It is quite extraordinary how much work can be done in such a little workshop as a keyhole by the professional pick-locks.

The American lock mentioned in a former paragraph, and dignified by the name of the Permutopic Permutation lock, is a truly remarkable piece of mechanism, whether its practical advantages be greater or less than those of English make. The key itself is on the permutation principle. The bit or web consists of a number of different studs of steel, of different lengths; they are all movable, and are attached to the key by a pin which runs through them all. The shortest may be in the middle, on at the near end, or at the remote end; in short, there may be as many permutations as can be produced by a given number of different objects—say six. The owner of the lock has, therefore, practically, an almost unending series of keys, for he can alter the key directly after locking the lock. Now, the interior of the lock contains such rows of tumblers, one acting upon or falling into another, that, having been locked by the key in one of its shapes, the bolt cannot be withdrawn by any other arrangement of the studs in the key. The effect is very curious; for even if a duplicate-key were made by surreptitious means, the owner could render it instantly valueless, by altering the studs of his own key before locking, and taking care not to return again to the previous arrangement. The lock, in fact, becomes a different lock after each alteration of the key. It may be said, perhaps, that this argument cuts both ways; that the surreptitious key may make the true key powerless, instead of the reverse. This may possibly be the case; and if so, it is one of the points which ought to be considered in testing the relative value of locks in practice. We have only to do with it here as an example of beautiful and ingenious contrivance. We believe that the makers, and Mr Hobbs himself, state their utter inability to pick this lock; but this proves nothing; for we may be quite certain that neither Messrs Bramah nor Messrs Chubb, nor any other makers of safety-locks, whether English or American, will claim to possess the power of picking their own unpickable, impenetrable locks. The question is, whether any one can undertake to pick all locks. Such triumph of lock-picking has not yet been achieved, we believe.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to observe, that ninety-nine out of every hundred locks, or even a much greater ratio than this, are for such common purposes as render quite needless such elaborate safety arrangements; it is for special cases, where valuable property is to be guarded, that all these movable tumblers and movable slides and movable bits are deemed necessary. If America and England can teach each other anything new, whether in locks or reaping-machines, both will in the end benefit by so doing.

HOUSEHOLD LOGIC.

THUS is a mode of reasoning with which every one must be perfectly familiar, but which it is not easy to designate, unless it be under the title of 'Household Logic.' A plant of universal growth, it possesses all the harmless together with all the irritating properties of the stinging nettle. It is indigenous in every domicile, attains its highest perfection in the warmer regions surrounding the kitchen-range, flourishes in the still-room, and shoots up with surprising vigour between the chinks of the attic floors. In no system of logic hitherto known has it been classed. Whately has utterly ignored it in his treatises; nor has Smart, or any other expounder of the laws of the syllogism, introduced it in his disquisitions. Household logic has been passed over by the learned with that silent contempt which is too often bestowed upon familiar subjects, and, neglected by higher authorities, it is condemned at last to have its worth as a science tried and tested by the humble alchemy of a simple-minded and somewhat hum-drum householder like myself.

On the strength of the above characterisation, it will no doubt be surmised, and truly, that this first slight

essay on household logic is penned by one every way diffident of her own powers of analysing so difficult a subject—one who, in short, hesitates on the very threshold to inquire whether her own reasoning faculties may not have been occasionally at fault; and whether her pretensions to a common-sense judgment upon common-place topics may not sometimes have been put forward rather ostentatiously. Giving myself, however, the benefit of this doubt, I may venture to bring forward a few instances of the deviations of household logic from the common syllogistical forms of argument.

Paying a visit recently to an intimate friend, in whose household arrangements I took an especial interest, it was my fortune on one or two occasions to be present at those little interlocutory contentions which will at times, in spite of all human prevision, baffle the most determined lover of peace. My friend occupied a small suburban villa, rich in the architectural advantages of its class; for though cut off from that entire community of brick and mortar enjoyed by the houses opposite—like the cockle-shells of the nursery rhyme, standing 'all in a row'—it could yet boast of that contiguity of garden-wall which offers the greatest facility for stranger cats to exchange amicable greetings, and to dip their whiskers into the milk-cans of their neighbours. So pertinacious in their encroachments were these animals, that no room in the house was secure against their depredations. Whenever a window or a door was by any happy chance left open, so that they could slink through it unperceived, they seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the fact. Taken by surprise, you would stumble over them on the stairs, at the imminent risk of dislocating your collar-bone. The opening of a closet-door—the store-room-door especially—would startle them in the midst of the guilty pleasures of the chase. Not unfrequently, too, they might be found reposing, like the sweep of Montagu House, sully with sooty feet the chair white bed-coverings, or coiled cozily up among the snake-like folds of a new boa-tippet incautiously deposited on the pillow. But to my logic.

One day my friend happened to spy a dish of oysters with open shells, which had been ordered in for luncheon, deposited on a chair close beside the garden-door, which stood partially open. Susan was called up, and duly but quietly admonished on the impropriety of the proceeding. Her immediate and unhesitating answer was: 'There are no cats about the house to-day!' Now, I had seen a good deal of the mesmerists, and been a frequent witness of the prescient power exhibited by the magnetised sleep-walker; still, knowing the circumstances of the case as I did, I own that, in my waking simplicity, the astounding omniscience of Susan's retort fairly amazed me. Perhaps the truth lay in my own want of comprehension; but I frankly confess, I could not see the force of her argument. Her mistress, however, who possibly did, ventured to ask:

'Are you sure of that? How do you know?' To which pertinent question, Susan's reply was even more startling than her former one.

'Because I should not have left the oysters there, if there had been!' What followed this I scarcely know; but I saw my friend getting very red; and feeling some apoplectic symptoms myself, I leaned back on the sofa, covering my face with my handkerchief, and like the hero of Alabama, 'shut my eyes to hold my breath.'

Again, one Sunday not long after, on returning from church, we sat down to a roasted wing-rib of beef. Our arrival at home had been simultaneous with the arrival of the dinner-hour, yet, in spite of punctuality, the meal was indisputably and wastefully overdone. My friend said nothing on the subject until the next morning; then the ill-fated Susan was called up, and the error alluded to. The first reason given for the delinquency was, that she 'had been used to roast much larger joints.' On my friend's venturing to suggest that the

could not materially alter the case, seeing that, as all cooks were aware, there are certain laws which rule the roast, such as allowing a quarter of an hour for every poundweight contained in a given joint—the undaunted Susan, driven from the stronghold of her argument, took refuge in an outpost, and roundly declared that 'she did not know what time to put it down to the fire, for the clock was *half an hour too fast*.' Her mistress only sighed over the waywardness of clocks in general, and of her own in particular; and dismissed the uncalculating logician, ruminating very possibly the while on Wordsworth's lines—

At Kilve, there was no weather-cock,
And that's the reason why.

On another occasion, I remember that the area-gate was all at once seized with an unaccountable motive energy which nothing could tame down. Doubtless, feeling itself to be a useful accessory in all cases of open counsel, it obstinately refused every persuasion to adopt the early-closing movement. My friend was in despair. 'There, Susan,' she said—'there is that area-gate open again.' But determined never to be taken at a disadvantage, Susan was as ready as ever with her peculiar logic: 'I can't keep it shut; it flies open of itself.' 'Then lock it.' 'I *did*!' This reply of Susan's, to put the gentlest construction upon it, was undoubtedly proving too much. It was one of those alarming explosions of the reasoning faculties which, scattering every particle of truth to the winds in the effort to sound big, forcibly reminds the hearer of the bursting of one of Prince Rupert's drops.

The above are but a few instances of ratiocination out of the many which have come under my own experience, wherein household logic has played a conspicuous part: the best—heard long ago—have escaped me; these, as the more recent, having alone retained a place in my memory. But the chambers of the mind need not be ransacked for the stores that lie at every one's threshold. Most people can recall to mind certain queer retorts hurled at themselves, which have seemed to hover for a moment about the hallowed precincts of some fixed and determinate point of truth, but never touched it; like those balls one sees suspended in upper air simply by the play of a fountain, again and again approaching the point of gravitation, but ever failing to attain it. How few, in the familiarity of social intercourse, know how to exercise the graceful virtue of rendering a straightforward answer to a straightforward question! The Society of Friends have been charged with a habit of replying to one question by another. This mode of proceeding would be an incalculable gain to many, if it were only on account of the advantage it affords in allowing leisure for the second speaker to gather up his forces, and return to the charge, which he might be supposed to do with some hope of making a successful rejoinder by the time he received an answer to his own query. It is true, that some slight degree of confusion will, at first sight, appear likely to result from this order of things, but, as it would eventually turn out, by no means an inextricable confusion. In one instance, a small amount of banter, judiciously introduced; in another, a scarcely appreciable quantum of fighting off the direct line of reply to a reasonable interrogatory, and the desired object is gained. For instance, let us suppose Smith to ask Jones: 'Where do you dine to-day, Jones?' To which might be responded, after the manner of the celebrated Irish echo: 'Where do you dine, Smith?' 'Oh, I am engaged at home.' 'Well, so am I.' Now, setting aside the suggestiveness of this arrangement, of queries by which one speaker is made prompt to another, it cannot fail to strike the intelligent reader, how directly, in the above sentences, the cause of amity and good-will is advanced, and how conspicuously the courtesies of life are preserved. Smith

has clearly some intention of asking Jones to dinner, but Jones, for some reason best known to himself, wishes to decline, and therefore retorts the question. Smith, utterly unconscious of the fact, announces his domestic intentions, and the path of Jones is clear before him. Without being driven to the painful alternative of refusing, and, by so doing, perhaps interrupting the friendly relations of years' standing, he is in a condition at once to lay his hand on his heart, and to the reply of his interlocutor: 'I dine at home,' to answer like a man and a brother: 'And so do I.'

With these closing remarks, thrown out for the benefit of those whom they may concern, I take leave of an important subject of consideration, of which but a small part is included in the narrow scope of Household Logic.

CHRISTMAS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The first indication of the approach of Christmas—a literal 'note of preparation,' generally steals over us in this crowded city in a dream of the night. Somewhere about the beginning of December, in the small hours 'ayont the twal,' a sense of something Elysian qualifies one's quiet slumber; then a faint and distant sound of sweet harmony glides agreeably upon the ear, and grows louder and louder, and we dream rapturous dreams, and float among a countless host of singing seraphs bright—on, and on, and on, when, suddenly, with a start, one wakes to find the dream not all a dream. For there, beneath your window, is a band of French-horns, flutes, oboes, and trombones, warbling the pastoral symphony of Handel with low-toned instruments, whose quiet voices thrill you with pleasure. Pausing in your breath, you drink in every note, and listen greedily till the strain has ceased; then a stentorian voice rings through the fog and mist and moisture, invoking in behalf of all and sundry within hearing, 'a merry Christmas and a happy new-year.' Then you drop off once more to sleep, in the dreamy intervals of which the strain is renewed again and again; and you rise in the morning with the full-blown consciousness that Christmas is at hand, and that all the world, and the London world in particular, is bound to be as merry and as happy as it can be.

So the 'waits' having thus warned you of the advent of the great annual fact, you begin to look about in your walks abroad for the verification of it; and though it yet wants three weeks or more of Christmas-day, there is no lack of indications of what is expected. In anticipation of the liberal expenditure of ready cash—the most interesting consideration of the season to a London trader—and which expenditure every shopkeeper is dutifully anxious to engross as far as possible to himself, a thousand different persuasive devices are already placarded and profusely exhibited. 'Christmas Presents' forms a monster-line in the posters on the walls and in the shop-windows. Infantine appeals in gigantic type cover the boardings. 'Do, Papa, Buy Me' so-and-so; so-and-so being blotted out in a few hours by 'The New Patent Wig,' so that the appeal remains a perplexing puzzle to affectionate parents, till both are in turn blotted out by a third poster, announcing the sacrifice of 120,000 gipsy cloaks and winter mantles at less than half the cost-price. Cheap Christmas books are a part of every bookseller's display; Christmas fashions fill the drapers' windows, and stand on full-dressed poles in the doorways. There are Christmas lamps, lustres, and candelabra; Christmas diamonds made of paste, and Brummagem jewellery for glittering show, as well as Christmas furniture for parties and routs, to be hired for the season—carving, gilding, hangings, beds; everything which, being wanted but once a year, it may be cheaper to hire than to purchase or to keep on hand. The shopkeepers are especially in a state of

prodigious activity, taking time by the forelock, and pushing their unwieldy advertising vans out in every direction, freighted with puffs of their appropriate Christmas garb—Hebrew harness for a Christian festival. These are a few of the broad palms thus early stretched forth to catch a share of the golden shower about to fall.

But these and such as these are very minor and subordinate preparations. Eating and drinking, after all, are the chief and paramount obligations of the Christmas season. As the month grows older, the great gastronomic anniversary is heralded at every turn by signs more abundant and less equivocal. Among the dealers in eatables, one and all of whom are now putting in their sickles for the harvest, the grocer, who is independent of the weather, leads off the dance. Long before the holly and the mistletoe have come to town, he has received his stock of Christmas fruit, on the sale of which, it may be, the profit or loss of the whole year's trade is depending. For months past, he has been occupied at every leisure hour in breaking to pieces the rocky mass of conglomerate gravel, dirt, sticks, and fruit which, under the designation of currants, came to him from the docks; and it is not before he has got rid of near half the gross weight, that the indispensable currants are fit to meet the eyes of the public. This is one of the nuisances of his trade, and forms a ceremony which, as every housekeeper knows well enough, is but indifferently performed after all. The currants, tolerably cleaned and professionally moistened, occupy a conspicuous place in his window, along with the various sorts of raisins—Sultanas, Muscatels, and Valencias—dates, prunes, preserves in pots, and candied lemons and spices, built up in the most attractive and gaudy piles and pyramids, edged round with boxes of foreign confections, adorned with admirable specimens of the lithographic art, and all ticketed in clean new figures at astonishingly low prices. The gin-shops, or, to speak more politely, the wine-vaults, now begin to brush up. They wash and varnish over their soiled paint, cleanse the outside and decorate the insides of their faded saloons; and concocting new combinations of fire-water, prepare for thirsty poverty new incentives to oblivious intemperance. Every third-rate inn and back-street public-house is the centre and focus of a goose-club, the announcement of which stares you in the face twenty times in the course of a day's walk. They owe their existence to the improvidence and want of economy of the labouring and lowest classes. A small weekly sum subscribed for thirteen weeks, entitles each subscriber to a goose; and by increasing his weekly dole, he may insure, besides the goose, a couple of bottles of spirits. The distribution of geese and gin takes place on Christmas-eve; and in large working establishments, where the goose-club is a favourite institution, and where, for the most part, the innkeeper is not allowed to meddle, the choice of the birds is decided by the throw of the dice, the thrower of the highest cast having the first choice. We will drop in at the hour of distribution, and witness the consummation of one of these affairs.

But time rolls on, and the great cattle-show in Baker Street has come off. The pig of half a ton weight has held his last levee, and grunted a welcome to the lords and ladies of the aristocracy, and to hundreds of thousands of less distinguished visitors. The prize animals are all sold, and marched or carted off to their new owners. The periodical insanity of the butchers has been developed as strongly as ever. The love of fame glows beneath a blue apron as fiercely as beneath a diamond star; and determined to cut a respectable figure in the carnival which is approaching, Mr Stickem does not hesitate to purchase a beast, which he knows well enough will hardly cut up for five-and-thirty—

—the cost of seventy. What of that?

The bubble reputation outweighs the love of lucre, and if he is satisfied with his bargain, who shall complain? Happy is the butcher who has been enabled to purchase a prize-ox; he is not disposed to hide his candle under a bushel. If he have room in front of his shop, he will tether his dear bargain, during the short hours of daylight, to a post in front of his doorway—where, a good fat ox being a special favourite with the public, he is patted and petted by them as they stop in groups to admire his vast proportions. The unwieldy beast, ornamented with ribbons and favours, gazes moodily around him, now plucks a mouthful of hay, and now utters a sonorous bellow—a lament for the pastures of his calfhood.

Let us now transport ourselves to Covent Garden on the eve of Christmas-week. It is late on Friday night, and to-morrow is the last Saturday's market before Christmas-day. The market, which for the last two months has been redolent of the damp odour of the sore and yellow leaf, is now to blossom in a few short hours with renewed brilliancy. The bells of the city have not yet struck the hours of midnight, when from the various avenues which lead into Covent Garden, the sound of wheels is heard on all sides, and a continuous stream of carts and wagons pours into the open space, which, in less than an hour, is rendered impassable to any but adventurous foot-passengers. At the first glance, the whole burden of the numberless wains appears one mass of evergreens; it looks as though Birnam Wood had actually come to Dunsinane. Immense quantities of holly and fir, with here and there a bough of laurel, shew the demand of the Londoners for winter verdure. The mistletoe-bough, which has hung like an inverted gooseberry-bush from the old apple-tree all the summer long, and a fine specimen of which is good at this nick of time for half-a-guinea, to say nothing of the kissing, which we don't presume to value, appears this year in quantities truly enormous, and, we should think, unprecedented. The market now presents a noisy and interesting spectacle. The bawling and roaring of drivers, the backing of wains to make room for privileged new-comers, the chaffing of dealers, who are not at all angry, passionate as they seem, the grapping feet of horses, and fifty minor sounds, perplex the ear, as much as the dim vision does the eye, of dark figures flitting rapidly about hither and thither, by the light of a hundred lanterns constantly dodging up and down, and the steady glare of the gas overhead. In the midst of all this apparent confusion, however, business is doing and done by wholesale. By three or four o'clock, a good half of the various wares, prickly as well as palatable, brought to market, are transferred to new proprietors, and are already off, most of them without breaking bulk, to different quarters of the town. Long before the dawn, the din has ceased altogether, and the cause of it has vanished. The traders of the market are mostly on the spot before four o'clock, and are now active in preparing the show of winter fruit which is to adorn the tables of the wealthy in the coming festival. Before ten o'clock, the arcade is in trim for visitors and customers, and a tempting array of all that the depth of winter can produce is ranged in artistic order. There are apples of all hues and sizes, among which the brown russet, the golden bob, and the Ribston pippins, are pre-eminent. Among the pears are the huge winter-pear, the delicious Charmoncel, and the bishop's-thumb. Then there are foreign and hot-house grapes, transparent and luscious; large English pine-apples, pomegranates, brown puffs from Norfolk, and baskets of soft medlars; Kent cob-nuts, filberts and foreign nuts, of outlandish shapes, all gaily mingled and mixed up with flowers of all hues, natural and artificial, and both, and neither; bouquets of real grasses tinted to an unreal colour, *immaculate* that were never green, stained into evergreen; woods and *eyeballs* flowers dried to death, and then dyed of various *hues* to live and blossom again, scented with delicious odours.

which nature never gave them; flowers cut from coloured paper; flowers modelled in wax, flowers of tinted cotton fabrics, flowers carved delicately from turnips and beet-root—all in bright and brilliant contrast with the dark-green holly and the sere and russet hue of the winter fruit. Notwithstanding this artificial attempt at colour, the show is, on the whole, much more suggestive to the palate than captivating to the eye. You cannot help noticing a prodigious number of sapling firs, some transplanted into pots, and trained, cropped, and clipped into regular shapes for Christmas-trees; most of these are sold naked as brought to market, but some few are loaded with fruit, oranges, lemons, and clustered grapes, and liberally adorned with imitative flowers and wreaths. The confectioners purchase these trees, and load the branches with choice delicacies under various disguises, and will present each member of a customer's family with an appropriate token of affectionate remembrance. This practice of plucking fruit from the Christmas-tree, which is growing more and more prevalent in English families, is of German origin, and is said to owe its increasing popularity in England to the custom of the royal family, whose Christmas-tree is pretty sure to be fully described in the fashionable journals.

But we must leave the market to the customers, who are now thronging in, and pursue our way eastward. The weather is precisely in that condition which any alteration would improve—close, warm, and wet, with a drizzling rain, and without the remotest sign of what every butcher, fishmonger, and poulterer is praying for—a frost. But every phase of the weather has its peculiar phenomena in this critical season; one is visible in the spare and comparatively Lenten aspect, as yet, of the butchers' shops. They are afraid to expose to show their prize-meat; and the fat cattle, though probably all by this time slain, are left hanging in the slaughter-house. So the butchers make an extra show with evergreens and saw-dust, and a few—only a few—prize-sheep, whose broad backs bear their history inscribed in inch-long characters, declaring where and by whom they were bred and fed. In a few hours, they will be cut up, and then you may learn, if you like, from similar labels, by whom each joint will be eaten. That smart-looking countryman yonder, standing on the kerbstone, he with the green wide-awake, cutty smock-frock, corduroy breeches, and short, heavy high-lows, is another of the phenomena whose appearance here is due to warm weather in winter. Crowding and fluttering round his feet are a group of fifty hungry ducks, whom he, their cautious owner, has not dared to kill, lest in so doing he should kill his profits; so, three days ago, he brought his gobbling friends alive to market, and has already reduced their number to one-half. The famished birds are pecking desperately at a few grains of barley, which he occasionally dispenses from his pocket in homœopathic doses, merely to keep them from straying away. He is intent on doing business; hear him: (Duck-dealer *loquitur*) 'Sure to be fresh, marm—all alive, you see? Kill 'em when you want 'em—pick and choose a couple for three-and-six, say three bob, marm. Kill 'em for you? Certainly, marm. Which is your fancy, marm? Ha! I see you knows what a duck is. Here, dilly! dilly! come and be killed, you fool. There, marm, that's the way we does it, quite skyan-flic, you see. Stop, marm, let me put 'em in the basket; they'll lie under the apples snug as ninepence—that's it. Thanky, marm. Yar—ar! Sold agin, and got the money. Who's for the next sample? Who says ducks?—ducks an' apple-sarse! that's a tidy sightener, I reckon, &c.

Turning into a side-street, for the sake of avoiding the greasy mud, trodden and churned by myriads of feet to the consistence of bird-lime, we come upon another phenomenon consequent, in some degree, upon the warm and close weather. We are suddenly

confronted by an enormous serried phalanx, full fifty yards in solid depth, of wayworn, spit-doomed geese, waddling wearily forwards, their hungry bills gaping aloft in the air, and every feather sodden with moisture, and dyed to the hue of London mud. Unlike their renowned ancestors, the guardian fowls of Rome, they have not a syllable to say for themselves. Fifteen mortal miles have the whole troop of nearly 1000 waddled painfully since, by the cold starlight; they were roused from their roost, and compelled to sally forth under the conduct of the driver, who, armed with a wand ten feet long, which answers his purpose better than any dog, with whom the geese would inevitably do battle, has undertaken the patient and difficult task of consigning them to their final friend and patron, the poulterer. He has to enter London, and pick the whole way to his destination through side-streets and by-ways, in order to escape collision with cabs and omnibuses, which would make short work with his intractable flock. The whole regiment are completely exhausted by the long march; each one presents a sorry spectacle of individual distress: with empty crops and parched throats, heads erect and gasping for air, they look wildly round, and press feebly yet hurriedly on, without emitting the slightest sound. If a single 'quack' would save the Capitol, it would not be uttered. These unfortunate candidates for a fellowship with sage and onions, to obtain which they must be plucked as a preparatory step, are bred and trained with a view to this especial promotion in Epping and Hainault Forests, whence whole armies are despatched, in dead and living detachments, at Michaelmas and Christmas. A good portion of them die a patriot's death on their native soil, and escape the misery of such a journey as these have undergone; but vast numbers are every year, especially when the weather is unfavourable for killing, condemned to execute a forced march upon the capital, where they operate as a *corps de reserve*, awaiting the exigencies of the poulterer, whose knife, like the sword of Damocles, hangs suspended over their heads, with this difference, however, that it is sure to fall and to slay. It is no unusual thing to meet the drover of this feathery herd strung round the waist with half-a-dozen disabled travellers, who, from accident or weariness, have broken down on the way.

On account of the weather, and the four clear days which have yet to elapse before Christmas, Saturday's market is, comparatively speaking, but a flat affair, and presents nothing particularly worthy of record. Sunday comes on with a drab-coloured sky, fringed with fog, and dripping with occasional warm showers. The fishers and fleshers fret at their devotions, and pray for seasonable weather. The sky is clear at eventide, and the stars shine out. Vain promise! Monday is ten times worse—not a breath of air stirs—the whole vast city is seething in one warm vapour-bath—the thermometer stands almost at 'temperate,' and ten minutes' walk wets you through in spite of your umbrella. Still, now or never is the time for display, and forth comes everything into fair daylight, such as it is. The mistle-toe-boughs which everywhere droop pendent where comestibles are to be sold, are dripping with moisture, and every milk-white berry seems to distil a crystal drop. Greengrocers, fishmongers, and fruiterers are embowered in greenery; but they are busy as bees in their damp hives, unpacking, packing, and arranging and despatching goods to weather-bound customers. The greengrocer galts the kibe of the grocer, and sells all the materials for plum-pudding, as well as vegetables for the pot and fruit for the dessert. The fishmonger, who is completely built in with barrels of oysters, trenches upon the domain of the poulterer; and to fish of all flavours, fresh and salt, from the smelt to the cod, adds geese and turkeys, and barn-door fowls. The butcher now marshals his meat—the mutton in carcasses, the

best in quarters, such quarters!—in the most imposing order. But the relentless clouds pour forth an unremitting flood, and drive us home to a dry room and a cheerful fire.

Tuesday comes—a glorious day—the sun shining bright, a moderate breeze blowing aloft, and the thermometer down to 47. 'All in good time yet,' say the shopkeepers; 'people must eat, that's one comfort.' We want something besides butcher-meat for our Christmas dinner. Let us be off to the poulterer's, and see what he has got to show. We shall come upon him just round the corner. Here we are. Verily, the whole house is feathered like one huge bird, the fabulous roc of the Arabian Tales. The list of them defies all our skill in ornithology. Numbers there are that we know, and as many that are strangers to us—at least with their feathers on. Over the door is a pair of enormous swans, though we do not see the albatross, measuring nine feet across the wings, which we saw in the same place a couple of years back. Above the swans are bitterns, herons, hawks; here a peacock, and there a gigantic crane, besides a raven, and an eccentric collection of birds never intended to be eaten, but which are only hung up aloft to impress the spectator with the indisputable fact, that the whole of the tribes of the air are under the potent enchantment and subject to the despotick beck and bidding of Mr Pluck—and very proper too. Grouse, pheasants, partridges, and wild-fowl hang in countless numbers from the topmost floor down to the very pavement; pigeons in dense dead flocks; and snipes, thrushes, and larks bundled together by the neck in bulky tassels, to fringe the solid breast-work of plucked geese and turkeys, which, with heads dangling in silent rows, lie close jammed in fleshy phalanx upon the groaning shop-boards. Hares in legions, and rabbits by the warren, line the walls or hang from the ceiling; and among them here and there the bright feathers of the mallard give a touch of colour to the dense masses of brown and gray. Gorged as the whole place is with the denizens of the air, the forest, the fen, and the farmyard, you are not for a moment to suppose that the store before your eyes is anything more than a mere indication of the proprietor's doings in the way of business. Lest you should fall into the simple error, that all this is all he can do, he politely informs you in a placard a yard long, that he has levied a contribution upon the county of Norfolk for thousands of turkeys and tens of thousands of geese, which are bound, under a heavy penalty, to be delivered within a given time. Think of that! and in the meanwhile look around you, and see what is going on. While you are gazing, the birds are going off by whole coveys. People with empty baskets are thronging in, and folks with baskets full are crowding out. Look at that stout woman tottering under the weight of two turkeys, three geese, a hare, and a brace of pheasants, to say nothing of a sucking-pig, stuffed with straw, and bearing a sprig of red-berried holly in his mouth, with his eye knowingly modelled to a wink, as though he were making faces at the destiny which has doomed him to the spit. Next come a jolly-looking butler, and a boy at his heels carrying a basket filled with choice game; the butler gets into a cab, and the boy, having first hoisted his basket to the top, mounts guard by the side of the driver, and off they go. The place of the cab is instantly filled by a cart full of slaughtered geese, doubtless a part of the immense consignment from Norfolk; but the shop doorway is one crush of customers, and they can't be got in there—so they go in like bricks, being pitched through the open window to a shopman behind the counter, who tells them off, and in his turn pitches them down an open trap, where a band of Mr Pluck's pluckers are plucking from morning to night and all night long. To-day is the great day for business. In matters of eating and drinking, the Londoner is not given to pro-

crastination when he can avoid it; he has a passion for an extensive choice; and though he want but a sixpenny article, he will walk a mile to buy one from a stock of 10,000, rather than take one out of ten equally good which are offered at his own door. The appreciation of this truth has made Mr Pluck's fortune, as it has made the fortunes of thousands besides.

But we must leave the poulterer to his traffic, and the butcher, and fishmonger, and grocer, and fruiterer, and all who have delicacies to sell, not forgetting the confectioner, who, up to the eyes in paste, is already preparing the Twelfth-cakes for his Christmas-day. They say that these cakes last from year to year, and that one which falls to go off in '52 may meet with a customer in '53. We know nothing about that, but we do know a young artist who has been at work for some weeks already, laying very spirited water-colour drawings on a ground of sugar, and a very pleasant working-ground he says it is.

Christmas-day, bright with sunshine and slightly frosty, rises upon London very much like a Sunday, and the streets in the morning are thronged by the same bands of steady church-goers answering the call of the parish bells. Full service takes place in all the churches, which are profusely decorated with boughs of evergreen. Christmas anthems are sung, and Christmas sermons are preached, and Christian charity is urged on behalf of the poor. Sermon over, we are tempted by the weather to whet our appetite with a walk of an hour through the city, in the course of which we encounter a hundred different groups, bound unmistakably for the dinner-table of some hospitable host: charming young lasses, with little white-brown parcels held between finger and thumb at one corner, and containing the new ribbon which is to make its first appearance on the fair neck at to-day's party; elder matrons carrying their spick-and-span-new caps in pin-fastened packets a shade larger; new-married couples, the husband with his young wife's satin shoes sticking out of his coat-pocket behind, and some flimsy mystery in tissue-paper in his hand, and not half hidden, as he thinks it is, beneath his coat, with which he dares not cover it for fear of a crush. Besides these, there are lawyers' clerks, with undeniable black bottles swathed in brown paper, and pushed up tightly under the left armpit, swaggering along as proudly as though bin No. 19 in their own cellar were crammed with fifty dozen, and never dreaming that every passer-by is cognizant of their three-and-sixpenny purchase. Suddenly we find ourselves in a crowd, and, going with the stream, are borne into the centre of a multitude assembled round the entrance to a stable-yard, over which is painted in gigantic letters on a broad white sheet: 'Welcome to the Christmas Feast;' and underneath, 'God Jove! a cheerful giver.' Within are tents surmounted with banners inscribed with texts of Scripture, enforcing the duty of benevolence, and inviting the poor to enjoy its fruits. Christian charity is doing its work by wholesale. Crowds of the poor and ill-fed populate the streaming in, directed by a numerous band of policemen, and numbers are coming out loaded with the good old English fare of roast beef and plum-pudding, to say nothing of tea enough for a week's consumption. Trotty Veek is there with all his tribe; and every man, woman, and child is armed with plate, dish, basin, or jug, for the reception of the welcome dole, which continues from one in the afternoon till late in the evening, and renders that particular district a marked contrast to all the rest of London on a Christmas afternoon. Elsewhere, there is a void and a silence in the streets, to which the stillness of the Sabbath is comparative uproar. Hundreds of thousands of revolving spits are about to surrender their savoury burdens; the multitudinous mouth of London waters at the impending feast, whose odour fills the air; the gastronomic treasures of the east and the west, the north and the south,

of proximate Kew and far Cathay, are heaped for final sacrifice upon myriads of festive boards. All London is now in-doors, and 'particularly engaged.' Here and there an omnibus and a cab rattle along the paved road to the unwonted music of their own echoes, and for hours they have almost undisputed possession of the out-door world.

After dinner, we are tempted again to the scene of the poor man's feast. Introduced by a friend and subscriber, we manage to make our way into the principal tent, where, in the course of the day, hundreds have dined upon substantial fare, of which the odours yet remaining are sufficient evidence. The place is one bower of canvas and foliage. Upon a platform at one end, a merry-faced orator is resounding the praises of a certain inestimable personage, amidst the cries of 'hear, hear!' and the uproarious bravos of the auditors. The merry-faced gentleman subsides with a general round of applause, and the inestimable personage comes forward to acknowledge the compliment. Shade of Father Christmas! it is the veritable Soyer himself, the prince of cooks, habited in his kitchen garb, his handsome face gleaming with exercise and good-humour. See how politely he bows to his humble friends, and hear if you can, for we can't, how handsomely he repudiates all claim to the praise so lavishly bestowed by the former speaker. Then a band of music strikes up, and M. Soyer rushes into the kitchen, and we, mindful of certain annual anthems, in which we are pledged to take a part in the home circle, scramble through the motley crowd, and retrace our steps homewards.

The quiet that reigns all the afternoon and evening throughout the city is effectually broken before midnight, by which time the streets are populous again with groups of well-dressed visitors returning to their homes, noisy with mirth or heavy with wine; these reclining in cab or hackney, and those loudly chattering on the pavement, and beguiling the walk with jest or song. The rumble of wheels and the merry march of foot-passengers continue for the best part of the night, and as they fade away into silence, Old Father Christmas vanishes in the morning mist.

We can hardly close these desultory sketches of Christmas-time without some brief allusion to the day after Christmas, which, through every nook and cranny of the great Babel, is known and recognised as 'Boxing-day'—the day consecrated to *baksheesh*, when nobody, it would almost seem, is too proud to beg, and when everybody who does not beg is expected to play the almoner. Tie up the knocker—say you're sick, you are dead, is the best advice perhaps that could be given in such cases to any man who has a street-door and a knocker upon it. Now is your time to make out a new list of occupations, and to become acquainted with all the benefactors whose good offices you have been enjoying all the year through without one thought of the gratitude you owe them. Dab the first is the sweep, of course, who must be paid over again for sweeping your chimneys. Half fearing that if you refuse, you may get a smoky house for the rest of the year, you consent for the sake of your lungs, and he is off. You sit down to breakfast, and with the first slice of toast comes dab the second. You glance out of the window, and see a couple of long-coated varlets bearing battered French-horns, and you cheerfully bestow another shilling on the minstrels, as you suppose of the wet and dismal nights. They are off to the next door, and before you have drunk your second cup comes dab the third—the turncock wants his water-rate. You do as you like with him, but if you turn him off empty, he does the same with the water, and leaves you dependent on your neighbours for a supply. Dab the fourth is the dustman, and you must down with your dust, or you will get the dust down your throat the next time the bin has to be cleared out. Dab the fifth

waters the roads in summer, and wants to wet his whistle at your expense. Dab the sixth scrapes them in winter, and now comes to scrape acquaintance with you in the affectionate desire of drinking your health 'at this jifful season.' Dab the seventh—'What? the waits again? I gave the fellow a shilling just now.' 'Yes, sir,' says Betty, 'but them fellers had no right to it.' Here the leader and spokesman of the band of genuine waits makes his appearance, bowing and scraping at the parlour-door: 'Sorry to hobtrude, sir, but ours is the genuine waits, sir. That there gang 'what you subscribed, sir, only goes a collectin'—they never plays nothin'; they ain't musicians, only thievin' scamps 'as robs honest men. You rek'lect my vice, sir, a wishin' of you a merry Christmas and a happy new year! Of course you recognise his vice, for he bellows as loud as he did last Wednesday at midnight, and of course, too, you pay the shilling over again.' Dab the eighth is the lamp-lighter, who enlighthens you on the subject of his large merits and small pay. Dab the ninth is the grocer's boy, who is followed by a shoal of dabs in regular succession, comprising every mentionable trade, until at length your patience being exhausted, and your small-change at the same low ebb, you rush desperately into a greatcoat and out of the house, and leave Betty to fight the battle of *baksheesh* as well as she can, which she generally does victoriously by declining to shew a front to the enemy, and leaving the dabs to come as slowly as they choose to the unwilling conviction, that 'it's no use knocking at the door any more.'

ODD FISHES.

Dr Huxcock mentions a fish (the *loricaria*) which creeps upon all-fours in the beds of rivers. This little finny quadruped has a very singular appearance, moving upon its four stilt, which are produced by a bony ray in front of its pectoral fins, and of the next pair to them. The *callichthys*, a Brazilian fish, walks in this way for miles in search of water, when, as often happens, the pool in which it lives is dried up. The climbing perch (*Perca scandens*) not only creeps along the shore, but ascends trees, in search of the crustaceans upon which it feeds. It is found in Tranquebar. It must have some difficulty in ascending the fan-palms, if it were not provided with numerous little spines or thorns upon its fins, by means of which it suspends itself whilst climbing, using them like hands. In addition to these peculiarities, it has the power of folding up both dorsal and anal fins, when not using them: and thus it literally puts its hands in its pocket, for it deposits them in a cavity in its body, provided by nature on purpose to receive them when they are not needed for progression.

Nor are these pockets, or troughs, peculiar to the climbing perch—the land-crabs also possess them. With respect to the latter, anatomists were formerly puzzled to account for the fact of animals whose mode of respiration is by gills, being able to exist so long as they do out of the water, without injury to those organs: but a French naturalist first, and afterwards Milne Edwards, discovered a cavity, or trough, in which a small quantity of water is kept in order to moisten their gills occasionally. The *Gecarcinus ilica*, one species of this tribe, has more than one pocket or vesicle for that purpose. Another species, the *oryzode*, has a different but equally curious apparatus—a small spongy substance, by means of which the animal is supplied with the moisture required.

Kirby remarks, 'that God, when he created these tribes, would not separate them from their kind by giving them a different mode of respiration, but provided this compensating contrivance to fit them for the circumstances in which He decreed to place them.' The *Perca scandens* is not the only kind of fish which ascends

trees in search of food: several species are found in the Polynesian Islands, climbing the cocoa-palms; the most remarkable of them is a kind of lobster of gigantic size, and of strength sufficient to open the cocoa-nuts, upon which it chiefly subsists.

Nor are these the only instances of the inhabitants of the waters forsaking their native element. Several varieties of fish in the Indian Ocean and in the Mediterranean are adapted for a short flight; and these peculiarities of habit and movement are highly interesting, even when devoid of grace, for they are examples of a contrivance which displays the goodness of the Creator, in furnishing them with the means of providing for themselves amid the accidents and difficulties that may fall to their lot.

It has been asserted that fish are quite deaf; but though they have no external organ of hearing, they are by no means deficient in this sense; and their faculty of *smelling* is so wonderful, that they are guided by it through storm and darkness, and directed to their prey, or warned to escape from their enemies, at an immense distance. Lacedpede considers this so much the most acute of their senses, that he calls it their most valuable *eye*. The olfactory membrane in a shark occupies several square feet. Fishes have the character of being remarkably stupid, and yet they are not wholly incapable of instruction. In many parts of Germany, the trout, carp, and tench, are summoned to their food by the sound of a bell; and in the gardens of Versailles some fish were kept for more than a century, which would come when they were called by their names. Neither are they as wholly deficient in parental instinct as has generally been supposed. Two species of fish in Brazil—one the *callichthys* before mentioned, the other called *doras*—construct actual nests, the former of grass, the latter of leaves, in which they deposit their eggs, covering them very carefully. They live in pairs, and, like birds, watch and defend their nests by turns, till their young are hatched and able to take care of themselves.

A similar instinct is exhibited by a fish resembling the turbot (*Osphromenus olfax*), which is kept for food in ponds in the Mauritius. After making their nest and laying their eggs, the male and female hatch and watch their infant offspring by turns.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

December 1852.

WHATEVER other topics have to be talked about, that of the weather forces itself in everywhere. What with storms and inundations, to say nothing of earthquakes, it seems as though the times were getting out of joint; and we have the melancholy certainty that, if the wind stays where it is at present, the weather will never be otherwise. Is the Atlantic too full, that the south-westers continue to bring us such an overwhelming tribute of water? is a question on which meteorological statistics will throw a little light a month or two hence. For the moment, we must rest satisfied with what the Registrar-general's Report tells us of the summer quarter. From the beginning of July to August 5, the temperature was five degrees above the annual average; it was one degree below, from the 3d to the 16th of August, and after September 11. Taking the three months, June, July, and August, the temperature of the air was more than one and a half degrees above the average of eighty years, and the rain-fall exceeded by three inches the average of thirty-seven years. Hail fell on thirteen days, and the aurora was seen ten times.

In the same quarter, ending September 30, we are told that 109,236 persons emigrated, of whom 38,000 were for Australia, 52,000 for the United States, and the remainder for Canada and other places. Seventy thousand of the number sailed from Liverpool alone, a

proof that the Irish were in large proportion. Such a depletion is telling on the labour-market: those who 'want places' are not nearly so numerous as they were, and if it goes on, its effect will be felt in the next census. This may be judged of by another return for the same quarter: the deaths were 100,497, and the births 151,198, leaving the 'natural increase' 50,696; being at the rate of 3899 weekly, or 557 daily. Owing to epidemics, the increase is said to be less than usual; and then if the emigration be taken into the account, the sum-total of the population will be found to have diminished.

Fortunately, there is no lack of work for those who remain. Go ahead in the order of the day, and governments even will not get leave to lag behind—that is, leaving politics out of the question, so far as science and art are concerned. Pressure from without, as regards the two latter points, is to be applied; with what results the future will shew. Now that the heads of departments are all at their post, the British Association are beginning to act on the resolutions passed at their Belfast meeting. They state it to be 'expedient to proceed without delay with the establishment in the southern hemisphere of a telescope not inferior in power to a three-foot reflector.' This has been long talked of; and if the authorities will only do their part of the work, we shall soon have a reflector exploring the southern heavens as thoroughly as Lord Rosse's 'monster' is searching the northern. Then we are to have a 'report on the physical character of the moon's surface as compared with that of the earth,' which promises to be highly interesting, and to make us better acquainted than we are with the nature and appearance of our satellite. Considering that two of our best astronomers and an eminent geologist are to undertake this task, and that with the instruments at their service the Baas Rock could be easily seen were it in the moon, we shall doubtless get some valuable details. Measures are to be taken for a combined system of observations on the laws of storms; and the Board of Ordnance, who have supplied their engineer stations in all parts of the world with meteorological instruments, are to be asked to furnish others for the Ionian Islands, 'for measuring the direction and amount of earthquake vibrations,' which there occur so frequently.

Something, too, is to be done for geography, in preparing 'a large outline map of the world for the use of geographers and ethnologists,' and for travellers. Such a sheet has long been wanted; by means of it, those who go exploring under difficulties, will be able to lay down the positions of places with more accuracy and less trouble than at present. Then, 'with the view of obtaining an accurate knowledge of the countries on and near the eastern coast of Africa, from the Red Sea to 10° degrees south latitude,' the East India Company are to be asked to send an expedition to explore those regions. This would be a worthy enterprise, for we know very little of that part of Africa; Barth and Overweg will probably have penetrated to ere long; those persevering travellers have again been heard from after a long and anxious interval of silence. They had gone far beyond Denham's furthest, in the rear of a Bornu army, through a country of extraordinary richness and fertility. It would seem that the time is fast coming when the interior of Africa shall cease to be a blank in our maps; for, in addition to the explorations now going on, strong recommendations have been made by the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, and the Geographical Society, for the carrying out of the proposed expedition to steam up the Niger, enter the Quorra, and ascend the latter river, which is the larger of the two, to its sources. If this can be accomplished, what hitherto unknown wonders of the equatorial regions shall we not hear of?

There is work to be done also in other quarters: three medical officers of the navy have proposed to

undertake a thorough exploration of the countries watered by the river Magdalena, in South America, in respect to their botanical, zoological, and geological products; and the government are to be urged to accede to their proposition. The Hudson's Bay Company intend to complete the survey of the northern coast-line of America, of which there are about 400 miles that have not yet been laid down on maps; and they are going to send Mr Rae, with two boats, to do the work. The expedition is to start from York Factory next June, travel to Chesterfield Inlet, cross over to and descend Back River, and then follow the western coast of Boothia as far as 72 degrees, which is probably the most northerly point of the American continent. The route lies across the locality of the north magnetic pole, and observations will be made to determine what change of position has taken place since it was discovered by Sir James Ross in 1831. If the season be favourable, Mr Rae expects to be back at York Factory by the end of September; if not, he is prepared to winter wherever frost and foul weather may detain him.

Here may be mentioned the supplemental instalment of news brought by Captain Ingfield from the arctic regions. He went out in the *Isabel* steamer, a small vessel of 140 tons, equipped by Lady Franklin, and was away four months. In that time he made a careful search at the extremity of Baffin's Bay, and found reason to believe it not to be a bay, but a vast strait uniting the North Sea with the great Polar basin, for he sailed 120 miles further to the north than any one else in that region: he saw open water at the head of Smith's Sound, and got a glimpse of the Polar Sea; and on the other side of the bay the appearances were such as to lead to the supposition of Greenland being an island. If, as is contemplated, he should make another attempt next year, passing between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, he will have a chance of finding the shortest way across to Behring's Strait. Happen what may, we shall rob that mysterious north of its secrets before many years are over.

Besides the undertakings hereinbefore mentioned as promoted by the British Association, they intend to continue their search of the sea bottom by dredging; to get government—if they can—to connect with the survey of the Gulf-stream an examination of the zoology and botany of that current, and also of the temperature of the sea round the shores of the British Islands; to take into consideration the methods of cooling air for the ventilation of buildings in tropical climates by mechanical processes; and to form 'a systematic collection of the agricultural statistics of Great Britain.' No lack, therefore, of good work and manifold for the coming year. May it all be accomplished!

The Society of Arts, too, are not going to sleep. They have just issued the first number of a journal in which they propose to publish a weekly summary of scientific progress; it is a step towards making 'the records of facts and phenomena more complete, more continuous, and more convenient than at present.' They have also put forth their list of 'subjects for premiums,' of which a few may be selected as sample. For the best essay on salt—on iron ore—for the discovery in England or any British possession of plumbeo—for the discovery of a new fuel which shall occupy less space, and be of less weight than any now in use, or diminish in the amount of heating power, or liability to injure metals in contact with it—for Australian wine, and dried fruits from any British colony, which may successfully compete with those brought from the Mediterranean—for the best samples of cotton from any of our colonies in Africa, India, or Australasia—for two tons of any vegetable fibre, applicable to all the purposes for which hemp is now used, and equally cheap, strong, and durable—for improvements in machinery, architecture, photography, weaving,

locks, lenses, candles, besides a long list of other subjects connected with art, trade, or manufactures. All the communications and articles are to be sent in before the 31st of March 1853. In addition, the Society offer 'the Swiney Prize'—£100 contained in a goblet of the same value—for the best published work on jurisprudence; that branch 'which specially relates to art and manufactures'; and a 'special prize' of £50, 'for the best essay on the history and management of Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institutions; and especially how far, and in what manner, they may be developed and combined, so as to promote the moral wellbeing and industry of the country.' Let the enterprising and the industrious take heart, and shew that they have skill and ingenuity enough to take the field and keep it against all comers.

There is one subject which excites considerable interest among our learned bodies—namely, the promise of domiciliating them all under one roof, as intimated in the Queen's speech, and in the statements made in the House recently by Mr Disraeli. They—the learned bodies—are discussing the probabilities with more or less of contentment, according to circumstances. Some look forward to being assembled in a Royal or National Institute, as their *confrères* are in Paris, as an accession of honour, and an increase to their means of usefulness; others, finding themselves well-off in their present quarters, regard such an eventuality as seriously detrimental to their real welfare; while others, who are not to share in the proposed union, are concocting little volcanoes of indignation, which break out at times in a strange fashion, but, as yet, perfectly harmless. It is clear, however, that if the locality is to be at Kensington, where the government have recently made a large purchase of land with the surplus from the Exhibition, it will be too far west to be generally available or acceptable. Meanwhile, one of our societies has just resolved 'on sacrificing one-half of its income in a vain attempt to prove that the study of antiquities is a popular study.' They will see their error by and by.

Not for many years has a more worthy award of medals been made, than that of the Royal Society at their anniversary on St Andrew's Day. One was to that estimable old man, Humboldt, to whom the whole circle of natural knowledge is so largely indebted. Though the veteran is in his eighty-fourth year, it is a satisfaction to know that the honour has not come too late. The second was to Professor Stokes of Cambridge, whose researches into the phenomena of light are among the most important of the day; the third to Mr Joule of Manchester, for his not less important investigations of heat, and other branches of physical science therewith connected; and the fourth to Mr Huxley, a young and able naturalist, who was attached to the expedition that surveyed part of the Australian seas in the *Rattlesnake*. Besides this tangible demonstration, the Society have chosen, as foreign members of their ancient corporation, Regnault and Brongniart of Paris, Lamont of Munich—of Scottish extraction—and B. Peirce of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The latter is a distinguished astronomer, and the first American who has figured on the foreign list of the Society since Bowditch. He will not be the last, if the republican *savants* continue their scientific labours with as much success as of late years. Apropos of America—Sir Charles Lyell has been engaged to deliver a course of twelve lectures, *free*, at the Lowell Institute, Boston; and to this fact may be added another equally gratifying—the king of Prussia has given the cross of the Order of Merit to Colonel Rawlinson, one of our ablest explorers of Babylonian antiquities.

The question about Cleopatra's Needle may now be considered as settled, for the new Crystal Palace Company have got leave to fetch it from Egypt, and erect it in their grounds at Sydenham; and so may

that of the clipper-ships, for the vessels built at Aberdeen came from China with a cargo of tea, and landed it, too, long before the Yankee *Lightningstreak* 'sighted' the Eddystone. British skill is not to be beaten so easily as some folk imagine. There is talk of a new line of ocean-steamers to start from Milford Haven: they will not want freight while the Swansea Copper-works endure. Some idea of the trade that already exists may be formed from the Report of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. They have forty-one steamers, comprising 52,000 tons, and 16,000 horse-power, and the sum of their voyages every year is fifty times round the globe! The Company employ, besides, 60,000 tons of sail-ships, and 3000 seamen, in carrying their coals; and they give occupation and subsistence to 100,000 persons and their families: and this only one company among many.

STANZAS.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

Thou standest in the world of soul,
The peerless and the free;
Ah! in that regal solitude
What thoughts may come to thee!

The rich, the proud, the great of earth,
May bend before thy throne;
But still amid the glittering throng
Thy heart must beat alone.

The crown is bright upon thy brow,
The purple on thy breast;
And calm and sweet, to us below,
Thou 'smilest as at rest.'

Yet though in sight of multitudes,
Such honours high be worn;
Beneath the royal robe may beat
A heart the most forlorn.

The praises of the thoughtless crowds
That deem thee half divine;
And power, and fame, and stores of wealth,
These, noble one, are thine:

Yet oft I deem thy thoughts revert
Back, back by slow degrees,
To that dear time when one sweet flower
Seemed fairer far than these:

When loving hearts and gentle words,
Soft kisses on thy brow,
Could give a deeper, purer joy
Than all thy triumphs now.

And when the halls of crimson state
Are ringing with thy praise,
I hear thee sigh through all the din:
'Alas, those early days!'

And then thine eye will flash with pride,
And brighten through thy tears;
And thou wilt stand renewed in strength,
From thoughts of those far years.

Their light is round thy pathway still,
A blessing and a spell,
A hallowed memory evermore—
And thou wilt use it well.

Ay, use it well! that when all else
Sounds hollow to thine ear,
Those sacred voices soft and low
May be for ever near.

CREEPING-PLANTS OF CEYLON.

At Topari, the creeping-plants are as beautiful as they are various. They cover the stems of the loftiest trees, shoot across the top branches, extending from branch to branch and from tree to tree, over a continuous extent of wood; bordering the forest-paths, roofing with verdure and bloom the entire thicket, completely shutting out the intense light and heat of the blazing sun—producing a profuse, varied, and rich mass of the most luxuriant green tints, the intense light shining through their transparent leaves; while their graceful tendrils hang in wreaths, festooning nature's loveliest arbours—drooping across in garlands of gorgeous blossoms, red, yellow, purple, blue, and white; some of them small and tiny, others as large as a peony rose, closing you in with a thin partition of quivering leaves, through which the parrot and humming-bird are constantly fluttering: also the graceful ribbon-bird, which is white, with a tuft on the head, and two long feathers growing out of its tail, closely resembling the bird of paradise. Some of those creeping-plants are of huge dimensions, and are called jungle-rope, being as thick and as closely twisted as a cable, which it closely resembles.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

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